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FRANK LESLIE'S PLEASANT HOURS

Devoted to Light and Entertaining Literature.

199141

VOL. XVI.



NEW YORK:

FRANK LESLIE, 537 PEARL STREET.

1874.

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FRANK LESLIE'S PLEASANT HOURS

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He and I.

It was a wedding-ring; I was sure of it—a small, thick hoop of gold, made for some finger far slighter than mine. I found it wedged in a crevice of the dark, polished floor of the room Arnold had chosen for a parlor.

I examined it curiously. I was not a clairvoy-

ant, like Arnold; yet the touch of it on my palm seemed heavier than lead, colder than snow.

"Look, Arnold! Who could have lost this?" said I, and carried it to the cavernous chimney-corner, where he lolled, coughing, in his invalid-chair, a spotted leopard-skin spread across his knees. He took the ring from my hand.

"Oh, some of the gentry who used to visit at



HE AND I.—"WHETHER HER FOOT SLIPPED ON THE TREACHEROUS BRINK, OR WHETHER FEAR OF HIM, OR HER OWN FREE WILL, DROVE HER TO HER DEATH, I KNOW NOT."

this old gull's nest years ago. A wedding-ring! Humph! small value many of them set upon such trifles, I'll be bound."

"Don't be ill-natured, Arnold. Come, put yourself *en rapport* with the owner—a woman, of course—and tell me something about her. I think you are of finer clay than I. Spiritualists would call you 'mediumistic.'"

"Mediumistic! Tush!" he scoffed. "Well, let me see the ring. I will own that I am tingling with electricity to-night; it's the storm that's brooding outside, I think."

He took it upon his delicate palm.

As I stood looking down on him, I saw his pale, flexible face grow paler yet.

He leaned back with half-shut eyes and slightly inflated nostrils, his white fingers closing insensibly upon the shining band he held.

"A woman," said he, allotting his words into sharp, clear syllables. "Yes, I see her, as through a glass, darkly. The part of herself which she left behind her here is palpitating all about me like a tropic heat, like deadly perfume. Ah, for God's sake, open the window, Marjery! it stifles—it kills me!"

I was used to Arnold's moods; but now the sweat-drops started out like beads on his forehead.

He flung the ring from him, gasping for breath. I flew to the window, and opened it wide. He rallied instantly, and began to cough.

"Oh, Arnold," said I, remorsefully, "how weak you are to-day! I ought not to have asked you. Put by this dangerous gift of yours till you are stronger."

He shuddered.

"It was so frightfully real—a presence here—her presence. I can hear the rustle of her garments still."

He was full of fancies, this invalid brother of mine; but, somehow, I felt more chilled and uncomfortable than usual in listening to him.

I closed the window again, and went back to his chair.

"Keep that trinket, Marjery," said he; "I have a presentiment that it will be called for some day. And now leave me a little, and go and make yourself beautiful. Does North—does your husband join us to-night?"

"I don't know. Dougal has gone off to the station for him."

Arnold drew me down, and kissed me suddenly, and then I left him, and, with the ring in my hand, climbed the steep stair to my own chamber.

I tossed it down on the dressing-table, and proceeded to make my toilet.

It was a blonde, beautiful face that looked out on me from the mirror, large-eyed and creamy-tinted, without blemish or flaw—a face that ought to have made the fortune of any woman.

I wondered as I stared at it, fastening in the fair hair an emerald vine, how it kept its flesh and color so well, its dimples, and languishing softness; for my two long years of torment seemed hardly to have left upon it a sign.

We had come to this nest on the rocks because Arnold was ill, and a slave to his fancies, one of which was that here he would find health and strength again.

The place seemed beyond the pale of civilization; but in reality it lay close to a seaport city, cut off from all view of the same by the stern irregularities of the coast.

Sea, and rock, and sand—rock, and sand, and sea made up the prospect.

Our long, low house stood on a tongue of beach, with the mouth of a river yawning on one side, and on the other the white salt surf fretting and tumbling in and out among the rusty iron-colored rocks.

The islands at the river's mouth abounded in

teal and wild ducks, and the bang of fowling-pieces in the thick, riotous sedge was the only sound that ever broke in on the monotonous voices of wind and tide around us.

We had rented the house off an agent. Its owner, he said, was a Miss Kyle, then traveling abroad.

She was to return in the Autumn and occupy the place herself.

I used to think of her as a sad, solitary woman, mewed up alone from year's end to year's end, with the storms and the melancholy sea, and shudder at the picture.

Wealth, Arnold and I had in abundance; but to both of us, I think, it sometimes seemed a mockery and a snare.

It could not purchase health for him, and to me it had proved little less than a curse; for, but for my fortune, I should never have known Adam North, and he would never have sought me for a wife.

I was thinking of this, as I stood at the window, watching for the boat of Dougal, our skipper; thinking of the day when, fresh from my convent-school, I first met him—the guardian my father, on his death-bed, had appointed me; thinking of another day when he asked me to be his wife, as he might have asked for a glass of wine at dinner; and of others still further on, when I seemed to have fed on my own heart; and directly the wet began to blur the panes, and the wind to rise outside, and I strained my eyes across the shore in the gruesome day, and saw the boat, with two figures therein, making for the landing-place below.

I went down to Arnold.

"He is coming with Dougal," I said, as quietly as I could.

"Oh, Indeed!" grumbled Arnold; "very good of him! It seems a trifle odd—the dislike he has taken to this place of ours. He holds aloof from it as from a pestilence."

"It is not the place," I answered.

Arnold's eyes flashed.

"You bear with him remarkably well. For my own part, I sometimes feel disposed to kill him."

The hall-door grated; I heard the gruff voice of the skipper, and then a step ringing along the passage.

I turned, and saw, standing on the threshold of the room, Adam North, my husband.

"Dinner is waiting," said Arnold, testily. "Will you give your arm to Marjery? I am cumbered, as usual, with shawls."

Adam North threw off the wet cloak from his shoulders, and came forward—a man splendid in his proportions, wealthy in strong animal life, slow and cool in every movement; a man without genius or talent, without piety or tenderness, noticeable only for his great strength, and a certain air of coldness and culture; for, if he had the heart of a savage, he had also the breeding of a gentleman.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," he said, and gave me his large hand. "I will take the shawls."

And he flung them over one arm, and offered me the other.

Bear in mind that we had not met before for five entire days.

I bowed, but did not speak. We crossed the hall to the dining-room, and Arnold followed.

"What have you been doing with yourself, North?" he grumbled. "Dougal has plied the whole week to and from that cursed station. I don't know about his patience or Marjery's, but mine is in shreds."

"I have been fighting with ruin," answered Adam North, carelessly. "Everybody knows how engrossing that is."

"You came off conqueror, I hope," laughed Arnold, harshly.

"I do not know, but should say not. The battle is not yet decided."

Then he lifted his cool, emerald-tinted eyes and looked at me, with the black, straight brows knitted over them.

"You seem to be losing color here," he said; "the air, I'm afraid, doesn't agree with you."

"I worry about Arnold," I answered.

"Worry!" put in Arnold. "Yes, that word was coined especially for women. What an inordinate comprehension they have of it, to be sure! North, she is left altogether too much to herself here."

He spoke bluntly, indignantly. My husband answered, with cold apathy:

"She certainly cannot prefer to join me in town at this season."

"Surely not," I answered, and all my blood seemed on fire with rage and pain. "I cannot leave Arnold."

He was silent a little, looking around the dining-room, rusty from long disuse, chintz coverings on its furniture, deep, old-fashioned windows opening toward the sea. I, who watched him as no one else ever did, saw the muscles of his mouth twitch.

"It was odd that you should stumble upon this place," he said, slowly.

Arnold looked up.

"You recognize it? You have been here before?"

"Yes, years ago. It was then a seat of princely hospitality. Have you leased it for long?"

"Three months. It was not to be had for a longer time. The owner will then return to it himself."

"A woman?" in surprise.

"Yes; a Miss Kyle, now traveling abroad."

My husband regarded Arnold with a stony stare.

"Pardon me—I did not bear the name."

"Kyle—Miss Kyle," repeated Arnold.

Adam North lowered his unfathomable eyes, and went on with his dinner.

As he arose from table, he followed me back to the parlor; but Arnold remained behind, looking out on the wild shore, and low, black sea.

Barbara, our housekeeper, had built a fire of logs on the hearth, for the wind was east, and full of chill, and Adam North went up to it, and stood looking into the blaze with knitted brows.

"Marjery," he said, "I have been speculating heavily of late, and I have lost. I think it is best that I should leave this part of the country for a little while."

I stood quite still, and looked at him.

"You mistake," he said, quietly; "there has been no fraud, no knavery, in the matter. I have simply scattered my entire fortune to the four winds."

A great buzz and blur filled my ears and covered my eyes.

"But there is mine," I answered, hotly; "thousands upon thousands that I shall never touch. Take them—use them!"

"Take your money?" he answered—"retrieve my losses at your expense? Never! That would be more—ininitely more—than even I am capable of."

I think he must have seen what was raging in my heart, as we stood there face to face.

"And yet for this same fortune you married me," said I; "and all the world knows it."

He lifted his cool eyes, smiling faintly.

"Do you believe that? I have always held wealth lightly—far more lightly than the majority of men. You are wrong, and the world also—quite wrong."

There was no anger in his voice, only a dull indifference that maddened me. I suppose I had reached the limits of an endurance that had been

slowly failing for months. I went swiftly across the hearth, and looked him in the face.

"Then you married me," I cried, "because you pitied me. Oh, heaven! have I stumbled upon the truth at last? Because I wore my heart on my sleeve, and loved you unsought, unasked! I was young, beautiful—a woman that you found it hard to cast from you; perhaps my admiration soothed your vanity—flattered, pleased you, even. You did not care that I was to give all and receive nothing, or that, in this way, I might eventually drain myself of my very life."

He looked surprised at this outbreak, but nothing more. He stood with his hands folded on the mantel, and his towering head bent forward. How deathly cold his face seemed—how far away from me!

"I think you are right," he said, slowly, sadly; "but I did not know either your heart or my own. Is it so bad as this?"

"So bad! Oh, great heaven, hear him! Am I a clod to be trodden under your feet, and give no sign?"

He looked up.

"What would you have me do?" he said.

I put out my frantic arms to him.

"What would I have you do?" I sobbed.

"Love me!—oh, my love, my life, my husband, love me, or I must die! How can I live on like this? You pitied me once because I loved you; pity me again for the same reason."

"I will!" he cried—"I will, Marjery!"

But something in his tone went like ice to my heart.

"Tell me," I implored, clinging to his arm like a drowning man to a last rope, "what is it that keeps us apart? Why, why do you hate me? Am I not beautiful, young, and in the dust at your feet? What have I done? What shall I do? Some terrible thing divides us; I beg, I pray you give it a name!"

He threw the arm I was clasping fast around me.

"Nothing divides us," he cried, sharply; "nothing shall divide us from this hour! Whoever loved me like this before? I will forget everything but you—yes, everything in the wide world, Marjery, my peerless wife!"

He pressed my face down into his bosom, and did not speak again, but stood and held me thus, drawing his breath hurriedly above me.

After a while we heard Arnold at the door.

"Lights, Barbara," he called, and entered directly, and Barbara with them.

As the twilight room blossomed suddenly into light, I looked at Adam North, and saw no impassioned lover, but only an averted face, apathetic and colorless as death.

"And now," said Arnold, noticing nothing, "a cup of coffee, Marjery, dear. My teeth are chattering with the chill."

Coffee was brought, and Adam North drank his without any cream or sugar, and then crossed over to Arnold's organ in the corner, and sat down before it to play. Idly enough at first, but as we listened, he broke out into an improvisation worthy of some doomed spirit overhanging the verge of the eternal abyss.

It wailed, and sobbed, and screeched, and trembled through the minor chords in agonized utterances—groanings of the spirit not otherwise to be expressed.

Arnold looked highly uncomfortable, I sat and watched the red sparks shoot in showers up the black mouth of the chimney.

Presently there was a grand crash, and then plaintive echoes and silence.

Adam North rose up, and drew the curtains.

"Do you often afflict your friends in that way?" said Arnold, shrugging his shoulders. "Orpheus at the gates of Hades wouldn't have done worse."

Visitors dropped in with the teatray, and we had piquet, and ombre, and whist in the parlor, and when the house was still, Adam North came to my room, and throwing himself on the sofa, put his leonine head on my lap.

There was something so sweet in his manner, and in his strange, mysterious eyes, that my heart leaped with a bound to my throat.

Through the open window near us the salt smell of the tide came in, and the sound of its ripple and rasp mingled with a far-off flutter of bells, where the town lay low and close upon the sea.

"Marjery," he said, as he grasped me savagely—indeed the savage element was breaking out through his polish—"help me to forget the world—make me happy for one single hour."

"How can I make you happy?" I asked, with passionate pain.

"Let me lie thus and look at you, and it is done."

I shook my head.

"And to-morrow you will go away, to return—when?"

"No; I will make a new stand against fate, and win back all my losses," he said, whimsically. "Am I more than human—am I different from other men, that I can think of a future without home or love?"

He lay gazing up at me, with the shadows of my loose, long hair falling across his face.

"Then, stay," I faltered, with my heart on my lips—"stay with Arnold and me. Rest here with us—with me, and forget your losses, whatever they may be."

Simple words enough, were they not?

But as I uttered them, a change, swift as lightning, came over him.

His arms dropped away from me; he started up from the sofa and walked to the window.

"Here!" he echoed, in a frightful voice, "forget—here! I would as soon seek happiness in hell as rest or peace in this accursed spot! Would to heaven the sea yonder would sweep up and blot it from the face of the earth! Arnold is dying here, and no wonder. I could not breathe this air and live a week!"

I sat dumb, aching with the disappointment and the shock of these words.

He took a turn across the floor, and the violence of his manner vanished suddenly—and not that alone, but all his tenderness likewise.

"I am dead tired," he said, shortly, "and must get to bed. Is that skipper of yours an early riser? I shall take the first train back to town."

"Dougla! Oh, yes," I forced myself to answer. "Arnold and I are often out with him at sunrise. You will leave us, then?"

"I must," he said, with decision; and the last hope of my heart, I think, died in that moment, for I had tested my power, and found it less than nothing.

Dougal was ready with the boat the next morning, and, at the last moment, Adam North appeared with my hat and mantle in his hand.

"Come with me to the station," he said, sweetly; "it is a heavenly morning. Who knows when we may meet upon such another? And Dougla will bring you safe back?"

I let him tie the hat and fasten the mantle, and went down to the landing-place with him, where we found Arnold already ensconced in the stern of the boat, with wraps and fowling-piece and tackle.

"Why won't you stay, North?" he grumbled, as the latter lifted me down to my seat. "There'll be rare sport to-day among the islands."

"Push off, Dougla," shouted Adam North—"push off!"

And he seized an oar himself, and we dropped

from the shore with the dropping tide, a sky over our heads like one enormous sapphire, a sea beneath us intensely still, with not a breeze to comb its cool green into milky lengths.

All was profoundly still.

We heard nothing but the plovers' mournful cries, saw nothing but the flutter of wild ducks, or a teal's wing whisking among the sedgy islands.

A hot haze clung to the pale seaward horizon and to the dry inland hills.

Overhead, the morning sun was like a brazen shield in heaven.

"Shall I come for you to-night, sir?" asked Dougla, as we went on.

"No," Adam North answered. "I go West to-day. I have heard of an opening there."

He seemed speaking to me, and I started and looked up at him.

I was leaning over the boat's side, trailing a hand in the water.

I had slipped my mantle back, because of the heat, and the sunlight fell strong upon my dress and upon a chain at my throat, to which was attached some charms, and the ring I had found the preceding night on the floor of the parlor.

Adam North's eyes fastened suddenly on this bunch of trinkets.

"What have you there?" he asked, and leaned toward me, and touched the ring, as it swung in a loop from the thread-like chain.

"Booty," I answered, "found in the old house yonder—dug, I may say, from the floor, on which, because of its beauty and polish, Arnold will have no carpets."

"Will you let me look at it?" he asked, in his ordinary voice.

I slipped it off into his hand.

He examined it closely, and then broke out:

"By my faith, a wedding-ring!"

"Dainty enough for a queen's finger," said Arnold.

"True," answered Adam North, and held it off at arm's length in the hot sun.

"I've a fancy," continued Arnold, in his dreamy way, "strong enough to swear by, that the woman who wore that ring was no ordinary mortal. She had high blood, I know, and beauty and elegance. She was some unknown Cleopatra, for whom new worlds might be lost."

Adam North laughed shortly.

"And I have a fancy that she was a damned traitress, who fung this worthless thing by when she left a husband for a lover—a creature who dragged a fair name through the dirt, and dishonored one man, maybe, to ruin another. Bah! there goes the whistle. Pull, Dougla! We've but a moment."

He bent to his own oar with a will, and the boat swung into a little cove, where a wild sumach-tree, on whose leaves the blood of Summer seemed already curdling, stood marking the landing-place.

"Good-by," he said, and raised my hand to his lips; then leaped out of the boat, and splashed through the shallow water to the beach.

I saw him rush up the brown hill beyond, over whose top the smoke of the train was already curling.

He stopped on the summit one moment to look back, then plunged over and disappeared; and not till then did I remember that he had forgotten to give me back the ring.

We heard the train move off, and then turned homeward.

"How strong I feel to-day!" cried Arnold, drawing in great long breaths of the sweet salt air. "What was it North said about going West? Good Lord, what an odd fellow! I shall never understand him."

As we slipped back among the islands, Arnold must needs try both rife and rod by turns, and between his breathless hauling in and the cracking at unwary yellow-legs and peeps, we did not reach home till high noon.

"Marjery, dear," he cried, gayly, "I feel as if I should live a hundred years; and when Miss Kyle appears, I shall buy the old house for a shooting-box, and bring you down here every season, let North knit his black brows as he will."

As the day waned, a cloud passed over the sky—a thin fog, cold as ice, settled on shore and sea, and the rain began to fall.

We closed doors and windows, and built roaring fires in the lower rooms, for Arnold was coughing and shaking with a chill, and all his false strength of the morning had vanished with its sunshine.

I noticed that he ate nothing at his solitary dinner, but sat watching the door with a singularly expectant air, and starting nervously at every sound.

"What is it, Arnold?" I said, at last.

A faint glow overspread his pale, Raphael face.

"Some one is coming here to-night," he answered.

"Indeed! Who may it be?"

"I do not know."

"I wish them joy of the journey. Hear the rain pour."

We went back to the parlor.

I sat down at the organ, and Arnold drew, shivering, to the fire, with his leopard-skin spread across his knees.

It was a large square room, and opposite the hearth a glass door opened on a low veranda facing the sea.

Presently Arnold called me to his side.

He was in one of his mystic moods. His face looked rapt and shining in the firelight.

"See how I tremble, Marjery," he said; and indeed he did. "Every nerve in my body warns me that some danger is near. Had I strength, I would rise up and fly from this place to-night for life itself."

"Danger!—here?" I cried, incredulously.

"Nonsense! Arnold, what can you mean?"

"Bah! You never believe me," he said, fretfully. "Hark! what is that sound out on the beach?"

I listened.

"The rain and the surf."

"Pshaw! it is wheels rolling. Sit down and wait."

"What! for our visitors?" I laughed.

"You will see."

I went back to the organ, and rambled through an anthem of Mozart's, and then I heard Arnold start suddenly up.

I turned, and saw him standing on the hearth, his violet eyes distended, his face full of wild eagerness.

At the same moment, a footstep echoed outside on the veranda.

The glass door swung quietly open, and, like some picture out of its frame, a woman stepped into the room.

She was in black, and the rich texture of her garments was dashed and dragged with wet.

She flung back her veil, and, with her hand still on the door, stopped short, and looked in a sort of sweet surprise from my face to Arnold's, and from Arnold's back to mine. A pale, dark woman, with a rich Eastern look.

In every curve and motion of her body there was a slow, sumptuous, animal grace, like that of some splendid pantheress.

I marked it the first moment my eyes fell on her, and afterward it grew and grew upon me like an enchantment.

She was pale, as I have said, but not with the pallor of sickness—on her full curved mouth the color lay hot and rich.

She had large, melancholy eyes, as black as a Syrian's, and masses of lustrous dark hair falling low on neck and forehead.

But it was the sadness of the face that startled one, even more than its beauty.

"Pardon me," she said, in a full, sweet voice. "I did not know the house was occupied, except by servants. I am intruding, I see."

"On the contrary," answered Arnold, "we were expecting you. Is it Miss Kyle?"

"It is Miss Kyle. Expecting me?"—her beautiful square brows contracted in a puzzled way. "I did not know that any one was aware of my return."

"It would not be fair to conceal from you that many singular things come to me by instinct," he said, smiling. "My name is Arnold Errym, and this lady is my sister, Mrs. North. We have been your tenants for more than a week."

She looked me well over with her large, steady eyes, then put out her gloved hand.

"This is better than returning to an empty house," she said, sweetly. "I have come to remain; but my presence here need not discommode you in the least. There is room enough for all, and to spare."

She then asked for an attendant. I rang for Barbara, and Miss Kyle drew out her purse.

"I will go back and dismiss the carriage," she said, "and then retire, for I have come a long way, and I am weary and need rest."

But Arnold started up, caught the money from her hand, and ran out himself, bareheaded, into the rain.

When he returned, Miss Kyle and Barbara had gone off together.

He went back to the fire, pale and shivering.

"Arnold, what a lovely creature she is!" I cried, in rapture.

He drew a great struggling breath.

"Yes," he answered; "so lovely that I am afraid of her."

"Of course we will stay all the same, and she shall be our guest. To tell the truth, I sometimes find it dull here—especially upon wet days. Did you ever see so sad a face?"

"She wears mourning; she has lost friends, most likely."

We talked of her a while—or, rather, I did, for Arnold was distraught, and would say little, and then we sent tea up to her room, and had our own by the parlor-fire, and parted for the night.

He was up at daybreak the next morning, calling for me to come out and walk with him on the beach. I found him in a state of feverish excitement quite new to me.

"I have not slept an hour all night," he said, and put his thin white hand upon my shoulder for support as we walked.

"I do not like that," said I, shaking my head. "Why couldn't you sleep?"

"Because of a nightmare that troubled me. Look! who is coming yonder over the rocks?"

My eyes followed him, and I saw advancing toward us Miss Kyle.

She was in black, as on the preceding night, and she wore a handkerchief with a black border, knotted over the rich hair the morning wind had torn into great loose tresses.

If I had thought her beautiful by lamplight, now, in the grayish day, she seemed to me the most perfect mold of woman I had ever seen.

We stopped, and waited for her to come up.

"You are early abroad," said Arnold, with the color overspreading his pale face.

"It is an old habit of mine," she answered, smiling, "acquired long ago by the sea."

"I cannot understand," said I, bluntly, "how you ever came to choose this place for a home, Miss Kyle."

She moved on with us, keeping her pensive face turned outward toward the gray waters.

"One must have a refuge of some kind," she answered, slowly, "and I know of no other. I do not love it, and yet something—I know not what—is drawing me continually back to it—is holding me here, unwilling, yet helpless, like a bird in a snare. The sound of this sea is a perpetual horror in my ears. I can think of no fate so dreadful as that of having one's breath choked out down there in that green sucking undercurrent. Oh, God! preserve me from death in the sea!"

She spoke with great earnestness, flinging out her unjeweled hands, as a white dread shivered over her face.

"To one like you, full of life and strength, death in any form must always seem terrible," said Arnold, sadly.

She turned, and looked at him for the first time with attention.

"Pardon me," she said; "I did not see before that you were ill."

We went on together over the beach.

"I find," continued Miss Kyle, "that you two are living here the same hermit life I have marked out for myself. This delights me, and makes me feel sure that we shall get on admirably together. I have no friends, no relatives; I am quite alone in the world."

Despite the sweet tone, there was a look on her face so tragic that I said within myself, "This woman has a history." And after that we strolled back to the old house, and breakfasted in company, and before the meal was over we had settled to make one household so long as Arnold and I should remain at the beach.

From the first she seemed drawn toward us as irresistibly as we to her.

I remember a day—it must have been two or three weeks after her coming—when Dougal brought me a letter from Adam North—a brief, courteous letter, so cold that it stung my hand like frost to hold it, and it had fluttered down to the floor, and was lying there when the door opened and Miss Kyle entered.

I can see her still, as she stood on the threshold in her inevitable black, the long brown stems of water-lilies looped around her supple waist, and trailing from her hands.

"Ah, *mon ami*," she said, quickly, "you have heard ill news!"

"No," I answered, bitterly, "I have heard none at all."

She hesitated, and looked bewildered.

"Arnold said it was a letter from your husband."

"Yes. Would you like to read it? Would you like to know how much I, with the beauty you praise so often, am beloved?"

She drew near, struck with something odd in my tone.

She did not touch the letter—only looked down on it from her full height, but the large, bold hand was legible even at that distance.

She did not speak or move; and presently I looked up and saw that she stood beside me, rigid and colorless, her hands dropped at her side, the lilies scattered on the floor.

"Has he been your husband long?" she said, at last.

"Two years," I answered.

She walked to the window, and turned her back on me.

"And do you love him, dear?"

"So well that, were it not for Arnold, I think I should pray to die."

I heard her draw a long breath.

"I could never understand," she said, slowly, "why the ancients pictured love joyous and flower-crowned. It is the saddest thing in life. It is the fountain-head of the sorrows of the world."

Then she bent and kissed me passionately.

"God help us all!" she breathed. "*Ma belle*, Arnold has asked me to go out with him among the islands. Will you not come?"

"Don't ask me. This is one of his strong days. Let him be happy. Tell him nothing about me."

"I will not," she answered, and went away and left me alone in the old house.

As the afternoon waned, the wind veered suddenly to the east, and a keen, treacherous little fog began to creep and curl about the water. This grew and grew till it was, as the fishermen say, thick as pea-soup.

I was greatly alarmed, and put on my hat and went down to the landing-place just in time to meet Dougal's old wherry as it came creeping in through the mist.

"Oh, have you seen Arnold and Miss Kyle?" I cried, as the hale and hearty face of the old skipper broke upon me, like a full moon from a cloud.

"Lord bless us! ain't they back yet?" said Dougal.

"No; and this is fog enough to chill the marrow in one's bones, not to speak of Arnold's cough."

"To be sure. This is an onerous coast. They went in the float, too, which is none of the safest, as you know. I think I'll go back and look for them."

I leaped into the wherry before he could push off.

"You must take me with you, Dougal," I said; and we glided out swiftly into a white chaos of fog that seemed to deepen and deepen at every yard.

In the midst of it we ran plump upon the float, riding empty and oarless on the water.

"Oh, look, Dougal! they are drowned!" I screamed, sickening with terror.

"No—ashore somewhere among the islands, ma'am," dissented Dougal. "Hist, now, till I call."

And he raised a shout loud enough to wake the dead.

Far, faint, muffled in a fog, a voice answered back, "Boat, ahoy!"

"Ay, ay!" roared Dougal; and plunging after the call, we came up in the lee of an island, where, walking its cobblestones together, we found Arnold and Miss Kyle.

They had both been in the water, and were drenched to the skin.

Miss Kyle was shivering convulsively in her wet clothing. Arnold was blue with pallor.

"Take us quick, for heaven's sake!" he shouted.

"We have been here an hour in this plight. The float upset. We had to swim for it. Miss Kyle is half dead."

We helped them into the boat. Dougal and I pulled off our outer garments to wrap around them, and we started homeward through the fog with all speed.

"Had it not been for me," shivered Miss Kyle, "he might have seized the float before it drifted off; but I could not swim a stroke. I was a dead-weight on his hands, and how he reached the island with me I do not know."

As the wherry touched shore, Arnold seized her hands and made her run with him up the beach. He burst like a storm upon Barbara.

"Hot baths and brandy!" he cried, "and dry clothes at once!" And then to Miss Kyle, "Great heaven! Eleanor, to think that I should have been reserved for the rapture of standing betwixt you and the death you dread!"

He was chafing her hands in his, but she shivered away from his touch—from the flush on his face, and the light in his eyes, and hurried off with Barbara.

He seemed to have suffered far less than she from their mishap.

"It was worth ten years of my life, Marjery!" he said to me. "She was desperately frightened. She clung to me like a child. I had the strength of ten men at that moment. I only wish the danger had been more."

Night closed in wild and wet. I went to Miss Kyle's room at bed-time, and found her lying on a sofa by the fire, wrapped in a white woolen dressing-gown, deadly pale, and fast asleep.

What a picture she made as she lay thus! and how the unutterable sadness of her face, darkened by the great shadow of her loose hair, startled one in repose!

I stole softly back to my own chamber, which adjoined hers, leaving the door ajar, so that, as I moved about the room, I could still see her, and the pleasant gleam of her slanting fire.

I sat down by the window, and looked off on the melancholy sea, and the low, mournful moon, struggling in banks of fog.

There was another door to my chamber, opening upon the passage.

As I sat with my forehead to the pane, and my gaze turned outward, this door suddenly unclosed, and I looked and saw standing on its threshold, tall, dark, and travel-worn, Adam North.

He entered, with his cloak over his shoulders, his traveling-cap in his hand.

I rose slowly to meet him. He bent and touched my forehead with his lips.

"What! not in bed yet?" he said. "I seem to have taken the rest of the house by surprise; even the kitchen is like a pocket."

"But you were not expected," I answered, as carelessly as I could, "and Arnold has gone to bed ill. Did you walk from the station?"

"Yes." He sank into a chair, tossing his cloak one way and his cap another, and turning up the lamp on the table till the room was like noonday.

"What a cursed way! I am half drowned in mire."

"I will ring Barbara up at once."

"By no means! I supped on the road. Sit down; you look like a ghost. I am here, Marjery, to tell you that the Western opening is all I need. I shall return to it immediately—yes, and take you with me, if you will go."

He gave me a sad, questioning look.

"I think," he said, slowly, "that there we may be happy yet. I will talk with Arnold in the morning." And then he turned, and for the first time saw the half open door, with the firelight glancing through. "Who have you here?" he added, quickly.

"A guest," I answered. "Miss Kyle."

He started from his chair. He made a step forward and looked into the room beyond, seeing clearly and fully the dark outline of the sofa on the hearth, and the beautiful slumbering shape stretched thereon.

He stood perfectly still, his eyes fixed upon her. I could not see his face, but I felt instinctively that there was something strange in it.

"How long has she been here?" he whispered.

"Three weeks."

"How long will she remain?"

"Indefinitely. The place is hers, you know."

"True. I had forgotten. My head is in a whirl to-night. And she is your guest—*yours*? My God! where did she get that lost, desolate look?"

He advanced still nearer—yes, to the very threshold, and there stared in upon her for a full moment, as she lay. Then he turned and came

back to me. His face was blank, but it was the color of ashes. He picked up his hat and cloak.

"Do not wait up for me," he said, briefly, and plunged down the dark stair, and was gone like a spirit. I heard the hall-door bang, and footsteps outside crunching in the sands, and then all was still.

He did not come back. I knew he would not.

Miss Kyle kept her sofa all the next day, shuddering at Arnold's cough, and looking sadder and more irresistible than ever in her languor.

The stifling heat confined everybody to the house.

We had an early tea, and in the dry, hot, dark, Arnold brought shawls and hats, and begged us to come forth and see the moon rise on the sea.

He led the way to the beach, his straw hat off, his yellow hair tossed about his handsome pale face.

He seemed in extravagant spirits, but Miss Kyle was more pensive than I had ever seen her.

We sat down upon the rocks, chasms of blackness yawning around us, the tide moaning and seething in and out of their hollows.

As the moon seemed reluctant to rise, Arnold burnt blue-lights while we waited, and admired Miss Kyle by their unearthly gleam.

"You look like an Iphigenia at the sacrifice," he said, gazing at the winy mouth and sad, splendid eyes over which that pale light played.

"And you like a Saint John," she answered.

"Fine compliments," said I; "but yonder comes the moon," and at that moment the great orb lifted her full disk from a bank of clouds in the East, and dropped a great path of yellow light upon the sea.

I sat and watched it ascend higher and higher, and the crisp ripples shimmer like scales of gold below, but Arnold had not yet withdrawn his eyes from Miss Kyle.

"Eleanor!" he cried out, in a thick, stifled voice, never heeding me, and then, as she recoiled a step, "may I not call you by your name—I who love you with heart and soul and strength—I who have not, who can never have again, any existence separate from yours?"

Miss Kyle stood like a ghost in the moonlight, as white and rigid.

"Oh, no!" she cried, throwing up her arms in sudden anguish; "tell me that I am dreaming!"

"Dreaming!" echoed Arnold, mildly; "no; you are awake, and you hear me, and you know that I love you—that I have loved you from the first night of your coming, and that either you must love me in return, if it be with but one iota of the passion that burns me for you, or I cannot live!"

"Arnold Errym!" she cried, wringing her hands, "oh, why did I come here? There is a curse upon the place, and upon me! I cannot love you—I cannot! No, no more than I can force this sea to recede and leave its bed dry to the light of the moon."

Her face and manner were frightfully tragic.

With a groan, Arnold staggered back.

I ran to him in terror.

He looked as if he had received a death-blow, as indeed he had.

"Arnold!" I cried, wildly—"Arnold!"

But he held me off, gazing at her in an agony of despair.

"And you give me no hope?" he asked. "You will never at any future time recall these words?"

"Never!" she answered, mournfully.

Her back was against the rock, her hands had fallen before her, her head was bent down. An unspeakable suffering filled her face.

"Shall I tell you why?" she said, slowly. "It will change your love to scorn; but since I have given the wound, I, too, must heal it at any cost."

You will live, Arnold—live without me, and laugh at this folly—even bate me, perhaps; for, look at me! I am Miss Kyle, indeed, but I am, also, a scorned, wretched, divorced wife!"

Dead silence; nothing to be heard but that restless tide moaning in and out the yawning gulfs of darkness that divided the rocks. Arnold stood voiceless and motionless—so, also, did I.

"A woman whose name has been tossed with jeers from tongue to tongue," she went on, in a clear, steady voice—"who, in that very house yonder, left a husband once to fly with a lover. To be sure, death overtook us before my madness was an hour old—intervened swiftly and suddenly between me and the fate I had chosen. A broken rail—a plunge in the darkness, and that was the end of all for him; but for me remained the scorn of the world, the obliquity of divorce, for I had to deal with a man who never knew pity—who could believe everything but my innocence. It was useless to plead madness and repentance, or to tell him that I had sinned only in heart. He cast me off with scorn and loathing, and I made no defense, interposed not so much as a word betwixt him and the freedom he sought, but put on sackcloth and ashes, and fled, calling upon the rocks to fall and cover me." She turned with a gesture to Arnold. "You see now what a weak, unworthy thing you have loved. You see now why I have chosen this place, afar from all the world, to live and die in. I have sinned, but, oh, great heaven! have I not suffered, too?"

With a cry Arnold started toward her.

"You love that man still—he that was your husband—curse him!"

"Yes," she answered, shuddering, "I love him still."

"And where is he now?"

"I do not know. It does not matter. He has taken another wife, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unlouse."

"And you think," cried Arnold, with a wild laugh, "that after hearing this I can forget you?"

"I trust—I pray that you may."

"Yes, when this shore forgets the sea!"

She looked at me in sorrowful appeal. The tears were shining in her great, desolate eyes. I drew near to her, and took her hand in mine.

I rejoice to remember that I was standing thus, holding her fast, like something near and dear, when I heard that footstep behind us on the rocks.

"Hark! what is that?" she said.

I turned and saw advancing swiftly through the moonlight the tall, broad figure of Adam North. He came straight up to us, till he stood face to face with me—face to face with Eleanor Kyle; but he looked only at her.

His emerald-tinted eyes glittered black in the moonlight, and his face was white as snow.

"Eleanor!" he pronounced, in a loud, clear voice.

The scream that broke from her lips will sound on in my ears till my dying day.

She flung up her arms.

"I am innocent!" she cried. "Oh, I am innocent!"

He pressed after her, as she recoiled toward the verge of the rocks.

"Innocent or guilty," he answered, "I love you, and life without you is hell! Take back your wedding-ring, Eleanor; take it back!"

He held something toward her in his hand—the little band of gold I had found weeks before in the old house up the beach. She did not seem to see it, but retreated in white fear before him still.

"Take it!" he cried again, piercing and strong. "Take it, Eleanor, for I cannot live without you!"

But still she shrank away, with hands lifted in terror.

Then, whether her foot slipped on the treacherous brink, lighted only by the moon, or whether fear of him, or her own free will, drove her to her doom, I know not, but she went over like a bit of thistledown, and, with one awful cry, Adam North followed her.

"Come back!" I heard him call. "Come back, I have forgiven you!"

And then the full tide closed over the spot in little eddies and ripples, and Arnold and I stood on the rocks alone.

"Will they drown within a yard of shore?" cried he, and plunged and swung down the rocks, and tore round to the landing-place and unmoored Dougal's boat.

I followed, I know not how, and leaped in with him, and pushed round to the place where they had sank.

Nothing was to be seen there but the moonlight, split into patches by the black seams yawning between the rocks. Nothing was to be heard but the fretful ripples rasping on the shore.

We roused the town; we searched the whole night through, and in the gray dawn of the next day, a mile or two below the spot, on a strip of beach, washed up by some great wave, Dougal found them, half buried in sand and seaweed, lying clasped fast in each other's arms, her wedding-ring upon her hand, her head upon his breast.

* * * * *

Arnold is dead, and I live on alone with Barbara in the old house still.

I am not old, but the hair on my forehead is white as December frost.

My heart, I think, died within me that night; and cold and dead it must remain till the end cometh which shall lift from it the shadow of those three graves.

Sneezing.

THE custom of invoking a blessing upon persons who sneeze is, said Dr. Seguin, in a recent article on sneezing, a most interesting one. Several old medical authors state that the custom dates back from the time of a severe epidemic (in which sneezing was a bad sign) during the pontificate of Gregory the Great. Brand, however, and the author of an article in "Ree's Cyclopaedia," states that the phrase "God bless you," as addressed to persons having sneezed, is much more ancient, being old in the days of Aristotle. The Greeks appear to have traced it back to the mythical days of Prometheus, who is reported to have blessed his man of clay when he sneezed. In Brand the Rabbinical account is given, that the phrase originated in the alleged fact that it was only through Jacob's struggle with the angel that sneezing ceased to be an act fatal to man.

In many countries sneezing has been the subject of congratulations and of hopeful augury. In Mesopotamia and some African towns, the populace is reported to have shouted when their monarchs sneezed. Sometimes, moreover, it is very important not to sneeze; and Dr. Seguin has discovered what had been discovered before, but is insufficiently known, that sneezing may be prevented by forcibly rubbing the skin below the nose. And on this observation of himself, and of Marshall Hall, Diday, and the world generally before them, he bases an exceedingly interesting study of the physiology of sneezing in health and disease.

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If the man who has got to the top of the hill by honesty is ashamed to turn about and look at the lowly road he has traveled, he deserves to be taken by the neck and hurled to the bottom again.



LASSIE.—‘SHE ALMOST KNELT BEFORE HIM AS SHE TOOK HER HANDS FROM HIS GRASP, AND HE STOOD BACK A STEP FROM HER.’

Lassie.

THE scene was a sunny one, but the hearts and faces of the actors in it were sadly clouded.

Broad sunbeams fell upon the clean-looking white stone walls of the large square house that was a well-known landmark in that county side.

The windows almost winked with brightness. The lawn was as smooth as a billiard-table. The flowers were all cultivated and tied up carefully. The shrubs all neatly trimmed and cut within proper bounds. The entrance gates were well hung. The approach was well kept. A fat pony stood in a neatly appointed chaise at the door.

Sportive dogs—grayhounds and setters—rolled on the grass in vain pursuit of shadows and their own tails. All looked prosperous and peaceful. No stranger passing by could have supposed that the head of the house at this moment was—Ruin!

For, only the other day, the head of the house had been a household word in that locality for kindly deeds and hearty hospitality. Only the other day this well-ordered home had been one of the happiest in Norfolk. Only the other day Captain Miller and his wife could look at each other with hopeful, happy eyes, as they spoke of the future of their children, and were justified in finding it fair.

And now the change had come.

It had come with appalling abruptness. The shadow of it fell one day when the postboy brought an ominous-looking official letter, which conveyed the information to the good, proud, honorable old naval officer that his son—the boy of boys, the flower of the flock—was “dismissed the service for debt and drunkenness.”

It was the worst wound the gallant old sailor had ever received during the whole of his career. But he struggled against it. He paid the debts, and prayed for the cure of the other evil, and showed a brave front to the sorrowing wife and unconscious daughter.

But before the anguish of that wound was over, another and incurable one was dealt to him. The son, who had been his greatest glory and his greatest grief, was drowned!

His daughter Florence, or “Lassie,” as she was always called, took her first lesson in the sorrow in which there is no joy that day, as she saw the old man break down under the blow. He died of it in a few weeks, and his death left his wife and daughter Florence dependent on the pension of fifty pounds a year which Mrs. Miller received as the widow of a lieutenant in the navy.

The house they lived in—the house in which Lassie had been born, and in which she had seen all she knew of life—was not their own. Mr. Miller had occupied it during his term of employment as officer in charge of the Coastguard Station here; and now another officer would take his place, and their old home would soon know them no more.

It was a dear old home, and Florence loved it for more reasons than one. In it she had passed a supremely happy and unfettered childhood. In it she had seen the birth of her first romance, and as that romance still flourished, what wonder that she found the birthplace of it passing fair!

The darkest days of that sad death were over for the girl. She had mourned her father bitterly, with all the force and passion of a forcible and passionate nature. But she had mourned him so for a month, and a month is a long period of time at twenty. The head and heart had both been bowed by the stormiest, most genuine grief. But both are elastic at twenty, and so they were raising themselves up again on this day when she is first introduced to the reader.

Though Mrs. Miller knew that it was needful she should soon go, she had not begun to dismantle the house yet, and now on this fair April day, as they sat in the drawing-room, everything looked so precisely as it had looked on previous fair April days, that Florence found it almost impossible to believe they were going away.

“Why should we go, mother?” she burst out, impetuously, following out her own thoughts. “This isn’t a Government house; why shouldn’t we keep it on?”

The mother who was addressed found it very hard to dash the bright speaker’s belief in the maternal ability to do anything that was pleasant to that well-loved child. But, sooner or later,

Florry must be made to understand the full force of the change that had befallen them.

“I couldn’t pay for it, dear, if I did keep it on,” she said, unflinching; “besides, we must go some place where I can do something.”

“Do something?”

Florry’s hazel eyes expressed boundless surprise—worlds of inquiry.

“We are quite poor people now, Lassie.” She tried to speak cheerfully, and Lassie did so honor the effort her mother made. “Quite poor people, you know; and we have only God and ourselves to rely upon. It will be a hard change for you, my daughter.”

Florence was dumb with pity for her mother. She had no thought of herself yet. Twenty is rarely selfish in theory.

“But you will bear it bravely, won’t you?” Mrs. Miller continued; and then Florence remembered that her mother had lost more than she (Florence) had done, and she strove to give the required promise, and to think coherently of all it referred to.

A few words as to the *personnel* of my heroine here. She was not one of those whom women hate, and men desperately adore. These were very much alive to her influence—that sympathetic influence of hers, which soothed and incited, satisfied and caused the one on whom it was brought to bear to wish to know more of her, all at the same moment. In these early days of hers, it must have been a hard, cold nature, indeed, that did not incline favorably to Florence Miller.

And this not because of any extraordinary beauty. She was a pretty girl. She had the admirable points of blood and breeding, in the shape of a small head, and well-shaped, small hands and feet. But she was not a beauty. She was only intensely interesting, and perfectly graceful and refined. Refined and, at the same time, fraught with a full bounding vitality, that was a sight to make old men young again—an infectious, spirit-stirring vitality, that made the far-sighted see some sorrow for her in the future.

“With that eager, bounding, restless way, what feminine pursuits could she ever expect to follow with satisfaction?” women would ask of one another.

But men were more apt to feel that she would put plenty of warmth and color into the life of the fellow who was lucky enough to get her eventually.

Without being absolutely beautiful, there was much that was charming in the delicate-featured face and the lissom form. There were very tender depths in her dark hazel eyes. There were rich ruddy reflections in the silky brown hair. There was a most seductive suppleness about the lines of her waist and shoulders when she was well outlined on her handsome pony, Don Juan.

Altogether “Lassie,” as her father had always called her, had won a fair share of admiration by the time she was twenty, and an even fairer share of love.

As has been already stated, Lassie had begun her romance before she came into these pages. Therefore, though her father’s death was a bitter grief to her, the world was not all dark in consequence of it. There was a broad gleam of sunshine in her heart whenever she thought of one who was away now, but who would surely come to her one day and claim the heart he had already fully gained.

Two years ago this light began shining upon her. The squire’s only son, Leonard Raymont, home on leave for a few weeks before his regiment sailed for India, had seen Lassie, and succumbed to her with flattering speed.

The gay, handsome young soldier had flung himself into the affair with all the ardor of his

nature, and Lassie had responded with all the glowing vitality—all the generous, honest imprudence of hers.

Only his parents and himself knew how very near he had been proposing, then, to Lassie. Only Lassie knew how bitter the disappointment was to her when he went away without doing so.

But he was the squire's only son, the heir to a property, and, "at any rate, *test* your own heart by absence from her, Leo, dear; for, sweet girl as she is, you ought to marry differently," his mother pleaded. And so he, being a loving son, consented to compromise matters with them in this way:

"If I come back at the end of three years, loving Lassie as I do now, will you and my father receive her as your daughter? If you promise to do so, I'll go away now without speaking; but if you won't, why, I shall gain nothing by waiting."

Mrs. Raymont hesitated for a moment. But she was a sagacious woman, and at the end of that moment she gave the promise he required. She had great faith in chance. In the course of the next three years, something would surely happen. Leonard would forget her, or Lassie would forget him. At any rate, it would be deferring the evil day to give the promise.

So the mother gave it, and Leonard Raymont went away, full of faith in himself and Lassie.

It had been very hard for him to keep his part of the agreement when he went to say good-by to her. They had been so much together during the bright Summer month that was just past, and she liked him so well, and showed her liking so openly.

Poor Lassie! the love-light in her eyes nearly melted his resolution. But, unluckily for them both, he kept it, and Lassie did not know the reason why.

But though he would not ask her to be his wife until those three years of trial were over, he did show his love for her plain enough. They spent the time of his parting visit under the green trees on the lawn, and as he took a rose from her hand, he pressed a tiny ring on to her finger, and whispered, "Would she wear it for his sake?" And Lassie, who would have adventured upon the thinnest ice for his sake, said, "Yes," and wondered whether she was engaged or not.

"Shall I tell mamma of this?" she asked presently, and the lover felt terribly lowered in his own eyes, as his bond with his mother compelled him to answer:

"No, darling; not till I give you leave. You can trust me, Lassie."

Trust him! Ay, through good or evil, she felt as if her trust in him could never be shaken, poor short-sighted, loving little mortal. So, then he had kissed her, and left her—for three years.

She was as faithful to that little ring as a wife could have been to a wedding one. It never left her finger; but as she wore many rings—big ones among which this tiny one lurked unnoticed—it was never seen. And now, after two years, the giver of it was dearer to her than ever.

This was the hope that brightened the dark present to her—the hope that he would soon come back, and tell to all the world what he had already told to her. He was the head of his house now, for the old squire was dead. Many people marveled at his mother being so little anxious for his return. They little knew that poor Lassie was the obstacle to the glad welcome she would otherwise have accorded to her boy when he should come at last to reign over his own.

"Time, time was all she wanted," Mrs. Raymont told herself. "Miss Miller will surely feel that she *ought* to marry, now that she's dependent on the mere pittance her mother has," the lady thought; and Leonard's mother determined that

the neighborhood should yield a husband to Lassie, and that soon.

The fiction of intimacy had always been kept up between the Raymonts and the Millers. Even during those love-passages between Leonard and Lassie, Mrs. Raymont had always seemed to seek the girl, and make much of her. The danger being there, she felt it would be better to have it under her eye, as it were. So she had always kept up an appearance of fondness and admiration for Lassie, which the latter responded to with all her young, warm, honest heart.

Just at this juncture, Providence (she herself declared) befriended Mrs. Raymont. The Millers were very much in the thoughts of everybody by reason of Mrs. Miller having openly avowed her intention of leaving the neighborhood soon, and this avowal brought matters to a climax. The curate of the parish, Mr. Harold Cuthbert, who had idolized Lassie from the day he knew her first, took heart of grace, and threw prudence to the winds, when he heard that his idol was going. So this complication was introduced into the affair. He proposed to her. He did what a man should never do when he is not sure of his verdict—he wrote to her, instead of wooing in person. And Lassie wrote in reply a quiet, unmistakable rejection of his offer. When she had written this, she told her mother what he had done. And Mrs. Miller's burst of thankfulness took Lassie's breath away.

"Oh, Lassie, Lassie, there *is* a drop of sweetness left in my cup, after all! You will be safe and cared for," the poor anxious mother said, caressing her child, and, for the first time in her life, the child recoiled from that caress.

"Mother, dear, read my answer," she said, with a little quiver in her voice. "You see, I don't care for him—and—I'm so sorry, for he's such a nice fellow, but—I *don't* care for him."

"I won't attempt to influence you," Mrs. Miller said, sobbing; "but it would have made me so happy, Lassie."

"Mother!" Lassie exclaimed, kneeling down, and half hiding her face in her mother's lap, "do you remember Leonard?"

Mrs. Miller glanced keenly at the girl.

"Is that idle flirtation to stand in the way of this honorable love? Then, indeed, I was wrong in trusting so to your sense, Lassie."

"We love each other, and he's coming back," Lassie whimpered. Then she showed the ring, and told all there was to tell.

It was very little, after all; but Mrs. Miller was a loving, sympathetic mother, and she listened to it, and hoped the girl was not deceiving herself, and wished that she could stay on in this place until the young squire came home.

"And we shall hear if he is likely to come soon, at once, my darling, for here comes Mrs. Raymont to call."

At sight of Mrs. Raymont, Lassie always brightened, and was at her best.

Leonard's mother! How could she be regarded as other than something infinitely superior to most people by the girl who adored Leonard! She had now, with a heart so full of kindness, it seemed, come to express "regret at their going away, and to hope that the friendly intercourse of so many years would remain unbroken, wherever they went."

She rolled many such sentences out rapidly, and Lassie listened to them, and believed that they meant something so utterly different to that which they did mean.

In her gratitude, the young girl could have kissed the hem of the worldly woman's garment.

Presently, Lassie was called away, and the two elder women were left together.

"And now," Mrs. Miller thought, "I will tell

her about Mr. Cuthbert in confidence. If she knows anything of her son's feelings, she will surely speak."

So the mother whose sole care was for the happiness of her daughter, spoke to the mother whose sole care was for the aggrandizement of her son. It was a woefully unequal match.

"I have to tell you something, old friend," she began, with a little tremor in her voice. "I've looked upon Lassie as a child till to-day, and to-day I learn that my child has been sought as a wife. It has agitated me greatly," she added, hastily, as a few tears welled up into her eyes.

Mrs. Raymont felt her heart stand still.

"Could Leonard have been mad, weak, rash, wicked enough to forget his promise? Surely not. Her boy was the soul of honor, and a full year of the binding time remained unexpired."

She recovered her breath, and spoke.

"Before I can congratulate you, I must hear who the happy man is," she said, with an effort.

Then Mrs. Miller shook her head, and answered: "It is Mr. Cuthbert; and he is not a happy man at all, if his happiness depends on Lassie, for she has refused him."

"Refused him!" No written words can render the mournful amazement which Mrs. Raymont contrived to infuse into those two words. "I pity you most sincerely. This must be a terrible blow to you;" and then Mrs. Raymont played a strong card, by placing her hands on Mrs. Miller's trembling ones, and adding, "You must feel it. He is not a man to be played with. I am shocked and disappointed at Lassie's conduct."

"But *why*?" the perplexed mother asked.

"Disappointed as I am, I should have been more shocked if she had accepted him without love."

"There it is! We all thought that she was really in earnest with Mr. Cuthbert. But I fear—I greatly fear—that Lassie is a flirt."

"Oh, no!" The mother's indignation was great, but she managed to subdue it. "Lassie is no flirt. Her manner to Mr. Cuthbert has been the manner of a frank child. He cannot complain of her on that score."

"I must say, fond as I am of Lassie, that I have been deceived by her manner," wily Mrs. Raymont went on. "It would have been so pleasant for us all to have had her settled here as Mrs. Cuthbert. Leonard will be sorry when he hears of it, for, I suppose, he will soon be settling at home now with his wife."

"His wife?" Mrs. Miller asked, and her tongue grew parched.

"He is not married yet, but very much in love with General Hamilton's daughter Rose; this is a great secret, but I tell you because I know you will sympathize with me in my joy. Her beauty is beyond description, he tells me. What a charming *coterie* we should have been if Lassie would only settle here!"

Something induced Mrs. Raymont to take her departure very soon.

Perhaps it was that she did not care to face the girl.

When Lassie came back, Mrs. Raymont was gone.

"Lassie, I told Mrs. Raymont about Mr. Cuthbert's offer," Mrs. Miller began.

"And what did she say?"

"I dare not prevaricate. The sooner she knows the truth, the better," Mrs. Miller thought. Then she said, aloud, "Mrs. Raymont regretted your rejection of Mr. Cuthbert very much. She said there would have been such a charming *coterie* here when Leonard came home with his wife."

Lassie looked up with a face as white as the face of a corpse. But she did not speak.

"He is not married yet," Mrs. Miller went on, nervously, in answer to that look of interroga-

on; "but very much in love with a Miss Rose Hamilton."

"Stop, mother," Lassie whispered, hoarsely. "I will do as you please, and marry Mr. Cuthbert. You will be happier, and I can't be more wretched than I am."

* * * * *

Another year was added to Lassie's life. A year marked in its course by many changes. In the first place, the Millers no longer occupied the handsome square white house wherein we first made their acquaintance. Mrs. Miller had taken a sweet little cottage on the outskirts of the village, where she carried on the war comfortably enough by means of a moderately well-off old maiden aunt who boarded with her. Mrs. Raymont was gone to spend a few months in Paris. And Lassie had been Mrs. Cuthbert for ten months.

She had gone to her husband with a heart most horribly seared, and he had dealt most gently and judiciously with her. He surrounded her with every comfort, he never sought to compel her confidence, he showed himself truly fond and proud of her. But for all that, the man knew that he had made a great mistake in marrying this girl who had no love for him.

Now that love no longer illumined her life, she felt the latter to be a stagnant pool indeed, down in this little barren eastern county village in which her lot was cast.

There were many things which she *might* have done; but there was absolutely nothing which she *must* do. She could not hurl herself into parochial life. It meant nothing to her, and she was not essential to its well-being. The choral society, the blanket club, and soup-kitchen, all got on as well without her as they would have done under her auspices. Yet, with all that vitality, she surely needed a mission!

And she found none ready to her hand. For all her husband's great regard, she was alone in the world.

And she felt her loneliness so painfully!

Under these circumstances, it was natural that the solitude of her life should weigh upon her woefully. Her husband absorbed in his clerical duties, her household moving on like clock-work, her desperate young heart thrown back for long lonely hours every day upon itself as its own and only confident and counselor—what wonder that she felt very often the game was not worth the candle, and that it would have been better had she plodded on for any number of years as Lassie Miller!

That daily round of small paltry duty which it devolved upon her to do! She was not benefited by it, neither was any other person. It gave no one pleasure—herself least of all. It was all dull—dull and objectless, she felt.

"Harold got on just as well without me—his prize prayer-book class, his parish, and his choir are enough for him. He never needed me."

She was in this mood. She was telling herself this persistently one fair early Summer day, because it struck her that it was specially hard, when all the world was preening itself in glad expectation, as it were, that she should be so sad and objectless. The dread of loneliness was the worst dread she had upon her in the morning. Poor thing! she had another and more tangible one before night.

The country parson's wife was a very child in her eager desire to "get over the time" that had no legitimate claim upon her.

"Even mamma gets on just as well without me. Aunt Hester satisfies her cravings for companionship quite as well as I did. And Mr. Cuthbert never even thinks that I am dull."

There was a passionate outcry in her heart

against the injustice of it all, as she thought this. At twenty-one, for a pretty and clever woman to feel herself of no account whatever in the world,—to suspect that no one heeds her—is to be in a position of the greatest difficulty and danger. Poor Lassie! she was in this position now. Her husband was intent on his duty, and never gave a thought to that heart-weariness of hers which not all the comforts he surrounded her with could assuage.

She drifted out, after her early luncheon (which she had eaten alone in dullness), through the village street—away out into the meadow-lands beyond. The meadows were full of brilliant water-side flowers—of king-cups and meadow-sweet, and the big bright blue brooklime.

"How can they go on being so beautiful, year after year, all for nothing!" she thought, wearily; and then she gathered a handful of them, knowing all the while that she would hardly have the heart to carry them home, and arrange them, for the arrangement would bring no pleasure to any eye save her own, and it is hard to feel isolated even in taste.

She was a long distance from the village when she began to think about going home. There was no urgent need for her to get back, truly. Nobody wanted her, nobody would miss her. If she were ready to sit down to the six o'clock dinner, Mr. Cuthbert would feel satisfied. He demanded such a little due, what wonder that she was beginning to revolt against any at all?

Her hands were full of the flowers. Little wet, muddy hands they were, for she had dabbled in the water freely in pursuit of these graceful beauties. Her hat was drooping on one side, too, and her dress was drabbed. Altogether, she was looking very untidy, and very lovely, as Leonard Raymont came over a stile right into her path.

She dropped the flowers in her paralysis of woe and pained surprise. And he came up so gladly and unconsciously to greet her!

"Lassie—my Lassie!" His arms were round her swaying form, his kisses were on her face, his passionately loving eyes were looking into her bewildered ones.

"I've only been home an hour, my darling, sweetest. I missed my mother in Paris, and came straight on to the sunbeam of my life. *Mine* now, Lassie, before all the world—my love that I've waited for, and who has waited for me these long years. They're *over*, Lassie. I *know* you love me, but tell me so."

All this time he had been showering kisses upon her. All this time she had been praying to "die then!—then!"

Her sense of self-respect, her reason, her strength, all came back together. She wrung herself out of his embrace. She stood, panting and free, aloof from him.

"I don't know what to say to you," she began, with a sort of cry. "Where is your wife, that you can do this—?"

He stopped her, and gathered up her hands, and held them tightly, while he forced her to explain herself.

"His wife!" *She* was the only wife he would ever seek—ever desire to win. Rose Hamilton—dear little woman—was married to the best friend he had in the world. Lassie would be so fond of her!

She almost knelt before him as she took her hands from his grasp, and he stood back a step from her.

"Is it possible that you doubt me at all, Lassie?"

She shook her head in dumb anguish. Then, imploringly, she lifted her sorrow-stricken face toward him, pleading mutely for a merciful judgment as she pointed to her wedding-ring.

"Married! good heavens, no! Lassie, *say* it's a joke!"

"It's true—true—true!" she gurgled out between the sobs that came fast and pantingly now.

He steadied himself against the trunk of a tree, and for several seconds there was no sound heard save the ripple of the stream that flowed through the meadow.

At last, clasping his arms over his chest, he lifted his face, and looked at her.

"You should have told me this before, Lassie. You shouldn't have let me come and get my blow here, and—and take another man's wife in my arms, believing that she was going to be mine."

"I will tell you why—"

"Perhaps you had better not," he interrupted, hurriedly. "It's hard enough to know you've gone from me; but to hear all the reasons that made you go might be harder still—the tale of the growth of your love for another man, all the while I was loving and believing in you so."

"You won't have to hear that, Leonard." She called him by his name again with the old well-loved, well-remembered, subtle inflection in her tone that he had so longed to hear once more during all those three weary years.

"Tell me—tell me anything. Only to hear you speak now is something."

Then she told him of his mother's thoughtful kindness and courteous regrets, and they understood fully, now that it was too late, how they had been duped.

After his first burst of angry emotion, when she had finished her recital, there fell another silence upon them—a silence that was sadder than the first, in that now they knew all was said which might be said between them, and that there was nothing more to do but part.

He hated himself for it, but he could not refrain from the utterance of one speech:

"Are you happy?"

"My husband is very good to me," she answered, promptly; and bitter as his sorrow was for that blighted life of hers, he could not help feeling glad that he had no successor in her heart.

"And you? Shall you marry?" she asked, falteringly.

She knew that if he did, all the light left in her life would go out of it for her.

"Marry! No; that sort of thing is over for me. You know that."

"Shall you live there?" she asked, indicating the hall by a nod of her head.

"No. I couldn't live near you, Lassie," he said, with such a ring of pain in his voice, that involuntarily she held out her hand to him.

"Leonard, do you mean that you'll go away, and never let me see you again?" she cried out. "Can't we be friends?"

He shook his head and laughed sadly.

"My poor Lassie, how little you know of the world, and of men, yet! We must take leave of each other now, Lassie, if we don't want to be more wretched than we are already. I shall leave the home I meant to be so happy in with you, for ever, probably, to-morrow."

So he really intended doing; but Lassie was a thorough woman. She could not bear that this brief glimpse of him should be the last she should see of the man she loved so well. She thought no harm; she feared no false judgment; she only wanted to see him sometimes.

So she pleaded that he should not go yet, but stay and be friends with her husband and herself. And he promised that he would come at least once before he left. And then she went home.

How should she tell Harold of this meeting? for, tell him she determined she would, at once. She practiced several speeches as she dressed for

dinner; but when she went down, and he met her with a frank, kind—"You're late for dinner, Lassie, dear; have you had a pleasant walk?"—all the speeches went out of her head, and she could only stammer out:

"Yes—no—that is, Leonard Raymont is back."
"Well!"

Mr. Cuthbert considerably kept his eyes fixed on the table-cloth as he said this. He had heard a rumor of what people called "the flirtation" between the squire's son and Lassie at the time. But he was philosophically indifferent to it in all sincerity.

He held that she must have got over it, or she wouldn't have married him. Still, he could understand her having a slight feeling about it, now that Raymont had returned so unexpectedly.

"Well!" she repeated; "and I saw him, that is all."

"How does he look?" Mr. Cuthbert asked, coolly.

Her husband's composure steadied her nerves wonderfully.

"He looks as he always did."

There was the tiniest falter in her tone as she said this.

"I'll call on him to-morrow," Mr. Cuthbert said, brightly. Then he spoke of a difficulty he was in with a churchwarden, and of a Government grant that he hoped to get for the school, until Lassie was perfectly mistress of herself again.

Mr. Cuthbert called on the new squire the next day, and cheerfully combated that gentleman's avowed intention of going away.

"It will do the parish an infinity of good if you stay here. A man of your mark in the neighborhood ought to reside on his own land, among his own people," he urged.

But Mr. Raymont took a moody view of the case, and said that he "was not likely to lead them a very good example."

However, business chained him there for a week or two, and at the expiration of that time, he had got into the habit of seeing Lassie, and of hearing of her as "Mrs. Cuthbert," and of thinking of her as another man's wife; and so he staid on at the hall.

Poor Lassie had meant so innocently well when she first made her appeal to him "to stay and be friends with her!" But when he had been home a few weeks, the full force of her folly came home to her. There could be no calm friendship between those two.

It was a small place, and the society was limited and dull. What wonder that the two who were most congenial to each other in it should insensibly drift together! He never forgot the respect due to the wife of his friend. He never called her anything but Mrs. Cuthbert. He never, by word or look, referred to the past. But, for all that, Lassie felt herself to be horribly guilty when she found herself thinking of his coming, or grieving at his going.

The sight of her was still pleasanter, sweeter to him than the sight of any other woman in the world, and so he gratified himself with it freely. On some pretext or other, he was perpetually finding his way to the Parsonage. One day he would bring her a book, another day, a plant, another, a newspaper and bouquet of flowers. It was altogether wrong, she knew; but, oh, how delicious it was to be the recipient of these attentions from him still!

He was doing no harm, he thought. Poor fellow! She was so patiently, sweetly self-possessed toward him, that he did not even guess what a storm was raging in her heart. To see her often, to hear her voice and watch her, and love her with a love that he would never speak of

again—this was enough for him, he told himself. But Lassie, who was learning "what men are" through much tribulation—poor Lassie knew better.

When it dawned upon her, as it did, startlingly, one day, that the joy she felt in the sight of him was only a shade less than a sin, she reproached herself bitterly, for his sake, as well as her own, that she had ever raised her voice in pleading for him to stay and renew old associations under the specious name of friendship. But, as she had wrought it, so it behoved her to remedy the wrong.

It would never do now to ask him to go, or to beg him to cease visiting her. That would be such a confession of weakness. In such agony of mind as she had never experienced before, she realized at last that there was but one other path for her to take. She must tell her husband—tell him of all her love and weariness and weakness, and then beg him to have pity on her, and to take her away.

It was a desperate step for a wife to take. It was a dreadful story for a husband to have to listen to. But Mr. Cuthbert was a remarkably just and conscientious man, therefore he thoroughly appreciated that sense of justice and that exquisite conscientiousness which induced his wife to make him her confidant in this her supreme hour of peril. He was touched, too, by the child-like way in which she wound up her appeal.

"You see, Harold, I wouldn't let him know any of this for the world, so I can't ask him to go."

"No guilty woman could have said that," Harold Cuthbert felt.

Accordingly he responded as she, knowing the generous nature of the man, felt sure he would respond.

And soon she was safe, but so miserable; for the heart that had been distended by love such as she had known, could never be filled to satisfaction with mere duty.

They made their move soberly and discreetly. Perhaps only one person in the parish guessed why Mr. Cuthbert so abruptly removed from a congenial sphere of duty, and that person never worded his suspicion to any human being. But he gathered a great deal more than poor Lassie meant him to gather from her going off without beat of drum.

Three years after, she was a widow—a widow who mourned the loss of her husband, as a friend, heartily and honestly, but who never feigned to think of him as a "nearer and dearer one yet than all others." In fact, poor grateful Lassie lamented him, but she remembered that Leonard Raymont still lived.

That he still lived and still loved her, he proved by-and-by; and when they had been married some time, she asked:

"But how could you have been so sure that I loved you still, Leo? I'm sure I never even 'looked.'"

"No; but you ran away. You were such a good girl, that I was 'sure,' then."

"Oh, 'sure,' when I meant that to be the end of it all!"

"You should have told me that before, Lassie," he laughed and quoted; and Lassie bowed her bright head in grateful acknowledgment of the blessing it was to her that "her meaning" had been so completely misunderstood.

Three.

"Eve!"

We three looked up. She had come into the drawing-room, a star of silver on her forehead, her gray silken robe trailing behind her like the surf of the sea.

"Eve!"

The voice called again through the hall.

"But I came for Daisy."

The little child, hiding in the folds of the long red curtain, shook his curls, and betrayed himself by a laugh. She drew him out with one milky hand, glimmering with pearls.

"Naughty pet!"

She lifted him in her arms, and bore him away.

Rolf and I turned to Miss Blair.

"Who was that, Mattie?"

"Mrs. Eve Amberley. Isn't she beautiful?"

"A queen!" cried Rolf.

"A vision!" I replied.

"A lady," said Malcolm, gently.

Poor Malcolm! he was more delicately made than his brothers. No doubt, we tried him sorely at times. Mattie Blair petted him; but Mattie was one of those peculiar people, adapted to the whole universe, who can please everybody. She turned to him now, her good face, sadly pitted by smallpox, lighted by a sweet smile.

"Yes, she is a lady, Malcolm. She is gentle and serene and pure as that lake yonder. She is a widow, staying here at the Grove House for the season, with her brother and little child."

I did not speak, but I was conscious of feeling supremely blessed for the information.

We strolled out into the grounds.

"It's pleasant here, Rolf."

"Very."

"Suppose we stay here for a few weeks, instead of going further?"

"Agreed, if Malcolm is willing."

"Malcolm, will you stay?"

"I have no objection, if we can get a mall every day."

Malcolm must always be where he could hear from our invalid mother daily. But, then, he was her boy.

As we turned toward the house, we saw Mrs. Amberley standing on the piazza, her little child on her shoulder, catching at the white butterflies in the air.

I don't know how my brothers made her acquaintance. I was introduced to her at the Spring House, where she was vainly and laughingly trying to make Daisy drink a glass of the mineral water, the taste of which he did not like. He was less than two years old, and at last cried in real baby fashion.

"Come to uncle, boy!" said a stout, gray-haired gentleman, and the child ran away to his arms.

"Spoiled little elf!" laughed Eve, throwing the water among the grass. "If any person wants an utterly ruined child, I have one to give away."

She walked with me up the path to the house, her dusky hair in a silken snood, her face reminding me of an exquisitely cut cameo, her smile unlike anything that ever brightened stone.

And I? Well, I had loved her from the first moment I saw her.

We staid at Grovelands for a month. It was a retired place, in New York State. I have never seen it since that Summer.

Never before to me were there such excursions. Trips on the river, ascents of mountains and long drives; hunts, on foot, for azaleas, ferns, and, finally, for the scarlet cardinal-flower. For silver-voiced, light-footed, fair and serene Eve Amberley was always one of us.

She never seemed to know that she was admired. Indeed, how could she? The boldest of her adorers never dared pay her a compliment. There was something in the calm sincerity of her manner that forbid. No longer a timid girl, self-poised, unselfish, kind, she was cordial and friendly in her manner—that was all. In us, the men of her acquaintance, she commanded a

steady, high courtesy, that hid a secret enthusiasm.

On the day that we searched on the banks of the river for the cardinal-flower, I realized that our six weeks of vacation were approaching an end—that these days of happiness were drawing to a close. With a pang, I turned to look for Eve. She was walking close to the edge of the water, and Rolf was carrying her basket, filled with the scarlet blossoms. The sunset struck the swart bloom of Rolf's manly face, and I realized, with a sharp sting of annoyance, that my brother was very handsome. He was my twin; but we were unlike, I having blue eyes, and a blonde beard.

"Will he dare?" I asked myself.

When Rolf joined me at the hotel, after we had returned, for the first time in my life I spoke to him coldly.

The balmy September days, how painfully fast they were passing! Malcolm said that I appeared unlike myself.

My fine-toned artist brother, he seemed the only happy one of the three, for Rolf grew rough under my unkindness. I envied Malcolm—his composure, and unruffled reserve of manner. I, who felt myself brutal, while I accused Rolf of being a bear.

We had an amateur concert one evening, during which she sang divinely. The fine sweet strains of the music tortured me. I had never, and have never since, heard anything so sweet as one song that she sang with Malcolm:

"I have placed a golden
Ring upon the hand
Of the sweetest little
Lady in the land!

"When the royal roses
Scent the sunny air,
I shall gather white ones
For my darling's hair!

"Hasten, happy roses—
Come to me by May;
In your folded petals
Lies my wedding-day!"

That was the last song she joined in. She rose from the piano, with a flush upon her cheek, and, I thought, avoided my eye.

The day of our departure came. After a sleepless night, I spoke to Rolf.

"Why should we hate each other for nothing? Let us have some cause. Eve Amberley has gone into the arbor on the lawn with a book. I will be rational. Go you first, and ask your fate. If she prefers you, she would not accept me if I asked her first."

With a quick breath, he rose up, and followed my bidding. It was torture to see him go.

I walked the piazza. The path that led to the arbor was lined with tall gladiolus, in pink flower. I remember trying to think how fine the show was, and of other indifferent things, just to keep from quite losing my mind.

Rolf was gone but briefly. He appeared—came up to me.

"It is your turn," he said, with a bitter laugh, and passed into the house.

I turned, and went across the lawn, as if walking on air. Was it to be? Eve—would she accept me?

She sat in a rustic chair, the bland sunshine falling upon her dun hair, her hands folded, and lying upon the book open on her lap. But her eyes, bright as the famed Eastern star, were looking far away across the lawns, with a troubled expression.

I sat down before her, and told my story.

She waited to still her troubled breathing before she replied. Then she spoke briefly, as seemed to be her mind, for she was very pale. Her gentle answer fell like thunder on my ear.

She was engaged to my brother Malcolm.

* * * * *
Ah, well, we outlive our sorest disappointments. Malcolm married Eve Amberley the next May. I had gone abroad. By-and-by, I learned that Rolfe had wedded Mattie Blair.

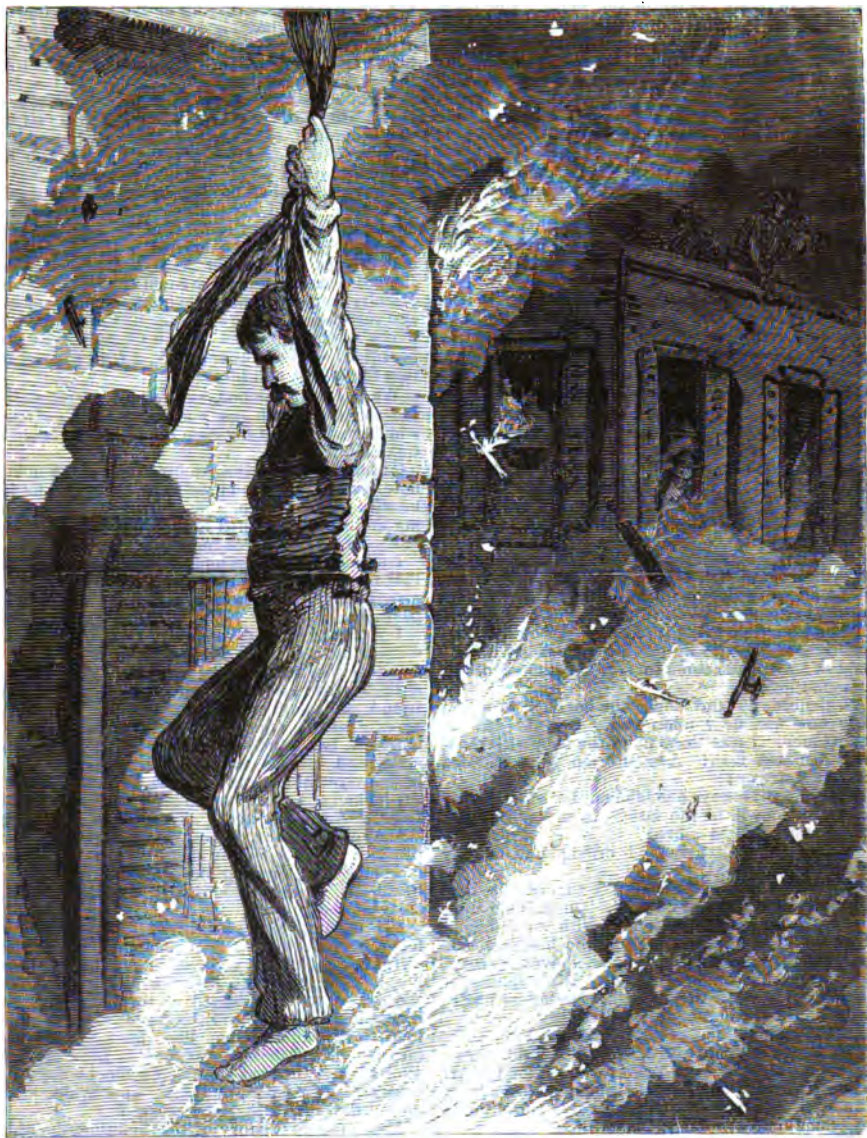
That was twenty years ago. I never married.

ROMANTIC TALE OF A PEAR TREE.—A French nobleman, observing his tenant about to destroy a fine, thrifty pear tree, inquired the cause. He was told that it was a chance seedling, and had borne no fruit in twenty years. He had already

cut its roots preparatory to the first stroke, but was ordered to let it remain. He did so, and in the following year it was loaded with superb fruit of an entirely unknown variety, which at once became celebrated. The root-pruning the gardener had given it worked like a charm. Not many years afterward, when the Duchess d'Angouleme was passing through Lyons, its inhabitants sent to her their hospilities. Nine fair maidens presented the duchess with golden salvers, on which lay heaped this precious fruit, and begged her to bestow on it her name; and the pear now recognized as the crowning glory of all fruits was thenceforward known as the Duchess d'Angouleme.



THREE.—"HER GENTLE ANSWER FELL LIKE THUNDER ON MY EAR. SHE WAS ENGAGED TO MY BROTHER MALCOLM."



AN EVIL CHRISTMAS EVE.—"KICKING IN THE CLOSED SASH WITH MY BARE FEET (HEEDLESS OF CUTS), I ENTERED THE ROOM."

An Evil Christmas Eve.

IT WAS Christmas Eve, and the weather, though clear and bright, was intensely cold. I reached the city by the 8 P. M. train, and, as I entered the hotel, I perceived that it was brilliantly illuminated from basement to attic with glowing grates and blazing gas. The house was crowded, and the room allotted me was upon the highest floor, where the lodgers were chiefly, if not altogether, men, who, as I plainly heard, were already noisily convivial over their Christmas potations. Song, shout and laughter, with much rapping of tables and clinking of glasses, were kept up till a

late hour, and it was past midnight when the sounds began to gradually subside, and permitted me to fall asleep.

I was suddenly aroused. I had either heard, or dreamed that I had heard, the startling cry of "Fire!" I listened. It was the cry of "Fire!" but it sounded faint and distant.

"God pity those who are driven from home to-night by fire!" was the feeling of my heart, as I drowsily turned in bed, and was soon again sound asleep.

It was not long when I was again awakened, this time by a tumult which I ascribed to the wild orgies of the convivialists who had been im-

bibing so freely earlier in the night. But I was soon better informed.

"Fire! fire! fire!" rose fearfully above the shrieks, the bursting in of doors, and the rushing to and fro of the alarmed boarders, men, women, and children.

I was already dressing when a foot burst in the lower panel of my room-door, and a fist performed the like duty on the upper panel.

"By gar, sar, don't shoot!" said the individual who had thus so vigorously breached my door.

"Don't shoot!"

"No danger," said I. "What is the matter?"

"Excusee zee liberty I take, sar, for zee fire down zee stairs ees coming oop, oop, oop, ver mooch fast."

"Thank you; I shall be out in a minute."

"Next room—you know zee gentlemen? Call me dam r-r-rogue, sar, and point peestol at me. By gar, I fear say, 'fire,' he might shoot! I leave dem 'lone—dam!"

Everybody on the floor seemed to be aroused and up, making haste downward to the street, when I stepped into the smoke-filled passage. I was about to hurry on myself, when, casting my eyes into the room adjoining mine, I saw a sight that made me pause. The French panel-burster had done his work on the door there, but on the bed within still lay two men, wrapped in profound slumber.

I called, shouted, stamped and stormed, and yet they heard me not. They were evidently in the dead sleep of drunkenness. But to leave them thus was to abandon them to a rapidly approaching and horrible fate. I felt that it would be unmanly and base to fly for my own safety until I had at least made some further effort to arouse or rescue them.

I glanced up and down the passage, to see if any one was near upon whom I could call for assistance. I was alone upon the floor with these two drunken men! A stentorian voice shouted up the stairway:

"If there is any one above, he must hurry down, or he will be too late! In a few minutes these stairs will be a-fire!"

"Help! help! help!" I cried; but nobody came or responded.

Reaching inside the room, I turned the key, opened the door, and entered. On the side next me lay a large, brawny fellow, with an inflamed face, and having a profusion of the blackest hair and whiskers. In his right hand, above the cover, he grasped a navy fire-shooter. His companion appeared to be a mere youth, slender and pale, with light hair, and beardless.

Stepping cautiously to the bedside, I carefully took the pistol from the sleeper who held it, and threw it into the slop-bucket which stood near. Then I placed a hand on the shoulder of each of the men, and shook them roughly, shouting at the same time as loud as I could.

The man next me stirred, and struck at me; but the younger one still lay wholly insensible. Again I shook them, and shouted. The black-haired fellow opened his eyes, glared at me, then raised himself up suddenly, assailing me with furious oaths.

"The house is a-fire!" I shouted.

"You are a liar and a thief!" he cried.

"Where's my pistol?"

"You will be burnt alive!" I shrieked. "Awake your friend, and get out of this, for God's sake!"

He glanced at the broken door.

"You are a burglar," said he. "You have broken open my room, and robbed me, and now I have caught you in the act, you try to trick me with a false alarm of fire."

"See the smoke," said I, "hear the shouts of

the people, and the ringing of the bells. I swear to you that this hotel is on fire, and that you and your companion are in great danger of being burnt to death. Arouse him, and come!" I implored, as I started away.

"Not so fast!" said he, springing from the bed, and seizing me. "If the house is a-fire, you are the scoundrel who set it a-fire. By heavens, a burglar and incendiary, too! I'll keep you for the penitentiary or the gallows, hang you!"

I knew that I had no time to waste more words with him, and I, therefore, strove with all my might to burst from him. But he held me with no slight grip. Then ensued a fierce struggle between the frenzied drunkard and myself. We struggled and fought, it seemed to me, during an eternity in that room. Decanters, bottles, glasses and furniture went down under us in the common wreck as we contended for the mastery. He was possessed with a drunken fury, I with a desperation for liberty and life.

We fell upon the bed, and fought there, giving the sleeping youth many a heavy blow and kick which we intended for each other, but all failed to wake him.

At length I contrived to break my antagonist's hold, and to trip him at the same time, and he fell heavily in a corner of the apartment. Not waiting an instant, I dashed toward the stairway. Too late. The flames were roaring up it!

Unfamiliar with the house, I did not know but that there was another way of escape; but if there was, I sought in vain for it along the smoke-filled passages.

I returned to my room nearly suffocated and despairing. As I passed the room next mine, I saw that the fierce fellow who had taken me for a robber had got back upon the bed with his friend, and both were now asleep. Hanging a sheet over the framework of my broken door, I closed it, to exclude the smoke as much as possible, and opened my window. How cold, yet how invigorating, was the fresh air that came in!

I looked out. How far the street below appeared to be, and yet how near! To leap to it was destruction. Yet, how narrow was this gulf between life and death! Surely there were some means to bridge it. Counting the tiers of windows beneath me, I discovered that I was in the sixth story of the house.

It was an appalling height—with a precipice in front, and devouring flames behind. It was an awful fate for me—a young man in the prime of life, healthy, vigorous, sober, with all his senses about him, to be hemmed in to a slow and excruciating death by fire! Ah, better so, I thought, than to die unconscious like those unfortunate men who lay in drunken stupor so near me. If die I must, I thanked God that I should die as a man and a Christian, and not like a brute. But must I die? Was there no escape?

Above the first story of the building the only projections were the smoothly arched cornices of the windows and the window-sills. No window-blinds, no lightning-rod, no visible gutter—nothing!

"Great God!" I cried; "why do men build houses in this precipitous style?"

It seemed to me at that moment that I had discovered the great mystery of the pyramids—that it was and is to teach mankind how to build their houses. But the mighty pateris will crumble to dust before men will heed the lesson.

As my busy mind cast about for ways and means, I thought of a rope.

"If I only had a rope long enough!"

My beliestad was a patent-jointed affair without a cord. I rapidly estimated the strength and furthest length of my bed-clothing, but found it wholly inadequate to the emergency.

In my despair I opened my trunk, and tumbled out its contents, if perchance there might be anything there that would aid me. A spool of thread, thoughtfully provided by my mother, rolled on the floor before me. It was warranted to hold a hundred yards, and none of it had been used. My plan was formed in an instant. On a piece of paper I pencilled:

"Send me a strong string by this thread, and a cord that will bear my weight by this string."

Knowing that the spool would reach the pavement before it was half unwound, I twisted up my note, and thrust it securely through the hole of the spool. Waving my hat from the window, and shouting as loud as I could, I at once attracted attention.

Holding firmly to the loosened end of the thread, I dropped the spool, which, rapidly unwinding, was soon in ready hands below. How eagerly I watched them as they read my message, and how I thrilled with hope as I saw that my wishes were fully comprehended, and would be complied with, if possible. Several of the stores opposite were entered without avail; but, finally, I saw a rope and a bunch of twine beneath me.

"Haul up!" they shouted; "but be careful!" I was careful. Though I knew that only a few minutes stood between me and the death that roared so threateningly behind me, I did not hurry, but slowly and carefully drew the thread and its precious freight up to me. How I thrilled as the end of the twine reached me!

But a sickening apprehension seized me when I perceived that the weight of the rope, momentarily increasing, was untwisting and straining the string in a most dangerous way.

I shouted to the men below to lighten the rope by carrying it up one of the several ladders that reached to the third story. But they did not understand me. Up, up, I cautiously and tremblingly drew the twine. The end of the rope was already to the height of the window immediately below me.

I began to be confident of success, when a fatal twist carried the end of the rope under the projecting cornice of the window as I drew it upward—the twine snapped, and I gazed upon my falling hopes with eyes suffused with tears of unspeakable anguish. But I still had the thread—nay, better, I had the twine. I could try again. Just at that moment a warning noise behind me drew my attention. The sheet that I had placed on my door to exclude the smoke was ablaze!

I comprehended at once that I had no time to go through the tedious process again that had just failed so unluckily, and that my life depended on getting out of that fire-invaded room immediately. Taking the only remaining sheet, I swung it out the window, and found that, cornerwise, it reached to the window next beneath me. Tying knots in two corners of the sheet diagonally opposite, I wheeled the bedstead to my window, and jammed one of the knotted corners securely in one of the narrow apertures afforded by that piece of furniture. Divesting myself of coat and boots, I made the venture.

I reached the next window-sill in safety, and kicking in the closed sash with my bare feet (heedless of cuts), I entered the room. It was a private parlor, without a vestige of anything with which I could lower myself still further, and I had, in my haste, left my twine and thread in the room above!

Opening the door, I groped out in the heated air and smoke of the passage, with closed eyes, and holding my breath, till I found the adjoining room, in which I found two sheets upon a bed. One of these I secured round my waist and shoulders, and, with the aid of the other, I soon

accomplished another stage of my perilous descent.

Here, without entering the room, I fastened one corner of my reserved sheet under the sash, by breaking out one of the lowest panes, so that it could not slip, and directly I was on a ladder—saved!

The flames were roaring from all the windows of the sixth floor. Those two men had perished, and made no sign.

"Zat beeg man," said the Frenchman, in an injured tone, "have eescape me. But he was a leetle too high—eh—don't you call him?"

Eating Opium.

LATE twilight in the country. The thick green curtains were down, and four lamps were lighted. Two of these were placed on the toilet-table; two others at equal distances from it, on each side.

At the table in front of the window a young lady sat with intent brows; her toilet was complete, except her dress, and she was now occupied with the last touches necessary to her coiffure; pulling out, fine and shadowy—raveled night—the crimps of her hair; pausing to scan each new arrangement with a critical scrutiny far removed from vanity. Hers was the eye of an artist, examining his work with relentless candor.

Already dressed, Miss Converse leaned silently against the table, watching her friend with an expression half critical, half concerned.

In one of the long pauses of consideration which Stella bestowed upon herself, Miss Converse said, slowly:

"You are taking unusual pains with yourself to-night, are not you?"

"Yes. This is 'Breezy' Gilbert's evening. Anna, I wish you would please hold one of these lamps behind me a moment. I cannot see the outline of my back hair. This light is wretched."

Miss Converse held the light as she was directed, saying, with a touch of irony:

"It is perfectly graceful. And you will not encounter the same enlightened criticism here to which you would be subjected in the city."

"I know that," returned the artist, quietly; "but I shall not be brilliant unless I feel I am beyond criticism anywhere."

When she had clasped glittering drops in her ears, pinned a sparkle or two against her hair, twisted a shining chain around her white throat, and fastened heavy gleaming bands around her wrists, Anna remonstrated once more.

"You are putting on too much, Stella. Do, pray, dress more quietly this evening. People talk enough as it is."

"Glitter becomes me, dear. As for the people—I am a public benefactress. I enliven their daily walk and conversation."

"You pay a heavy penalty for admiration," said Miss Converse. "There is not a girl in the village but detests you."

Miss Richmond laughed, indifferently.

"I believe that is quite true," she said, once more considering herself. "Now I shall put just one sparkle of fire amongst all this snow, and I shall do, I think." The snow was the lace on her bosom; the fire, a deep-hued gem.

"How do I look?" she added, and placed herself in the centre of the room, wheeling slowly, with her exquisite head turned over her shoulder.

"Like what you are," returned Miss Converse, slowly. "Handsome by nature, and transcendent through art. And thoroughly aware of every attraction you possess!"

Miss Richmond laughed a low little laugh, and completed the billowy circle.

"I can only sit on a stool—the stool of repentance for misdeeds past and projected, it ought to be, I suppose," she said, as she placed herself; "because a chair will crush me. I wonder how long it will be before messieurs our cavaliers arrive? They ought to be here already, considering the primitive innocence of the seat of man."

Anna Converse—a slight, fair-haired woman of twenty-three, who looked five years younger than she was—made no answer.

Instead, she looked long and intently upon the radiant, yet cold beauty before her. At last, she said, only half aloud:

"Stella! when I consider you, as I do now, it is with wonder! You are so nobly beautiful! You have so many good qualities! But what a wreck your life is! Good heaven! How can you be so blind, so reckless!"

"Pray, what fault do you find with me, dear?"

Miss Converse continued in the same tone of soliloquy:

"Is it worth what it costs?—this indiscriminate admiration upon which you live? Let your victims be young or old, good or bad, wise, witty, or absurd, it is all the same. You are as remorseless as the grave!"

"You consider me, then, perhaps—a flirt?"

"You are the most heartless, the most cold-blooded flirt that ever breathed! And you know it as well as I do!"

All in a moment, Miss Richmond began to lose her color. She looked at her friend with a strange expression. When she spoke, her tone was hard and cold.

"You may call my amusement whatever you please. I can't be an opium-eater, nor a dram-drinker; I must have distraction of some sort. And this answers me."

"What of those who furnish your amusement?"

Stella laughed; an icy, spiteful laugh.

"Nothing, of them! I don't consider them at all."

Again a silence; a rather long one. Miss Converse broke it.

"I pity any body whom you may choose to fascinate; but if you will take my advice—which you won't, of course—you will think twice before you torment 'Breezy' Gilbert too far. Poor Breezy! He is such a handsome, good-hearted little fellow! And, Stella! he has not the cool temperament common to this part of the world! He is worth a million of that hateful Captain Allen, whom you use to make him suffer!" She broke off here, and changed her tone, almost clasping her hands. "Do, pray, spare him!" she cried. "What has poor Clarence done?"

Miss Richmond had risen during this speech, and stood looking at her, hard as a statue of adamant.

"As for Breezy," she said, "he has done nothing. It is the torture of the girl who loves him that interests me. You know I dislike Caroline Stanton."

Then her voice and manner changed, as suddenly as her friend's had done. The next words came as if each one was a weight too heavy for her lips.

"He has done nothing," she added, slowly; "but his handsome, fair face, his sincere, sweet manner, his ready, graceful courtesy—they make me hate him with a hate that you know nothing about. For me, there is no more candor in a mantling cheek, nor truth in an honest eye. Treachery wove those signs of deceit once, too skillfully for human eyes to detect. As I hate, I can love. Once I loved—oh!"

The erect head drooped. That monosyllable fell, like a drop of heart's blood. It was all anguish.

Miss Converse's eyes filled, in ready sympathy, for she knew her friend's story.

Hesitatingly she whispered:

"Darling! even yet he may return!"

The blood rushed to Miss Richmond's face, and retreated, leaving it deadly pale.

"It is three years since his last letter," she answered, with the calmness of women of her sort. "No. He amused himself. He did well; and he taught me a lesson that I have improved upon."

Both stood silent. And presently the bell rang, breaking this pause, with a sound that seemed heavy and crashing.

A dozen—a hundred times that evening, Miss Converse paused to look at her friend, in dismay and wonder. Radiantly beautiful, scintillant, it almost seemed, of light, and of delicious merriment, she was the centre of a circle that never wearied.

Above all, she was carrying her dangerous amusement even further than usual.

Her magnetic smiles had drawn Clarence Gilbert to her side, and held him chained. All the known and unknown arts of her sex she used, and not in vain.

He hung breathless upon her words; his ardent eyes feasted on every detail of her bewitching face.

When her victim was firmly bound, Miss Richmond—ate opium; amused herself.

Captain Allen—swarthy, black-browed, handsome—took the place beside her that her glance indicated, as it was vacated for an instant.

Miss Richmond's manner changed; gradually she grew almost pensive, and quite absorbed in her companion—her voice, her eyes, speaking the interest in him that shone like a pale light through her whole manner.

With glances of inquiry, or of comprehension, the group about her dwindled, until, of all the merry court she had held, none remained, except Clarence Gilbert. Poor Breezy, unable to tear himself from her side, stood tortured, to witness the difference of her air, when his rival—as the poor boy thought him—engaged her attention. His pale face and burning eyes attracted many glances. And this Miss Richmond knew. She well guessed the criticisms lavished upon herself. She saw Caroline Stanton's spasmodic gaiety, and noted the hard red spot burning in her cheeks; and so Miss Richmond ate her opium.

Yet, not one of the women who sneered at and envied her would have changed places with her, could they have known all that throbbed and ached beneath that "snow and fire" upon her bosom.

When the ladies came cloaked from the dressing-room, three gentlemen, in particular, awaited Miss Richmond. Her escort, as a matter of course; Captain Allen, as a matter of right; and Clarence Gilbert, with an unnecessary and unconscious air of pale determination.

The three approached at once.

Captain Allen bent down, whispering, and laughed.

Miss Richmond laughed. Their eyes met in one of those glances which seem to say, more plainly than words, "We are friends."

This glance turned Clarence's jealousy into cold fury. Could he guess that it was given for him?—its effect as nicely calculated as was ever a mathematical prediction?

But he commanded himself as well as he was able, and in a sufficiently ordinary voice said:

"Will you do me the honor to ride with me to-morrow evening, Miss Richmond?"

"How unfortunate!" murmured Stella; "but I am engaged for to-morrow evening."

"You were not always so cruel, Miss Rich-

mond," he said, without knowing how foolish his words were; "or else you chose to conceal it."

There was almost a threat in this tone.

Miss Richmond looked up, with beautiful surprise.

"Cruel!" she said, gently. "Why did not you ask me first?"

"The next evening, then?"

"The next evening? Yes, certainly; with pleasure."

She gave him her hand as she spoke. Oh, that gelid, melting touch! Did he dream, or was it truth—that faint, immeasurable pressure? For a moment his head was giddy. Jealous? Jealousy seemed a folly of years ago, never to return!

He did not see the captain's smile behind his mustache. He did not see the laughing gladness that shot from Miss Richmond's eyes into the black, eager eyes bent down to meet it. It was not meant he should.

An hour later Miss Richmond and her friend sat alone together, and languidly unwound their hair.

"No harm was done to-night, after all, dear?" said Stella.

Miss Converse turned toward her with unusual warmth.

"Do not allude to this evening!" she cried. "I love you, and I wish to do so always. I want to forget your cruelty when it is not before my eyes. You terrify me. Your very beauty and your charms affright me!"

Miss Richmond smiled a little, and glanced into the mirror.

Tired, pale, almost hollow-eyed, she hardly looked more than the ghost of the radiant beauty of the evening.

She sighed heavily.

"You might pardon a good deal to so much weariness!"

Then she kissed her friend and went away to her room. But all the opium she had eaten brought her neither sleep nor pleasant dreams.

Early next morning a gentleman entered a sea-board city. The steamer had reached port during the night. His air was eager and impatient, and his step hurried. But, reaching the elegant mansion he sought, the dust in door and window, the dry, drifted leaves on the broad steps, told their story mctely. The occupants were away. This seemed neither to surprise nor disconcert him. He rang loud and long, until the sound brought the woman who kept the house in its owner's absence. From her he received the directions he required, and hastened away. He walked as if he looked a long way ahead, seeing some goal that others could not see; as if he hastened with grave, yet anxious joy to reach it.

This man's face was browned by many suns, and hardened by much exposure. Deep lines, plowed in a face still young, attested hardship, privation, grief, but all seemed forgotten. For, a high, almost a sacred joy, illuminated every feature.

Walking rapidly along, a wonderstruck exclamation startled him; a hand grasped his and held him fast; and friendly eyes, distended with incredulous delight, scanned his face eagerly. His friend looked almost as if he gazed on some beloved ghost.

"Good God!" he cried, "is this possible? Is this really Henry Chester? Am I dreaming? Where have you been all these years?"

They shook hands heartily again and again. There was a quiver behind the tawny mustache of the wanderer; and a mist in his friend's eyes.

"I cannot tell my story here," said Henry Chester, smiling. "It is an Arabian tale of capture and slavery, and living death. But it is past;

and I am on my way from the city. Another time you shall hear all. Now I must hurry forward as fast as steam will take me!"

Again that strange and deep delight shone in the pilgrim's eyes.

"You are leaving the city?" cried his friend, in astonishment. "Why must you go? Why not write?"

"I grudge to a letter the news it will carry. I am going to tell her to whom I promised I would return that I have kept my word!"

There was a silence for a moment. Then the two shook hands again, long and heartily, and parted.

Not one line had she had from him all these years—not one line. Yet so true was his truth, so faithful his faith, that no dream of her doubting either had added its bitterness to the strange trials that had made the last three years of his life big with the wretchedness of three-score.

And soon the engines that seemed to crawl along the line, the boats that seemed to sleep upon the waters, were bearing him forward.

The same far look was in his eyes, the same near hope warmed his heart, of that great joy beyond compare in which he was to be repaid for all that had come and gone.

It was the afternoon of the second day that he left the cars.

Eight miles more!

It was a little country station amongst the Berkshire Hills. Here was little civilization except that brought by Summer tourists.

It was the busiest time of the year. It was hay-making time. Men and women, old and young, were out in the grass meadows; horses, oxen, all were employed; rain threatened, and no conveyance could be had, let Henry Chester offer what price he would. Then a horse, simply? Any sum almost would be paid for one! The man lifted his hat and scratched his grizzled head, and slowly shook it. Not a horse did he know of, far or near, to be had for love or money! Better trust to Shanks' mare.

The traveler smiled a patient smile. It was but eight miles more, after all. He could walk. With such a dream before him, fatigue had no existence. To see her again! Oh, delicious dream! Impossible, delicious dream that yet was true! To tell her all! To read love and ineffable pity in her eyes! Ah, God can be kind! Even in this world he can send us minutes of heaven—better yet, of heaven after hell!

The sun was an hour high when he left the little station behind him; its half-dozen square white houses, its square white church and schoolhouse, softened by the lavish green of the waving hills. The road was lonely but lovely, and it led toward her! At minutes, emotion almost overpowered him. And then he reproached himself for coming thus unheralded. If he, who could anticipate, was thus overwhelmed by the coming joy, would not she sink beneath its unforeseen flood?

About the time that Henry Chester left the station, Miss Richmond was arranging her riding-habit. Two horses champed their bits outside the little brown gate; Clarence Gilbert's horses, brought with him from the city. Beautiful, fiery creatures, they seemed to share their master's impatience.

He stood near them, casting eager glances toward the window. His brow was bright with the glow of promised pleasure; his shining blue eyes full of honest delight; the very flow of his yellow floss silk curls, whose lightness and grace had gained him his sobriquet, seemed instinct with the same glad life that shone on the yellow-green, half-transparent leaves twinkling in the high sunshine.

"Don't be impatient!" called Miss Richmond, showing her lovely face one moment at the window. "I'm coming in half a minute more."

"I am greedy of every instant of happiness," he answered, without disguise.

Then she turned to Miss Converse, who sat quietly watching her. There was a strange change in her manner. She put her hand on her heart. "Dear," she said, "do you believe in presentiments?"

"Not in the least. What presentiment troubles you?"

"If it were not so very foolish, I would decline to ride, even now. Some calamity overhangs me, Anna! I believe my death is near!"

Miss Richmond had grown so very pale, that her looks and her earnestness affected her friend. "You are nervous, dearest," she said, anxiously. "It is nothing more than that. The ride will dissipate your feeling, I know."

Miss Richmond shook her head silently. And still pale, almost trembling, she hurried from the room.

But a moment after, Miss Converse caught the gay tones of her voice, laughing merrily, as the horses passed the turn in the road, and were out of sight.

Miss Converse sat down, sighing. She, too, had her story; but it is Miss Richmond's we are telling; and though she loved Clarence Gilbert well, hers was not the stormy heart to be tossed and wrecked by passionate folly, as was that of her friend.

Half an hour later, the horses were moving more slowly. They answered the mood of their riders; for Miss Richmond, ill at ease, was willing, if possible, to find distraction in the devotion of her last victim. But, notwithstanding her self-possession, she could not be quite herself. Her smiles were as enticing, her glances as softly bright as ever; but there hovered about her manner a something strange—a hesitation, perhaps, even a shadow of regret—that gave her a charm unfelt before. Once or twice a covert glance shot from beneath her lashes, that fell almost pitifully upon the frank, truthful face beside her, that was absolutely radiant with happiness. And Miss Richmond sighed beneath her breath.

"Yonder is the view of views amongst all these hills," she said, presently, as they reached the brow of a long eminence which they had been ascending.

A rod or further, both paused.

Without the grand characteristics of nature's wilder moods, it was a lovely, a peaceful scene. A small lake wound in and out amongst its surrounding hills, with more the appearance of a river than a lake. The part nearest them separated two shaggy hills, the highest for miles around, and these stood out, so bold, so dark, that here they rested upon the water an almost perpetual shadow. Further south the lake turned and turned again, warm sunshine shining through the gaps of its broken shores, cultivated fields stretching greenly on until the forest met them, supporting the blue sky, as it seemed, upon their leafy wall.

"Are those lilies that I see on the water?" Miss Richmond asked, after a little silence. "I suppose they are—sweet, beautiful things always grow where one can't get them!"

"Too sadly true!" said Clarence, laughing; "but here, at least, there is not much difficulty."

While he spoke he was off his horse, leading him toward the lake, whose nearer shore was not above ten yards from the road. Miss Richmond followed slowly, and waited at the bottom of the hill.

"Come nearer the water, Miss Richmond," called Clarence, presently, "and choose which

you please. You shall have your fancy of these 'sweet pretty things,' at any rate."

She walked her horse to the water's edge.

"Oh, mayn't I get down, too?" she cried, looking about her with childlike delight. "I think this must be the very prettiest spot in the whole world."

"Certainly you may," said Clarence, with a thrill at the bare form of permission.

And he remembered that, helping her down, he must also help her to mount again. Heaven was kind to him, too, to-day. Twice that he had not thought of would he touch that hand.

It was an hour and a place for loitering.

A heavy boulder of granite, fallen perhaps centuries ago from the heights above, dipped one gray-green edge in the water; lichens and softer mosses quite covered its surface, and tufts of plummy, bardy grasses grew in its innumerable crevices.

One almost sofa-formed edge invited repose, and Miss Richmond accepted the invitation. She leaned one arm on the higher spar of rock behind her, her cheek resting on her hand. What was it that moved her to softer impulses than she had known for years? Ah! God who made, and the devil who mars them, understands women. It is not permitted to less instructed entities.

For his part, Clarence sat at her feet, very happy.

Two or three times she glanced at his face. He always looked at hers. Somehow there was a quality in this silence that did not allow of its being easily broken.

But presently a long, long, low sigh breathed from Clarence's lips, his ardent eyes never faltering in their steady gaze upon her beautiful face.

Miss Richmond turned a glance upon him which really seemed shrinking, almost remorseful. But she smiled.

Clarence—ah, well! the impulse was too strong for mortal resistance—laid his hand upon that one that lay so near him—so warm, so white, so beautiful—held it fast, and bending his sunny head, kissed it over and over again before it could be withdrawn.

Something ran through Miss Richmond's veins like fire and ice. A sudden resolve moved her to a singular task—a stern, a good, a cruel resolution.

Her voice, when she spoke—drawing away her hand—had that crisply cold and clear accent which is to sentiment and passion what a white frost is to the most delicate bloom left upon the flock of Summer.

"You waste too much affection on me, Mr. Gilbert," she said.

"Waste it? What do you mean?"

She laughed. A frigid, heartless sound.

"Did you never hear," she said, "that I am a flirt?"

Clarence looked at her in surprise that words can hardly describe. It was caused more by the tone and manner than by the words. They were as if a freezing atmosphere should sink instantly and silently upon some warm garden languid with the perfume of midsummer flowers. He answered simply:

"Yes; I have heard so."

Again she smiled in his face. Of the pang that smile covered he knew nothing. She meant to be kind—to replace his love with contempt, and release him from her chains. But she suffered in lowering herself before this loyal, faithful heart.

"What did you think when you heard it?" she asked, with just a quiver of the smiling lips.

"What I think now—that it was a baseless lie."

"Well"—a scarce audible sigh belied the icy glitter on her lips—"my friend, it was no lie. It

was as true as that we sit together here. I am a flirt. I am as cold-blooded, as remorseless a flirt as my worst enemy, and your best friend, could have called me. Would that you had believed those who warned you, for they spoke truly!"

"I shall decline to believe even you when you slander yourself," he answered, harshly, with pale lips.

He rose, and looked down on that beautiful face, as if defying her to repeat her words.

She also rose, and stood a little way off, as if a barrier were raised between them.

"But it is true," she said. "I like you, Clarence, and I tell you this *because* I like you. I was sincere and loving once myself. It is too late perhaps, but I want to save you from this—oh, the awful aching of this heart of mine, that believes in no truth, trusts no constancy, and finds its only miserable pleasure in making others as miserable as I am!"

She stopped abruptly. Was this the unmoved, cold-blooded tone she must use to be believed? An instant for recovery. Then the same frigid smile dawned again upon her lips. Her hands, which had pressed themselves convulsively against her heaving breast, resumed a careless attitude.

"I had intended," she continued, in a tone that now laughed all through, "to make you the subject of another experiment, Mr. Gilbert. And you must thank the innocence of your blue eyes, and the beauty of—of your mustache, was it, I wonder?—for saving you. They touched my heart—yes, even *my* heart! Thank me, too, for the conquest over myself, and forget me."

He stood silent, looking at her. His face had grown haggard, old and white; his harsh, unnatural voice came with difficulty; his throat was dry; his tongue seemed to have lost the power of fluent utterance. He stammered:

"I wonder if—what you are telling me—is true?"

"Still you don't believe me?" she cried, gayly.

"To think that after all I should require a witness! Ah, how singularly apropos!"

She was facing the read; he, the lake and the woodlands. When she called, and beckoned smilingly to some one passing, he did not turn his head, nor remove for an instant the uncomprehending, despairing gaze he had fixed upon her face.

Captain Allen's strident voice called back again: "What is it? Am I wanted to settle a lover's quarrel?"

"Oh, no! only a friendly contest about a word."

So they stood, she smiling; he trying to read her heart in her eyes, until the evil beauty of the handsome captain's face confronted them.

The captain alighted, and bowed.

"What is it, mademoiselle? My profound erudition is, like myself, sworn to your service."

"Thanks; but your profound erudition will hardly be called upon. Mr. Gilbert is so much my friend, that he will not accept my own word against myself. I have been trying to persuade him that I am a flirt. I have spoken with a simple sincerity that ought to have won credence anywhere, but he insists that he will not believe me. May I beg, Captain Allen, that you will give your testimony?"

"Any statement of yours, Miss Richmond, I am happy to corroborate," the captain answered, bestowing his fine, false smile upon her; "but the truth of this one seems too patent to need support. It is certainly my impression, Mr. Gilbert, that Miss Richmond is the most cultivated and heartless flirt, as she is the most bewitching and beautiful of her sex."

"Thanks again," said Miss Richmond, laughing.

"Nothing could have been more full or more eminently satisfactory."

Clarence seemed to have paid no attention whatever to any of this. In the same slow, broken speech, he said:

"Is it then true that it has all meant—nothing? When you spoke and looked kindly, it was only to entrap me? When you smiled, it was only to lead me on? Your blushes were false, your sincerity was assumed, your life a lie?"

"It was all as you say," Miss Richmond answered, quietly; but something in that haggard face paled her blooming color.

"Will you—kindly—tell me what reason you had?"

"Yes, I will tell you. You have a right to ask me so much, at least. I amused myself."

"Good God!"

"I am not a happy woman," Miss Richmond continued, slowly—perhaps in answer to that adjuration. "I, too, loved once. I was deserted. Since then I have done what I could to revenge myself. But—but when I look at you, I half believe—I am sorry!"

She might well have been so!

There was then a little silence. It was broken by the strangest laugh that ever passed mortal lips.

Clarence said, as he laughed:

"Don't distress yourself for me, at least. You have done me an excellent service. To have all the illusions of life shattered at a single blow, is to come at once into the possession of Truth. I thank you—thank you, sincerely. Yet, after all, I hardly care, I believe, for life, under such conditions."

He drew a pistol, coolly, from his pocket.

Captain Allen made no attempt to interfere with his intention, whatever it might be. Miss Richmond neither started, nor cried out. And glancing toward her, Clarence's own hand was paralyzed by the quick and awful change in the face of the wretched woman—who had amused herself!

Her face was that of death. She stood as if frozen with horror. One hand lifted itself, and pointed in the direction where that wide, stormy gaze seemed riveted.

The two gentlemen turned instinctively, and saw that that flickering finger pointed to a man who stood within ten feet of them.

It was Henry Chester.

His dream was realized now—with all the frightful irony of fate. The face he had loved, had lived, and longed for, he looked upon. And he had heard all.

All! Like a dream, fearful and grotesque, the last three years rose before him.

The nameless suffering, lightened by the shadowy hope of meeting her, was present with him—the meeting had come. The voice whose remembrance had soothed the endless minutes of those years—he had heard it again. The long, the interminable journey led on by this face, was lived again, and the face was before him. He did not move forward, nor utter a word.

What should a man say, who looks upon such a wreck of life as this?

All turned toward him. All waited.

His noble and patient countenance was pale, but calm. In the place of that high look of contempt and thankful joy, sat the accepted despair which we call resignation.

At last, Miss Richmond took one wavering step forward. She whispered, because she had no power to speak, a frightened, anguished, indescribable sound.

"Henry, don't judge me, till you have heard what I have suffered! Will you not speak to me? Oh! one word!"

"That word must be—Farewell!"

She sank down, trembling, to her knees, but said no more.

At this, a light dawned on Clarence Gilbert. A gleam of strange joy shot into his eyes.

"Ah! it was this man whom you loved?" he cried.

"Yes, I loved him!"

She still whispered. And the anguished, silent tears of a woman's deepest misery rolled down her cheeks. She pleaded no more.

Clarence stepped forward, with extended hand.

"We should be friends," he said. "You have

loved her—so have I. Doubtless she has been as kind to you as to me. But my kindness shall infinitely surpass hers!"

And while he still clasped the passive fingers he had taken, there was a click—a sharp report. And Henry Chester sank, bleeding, to the grass.

Another moment, and the crazed lover was stretched beside him.

Dumb with horror, forgetting all except the piteous spectacle before her, Miss Richmond lifted Henry Chester's head to her heart.

He raised his faint eyes, in which deathless love conquered death itself.



THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER.—"SHE HELD OUT HER SKINNY FINGERS FOR THE GIRL'S FRESH, ROSEY PALM. 'HA!' SHE SCREAMED; 'WHY DOES THE SHADOW COME BEFORE, INSTEAD OF FOLLOWING YOU?' ROSE CRINGED."—SEE PAGE 26.



DOGS OF PALESTINE.—SEE PAGE 28.

"It was true, then, that you loved me?"

"Ah! my God! my God! how well I have loved you!"

But, after weeks of horrible suspense, wherein her wretched folly was almost atoned for, they found that life, not death was the portion of both.

The wild passion that dictated the double crime

had defeated itself. Steadier nerves were needed for a surer aim.

And in those hours of tender watching, where he might see what her love and her suffering had been, Henry Chester learned the last lesson needed to perfect his human passion. He learned to forgive.

Our Baby.

Two little rosy lips
Just budding into a smile,
Two little winking eyes
Looking so wise the while.
Two little dimpled hands,
Two little chubby feet,
Some shining silken hair,
Some cooing low and sweet.
A winsome, nestling baby-boy,
A mother's heart replete with joy.

Two little baby eyes
Sleeping in dreamless rest,
Two little waxen hands
Clasped on a baby breast,
Two little quiet lips
With never a cooing sound,
A baby wrapped in sleep
Unwaking and profound.
No nestling baby—an angel child—
A mother weeping in anguish wild.

The Voice of the Charmer.

"I CAN'T go to Millefleurs," said Rose Marguerite. "There isn't an available thing in the lot," and she looked with superb contempt over the scarfs and dresses and shawls, which it had taken her an hour to prepare for her mother's inspection.

Mrs. Dillaye, like Barnaby's Raven, never said die. She filled a sea-green silk.

"Your black Spanish lace will flounce it."

"I won't go tawdry," said Rose Marguerite.

"Then, wear white muslins. I will send you a fresh one every day."

"And have folks saying I am trying to pass for sixteen at twenty-two."

"Very well, miss. Then, stay at home. If you had always been as wise as you are nice, you would not have been reduced to such an alternative."

Rose Marguerite colored, with pride, not with pain.

"The end has not come yet."

"It will come. The five years are nearly up, and for four months Irad Dane has not written you a line. It is just as I predicted, when you parted with such a foolish pledge. He will return some day, rich and popular, and find you *passée*."

"Will it help me any to go to Millefleurs?"

"Certainly. You will meet Wallace Blair there, for one thing."

"What do I want of Wallace Blair? I am engaged to Irad Dane."

"And have not heard from him for over four months."

"I can't help it. I have nothing to wear."

"Before long, you will wear the willow."

Mrs. Dillaye knew just how her taunts stung. She wanted them to sting. Oh, how it had irked and goaded her for five years to have Rose Marguerite, with her beauty and fascination, bound to an absent adventurer, as she called poor Irad, trying off in India to make his fortune.

"I would go if I had a black silk," said Rose, dreamily, after a pause.

Her mother brightened.

"You shall have it, somehow. I have an intuition that good will come of this visit."

Rose Marguerite began to fold away her old dresses. There was a hard look about her lovely mouth—a threatening gleam in her purplish eyes. Her mother's shots had told.

Irad Dane had asked a good deal of Rose Dillaye, brilliant, courted, beautiful, as she was, when he asked her to wait five years for him to make his fortune. But what could he do? He was in love with her fiercely, but all he could offer was a pride of birth (allied to her own), a

degree of poverty (equal to hers), and his ambition (which she could match). He had one chance—a situation in India, with a promise of a fortune.

"Can I leave you and trust you, Rose Marguerite?" he had asked.

Rose Marguerite's dresses were all fresh then, and life and love were very promising, and Irad was a hero in a good many ways, and she promised him. He put a ring on her finger—a cameo of chrysoptase.

"There is a legend to it," he said. "Do you see this spring—these punctures? There was a man once who filled the space with poison, and put the ring upon the finger of a woman who was false to him. Her hand withered. It was a white, taper hand like yours, Rose. Are you afraid of it?"

"Of the ring? No"—holding it up to the light.

"I would rather you said you were not afraid, but that you should be true, darling."

"I am not afraid of that, either, Irad."

And so he went.

"You shall have the black silk, somehow," repeated Mrs. Dillaye, after revolving the matter mentally for five minutes.

The words were scarcely uttered, when there came a ring at the door. Things do sometimes happen to us in orthodox Fairyland fashion; and when the door was opened, two porters appeared, bearing a heavy chest for Miss Rose Dillaye, from Calcutta, by the good ship Gleam.

Rose and her mother stood over it, wondering. A camphor-wood chest, with carved handles. It could only have come from Mr. Dane. And they opened it, in a tremble of excitement.

What a feast for feminine eyes!—crapes, cashmeres, nothing uncouth or outlandish, but practically susceptible of the latest styles. They turned them over, speechlessly—silver tissues; pine-apple, of unearthly texture; ineffable fragrance; sandal-wood fans; a shawl and dress-pattern for Mrs. Dillaye, more exquisite than all the rest! Wonders did not cease till they reached the bottom. Hardly then, for, at the very last, a large queer box, containing a bridal chaplet—flowers formed of shells and foliage of snow-white feathers, and a locket of enamel, with Irad Dane's picture, and on the reverse a lock of black hair. There was no letter, but the box and its contents spoke for themselves.

Rose and her mother flew to work. At the end of the week, the exquisite fabrics which the good ship Gleam had brought from Calcutta were converted into costumes, worthy the hand of Worth. And in a traveling-suit of grass-linen, as real as reality, Rose made her brief journey, and was welcomed with outstretched arms by Mrs. Stuart, to Millefleurs.

Wallace Blair was Mrs. Stuart's only brother.

"We have deferred his formal reception till your arrival," said that lady, to Rose. "Now we are going to make a great fuss over him. *Sub rosa*, love, he has come home, millionaire. You, I suppose, have forgotten him. But he remembers you. He adored you when you were thirteen."

Rose Marguerite went forward superbly, to be presented to a slight, dark, stylish man, of thirty-five, becoming his white linen suit, which says all that words can express of his appearance.

"Does she meet your expectations?" asked his sister, by-and-by.

"Confound it! yes."

"Irad Dane need not stand in the way."

"I would not want her, if she can play fast and loose with other men."

And he looked sharply at his sister, to see if he had blinded her.

"I suppose you saw Mr. Dane before you left India?" Rose inquired, one evening, after a waltz with Mr. Blair.

She had tried for a week to utter her lover's name to her friend, in vain.

"Oh, yes. He envied me the pleasure I am enjoying to-night."

"Was he very homesick?"

"Not desperately. You know his disposition."

"I am not certain that I do."

"Oh—"

'When he is far from the lips that he loves,
He is sure to make love to the lips that are near.'

I beg your pardon. Did I step on your flounce? Why, Miss Dillaye!"—he lowered his voice; in an unconscious way he found himself holding her hand, as it rested upon his arm; they loitered a little apart from the rest—"it cannot be that I have wounded you—that you have any special interest in Irad Dane?"

Rose Marguerite lifted her proud head.

"I have surely no interest in him which need preclude my hearing the truth about him."

"I would not have spoken so for the world, if I had dreamed—"

"I wish you would tell me all, Mr. Blair."

"My dear young lady, I have nothing to tell. I am so shocked—surprised—"

"Why are you shocked and surprised?"

"I am surprised that any man in whom you felt an interest could tear himself from your society, or tolerate the society of any other. And shocked—I cannot tell you why I am shocked, Miss Dillaye. It would include what I have no business to confess."

"Rose!—Rose Marguerite!" called Imogene Fane, as they passed her, "I want to be your *ris-à-vis* in the next quadrille. I have something to say to you."

"I have no partner."

"You have one whenever you will accept me," said Wallace Blair, aloud.

"We've some sport on hand, Rose," whispered Imogene, in the pauses of the set. "There is a gipsy encampment about a mile away, and we are going to steal off and have our fortunes told, by-and-by. Will you come?"

"Shall we dare?"

"Yes; we are going to run off with Mr. Blair's pony-phæton. Not a man knows but Jim, the coachman; we take him for protection."

"Very well," said Rose, recklessly.

And an hour later half a dozen of the prettiest girls in the room were mysteriously missing.

The visit was a bit of impish fun for the others. To poor Rose it was portentous. She looked strangely beautiful, as she stood in her ball-dress, silver-gilt by the moonbeams, at the entrance of the gipsy's tent.

The old hag, with her coal-black eyes, was crouched within. She held out her skinny fingers for the girl's fresh, rosy palm.

"Ha!" she screamed; "why does the shadow come before, instead of following you?"

Rose cringed. The harassing doubts were to be confirmed.

"I see," mumbled the gipsy; "you will pursue trouble, unless you change your course."

"How can I change it?"

"There is a blue-eyed man far away. Beware of him. There is a black-eyed man—nearer even than you think—you can trust him."

"The old story," said Rose, impatiently.

She lifted the curtain of the tent to leave.

"Rose, come!" cried Imogene, in terror. "Some one is following us. Come!" and she sped toward the carriage.

"Hist, lady!" said the gipsy, in a whisper, clutching the hem of Rose's dress. "I have not done yet."

A sudden fright came over Rose as she saw her companions leaving her, and felt the hag's detain-

ing grasp upon her dress. She tried to call. Her voice failed her. The fortune-teller caught her by the arm.

"Fool, to trust yourself among us," she leered. "Give me this bauble," and she snatched the ring which Irad had placed upon his betrothed's forefinger.

Rose uttered a wild cry, and, with a bound, sprang beyond the curtain of the tent, and fell, almost fainting, into Wallace Blair's arms.

"Miss Dillaye!"

"Heavens! what happy chance sent you here?"

"What sent you here? I did not suspect that you were of this party whom I came to look after at my sister's behest."

"I believe they have left me, and—the gipsy has stolen my ring."

"Indeed! I will replace it."

"That would be impossible. *I must have it—to return to Irad Dane.*"

She did not see the sudden light that lit her companion's face.

"You shall have it," he said, "at any cost."

"I am afraid to stay here any longer."

"I think I know how to influence the sorceress."

He might well say so, since the whole of the little drama within the gipsy tent during the last few minutes had been arranged by his skill, and the intervention of a ten-dollar bill.

"Rose, I would never have rescued this ring for you but for what you said about returning it," he remarked, as he emerged successful from the tent.

"I shall inclose it to Mr. Dane to-morrow."

"When that is done, I have something to say to you."

Rose went home, and, shivering, to bed. Her brain was whirling, a-fire. She seemed to have lost the consciousness of self. Irad was false. She would give him back his troth before he had time to ask it. The gipsy knew, somehow. She possessed some sort of preternatural vision, else how could she have seen Wallace Blair "nearer than she supposed"?

She pleaded a headache next morning, and did not rise. After luncheon, she heard the household going off on horseback, as had been arranged. She listened till the house was quite still, and then stole down-stairs, hoping the air would ease her throbbing heart.

In the library, whither she bent her steps, Mr. Blair awaited her.

"I thought you had gone with the rest," she said, languidly.

"Without you, Miss Dillaye?—oh, no."

"I am no company for any one to-day," she said.

"You are the best I can have under all circumstances. Rose, will you be my companion for life?"

She turned pale.

"Irad Dane's ring is not yet returned."

"Have you altered your purpose?"

"No."

"Then, why delay?"

Rose burst into tears.

"I am tangled in a net from which I know not how to extricate myself. Just before coming to Millefleurs, I received a box of India goods of value from Mr. Dane. Under the circumstances, I would not wish to rest under such an obligation to him."

"You consider it an obligation, Miss Dillaye?"

"Certainly."

"Be quite at ease. The donor of the goods is but too highly honored by your use of them."

"Who is the donor?"

"I."

A faint, uneasy feeling surged into the girl's heart.

"Why were they sent anonymously?" she inquired. "Why was Mr. Dane's portrait among them?" and she touched the locket suspended from a velvet ribbon about her throat.

Wallace Blair was silent for a moment. He had betrayed himself a little sooner than he intended.

"Surely," said Rose Marguerite, gathering sudden courage in the silence, "you intended to deceive me as to the donor of the goods when you placed his portrait among them. And why did you place *his* portrait, unless you knew he was my affianced lover, which you denied knowing after speaking ill of him?" and she drew herself up, flashing, seeming to see through a plot.

Wallace Blair's attitude and expression betokened contrition and shame.

"Miss Dillaye," he said, "it humiliates me to confess that I have been playing a game. My only comfort is in assuring you that every word of admiration I have uttered was founded on purest truth, and I repeat in all sincerity the offer I have just made you, and will undergo any penalty, any trial, to secure your acceptance. But I will not deceive you another moment. Irad Dane is here—I believe in this very house. My attentions to you were begun at first on the grounds of a mischievous wager made on ship-board, for we came home together. Irad confided to me his engagement. I ridiculed the idea of a young and beautiful girl like yourself enduring the test of such a long separation. I said to him that I would wager half my fortune that I would replace his engagement ring with mine on your hand, if he would not present himself for a week after our arrival."

"You have acted contemptibly—both of you," said Rose Marguerite, adding the last clause as Irad Dane appeared at the window, where, from without, he had listened to the conversation of his betrothed wife with his friend, and she prepared to escape from the room.

Irad interposed.

"Rose, for heaven's sake, listen; let me expulate myself. You know my jealousy, my love. How did I ever suppose I could endure years of separation! I could not endure one. And yet I would not write you of my coming. I longed to test you—to surprise you. God knows I have suffered enough to pay for my folly."

"I will never forgive you," said Rose Marguerite.

"I have lost both my heart and my wager," echoed Wallace Blair.

"I will go back to India for another five years," cried Irad Dane.

They were all telling white lies, for Rose Marguerite forgave Irad at the altar, and he never went near India again. And Wallace Blair told Imogene Fane at the wedding that his fancy for Rose Marguerite was all moonshine, for he had lost his heart to her the first moment he saw her!

Rose Marguerite has never quite forgiven Mr. Blair for his insinuations about Irad's constancy. Irad likes it just as well, considering all things, that she is no more lenient.

phritic complaint. His illness increasing, and his strength decaying, he came from Bristol to Bath in a litter, in Autumn, and lay at the Bell Inn. Doctor Barnard and I (Doctor Cheyne) were called in to see him, and attended him twice a day, but his vomiting continuing incessant and obstinate against all remedies, we despaired of his recovery. While he was in this condition he sent for us one morning. We waited on him, with Mr. Skrine, his apothecary. We found his senses clear, and his mind calm; his nurse and several servants were about him. He said he wanted us to give him some explanation of an odd sensation he had for some time observed and felt, which was that he could die or expire when he pleased, and yet by an effort, or somehow, he could come to life again, which he had several times tried before he asked our opinion.

We heard this with surprise; but as it was not to be accounted for on ordinary principles, we could hardly believe the fact as he related it, much less give any account of it, unless he should please to make the experiment before us, which we were unwilling he should do, lest in his weak condition he might carry it too far. He continued to talk very distinctly and sensibly for about a quarter of an hour respecting this surprising sensation, and insisted so much on our seeing the trial made, that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct, though not strong, and his heart had its usual beating.

He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture for some time. While I grasped his right hand, Doctor Barnard laid his on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not find any by the most exact and nice touch. Doctor Barnard was unable to distinguish the least motion in his heart, or Mr. Skrine the slightest soil of breath on the bright mirror he held to his lips. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not by the closest scrutiny discover the least symptom of life in him.

We reasoned a long time on this odd appearance as well as we could, and all of us, judging it inexplicable and unaccountable, and finding he still continued in the same condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far, and at last were satisfied that he was actually dead, and were preparing to leave him. This continued about half an hour. As we were going away, we observed some movement about the body, and, upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of the heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently, and speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change, and after some further conversation with him and amongst ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it.

Cardan believed, or pretended to believe, that he possessed this same faculty; and Celsus, in the reign of Tiberius, names a priest of Apollo, who, he says, was similarly endowed.

Dogs of Palestine.

IN Jerusalem, and in the other towns, the dogs have an organization of their own. They are divided into families and districts, especially in night-time, and no one of them ventures to quit his proper quarter; for if he does, he is immediately attacked by all the denizens of that into which he intrudes, and is driven back, with several bites as a reminder. Therefore, when a Euro-

Suspended Animation.

DOCTOR GEORGE CHEYNE, a celebrated physician, who died in 1748, at the age of eighty-two, wrote a celebrated work called "The English Malady: a Treatise on Various Diseases." In it we find the following singular recital: Colonel Townshend, a gentleman of honor and integrity, had for many years been afflicted with a ne-

pean is walking through Jerusalem by night, he is always followed by a number of canine attendants, and greeted at every step with growls and howls. These tokens of dislike, however, are not intended for him, but for his followers, who are availing themselves of his escort to pass unmolested from one quarter to another.

During the hard Winter of 1859, I fed many of the dogs who frequented the road which I traversed almost every evening, and afterward, each time I passed, I received the homage, not only of the individuals, but of the whole band to which they belonged, for they accompanied me to the limits of their respective jurisdictions, and were ready to follow me to my own house, if I did but give them a sign of encouragement, coming at my beck from any distance. They even recollected the signal in 1861, though it was but little that I had given them.

Davie, the Blind Piper.

It was a fine September morning. Every cloud in the sky, touched with the brightest of Autumnal sunbeams, said as plainly as possible, "How pleasant it is! How beautiful it is!" And every bird in the air sang the same song with joyful inner voice, and every tree and plant of the rock and blade of the valley echoed the same. And men and women and children, at play or at work, on the lake or on the mountains, felt the influence of the bright, genial sun, and repeated the words that the clouds and the birds, and the trees and the plants had said before them, "How pleasant it is! How beautiful it is!"

Up in Scotland, the great mountains, tinted with moss and heather, and golden with light, lifted their vast heads into the hazy blue, and looked at the sun with unblinking eyes, while their dark shadow-mantles were tucked into the smallest possible compass around their feet.

Beneath them, the sheeny lakes and rivers glanced and glittered, as the fresh wind gently dimpled their smooth surface, or hurried forward their rippling currents, while white-sailed vessels glided here and there, like great joyous sea-birds, basking and floating in the sun.

So balmy was the air, so gentle the wind, so exhilarating the morning, with its broad living sunshine, that Alice Macallum, as she wended her way down the steep mountain-path, with her blind grandfather's hand upon her shoulder, and his bagpipes in her hand, felt unusually blithe and gay, for she was a staid maiden, seldom given to mirth, life having to her been a scene of premature care.

A deep spring of native cheerfulness, however, was hers. If she was seldom mirthful, she was seldom cast down.

Wandering in the daytime over wild mountains, or through narrow valleys, by "hostel, hall, or grange," with this only relative, and no other in the wide world; sleeping in warm weather upon the heather in some hollow of the hills, and in cold weather on a bundle or two of straw laid for her in the farmer's outhouse, with the constant charge of a blind grandfather, whose bagpipes were his sole means of getting bread—her life from early childhood had been a series of hardships.

Nevertheless, she had grown up, thanks to abundance of fresh air and wholesome exercise and simple food (God's three health-angels, we should all do well to make ourselves acquainted with, and thank Him for), into a tall maiden, bonny and hardy and strong.

You may see that she was so from her picture in our engraving; and you may see, too, from her open brow, the glance of her downward-drooped

eyes, and the sweet curve of her lips, that she was a loving, thoughtful woman also.

Her grandfather had not seen her face for ten years, but he had heard the tones of her pleasant voice, and he had experienced her never-failing attention, and felt her love, and, therefore, he had perfect confidence and trust in her, and this morning followed her with unhesitating steps across the wooden bridge, over the deep water, that, without her care, would most probably have been his grave.

Carefully Alice led him across, while Charlie, the terrier, with Alice's bonnet in his mouth, that he had been proudly carrying for the last ten minutes or so, seemed to share her solicitude, and looked up at his master with a glance that said as plainly as dog's glance ever did, "The water is deep, dear master; take care!"

But before they reached the bridge, Alice Macallum had begun to sing, for, as I said before, the beauty of the morning had made her glad, and as she sang, her voice floated away from her into the warm air, and crept up the mountain-side behind her, and startled some sheep there grazing, who left their nibbling for half a minute, to listen to so strange and sweet a sound. Old David Macallum listened, too, and when she had done her song, he sighed.

"And what for do ye sigh, gran'faither?" asked Alice. "Ye'd no sigh if ye felt as I do this blessed morn!"

"Maybe not, Ailsie, my bonny lassie. Yer sight is guid, thank God, therefore; an' the sun is unco warm, an' ye feel it ower pleasant; but I didna sigh that I couldna see what ye see. I was thinkin' o' auld times, when yer mither was as blithe an' bonny as yersel'. Ye remember yer mither, Ailsie?"

"Hoo can I e'er forget her, gran'faither? Did she no' tell me herself to be guid till ye all yer days, an' never to leave ye; an' do I no' think o' her every night, when I say my prayers, that she taught me? Then, hoo can ye ask me, gran'faither?"

"I widna ask, but that I want to bring her till yer mind, Ailsie. She was a braw lassie, an' she was as guid as she was bonny, an' noo she's awa' in 'the land o' the leal,' God's will be done!"

And here the old piper took off his cap, and lifted his sightless eyes toward heaven, as he uttered a silent prayer, Alice watching him reverentially.

When his long gray locks were once more covered, he turned toward his granddaughter as if to go forward, but she took his hand, and leading him gently to a clump of heather underneath a spreading mountain-ash, that, like a burning bush, was all aglow with scarlet berries, she said:

"Sit down here, gran'faither, an' rest; we'll bide awae under this rowan, an' maybe ye'll tell me something about my mither."

The Lion's Ride.

WHEN a lion wishes to have a giraffe for his dinner, he is obliged to be very careful how he goes to market. Giraffes are not cheap articles of diet, even for a lion, and an attempt to get a meal of that kind of meat always costs him a great deal of trouble, and sometimes costs his life. Of course, the lion slips up very quietly toward the giraffe. He always does that, no matter what his prey may be, but in this case it is necessary to be very careful indeed, for if he springs and misses the giraffe, the great beast may get a kick at him before he has time to recover himself, and a kick from a giraffe, whose hind legs fly out like sledge-hammers, will make even a lion feel considerably shook up like. But even after the lion

has safely landed on the giraffe's back, his dinner is not ready yet. The giraffe is a large and powerful animal, and away he rushes, as fast as his long, awkward legs can carry him, and that is very fast indeed. Clitter, clatter!—spring and bound! Away he goes, with the lion hanging on like a good fellow, and the hyenas come yelling after, hoping to have a chance to get something at the second table, for it is hardly possible that a lion can eat a whole giraffe. But it is not at all certain that there will be giraffe for dinner at all, for if the frightened creature can once get into the woods, he may be safe. Dashing among the limbs and trunks, he may knock the lion off. And look out, Mr. Lion! The giraffe will turn on you as quick as lightning, and kick the life out of you before you can get out of the reach of his heels, and all those poor dear little hyenas will have to go hungry to bed. Although giraffes have frequently been known to get the best of lions in this way, they are not always so fortunate. If a thick wood cannot be reached, the strength of the giraffe will be exhausted, and the cruel beast upon his back will fix his teeth in his throat, and drag the poor creature down and kill and eat him.

Impulse, or Inspiration.

"If one could only get hold of a thread which would be strong enough to bear the strain of a long pull," said my friend Mrs. Melton, as we sat together in her pleasant little library, endeavoring, as women sometimes will, to explain away or account for certain phenomena in themselves unmeasurable, and utterly at variance with so-called scientific laws.

I say, as *women* sometimes will, because, so far as a necessarily limited observation has permitted me to examine, I am free to say that men generally pass over the wonderful and weird in life with a laugh, or a shrug of the shoulders, and, ten to one, without an attempt even to arrive at the causes of mental phenomena.

My companion was a study in herself. She wasn't the least bit in the world pretty, and by no stretch of the imagination could she be called ugly. She was tall and graceful, with large gray eyes, a broad and rather high forehead, projecting in the region of ideality, a head exceedingly well developed in the moral and intellectual, a straight nose, large mouth, and very beautiful teeth. Critics declared that her face lacked animation. This was probably the case, but those who knew her best, and understood the depth and force of her character, very soon forgot this defect, if defect it could be called, in the sweet dreaminess and almost angelic expression which, under all circumstances, her countenance wore.

Mrs. Melton thought and wrote a great deal—talked very little. Ordinary conversation did not interest her, and in such she never joined; but let some one touch a metaphysical or speculative chord, and the earnest woman responded at once.

We had been talking about impressions, and sudden convictions, and the shadows of coming events, and trying to discover for such a scientific or natural cause, when Mrs. Melton made the remark which opens this chapter.

"If one could only get hold of a thread which would be strong enough to bear the strain of a long pull, one might at last unravel the skein, and understand its complications; but my thread always breaks, and, before I know it, the end is lost."

"If one could only comprehend one's moods even, just think what a stride that would be toward knowledge! Let me tell you," she con-

tinued, an expression more pensive than usual stealing over her features—"that is, if you are not already tired of the sound of my voice—an experience which drifted into my life a few days ago, of the troublesome effects of which I have only just been able to rid myself. I am almost convinced that I haven't quite finished with it yet."

"Since my earliest remembrance I have been strangely attracted or repelled, not only to or from those I am thrown in social and daily contact with, but with those I meet in the street, in car, stage, or ferry-boat."

"I have told you of those things before, but you do not know how I have struggled the greater part of my life to crush these sensations, which I was aware would not stand the test of honest inquiry, and which were as impossible for me to describe as my friends to account for."

"I will give you this last history, not only because it is the most recent, but because it goes a little further into the weird and incomprehensible than anything which ever happened to me."

"About ten days ago, as I took a seat on a Fulton Ferry boat, bound for New York, my attention was attracted to a fine-looking young gentleman opposite. He evidently knew nothing and cared nothing for his surroundings. He was on his way to New York, that was all, and, while making the trip, was utterly oblivious to conditions. There was a haughtiness to the curl of his lip, and an occasional quick glance right and left, which I could not reconcile with the general tired and almost pleading look which seemed to be the natural expression of the man's face."

"Now, ask yourself how you should have felt had you been in my place! For myself individually, I was no more attracted to this man than to any other gentleman or lady in the cabin, but it was with the greatest difficulty that I could keep my eyes from his face."

"No, there was no animal magnetism about it," as I suggested the probability of accounting for the attraction in that way. "No, it was *not* that. It was something outside of him, and equally removed from me."

"An inner voice, or perception, or something, which is just as indescribable as the rest, whispered—now, mind, I do not say *seemed* to whisper—'Watch him carefully, and do as you shall be led.'"

"We were just pushing off from the dock, when a man sauntered lazily through the cabin, and as he caught sight of the gentleman I was so busily watching, approached him familiarly, extended his hand, which the other one grasped, and then took the nearest seat beside him."

"Strangely enough, this newcomer seemed to arouse all the fury there was in my nature. I think really that I could have looked on while that man drowned, without so much as a quiver of my nerves. He was clothed like a gentleman, had the air of a gentleman—that easy, indifferent, nonchalant manner which is so thoroughly artistic, and oftentimes so fascinating. But, oh, the restlessness of those black eyes!"

"Not a movement escaped me. As No. 2 took his seat, I noticed No. 1 glance down at his own shirt-front, and carefully and almost stealthily draw together his own coat."

"Hiding his diamond shirt-studs," whispered the inaudible voice. But why? I wondered. Surely he could not be afraid that his companion would steal them? Not that certainly; but what could that movement mean? No 3 was disgustingly familiar. Each time that he came, in the course of his conversation, to an exclamation point, which was very frequently, he came down with a slap upon the knee of his companion. For a while No. 1 seemed to be deliberating whether he should submit to it or not. The knitting of

the brows and compression of the lips showed more plainly than words the rebellion of the proud spirit.

"This was finally evident to No. 2. For a second a demoniac smile lit up his countenance, and, crossing his legs in an indifferent sort of way, like an indolent man thoroughly satisfied with himself and the whole world, he leaned his head slightly toward his companion, and, with a careless shrug, uttered a few words, which brought the hot blood in a gust to the face of his companion, fading away as quickly, and leaving the poor fellow as pale as a corpse.

"But, ah, what a long apprenticeship he must have served to duplicity! No. 2 could not read his countenance as I did—his position forbade that—so he had no means of observing any effect from his communication but the wonderful *sang-froid* which immediately followed. As a piece of acting, Booth could never have equaled it. After that, No. 1 led off in conversation, No. 2 evidently not a little muddled as to the effect of his last remark.

"I knew the shot had told; but no words can do justice to the joy which I felt when I discovered that No. 2 was not aware that he had brought down his game.

"The boat struck the pier, and the two gentlemen arose. I followed, as well aware that I had a part to play in that drama of real life as that we are sitting talking the matter over this morning. It was full two moments before the boat got fairly in, and during that time the attention of No. 2 was arrested by a large Newfoundland dog, which he appeared to examine with the eye of a connoisseur.

"I drew very near to No. 1, touched his arm, and repeated just what the still small voice suggested:

"That man has lied to you about the letter. She never wrote it. If you go with him to-night, you are lost.' As the last words fell from my lips, the excitement which had upheld me from the moment of my entering the boat seemed all at once withdrawn, and I was compelled to lean against the railing for support.

"Good God, madame!" he whispered, "what do you know? Who are you?"

"Hush!" I entreated, pointing to No. 2, still busily engaged measuring the shaggy Newfoundland. "Remember what I have said, and govern yourself accordingly."

"No. 2 came lazily forward, passed his arm, with a slight, caressing motion, through that of his companion, and the two sauntered off together, No. 1 apparently indifferent to all the world.

"Now, just observe the peculiarity of my position. Suppose that man had followed me, and demanded to know what I meant, and where I got my information, what should I have said to him?"

"But he *didn't*!" I ventured to suggest.

"No," she replied. "He went his way, as if nothing had happened out of the ordinary course."

"Well, that was ordered also, no doubt," I found myself saying.

"Well, perhaps," she answered, dreamily.

"Then, you think that this circumstance will have to be accounted for through so-called spiritual agency?"

"I do not admit that, although I do admit that everything, so far, in the way of explanation, has fallen far short of satisfying my reason.

"But let me proceed with my story. For three days and nights this strange episode haunted me, not so much because I felt that, in this instance, I had made myself in a way ridiculous, but because I realized that, in order to prevent such occurrences in future, I should be compelled to remain most of the time at home; and even

here, to tell the truth, I did not feel particularly safe. If one can be of service to one's friends, by advice, suggestions, or warnings, let them be never so strange or weird, we then could find much to admire in such phenomena; but to go traveling round the earth, compelled, against every sentiment of propriety and delicacy, to obey a superior will, is something which I felt strongly inclined to rebel against.

"Day before yesterday, I awoke in the morning entirely free from all anxiety. The unpleasant features of the past seemed so utterly insignificant, that I wondered at myself for ever having worried about them. I decided to go to New York and spend the day with my sister at the Hotel. You remember, of course, how bright the morning was, and as I stood on the deck of the ferry-boat, it seemed to me that nothing ever described by poet or artist was so wondrously beautiful as this glorious East River. The bay of Naples was nowhere in comparison. Oh! for an artist's skill to convey to the world some idea of this grand centre of beauty and civilization. Oblivious to contiguous surroundings, I stood drinking in the calm loveliness of the scene, when all of a sudden I was recalled to a practical sense of my position by a light touch on my arm, and a very gentle, 'Good-morning, madame.'

"I turned to see No. 1 gazing down into my face, with a pair of eyes which a new-found happiness and peace had made as radiant as the eyes of an angel.

"I smiled back—who could have helped it? Yet, I was just as clearly myself as I am this minute, and remarked:

"You seem happier than when we last met!"

"Happier!" he repeated. "Why, my dear woman, you have been my salvation! You know, of course, how strangely Hattie has behaved in this matter between Harcourt and me."

"I smiled again, thinking, perhaps, it was not best to deceive him, and he continued:

"Well, that letter, which you assured me Hattie had no hand in, was a perfect *fac simile* of her handwriting, and every sentence was composed in her usual terse and telling style. In this she accepted his addresses, and denounced me as an adventurer—a man utterly unworthy of trust. The only time in my life that I was ever fully under the influence of liquor, Harcourt, after arranging everything to suit him, dared me to play a game of bluff. I have no recollection of anything that happened that night, excepting my terrible debt to Harcourt. He had won, of course, every time; and heaven only knows how long we played, or how the game footed up. I was obliged to accept his figures, and, in order to cancel this indebtedness, was compelled to sacrifice an amount of valuable property given me by my father, and even now I owe him almost five hundred dollars. As it happens, I am possessed of a few thousands which, according to a strange stipulation, are not convertible for several years yet into cash.

"Had it not been for this wise provision, I should have been a ruined man. He understanding this, and wishing to get the whole property into his clutches at the end of the allotted time, has since haunted me like a shadow, urging me all the while to play, and bring back my luck. I knew the other morning, if I did not agree to his proposition, that he would come down upon me for my diamond shirt-studs, which were a present from my sister in Baltimore, and which I did not feel called upon to part with, even to cancel a debt of honor. So I covered them up from his greedy eyes; and after he had whispered to me that Hattie had promised to marry him at the end of the month, and with the evidence of what I believed to be her own handwriting to that

effect, I confess I did not care what became of me, and I agreed to play him again that evening. Then you came and spoke to me. I believed you as thoroughly, notwithstanding the immense amount of conflicting testimony, as if an angel from heaven had whispered the words in my ear. As soon as I could rid myself of Harcourt I started for Hattie's house. I found the dear girl sick and almost heartbroken. The villain had represented me falsely in every particular, and had made the whole family believe that, but for his influence in keeping me away from the gaming-table, I would not have had a dollar to call my own. It is all right now, and Hattie understands

the whole business thoroughly. My dear friend, where should I have been to-day, but for meeting you the other morning? Tell me how you came to know the circumstances, and, even knowing them, to recognize me?—for I do not remember of ever having met you before.

"Oh! who can doubt, after *such* manifestation, that a loving Father is at the helm?"

"Well," I interrupted, breathlessly, "what next?"

"Oh, there is not much more. Hattie and her lover dine with me this evening. You will remain, of course, and get acquainted with my *protégés*."



IMPULSE, OR INSPIRATION.—"I DREW VERY NEAR TO NO. 1, TOUCHED HIS ARM, AND REPEATED WHAT THE STILL, SMALL VOICE SUGGESTED."



LETTIE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.—“OH, PA,” SAID LETTIE, WITH QUIVERING LIP, AND HER BRIGHT EYES FILLING WITH TEARS—“OH, PA, IT IS ONLY A LILY.”

Lettie's Christmas Gift.

CHAPTER I.

It was just one week before Christmas, and busy preparations were being made for the joyful season. Store-windows were brilliantly decorated, to display to the best advantage their contents, to the great wonderment of certain open-mouthed, staring-eyed little urchins, who were stationed constantly beside them, as if keeping guard.

People were hurrying to and fro, jostling against one another, but all taking it in perfect good humor, in accordance with the times.

Toward evening a light snow began to fall,

which flew about playfully in the air, and then settled down in little piles, on every stone and in every crevice, throwing, as it were, a white velvet covering over the city.

The quick footsteps of street travelers sounded dull, and each one left his print behind, as he moved briskly on, which track was soon filled up by the falling flakes.

On that evening Lettie Moore was snugly seated in the handsome drawing-room of her father's mansion. Lettie was the only child of that idolizing father, and, having lost her mother in early childhood, she was the companion and plaything of his idle hours.

All that wealth could give was lavished upon

her, and her slightest wish was gratified as soon as uttered.

Lettie was just sixteen, and extremely pretty. In consequence of her advanced age, she considered herself mistress of the establishment, although she was constantly annoyed by the presence of certain tutors, whose instructions she felt herself quite beyond. Her blue eyes were widely expanded, and her dignity highly aroused, when a maiden aunt once suggested that "she thought Lettie should have a governess," thus treating *her* as if *she* were a mere child.

She looked indeed like a spoiled little lady on the evening in question, curled up like a playful kitten, in a large cushioned chair in front of the fire. Her head was thrown back, half resting on one of the little chubby hands, which was nestled among her curls.

She made a pretty picture thus, and so thought her father, who, seated opposite, had been reading the evening paper, and happened just then to look up.

Lettie was in a deep study, and seemed reading something of vital importance from the coals—that book in which so many see practical pictures illustrated. In fact, she was thinking of the coming week, and all the Christmas presents she hoped to receive.

"There," she soliloquized, "is pa, and Aunt Martha, and Uncle Robert, and Cousin John, besides Hattie, Will, and a host of others, who I know will all give me some trifling things; but pa's, I am sure, will be the handsomest. I wonder what it will be? I think I'll try to find out."

The little head was changed from one hand to the other, and Lettie gave a slight cough to attract the attention of her father, and proceeded:

"Pa, I was out this afternoon."

"Well, my daughter," said Mr. Moore, who was a portly gentleman of some forty years, and what the world calls a successful merchant. A man well educated and well read, shrewd in business, yet honest, upright and scrupulous in all his dealings—a man of stern exterior, but whose heart was as tender as that of a child, and whose weakest point was love for his daughter, which extended to such a degree that he now laid aside the paper, in which he was reading an interesting article, to listen to that little lady's remarks, whose import and drift he half suspected.

"Well, pa," said Lettie, "I was out trying to select some things for Christmas gifts, but saw so many things that I wanted myself, that I almost forgot my object, and spent most of my time in looking around."

"Well, Lettie," said her father, "of all the things you saw, which would you most wish for as a Christmas present?"

"Oh, that, indeed, would be hard to decide! I saw such a love of a French shawl, with a poplin dress that would just match, at Gray's, and such a dear opera-hat at Madame Stene's, and ever so much jewelry at Black's. But as I have so much of that, there was only one thing that I really did want, and that was"—here Lettie hesitated for a minute—"a diamond solitaire!"

"Ah, a diamond solitaire! Quite a moderate want, indeed, my daughter!"

"But, pa, it was so pretty! But what are you going to buy for Christmas gifts? You must let me look them over when they come home."

"Yes," said her father, musingly.

"And," said Lettie, slyly, seeing her father in a dreamy mood, "what do you think of getting for your daughter?"

Mr. Moore was not so absorbed in thought as Lettie suspected, and a smile lit up his face, as he drew his slippered foot from before the fire, and turned to his daughter.

"You thought to make me betray myself, did

you, little one? Now, if I was to tell you, half the pleasure of it would be lost; but I will say that, as you are getting older, I intend letting it be the handsomest one that I have ever yet given you."

"Thank you, pa! I will try not to be impatient."

Lettie said no more, for she was quite overcome by her father's generosity, and she dreamily conned over in her mind all the gifts she had received on previous years, and puzzled her little brain trying to study out something that might be handsomer than any of them.

Her father, seeing that she was not inclined to be further communicative, took up his paper to finish the interrupted article.

CHAPTER II.

THE snow continued to fall through the night, so that on the next day Lettie was obliged to remain indoors. She wandered about for a while, and at last took refuge in the kitchen to help to superintend the making of various cakes, pastries, etc. This office she duly filled, and tested the good qualities of all dainties by numerous tastes, to the great amusement and pleasure of cook, who every now and then brought from the oven an extra little cake or tart, "just for Miss Lettie to try."

The walking continued bad until the following Monday, when Lettie and her bosom friend Minnie Worthington sallied forth on their final shopping excursion.

There were so many things to buy and be seen, that the girls did not go home until late, and after partaking of a hearty dinner, and depositing their numerous bundles from prying eyes, they settled themselves for rest and a good talk.

"Don't you think," said Lettie, "that father will be pleased with his dressing-gown?"

"I'm sure he will," said Minnie; "and more especially as it comes from you."

"Minnie, I would love dearly to know what he is going to give me. He said the other evening that it would be the handsomest Christmas gift that he had ever yet given me, and I can't possibly imagine what it can be."

"Perhaps," said her friend, "it is a new set of sable, or a set of jewelry, or maybe the French shawl."

"It might be the shawl," said Lettie; "but I'm sure it is neither of the others, for I have both furs and sets of jewelry in abundance."

"Well," said Minnie, "it really must be the Venetian harp you have wanted so long; I cannot imagine anything else."

"Oh," said Lettie, her blue eyes brightening, "I never thought of that; I am sure that it is the harp; won't I play astonishment when he presents it!"

"And promise not to ask for anything more—until the next time," said Minnie, laughing.

So the girls chatted until nearly nightfall, and were as wise at the end as they were at the beginning.

But one thing was settled in Lettie's mind, and that was, that she was going to get the harp. And she had already selected that pale, interesting young music-teacher of Hattie's to give her lessons.

Minnie then took her leave, after many kisses and good-byes, promising to come over bright and early on Christmas morning to try Lettie's harp.

The whole of the next day (Christmas Eve) Lettie was busy making preparations for the coming morrow, and many mysterious packages did she tie up and direct. But by evening all was finished, and when Mr. Moore came in, he found his daughter in the parlor, quietly reading.

After the tea-tray had been removed, they talked long of Christmas and its pleasures, but Christmas gifts were not once mentioned, it being an understood matter that each was to receive something.

About ten o'clock they went to their rooms, and to all appearances retired. But Lettie cleared her dressing-table of trinkets, etc., for well she knew that her gift would make its way unseen to that table. She then tucked up her curls, threw on a light cashmere wrapper, put on a tiny pair of slippers, and sat down in a sleepy-hollow facing the toy-clock on the mantle, as if waiting.

Two or three times her head drooped, and by-and-by sank upon her bosom. At last she started up, to find that she had been nodding, and that it was eleven o'clock. She quietly arose, went to her wardrobe, and took from it a gentleman's dressing-gown, and threw it across her arm. She stole out into the passage to the door of her father's dressing-room, and peeped in. Seeing the door that communicated with his chamber closed, she ventured across the threshold, placed the wrapper over his chair to make it show to advantage, and then as quietly made her way back to her room, where her head soon sank upon her pillow, and she was lost in dreamland.

Once in the night she fancied some one kissed her, and on opening her eyes, she saw her father, but she was soon asleep again, and so always thought it a dream.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Lettie awoke in the morning, the bright sun was streaming into her window. She sprang up, her first thought being her Christmas gift, and in her bare feet she went to her dressing-table, and beheld—not the French shawl, not the Venetian harp—but a silken cushion, on which reposed, in its creamy loveliness, a pure white lily.

Lettie's eyes were opened wider than they ever were known to open before, and after standing perfectly still for about five minutes, her face settled into what looked very much like a pout, and thus she proceeded to make her toilet.

When this was finished, she picked up the cushion with its fair occupant, and descended to the dining-room, where she met her father, equipped in his new wrapper, at the door.

"Well, my dear," said he, "how are you pleased with your present? I assure you that I am delighted with mine."

"Oh, pa," said Lettie, with quivering lip, and her bright eyes filling with tears—"Oh, pa, it is only a lily."

"Only a lily, my daughter! Know you not that that flower is more precious in its pureness than any gift I could have selected? It is far above human workmanship, having been fashioned and colored by One who Himself said that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Look how tender and frail it is, and yet how beautiful. It seems to solicit your love and care. Lettie, can you not give it these? Mark it closely, my daughter, and though it is clothed in simplicity, see if it is not worthy of your love. It sends forth rich fragrance, thus showing that the simple casket contains a jewel; perhaps it may prove so to you."

"Oh, father," said Lettie, hanging her head, as a scarlet spot burned on either cheek, "I am so ashamed of myself for having been so disappointed. It is, indeed, beautiful—a fact which I fear that I find out too late."

"Not too late, Lettie, for the lesson will teach you to appreciate it. But, remember, my child—never let your expectations rise too high, lest in the end you should be disappointed. You are

such a lover of flowers, I thought that this would please you vastly; perhaps it will when you know its real value."

"Its real value," said Lettie, as she took up the lily to examine it; and as she did so something fell from among the petals into her hand.

She looked, and a cry of astonishment escaped her as she beheld—the diamond solitaire she had so admired at Black's.

"Oh, pa!" she exclaimed; "pray, forgive me! A thousand thanks for the beautiful ring, which I shall love because it is your gift; but the beautiful and simple casket in which I found the jewel—I will love that for itself." And so saying, she kissed her father, and then pressed the creamy petals of the lily to her lips.

Many were the friends who thronged Mr. Moore's drawing-rooms that night, and a merry time they had. Lettie wore her lily among her curls, and her ring on her finger. More than one said to her during the evening:

"Lettie, where did you get that lily?"

And Lettie answered:

"Pa's gift." And, holding up her pretty hand at the same time, she said: "The lily's gift."

Lettie kept the remains of that flower for many years, and the lily was henceforth her particular favorite. She never forgot the lesson she learned on that bright Christmas morning, nor was she ever after heard to exclaim, "Only a lily!"

*Friends, likewise do this lesson take,
Nor too much on the future stake.*

Uncle Ben's Bab.

In good old colony times, when we lived under the King, there stood at the entrance of the town of Oldham, in the State of Massachusetts, a little inn, of the old-fashioned, rustic, and hospitable style, known to all the country around as Uncle Ben's Bait, just as its landlord and proprietor, Mr. Benjamin Braithwaite, was always known as Uncle Ben, and his pretty daughter as Uncle Ben's Bab.

There had originally been an Uncle Ben's wife, to complete the family list; but she had lain for many years beneath the clover-heads that replace with us the daisies of her English birthplace, and Bab, her daughter, reigned in her stead, over pantry, cellar, and hall, yes, and if the whole truth is to be told, over loud-voiced, big-boned, red-faced Uncle Ben himself, although he never knew it, and she never said it.

Besides these two, the household consisted of old Jack, the hostler, and two stout, rosy lassies, about the age of their young mistress, who, nevertheless, contrived to keep the boundaries so firmly fixed between her own estate and theirs, that neither Betty nor Polly ever dared to overstep them.

And yet, Queen Bab was no dark-browed virago, or even a shrill and nipping scold, being formed upon the Hebe type, with a plump little figure, soft complexion, light-brown, curly hair, and a mouth whose merry curves and dimpling smiles only occasionally gave way to the harder lines that told of indomitable will, just as, sometimes, the light of the hazel eyes spoke a dauntless spirit and frank courage.

Of course, Bab had her suitors, and report already selected from these as her probable husband a certain thriving young farmer, Frederick Marsh by name, and by universal accord the handsomest, blithest, and most desirable young fellow in all that country-side.

But Bab said nothing, and Fate inscrutably smiled at this forecasting, and the world went gayly on.

It was the gloaming of a November evening, when a weary horse and travel-stained rider stopped at the door of Uncle Ben's Bait, and were welcomed by the jovial host, who stood smoking his evening pipe upon the porch, with—

"Light down, sir, light down! Your nag looks as if he needed rest and corn, to say naught of yourself. I warrant you have ridden far to-day?"

"From Boston," briefly replied the traveler, swinging himself lightly to the ground, and stamping his chilled feet as he somewhat anxiously surveyed his steed.

"From Boston! Why, we call that fifty mile!" exclaimed Uncle Ben, staring amain at horse and rider. The latter accepted his wonder coolly enough, and mounting the steps, entered the house saying:

"Fifty miles, is it? Well, landlord, let my horse be well cared for, and if you please, give me some supper, and a seat beside a fire, for the night is chilly."

"You shall have the little parlor all to yourself, sir, and some supper as soon as it can be cooked. Here, Bab! Bab!"

But Bab was out of the way; and Uncle Ben had seated the stranger before the great wood fire blazing upon the hearth of the little parlor, and himself seen that his horse was properly cared for, before she appeared from her own bedroom, where she had been adding some little evening finery to her usual plain apparel.

"Why, where were you, girl, that you never answered my call?" exclaimed her father. "There is a stranger in the little parlor, needing supper and a bed. See to it, my lass."

"How unlucky that I have sent Polly to my aunt's of an errand!" exclaimed Bab, a little vexed at this news, for supper at The Bait was well over and out of the way an hour before. "Well, I can lay the cloth myself, after I have told Betty what to do. I suppose a rasher and some cold beef will content my gentleman, will it not?"

"I suppose so, Bab; but you had best ask him while you are laying the cloth. He looks the gentleman in earnest."

So Bab, with a home-made damask cloth and napkin upon her arm, and a tray of dishes in her hand, knocked at the door of the little parlor, and entering, saw the stranger standing beside the fire, his elbow upon the mantel-shelf, and his hand clinched among the masses of his fair hair. He hardly looked at her; but she, while deftly performing her service, cast many a sidelong glance at him, and decided, firstly, that this was the handsomest gentleman she had ever seen, and secondly, that he was in some desperate trouble, from which he did not know how to free himself.

Perhaps it was on account of this second conclusion that Mistress Bab chose to herself place the traveler's meal upon the table, and to serve him with her own hands, instead of allowing Polly, now returned from her errand, to do so. Her trouble, however, seemed as wasted as her sympathetic looks, for the traveler ate with the appetite of a hungry man, and never looked up from his plate or cup until both were empty, when he wheeled his chair to the fire, and took a cigar-case from his pocket.

"Marry, my fine gentleman! Polly may clear your table, and take your orders, since you know so little whether it is mistress or maid who serves you," muttered Bab, with a toss of her handsome head, and was already at the door, when the stranger's cultivated and somewhat languid voice recalled her.

"My lass! what is the name of this town of yours?"

"Oldham, my gentleman!" retorted Bab, almost before she knew that she was speaking.

The stranger turned a surprised and indignant glance toward the door, and saw something in the glowing cheeks, bright eyes and haughty head of the speaker, that at once explained to him his own error and her audacity.

"I beg your pardon, young lady," said he, slowly. "I was so full of my own sad thoughts, that I had not noticed your condescension in filling a servant's place in my behalf."

"I am Barbara Braithwaite, the landlord's daughter, and so, perhaps, no more a young lady than a servant; and yet, sir, I thank you for your civility, and bid you good-night."

The door closed upon the last word, and Philip Fearing returned to his cigar and his musings with a half-smile, and a few muttered words upon his lips:

"A lass of spirit to match her beauty—Barbara, eh?"

And then the musings grew darker and deeper, until the cheerful blaze died to gray ashes upon the hearth, and the tall clock in the corner of the room struck twelve with a rattling, wheezing voice that aroused the dreamer from his reverie. Shivering a little, he rose to his feet, and, standing upon the desolate hearth, clinched his hand, and shook it softly in the air.

"You can suffer, proud as you are, and you shall suffer—you shall suffer yet, my lady Ellinor!" muttered he, and then summoning the sleepy hostler, who awaited his orders, he went to his bed, if not to his rest.

The next morning Polly served the traveler's breakfast, and when it was over, summoned Uncle Ben at his request.

The landlord came, bill in hand, and found his guest striding up and down the little parlor, his fair hair disordered, his face paler even than its natural hue, his eyes bloodshot and burning.

"Looks as if he'd been drunk overnight; but where could he get the liquor?" commented Uncle Ben in his own mind, as he made a feint of arranging the fire, to announce his presence. But Philip Fearing carried his own overpowering stimulus with him, in the shape of pride, possession, and the thirst of vengeance, and heaven knows he had drank deeply enough of their burning draught in the course of the last forty-eight hours to upset a calmer brain. Of a sudden he turned upon his host.

"What is your name, landlord?"

"Benjamin Braithwaite, at your service, sir."

"And you have a wife?"

"She has been dead these twelve years, sir."

"What is your family, then?"

"One daughter, as it please you, sir—the young woman who waited upon you last night."

"Her name and age, if you please."

"Barbara Braithwaite, and just turned of twenty."

"She looks to be a girl of discreet and careful conduct, in spite of her comeliness."

"I should like to meet the man, gentle or simple, who would dare speak lightly of her."

And Uncle Ben at last showed symptoms of losing his placid patience, and eyed his inquisitive guest with lowering eyes. The young man felt the change, but was far from resenting it.

"That is right, landlord," said he, coolly. "And you will pardon my questioning when you see its drift. My own name is Philip Fearing, and I am what is called a gentleman—that is to say, I have never needed to earn my bread by honest toil, as a true man should. I inherit a fortune of forty thousand pounds from my father, and I live with my mother and sister in Boston. Here are some letters I chance to have about me that may help to prove my words, and I can give you the names of a dozen of the best men in Boston to whom I refer you for their truth. This being settled, I

ask you for the hand of your daughter Barbara in marriage, and desire that the wedding may take place to-day."

"Marriage! Bab! Why, sir—why, what do you know of the girl—why should you fancy—" began Uncle Ben, too much astonished to be indignant. But his proposed son-in-law checked him with a haughty question.

"I have told you that I am wealthy, unmarried, and a man of position and credit. What matter my fancies to you, or your daughter either, for that matter. I will make a lady of her, and treat her as a man of honor will treat a woman who trusts to his honor. You shall see her married by justice or minister, as you choose, and she shall visit you when she will. What more can you ask, Landlord Braithwaite?"

"I—I will see what Bab says," muttered Uncle Ben, feebly, and backed out of the room, leaving his guest glaring after him, and gnawing his nails.

Ten, twenty, thirty minutes elapsed, and Philip Fearing stamped with rage and impatience as the old clock groaned out the hour; but as the last stroke sounded, the door opened, and Barbara entered, timidly followed by her father, whose florid face had lost much of its color, and whose kind eyes looked dim and troubled.

But neither terror nor timidity found place upon Bab's excited and glowing face, nor had she ever looked so handsome as now, with her brown eyes ablaze, and the color burning like fire upon cheek and lip.

Philip advanced toward her, bowing deeply, perhaps a little too deeply, and saying:

"Good-morning Mistress Barbara. Has your father kindly informed you of the petition I prefer to him and yourself, and are you minded to favor it, all unworthy though I am?"

"My father has told me that you ask me for your wife, Mr. Fearing, and that you can prove yourself a gentleman of means and position," replied the girl, steadily. "But I, on my part, have a question or two to ask before I give my answer to yours."

"Ask on, fair Barbara," said the wooer, with a reckless smile.

"What, then, is your motive, sir, in wishing thus to marry a girl of humble station, without money or breeding, and to whom you are a perfect stranger?"

"Well put, Barbara, but not so shrewd as might be if you had consulted your mirror before asking it. Here is my answer."

And taking her by the hand, Philip led his bride to the dim old mirror in its carved oaken frame, and pointed to the picture it reflected. Bab looked, but not at herself, and as she steadily regarded the noble but haggard and wasted face, contrasting it so vividly with her own bright beauty, a great wave of pity, admiration, love and longing rose from her heart, and rushed tingling through her every fibre.

"Yes, I will be your wife, and trust that face to keep its promise of honorable dealing," said she, with hasty and generous impulse, and, turning, smiled up into the burning eyes that looked but carelessly down into hers.

"It is not safe to trust to any promise whether of face or voice, and yet I thank you, sweetheart, for your faith, and I will try that it be not betrayed," said the accepted lover, and pressed a courtly salute upon the blooming cheek that bloomed yet more brightly beneath his touch. "And now, landlord, a parson, or a justice, at your earliest convenience—for my wife and I must be in Boston ere to-morrow night," continued Fearing, in the same reckless tone he had hitherto used; but Uncle Ben solemnly shook his head.

"It may be all right, and I hope, for my girl's sake, that it is, sir," said he. "But Bab is not married this day unless I have more than one man's word for her future. The stage-coach from New York for Boston will stop here within the half-hour, and it may be that among the passengers will be some one who can speak to Mr. Philip Fearing's identity, if it be only Bill Smith, the coachman; and if there should be no one, why, we e'en must wait until I can refer to one of those honorable gentlemen whose names you have given me."

"Wait! I cannot wait!" exclaimed Fearing, passionately. "I tell you I will be in Boston to-morrow night with my wife. It is a matter not to be gainsaid or changed in any manner."

"Then, if my daughter's heart is really set upon this match—though, Bab, you had best think twice before you give the go-by to an honest yeoman whose life we all have watched from the cradle—"

"If you mean Frederick Marsh, father, I have long resolved to refuse him so soon as he should give me the chance. It is you and the gossip who have coupled his name with mine, never I."

"And you will have this gentleman, who cares naught for you, unless it be for your pretty face, which soon will fade—and you will leave all for him?"

"Yes, father, even so."

"Then, sir, if there be nobody to speak for you in the coach, and here it comes, I myself will travel in it to Boston, taking Bab with me, and if all be right, wedded you shall be before sunset to-morrow. Will this suit you?"

"Excellently well, mine honored host, and I care nothing which plan you adopt, so that Barbara be my wedded wife ere sunset to-morrow," said Fearing, laughingly; and striding out of the room, he stood upon the little porch, and watched the passengers descending from the coach, and entering the inn, where, in those comfortable days, they staid an hour for rest and dinner.

"There is no one of my acquaintances there," said he, turning to Uncle Ben, who had followed him. "So you and Mistress Barbara had better be putting up your luggage for a journey. By-the-way—"

And brushing by the landlord, he re-entered the little parlor where still stood Bab, now crying bitterly.

"Why, how is this, my girl?" exclaimed her strange lover, approaching, but not touching her. "In tears? I thought but now you seemed marvelously brave. Well, we have no time for wooing now, as it is resolved that you and your father go to Boston in the stage-coach, I following on my own horse, and it behooves you to go and make preparation for the journey. Have you ever a handsome dress in your wardrobe? I mean one fitting to wear in an assembly of the gayest people in the town, for to such an one we go to-morrow night."

"I have a brocade that was my mother's," said Bab, timidly, for the idea of a fashionable city assembly rather appalled even her high courage. "But it is not shaped in the mode, I am afraid."

"That can be remedied, and other matters provided. The coach arrives in Brattle Square at nine o'clock of the evening, and I, by changing horses on the road, will be there by six or seven. I will speak to a woman of whom I know, and she will be with you by daylight to-morrow, and what is to be done with thread, needle, scissors, and most cunning fingers, she will accomplish. The charges will be mine."

"Thank you kindly, sir; and after that I am your wife, you shall bear my charges if you will;

but until then, neither my father nor I will be beholden to any man, more especially for my wedding-gown."

Philip Fearing laughed, and tapped the damask cheek, glowing now with pride as well as softened feeling; but he only said, in his careless, weary tones:

"As you will, sweetheart, as you will."

And so it fell, that, when the stage-coach rattled gayly away from the door of Uncle Ben's Bait, Uncle Ben himself and Barbara his daughter were among its passengers; he, silent and perplexed with doubt, now as to his daughter's future, now as to the welfare of the house left to the care of Jack the hostler, Betty the cook, and Polly the maid. Bab also was silent and thoughtful, but, no doubt, no uneasiness clouded her dreams, those rosy, foolish dreams only possible to earliest youth and inexperience, and so entrancing in their folly and their unreality.

But before the mail-coach started from the door of Uncle Ben's Bait, Bab's promised husband had mounted his great black horse, and sped away as if he thought to outride the Black Care that seated itself behind him, and whispered unceasingly in his ear through all the weary way.

The next morning, leaving Bab engaged with the mantua-maker, who had appeared as promised, Uncle Ben went out into the town, and soon convinced himself that his proposed son-in-law was at least all that he had professed, and the worthy landlord could even detect signs of incredulous wonder on the faces of more than one of his old orones, when he mentioned that his business in Boston was to see his daughter Barbara married to Mr. Philip Fearing.

"Didst ever hear of Mistress Ellinor Marchmont, Uncle Ben?" asked Peter Truphant, the wine-merchant, and one of the oldest tradesmen in Boston.

"Not I, friend Peter. What of her, then?"

"Oh, nothing, except that there has been talk of a match between her and young Fearing; but I dare say it is all as it should be."

"How can it be otherwise, since he is a bachelor, and well-to-do, and a gentleman, and more than all, when Bab already loves him more than she does home or father?"

So muttered to himself poor perplexed Uncle Ben, and had not yet resolved the problem when he reached the Brattle Square Hotel, and found Bab arrayed in her gorgeous brocade, already fitted in the latest mode to her supple and charming figure, its brilliant hues softened by a profusion of rich old lace—a present from the bridegroom, which Bab had accepted in total ignorance of its value.

"She is comely enough to excuse any man's fancy for making her his own," thought the father, proudly. "And if my young man has given his other sweetheart the go-by for her sake, what is that to us, after all?"

And so about six o'clock of the afternoon the marriage rites, so far as the law requires, were performed by a magistrate of whose qualification for the office Uncle Ben privately assured himself, and directly the ceremony was over, Philip Fearing bade his wife say good-by to her father, and accompany him to her new home.

Bab obeyed without question or remonstrance, and although she had shed some passionate tears upon the old man's breast, and assured him again and again that she would come to see him before many weeks were gone, neither tear nor regret dimmed her brilliant beauty as she stepped into her husband's carriage, and seated herself beside him.

A knot of spectators had gathered at the door of the inn, and as the bride passed through them, resplendent alike in beauty and in dress, a mur-

mur of admiration, not unmixed with astonishment, ran through the crowd, who nearly all had learned the story of the match, and who, many of them, knew the bridegroom by sight, and Uncle Ben by reputation.

As this murmur reached the ears of bride and bridegroom, it brought a flush to the cheek of each—to Bab's, that of gratified vanity, to Philip's, that of offended pride; and it was with a heavy frown that he first bid the coachman drive on without delay, and then turned to his new-made wife.

"Had you no shawl or mantle, madame, with which to cover all this gaudiness in the public street?"

"You bid me keep on my dress and flowers, sir," replied Bab, half timidly, half defiantly.

"Yes; but you could have covered it, and not made a show of yourself to all those gaping fools."

"I am sorry, sir, if I have done amiss; but you must remember that I am but a poor country maid, and even the fact of being made your wife will not in one moment teach me all that I should know."

The angry tears were in her eyes and in her voice, and Philip turned to look at her with more attention than he had yet bestowed upon her.

"What, child! Fit to cry at your husband's railing, and not yet one hour a wife!" exclaimed he, in the tone of careless good humor most natural to him. "Well, it is I that am to blame, and you are a good little thing—yes, and as spirited as you are pretty, and you shall be as happy as you are spirited. So, now, give me a kiss—the first, as I am a sinner—and let us be friends."

He put his arm about her as he spoke, and pressed his lips to hers with more of a husband's assured right than a lover's timid daring, and having had this kiss, remained for a moment looking down upon the crimson, blushing face and shrinking form within his arm.

"You are one of the prettiest women I ever saw, little wife," said he, lightly. "And right glad am I that you consented to marry me to-day."

"And why must it be to-day, sir?" asked Bab, sliding out of her husband's embrace.

"Do not call me 'sir,' my child. Say Philip, as I shall say Barbara," replied Fearing, still smiling in that reckless, mocking fashion of his.

"But why would you have our wedding to-day of all days, Philip?" persisted Bab.

"Because, my child, to-night my mother, or, rather, my sister Louisa, gives a grand ball to all our friends and acquaintances in this proud little town of ours, and I wished most especially to present you among these worthy folk as my chosen bride and wife."

"But I do not know how to bear myself in such an assembly, and just at first, before I know my new kinsfolk, or—"

"Hush, child; here we are, here at home."

And Philip, for the first time a little pale and nervous, jumped from the carriage, handed out his new wife, and led her up the high steps of a stately house near the top of the Beacon Hill, in at the front door, and straight to a drawing-room, where sat beside the open fire an invalid old lady, of serene and dignified aspect, and a young lady, in whose handsome face and figure appeared all her brother's pride, with none of her brother's good humor and tolerance.

Firmly holding the cold hand of his bride, Philip approached the elder lady.

"Mother," said he, "this is my wife, a good girl and a pretty one, and one with whom your son is well content. Will you receive her as a daughter?"

"Your wife, Philip!" feebly exclaimed the in-

valid, a faint flush coloring the waxen pallor of her face.

"Yes, mother, my wedded wife."

"Philip!" exclaimed a haughty and angry voice behind the young couple; and Philip, turning with a mocking smile, replied:

"Pardon, fair sister; your turn was coming. This is my wife, Mrs. Philip Fearing, and after my mother, the mistress of this house."

"What insult is this?" demanded the young lady, turning her haughty eyes full upon Barbara, and looking her slowly from head to foot. "And what young woman of decent character could you find to act the part of wife in this farce?"

"Have a care, Louisa!" exclaimed Philip, with something of his sister's own temper showing in his face. "This lady, as I have told you, is my wedded wife, and as such shall be treated by all in this house, excepting, of course, my mother, who will, I know, be kind to her for my sake."

"Yes, Philip, yes, my dear son, if she is your chosen wife, and if she makes you happy, she is welcome to my home and to my heart. Daughter, come hither!"

And laying one hand upon the bright young head as Barbara knelt beside her chair, the gracious old lady kissed her tenderly, and murmured a blessing upon her and the son whom she worshipped rather than loved.

But at sight of this, Louisa, losing all control of herself, burst into angry tears, and rushed from the room.

"And now, dear mother, shall I leave Barbara with you, or take her to my own room to rest a little before our friends arrive, for I have not forgotten the assembly of to-night?" said Philip, caressing his mother, who began to look wan and exhausted.

"Ring the bell, son, and send for Hannah."

"Yes, mother."

And in a few moments Hannah, the housekeeper, a gaunt New England spinster, stood before her old mistress, and curiously regarded her new one.

"Hannah, this is Mrs. Philip Fearing, my son's wife, and after me, the mistress of this house. Show her for to-night to the guest-chamber, and take her orders for whatever she requires."

"Yes, madame. Miss Louisa had arranged that the ladies should use that chamber for a dressing-room; but I can put lights in the Blue Chamber for them, if you please," said Hannah, reflectively.

"Yes, that will do; and, Hannah, you may come after that and help me to my own room. I feel a little tired."

"Let me help you, mother dear!" exclaimed Philip, eagerly. "This excitement has been too much for you. I was to blame, but I felt so vexed at Louisa."

"It is nothing—a little faintness—I—"

And the handsome old face suddenly lost all its color, and lay like a waxen mask upon Philip's shoulder as he raised his mother in his arms, and carried her easily up the stairs, followed by Hannah.

Barbara remained alone, and stood looking forlornly about her, when the door flew open, and Miss Fearing swept into the room.

"You here alone!" exclaimed she. "Why don't you go up to my brother's bedroom, since you belong to him? Do you know why he married you in such indecent haste? Wait, and I will tell you. It was because of a lover's quarrel with Ellinor Marchmont, a lady of station and breeding like his own, and whom he loves at this very moment with all his heart and soul. They quarreled, and I tried to reconcile the quarrel, and so crossed my brother's temper; but it would have all come straight in the end, if he had not allowed himself in his fury to be entrapped into a

marriage with you, you miserable interloper! You have not been in this house half an hour, and you have already divided my brother from me for ever, and terrified and shocked my poor mother well-nigh to her death. Pray, madame, are you content?"

And before Bab could find a word to answer, the angry creature had rushed away again, leaving the forlorn bride to her own reflections in the great dim-lighted room, upon whose walls threatening shadows of the firelight rose and fell, mocking at this plebeian intruder upon their aristocratic seclusion.

"She shall not move me until I have spoken to him, let her say what she will; he has the right to answer for himself, and he shall do it."

So meditated Bab, stanch in her right of wife and her dignity of unspotted womanhood, and seating herself, she quietly waited until Hannah appeared to conduct her to her chamber, and to bring news that madame was better, and Mr. Philip sitting with her.

"He said, ma'am," added the housekeeper, "that I was to bring tea to you here, and say that, in an hour or two, he would come for you to go down to the drawing-room."

"Very well, I shall wait for him," replied the new mistress, with a dignified composure not so far short of that characterizing her predecessor, as Hannah herself admitted, and the housekeeper, with one lingering, inquiring look, left the room.

Then the wild, strong nature of the girl, free at last from observation, broke loose in all its untutored fervor, and this bride of an hour wept and moaned with a wild desolation in her grief, such as neither bride nor wife should ever find possible.

The tempest, if sharp, was short, and Hannah, bringing the tea, half an hour later, found her mistress lying upon the bed, her eyes shaded with her hand, but the rest of her face still and peaceful as that of one who sleeps profoundly.

"Poor lamb! She's got a hard row to hoe yet," muttered the housekeeper, gently laying an eider quilt over the slight young figure, and then stealing gently from the room.

A sad and bitter smile crept over the lips of the "poor lamb," but she neither stirred nor spoke for nearly another hour. Then she arose, drank a little tea, carefully arranged her hair and dress, and stood waiting beside the fire, when Philip entered hastily, and carrying a jewel-case in his hand.

"See, Barbara," said he; "my mother sends you these, our family jewels, and begs you to wear them to-night, to please her."

"To please her?" repeated Bab, coldly eyeing the diamonds in their antique but graceful setting, as Philip held the open case toward her.

"Yes, why not?" replied he, impatiently; and Bab suffered him to clasp the necklace about her full, white throat, and the bracelets upon her handsome arms, and to somewhat awkwardly thrust the jeweled comb into the rich luxuriance of her hair.

"Upon my word, Bab, they become you as if you had been born to them; and after all—"

He broke off with an embarrassed little laugh, and Bab took up the word:

"And, after all, why shall I not do very tolerably for a puppet upon which to hang your trinkets, and to revenge the slight that Mistress Ellinor Marchmont has offered to her sweet-heart?"

"You—why, what is this, Barbara? What wild words are these? and who has been—"

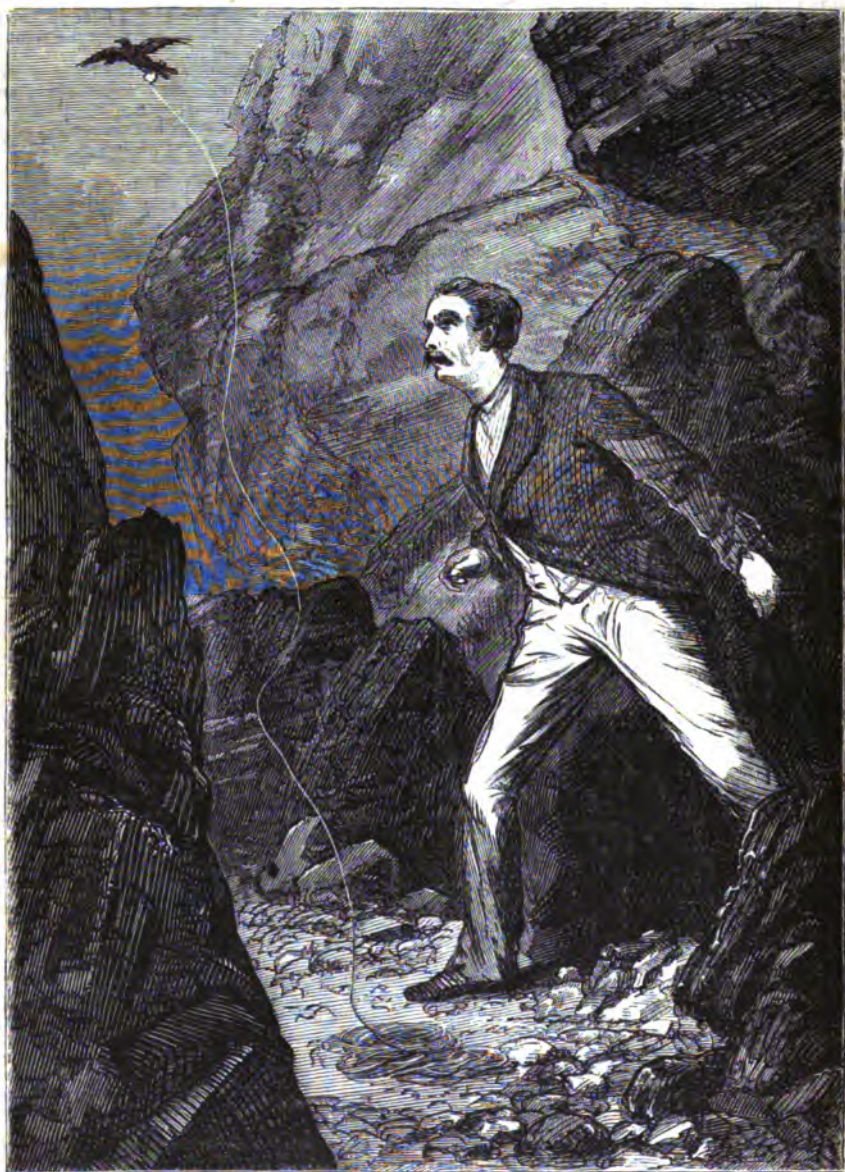
"Who has betrayed you, do you mean? It was your sister, sir; and meaning to wound me most cruelly, she has in reality done me service

in opening the eyes I had so perversely kept closed. Who but a poor blind fool could have imagined that a gentleman like you would really care for a poor rustic maid like me, or would think her heart too good to be broken, or her womanhood too holy to be insulted, if the sacrifice of both would help a lover's vengeance? Oh, it is a fine and noble thing to be 'a gentleman of birth and position,' as you described yourself, fair sir! and yet, so coarse and vulgar are my tastes, that methinks I had rather call the rudest

plowman who drinks his cider in my father's kitchen a gentleman, than one who would treat a woman as you have treated me."

She paused, shaken by the passion that lent her eyes such lustre, her lips such scorn, her cheeks such color, and her whole bearing such majesty, that Philip Fearing looked at her in astonished admiration for a moment; then seizing her hand, led her toward the door, saying only:

"Come! just as you are now; for never did



DOWN THE SHAFT.—"FOLDING UP THE NOTE CAREFULLY, AND TYING IT ON THE OTHER END OF THE STRING, HE SET THE BIRD AT LIBERTY. IT FLUTTERED ABOUT HIS HEAD FOR A MOMENT, AND THEN WENT SLOWLY UP."—SEE PAGE 44.



TERENCE M'CLUTCHY'S PUDDING.—“HE SAW THE PUDDING RISING IN THE MIDST OF CLOUDS OF STEAM! BUT NOT THE SIZE AT ALL OF THE PUDDING UNBOILED. IT WAS SO BIG AND ROUND, THAT IT LOOKED LIKE THE CUPOLA OF KIRRICH CHAPEL.”—SEE PAGE 45.

you, and never can you, look so bewilderingly beautiful.”

For a moment Bab held back, then yielded to the movement with even a prouder air than his own.

“It is my right,” said she, briefly. “You shall confess me as your lawful wife before these, your own friends and equals, lest evil tongues should dare to say that I never arrived at such honor.”

Hardly hearing, and never heeding her words, Fearing led her swiftly on, down the wide staircase, for the moment deserted, and into the long drawing-room, already crowded with guests; but hardly heeding these, he made his way to the upper end of the room, where stood his sister, talking apart with a stately and handsome woman, dressed in all the superb fashion of the time, and glittering with jewels.

As the two approached, Louisa glanced toward them, muttered a few rapid words in the ear of

her companion, and both ladies turned and stood with haughty eyes fixed upon the interloper, who had dared allow herself to be made the weapon of their chastisement.

“Mistress Marchmount, allow me the honor of presenting my wife to your acquaintance, and adding the hope that you will include her in the favor you have so graciously bestowed upon myself. Barbara, my love, this is Mistress Ellinor Marchmount, of whom I spoke so largely to you.”

The lady courtesied profoundly, Barbara slightly, and then the two looked at each other as swordsmen look who stand pledged to a duel à l'outrance.

“I am most happy, madame,” began the unmarried combatant, “in having the opportunity of making so fair an addition to the points of sympathy common to Mr. Fearing and myself; and I will even promise to make you free of those other points with which you cannot yet be ac-

quainted, since, as I understand, you have had but brief space in which to study them or him."

"That matter of sympathy called love includes, I believe, all the rest," replied Bab, casting a soft and smiling glance upon her husband. "So that, with all due acknowledgment for Mistress Marchmount's kind intentions, I fear that I am better fitted for teacher than pupil."

The color rose beneath the delicate rouge upon the lady's cheek, but she answered swiftly:

"No doubt you think so, fair lady; but the commodity called love, in the simple candor of rustic parlance, is quite another matter from that bandied about in our city circles, and by fine gentlemen like Mr. Fearing cast at the feet of almost every pretty woman they may encounter."

"And, perhaps, finding himself a trifle sickened by this corrupted love, and the city dames who will accept and wrangle over such a gift, Mr. Fearing bethought him to journey into the country for a sample of the pure commodity. But, sir," continued the bride, turning toward her husband with a quiet dignity that closed for the instant even Ellinor Marchmount's practiced lips, "we must not allow ourselves to neglect our other guests, even under such temptation. Shall we go on?"

Fearing replied by a profound bow, as he again took her hand in his; but as he raised his head and met the scornful eyes of his lost love, a sudden pride and resolution flashed into his own, and repaying the look with one strangely bordering on contempt, he drew his fair young wife closer to his side, and passed with her down the crowded rooms, introducing her to the friends or curious acquaintances who pressed forward to solicit the favor, and never failing, in every instance, to admire the grace, the dignity, the sparkling repartee which Uncle Ben's Bab had learned—heaven alone knows where!

At last, as they stood near the great doors leading into the hall, Bab's eyes grew suddenly weary and suppliant as she raised them to her lord's face.

"I am very tired, sir," said she, simply. "Allow me to go for a moment to my own rooms to rest and to compose myself."

"As you will, of course, sweetheart; and in very truth I should think you might be weary, for never did I see fine lady play her part more perfectly."

"And it is so tiring for one like me to feign a character so far from her own as that of 'lady!'" interposed Barbara, bitterly; and, snatching her hand from that of her husband, she fled swiftly up the stairs, leaving him, a statue of doubt and annoyance, at the foot.

"Now is she vexed again, just as I had put her in such good humor," muttered he, and was doubting whether to follow or not, when Louisa came hurriedly from the drawing-room toward him, and half angrily, half appealingly muttered,

"Ellinor Marchmount is ill, hysterical, I suppose, and I have brought her by the closets into the little breakfast-room, where I must attend her. Go you back, for heaven's sake, and entertain our guests, who else will all be wondering. Where is she—the girl—well, then, your wife, since so she is, I suppose?"

"No one who values my acquaintance had better doubt it, or fail to honor her," replied Philip, sternly, and as his sister quailed before his glance, added, more kindly, "Yes, I will go and do my best alone, for Barbara is tired and gone to her own room for a few moments; and you, poor girl, look as if you should follow her example. It is a weary merrymaking, Lou."

"Weary enough, dear Philip; but I must go to Ellinor, and afterward I will see if Barbara needs anything."

"That's my own good sister—my old comrade and upholder come again." And hastily pressing his lips upon his sister's hand, Fearing turned into the drawing-room while his sister hastened back to the proud sufferer whose stifled emotions had at last overcome her.

Neither of them saw the dark-cloaked figure who, half an hour later, fitted down the staircase, and out at the open door; and when Philip Fearing went to his bridal-chamber, once, and twice, and thrice, and found the door locked, and could get no response to his entreaties, he was too much a gentleman to expose what he considered either a burst of ill-temper or an excess of rustic prudery upon the part of his girl-wife, and so went quietly to his own room, and to sleep.

In the early morning came a messenger from the hotel where Uncle Ben had remained, bringing a dark cloak, and a letter for Mr. Philip Fearing. Hannah, wondering greatly, for she had already knocked twice at the door of the bridal-chamber without response, brought the letter herself to her young master's own bedroom, and waited for the answer. The letter ran simply thus:

"Good-by, Mr. Fearing. Your low-born wife will never disgrace you again by her presence among the fine friends who can, as I find, be even more spiteful to a rival than we rustics. My respects to your lady mother, to whom I am beholden, as also to Hannah—the woman who served me. They two, each in her degree, might teach even Miss Louisa Fearing, and her friends, something of gentle breeding, and Christian charity."

"Your obedient wife, (by name)

"BARBARA FEARING."

"P. S. The accompanying cloak I borrowed last night from the pegs in the hall, and return with thanks, as also the key of the bedchamber."

A wrathful and a perplexed man was he who read and angrily crumpled and tossed away this the first fruit of his married life, and hastily donning his clothes, he sallied out, and was soon making guarded but energetic inquiries of the landlord of the Brattle Square Hotel, who, wavering between respect for his questioner and class-sympathy with Uncle Ben and his daughter, told, in a tone varying as one sentiment or the other predominated, how the lady—Miss Fearing, he should say—had quietly walked in at the door of his house just as he was about to lock it for the night, had demanded to see her father, already asleep in his bed; and how the two, an hour later, had set forth in the landlord's own gig, proposing to hire horses at the stage-coach stations, and to reach home by the hour the mail-coach was leaving Boston.

"And did neither Mistress Fearing nor her father leave note or message for me?" asked the irate husband, as the story seemed finished.

"Why, sir, there was a cloak with a note pinned to it—"

"Yes, yes, I had that an hour ago. Nothing else?"

"No, sir, unless that Uncle Ben said, if you wanted to say aught to him, you knew where to find him," demurely replied Boniface, watching for the effect of this semi-defiant message; but Philip Fearing only smiled in the languid and scornful fashion most familiar to him, and drawing a gold doubloon from his waistcoat-pocket, he slipped it into the landlord's hand.

"If you can help gossiping over the matter, my friend, I hope that you will," said he, meaningly. "It will all be made right, of course, and the less you say about it, the better perhaps for you."

Cutting short "my friend's" profusion of promises, apologies, explanations, Mr. Fearing strolled away, took his breakfast down-town, and when at last he returned home, merely mentioned that

his wife had gone upon a visit, and that he was to follow her later.

No one questioned this account, and after a few days of expectation, nervousness and suspense on the part of the female members of the household, matters settled back much into their old routine, and as Louisa often remarked to her mother, "That horrid story of Phil's marriage seems nothing but a bad dream, after all."

But poor Madame Fearing's dreams, or waking thoughts, were fast hastening to their end. A heavy torpor already fastening upon her when her son brought home his young wife, seemed to increase from that night with strange rapidity, and a few weeks later the dear and sweet old lady passed gently, as a child falling asleep, into her eternal rest.

This his only tie to home broken at last, Philip Fearing threw off all restraint, and although he still nominally lived beneath the roof now his own, it was the last place where those who sought his company were likely to find him, nor were these companions of a class calculated to enjoy the society of poor, frigid, doleful Louisa, or the severe decorum of her desolate home.

At Uncle Ben's Bait, too, matters settled back into their old course, and Barbara, or, as she was now always styled, Mrs. Fearing, quietly resumed her place at the head of her father's house, as if that one day and night of strange experience had never been, or was with her, as with her haughty sister-in-law, no more than an ugly dream.

And so the weeks became months, the months years, and Barbara Fearing reached her twenty-fifth birthday.

"Will nothing ever happen again, nothing but this dead level of work and waiting?" muttered she, staring wearily into her little mirror as she dressed, and wondering that the image there reflected should still be fair and young, after such weary ages as seemed to her to have rolled over her life since that day—that day so long ago!

Her father's voice at the door broke upon her reverie.

"Hullo, my lass! Staring in your glass at this time o' day, and the maids running wild downstairs!"

"I'll be down directly, father. Oh, father, dear, it is my birthday!"

And in a strange passion of regret and longing, and sick impatience at her life, the girl threw herself upon his neck, sobbing wildly.

"Your birthday? Well, so it is, Bab, my dear, and what is that to cry at? You're none so old yet, and if you were, why, your market's made, you know; and that reminds me, here's a letter just come by Reuben Stokes's wagon, and I'm most certain it's—"

"Let me have it, father—and—and—I'll be down directly, if you will please go first, sir."

The door of the little room had no lock upon it, but Barbara shut it tight, and set her back against it, before she even glanced at her letter, with its great red seal, displaying the arms of the Fearing family, and its dashing address to—

"Mrs. Barbara Fearing, at The Bait, Oldham. This with dispatch."

"Yes, from him, no doubt; and this is his seal, and I have a right to put it on my letters, too, if I but had it, and should write to—Nay, but it will be long ere then, I can promise you, fair sir; and yet—But let us see what he can find to say."

And carefully cutting the paper around the seal, Barbara, at length, unfolded the thick, creamy sheet, and read:

"Fair wife—for such you owned yourself to be, even in the moment of deserting and insulting one who already was learning to love you—I wish to

say that your revenge has come. Sick, even as I hope unto death, I lie here, untended and forlorn, save by servants, who rob and mock at me.

"My mother is gone, and my sister has deserted this house, saying that it was no longer fit for a decent woman's home, as, indeed, I think was true; Mistress Ellinor Marchmont sent word by her flunky, the last time I called at her door, that she was not at home, or likely to be, even while she sat staring out of window at me; and in truth, Barbara, the world has deserted me, and I am most miserable—most forlorn.

"I would like to see you once more, sweet-heart, before I die, you whom I have treated so ill, and yet, have come nearer to loving, I believe, than any woman since my mother.

"I do not say more of what I am feeling, for, in faith, I can hardly myself believe that anything good, or likely to find grace in your sight, could come from a poor sinner like myself. And yet, dame, I may still boast me of one thing, for I am still,
Your very husband,

"PHILIP FEARING."

This letter Barbara read and re-read, folded it, placed it in her bosom, and went swiftly down the stairs to the portico where Uncle Ben stood waiting.

"Father, you love me, and it is my birthday, and you will not thwart me to-day, of all days in the year?"

"Well, lass, what is it? He has whistled, and thou'rt all of a quiver to be gone, eh?"

"Father, my husband is sick, unto death it may be, and he is all alone, and sends for me. Will you send me forth with your blessing, and your consent?"

"With or without them, thou'lt go, then?"

"I must go, father, I must. Dear father, help me, and love me, for my dead mother's sake."

"There, there, lass, have thy way; and never doubt, howe'er it turns out, that thy old father loves thee, and that a home is ready for thee here, though they should turn thee out again there below."

That same night, Philip Fearing, tossing upon his fevered and disordered pillows, felt a cool hand laid upon his brow, and heard a low voice saying:

"He does not know me at all, Hannah."

"No, ma'am; he knows nobody these three days."

"And that's a lie for you, Hannah," broke in the sick man. "For I know my wife, and I'm glad to see her. Go, tell Miss Louisa that she is here; and when Mistress Marchmont comes to the party to-night, say that your lady is not at home—not at home, sweetheart, and she sitting at the window, and staring out at me, with her bold black eyes; not like yours, Bab—not like your pretty eyes. Give me a kiss, wife."

And lightly pressing her fresh lips upon his burning brow, Barbara Fearing shuddered in remembering that this was her bridal cares.

After this came weeks and months of illness, and painful convalescence, until, in the gloaming of an Autumn evening, the invalid, resting upon his sofa, said, dreamily:

"I am well now, Barbara. Let us go abroad."

Silence for a moment, and then the answer:

"Yes, you are quite strong now, Philip. You do not need a nurse, or even a traveling-companion."

"No; but I need you, Bab. What are you talking of, child?"

"Did you hear that Ellinor Marchmont called to-day, and asked after you? She has been here almost every day, and to-day she left this note for you."

"A note! Give it me, Bab."

He rose from his sofa as he spoke, eagerly

opened and read the little note, then, with a grim smile, laid it upon the fire, and watched it burn.

"Forgive her!" muttered he. "Faith, I have forgotten what she ever did to offend or to please me. Ellinor Marchmont! The name sounds strange and far away, and if it moves me at all, it is with weariness and disgust. Barbara! wife! my safety and my comfort and my life! come to me, darling!"

But, even with his arms about her, and his kisses on her mouth, she could not quite yield her point, and murmured, rebelliously:

"But I had resolved to go home next week."

"Home, my darling! Your home is in my arms and in my heart, and you shall never leave it again."

"Unless you turn me out again," whispered Bab.

There was love and mutual understanding at length.

Down the Shaft.

THE old Alleghany and Bottsford Mine had proved a failure; not, however, until some eighteen or twenty thousand dollars were expended on it. Now the deserted shaft, three hundred feet deep, and a long tunnel in Bottsford Mountain, were the only visible signs of what had been done.

Newman Higborn, while crossing this very mountain, strayed away from the rest of his party, wandered in the direction of the deserted shaft, and before he discovered it was too late, he had tripped, and fallen into the terrible pit. His walking-stick catching here and there against the jagged sides, helped lessen the speed; but down, down, down he went, and struck the bottom, bruised, but alive.

While smarting with pain, a feeling of thankfulness came over him for the preservation of his life. After all, thought he, there is no good in it down three hundred feet in the earth. He had only been saved to die of starvation. Alas! his thoughts were gloomy enough.

All through the long night he tried to conjecture some possible way to get out, but nothing good could be thought of. He must simply stay there, and die.

The next morning, after devouring a baker's loaf, which, fortunately, he had in his pocket, he waited. His room was only a few feet across, and all the curiosities there he soon examined, as well as he could by the faint light of a few matches.

Higborn was not one to be discouraged under ordinary circumstances, but now the terrible situation that he was in was gradually making a strong impression on him. The more he thought about it, the more it unmanned him.

He was getting thirsty; no water was in the place—not even the drops that so frequently trickle down the sides of just such places.

The day wore on. Night came. Weak and hungry, he laid down, and fell into a deep sleep. He dreamed about the "Woolen Stocking" over and over again.

It was an old story that he had read very many times in childhood, about the workman in England who was left alone on the top of a high chimney, after the scaffolding had been taken down; and he unraveled his stocking, and let the tiny thread to the ground, by which he was able to pull up a strong string, and by that a small rope, and finally a rope strong enough for him to slide down on; so the story went, and so went his dream.

He awoke. Why should he have such a dream? He had known that story by heart so long. He wasn't on the top of a chimney; down deep in the

earth was quite a different thing. While he was musing over this curious story and dream, a swallow fluttered down the shaft, and dropped at his side. The poor bird was frightened, but not dead.

Suddenly a thought possessed Newman Higborn, and he put the swallow under his hat. Eager, weak, a ray of hope. He tore off his shoes and stockings, which he carefully unraveled, making a circular pile of the threads which would not snarl.

He worked eagerly yet patiently, until both stockings formed one long thread. This he carefully—how very carefully!—tied to the bird's tail-feathers, and put the bird under the hat once more; then, taking his pencil, he wrote on a bit of paper, by the light of matches:

"I am starving at the bottom of the shaft on Bottsford Mountain. I pray you send help."

"NEWMAN HIGBORN."

Then, folding it up, and tying it carefully on the other end of the string, he set the bird at liberty. It fluttered about his head for a moment, and then went slowly up.

Now a faint, glad hope stole into his heart; it grew stronger as the bird still ascended. Yes—noble little swallow!—the string was growing less every moment. Perhaps a life hung by that thread. The bird disappeared out of the mouth above.

How many chances, after all, had he? He shuddered when he thought how slight they were. Should the bird go to the right or to the left after reaching open air, how easily, by the friction on the shaft's outer edge, would the thread be worn off.

Little birdie found, after getting out, that it was harder to fly one side, and so sailed high up into the air.

Higborn could now see it again, the sun shining brightly on its wings; he knew it must be far above the surface. The note had gone up; five, ten, it must have gone fifteen minutes already, and so his forlorn hope must now be in mid-air.

The party of three, with which Higborn started, had missed him some time, and now were giving anxious search. They had passed and repassed the old shaft, and it had not occurred to them that he might have fallen in there. They had looked down into it once, out of mere curiosity, but saw only blackness below.

As they were discussing what should be done next, one said:

"What is that by you, Fitts?"

"Where?"

"There, not three feet on your right; a string, yarn, or something. Why, it lays a long way on the bushes."

"Pull it," said Sam Higborn, Newman's brother.

Fitts pulled it, and a bird fluttered about two rods away.

"Why, the poor bird is tied to that string; I wonder what inhuman rascal could have been guilty of such a thing?"

"It's a swallow," said Fitts.

"I wonder where it's tied?" said Sam.

"Perhaps it's somebody's favorite bird," said Fitts.

"Favorite or no favorite, I'm going to give the poor thing its liberty," and he cut the string.

Birdie knew not what that meant, and in a moment was up among the clouds. Sam followed the string, and suddenly called to Fitts:

"Come here, Fitts; here is a note on the end of this string."

He tore it open, and read aloud:

"I am starving at the bottom of the shaft on Bottsford Mountain. I pray you, send help."

"NEWMAN HIGBORN."

"Good heavens, Fitts! Down in that hole—alive! Not twenty yards from here. It can't be, yet he says so."

Both rushed for the shaft.

The bird had gone up the shaft an hour ago. Newman was anxiously waiting; he had watched the mouth of the shaft above, until, weary, he had laid down, resting one cheek on his hand.

He had not been in that position long, when he was suddenly startled by some little chips of wood falling about him, and at the same time he heard voices echoing down the shaft.

He looked up, and could see two persons looking down.

Oh, how he shouted! A few more anxious moments, and a billet dropped at his side. He lighted a match, and read:

"We are here, and will bring help as soon as possible."
SAM HIGBORN AND FITTS."

He shouted "Hurrah!" back, which was only a roaring, incoherent noise when it reached the open air. This was hope indeed, although three hundred feet above him.

The peculiar atmosphere he had to breathe was telling strongly on him; his strength was not the same as yesterday, and his bruised condition was not calculated to make him contented with his lot.

But his new hope seemed to help him in every way.

A long hour passed—two, three. Night came. Four, five, six, seven hours. Something was coming down. He could see the light of a lantern at the top. Thump, thump, thump, and a rope, a stout rope, hit his head.

Oh, how eagerly he seized it, and how carefully he made a knotted loop, and how easily he slipped into it! Then he gave it a vigorous shaking, and shouted:

"Pull!"

Up, up, up, slowly, hopefully—up, surely, higher—now it stopped, and went down a few feet. His heart came up into his mouth. Up again, slowly. He sees the stars above him—higher, almost—a moment more, and he is on the broad earth again, saved, weak, but alive.

Newman Highborn owes his life to one little bird, and it was gone.

Terence M'Clutchy's Pudding.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

FICTION! by my sowl, it's no fiction I'm about telling you, although I don't rightly know what ye mane by fiction! If mine's a fiction, it was boiled, for the haro of my story was a pudding, with all the right principles of a good Christian in the making up of it.

First, do ye know Grab Hall? It's the big house that belongs to Terence McClutchy, Esq.—who comes of a very ould, ancient family—wid a grand coat-of-arms over the front door, like the sign of the shebeen-house, only not a bit is there any "good entertainment for man and boae" at Grab Hall.

It's mighty ould was Terence, and if it wasn't that he wore a thick waistcoat, he'd have had nothing to button his coat over, for the only thing he stuffed was his purse, keeping himself as lank as a stoeking widout any leg in it.

His housekeeper, Mrs. Biddy McCabe, was the

very model of him for thinness. Her sole amusement was to drive a half-starved drudge of a maid-servant about the mansion, for fear she should enjoy her miserable food.

The poor deluded squire, by his avarice, seemed to think that he was saving for the next world. He certainly never gave anything away but advice, and that on the doorstep, for he'd not the slightest idea of the hospitality that is the greatest pride in the poorest peasant of Ireland, so bad luck went with him for his cold-heartedness and stinginess, and he had to take a lesson from a pudding! Oh, it's a fact, as you'll see as I get on with my tale; and nothing but the truth will I spake, for I'd quarrel with my tongue if it told even the least bit of a lie, for the sake of putting the blarney upon you.

It was at the holy Christmas time that Squire Terence got his lesson, and no mistake; and his stingy housekeeper got a blast, that took all the nerves out of her for many a day.

Well, then, the Christmas came as it always does, with a great hullabaloo and rejoicing to some people, and an awkward grind to other poor wretches, whose only smell of Christmas is attainable through the kitchen chimneys of their luckier, or, perhaps, more provident neighbors.

The squire's pudding was getting on galore. There was plenty of everything to make a highly respectable pudding; sorrow a less, and good reason, too, for the hampers came, close upon each other, to the rich squire, from many a poor tenant, who wanted it more at home, but daren't forget to send it, with the best wishes of the season, which in most cases meant quite the reverse. So the pudding was a thumper; for they—that is, the squire and Biddy—meant to stop their stomachs with it for some time, as it was a "git pudding."

As to sending slices for the opinions of the neighbors, they laughed at such an idea, as a wasteful bit of nonsensical complimentary fudge—and you'll see what came of it.

The pudding was made, and, wid its cloth suit, and a double tie on its top, took the three, housekeeper, maid, and master, to put it in the copper.

The poor servant's mouth watered as she kept up the fire, and listened to the bubbling of the water, which seemed to hold a muttered conversation with the rich, big pudding; and she thought, only she couldn't swear it—being a pious girl, and not free to swear—that she heard another sound like a person speaking wid plums in his mouth. But she was between sleeping and waking, so what she thought between whiles couldn't be taken in evidence.

As the day began to peep into the great wash-house, where the copper was kicking up a deuce of a row, as if the pudding was beginning to lie rather heavy on its stomach, the half-starved girl gave herself a sort of shuddering shake, to pull herself together; then she crammed in more sticks, so as to keep up the blaze until she went into the kitchen and got the kettle boiling for the master and Biddy McCabe.

The breakfast was soon got over, as the tea wasn't strong, and the toast did not require much perseverance to get through; so the pudding being the great event of the mean, miserable house, the three, like the witches over the cauldron in Macbeth, stood by the bubbling, hissing copper.

Biddy McCabe handled her big fork of office wid a flourish and a chuckle, for the steam sent forth an appetizing smell. Off went the lid, and flat on her back fell Biddy, wid a scream and a skirl that was frightful to hear!

The master was stooping to pick her up, when he stopped with astonishment and terror, for he saw—

The girl soon joined with a whole score of little

screams, for she had not the strength for a thumping scream, for she saw—

The pudding rising in the midst of clouds of steam! but not the size at all of the pudding unboiled. It was so big and round, that it looked like the cupola of Kirrich Chapel.

As the cloth was wet, you could distinctly see eyes, nose and mouth through its thinness; and, oh! the horrid voice that made itself heard out of that pudding's head! Faith, they were words more fit for a parson than a mere pudding.

"Squire McClutchy," says the pudding, "listen, for as you were the making of me, I'm permitted to give you one chance of saving yourself from a hotter place than this; for if, after what I say and do, you don't take heed, you're a lost man; and the same fate is ready for that old scheming skinkfin that lies at your feet on the small of her back. Christmas puddings, you omadhaun, were always intended to bring a blessing on the house where they were made, and not an indigestion; and when I step out of this, I will show you the right thing to do with the blessings that heaven has particularly favored you with, all of which you shut down in the remorseless trap of your covetousness, never giving them a chance of flying to the houses of the poor and aged, and cheering the darkness 'with their white wings.' Take heed, Clutchy, for in your blindness you think that you are adding to the sum total of your gold; but you are, unconsciously, putting down to the last account all your evil deeds, and want of the common feelings of humanity.

"And you, Biddy Cabe," continued the pudding—"you, woman only in name, with a withered heart, like the kernel of a last year's nut—stand up, and hear me draw a full-length portrait of your ugliness. 'You're honest,' you'd say; but a pest on such honesty, for it's only like the rogue who wouldn't steal the eggs out of the nest because he hoped they'd come to chickens; and, night and morning, you have a side-wish that the master was with his ancestors, and you were looking over his savings! Fie! you'd be a fit heir to the McClutchy, and an unmentionable gentleman would grin over you when he saw you take his bait so easily, and wouldn't he shut down the trap! Oh, if I weren't a pudding, I'd laugh! Ah, your master little thinks how you watch with delight the wrinkles that oobweb his face, like the lines in a diary marking off his life! Bah! I'm sick an' shocked at the pair of you! Get out of my way, or I'll scald you!"

Without more ado, he put two plum-pudding hands on the edge of the copper, and raised himself to the brink, popped over two legs of a reasonable shape, and then stopped for a moment, for the hot water to run off of him and the steam to blow off, when he untied the cloth from about him, and showed a face that had a grin upon it of a most provoking nature.

"Now get out of the way, you spalpeens," said he, "for I'm going to take a walk round the village, where every one has a knife and fork, but sorrow a pudding to cut with it. I'm at their service as long as there is a bit of me left, and I won't forget to leave your compliments with the slices."

Biddy McCabe stepped back with horror, and plumped into a round tub containing the soap-suds of yesterday's wash. The servant clutched at her master in sheer distraction, and knocked his bit of a wig under the copper-hole, to its complete annihilation. But heedless of these mishaps, the pudding stalked on upon its errand of charity.

In the bright moonlight, tripping over the snow, came the pudding—at least, a very thin slice of it: and it popped in, although the door

was but ajar. It brought comfort to the miserable hearts of McClutchy and Biddy, saying:

"You should have heard the good wishes and blessings that have been poured upon you this day: they must have kept St. Peter quite busy in putting them on the file; and mighty puzzled he must have been, for he had never heard your names before, so don't forget to keep straight, now I've shown you the way. Don't stint in your charity; scatter your gold with love and kindness, and you'll never be a coin the poorer. It will all be returned to you a thousandfold, in a form that requires no locks and keys. You have little time left to do it in, but the will and the wish will aid you, and be received as if you'd a hundred years to do it in, for didn't the good priest say, 'It's never too late to mend'?"

A Mother's Stratagem.

In June, 18—, the ship *Wanderer* left the settlement of Monrovia, coast of Liberia, having on board, among her passengers, bound home to the United States, Mr. Benton, a young missionary, and his beautiful wife Helen, with their child—a little girl, three years old.

For two weeks the vessel encountered a succession of headwinds and violent squalls, which, driving her toward land, at length compelled her captain to anchor in a small bay on the coast of Morocco.

It was a beautiful spot, but a few hundreds of yards from one of the half-detached peaks of the Atlas Mountains.

Gazing inland, the passengers beheld a wealth of verdure, with tall trees and climbing plants, and flowers of variegated hue, many of the latter ascending to the very tops of the rocky hills, and hanging down in long, graceful festoons over the valleys between.

In the afternoon, the gale having abated, the captain lowered a boat to make soundings in the bay.

"I would so like to take little Clara ashore," said Helen to her husband. "You know she has been teasing us all day long for some of those pretty flowers."

"Very well; if the captain will take the trouble to put us ashore, we will go," said Benton.

The captain having readily given his consent, the two passengers were soon landed on the beach.

"Don't go too far away, sir," said the skipper, as he shoved off again.

But little Clara, breaking from her parents, now ran up one of the lofty rocky elevations, the sides of which were covered with shrubbery of the most attractive colors.

"Wait for me, George," said Helen to her husband, "and I will bring her back."

The height the child was ascending not being very steep, she had proceeded about a hundred yards ere her mother overtook her. The naked arms and shoulders of the little one were by this time scratched in several places, from contact with the briars. Mrs. Benton, therefore, dipping her handkerchief in a spring trickling down a rock, was about applying it to the bleeding parts, when she was suddenly startled by a roar, deep and prolonged, like rumbling thunder, apparently emerging from the very heart of the mountain, and shaking it to its centre!

Terrified, she turned, to behold an awful spectacle—the huge, bristling head and round, glaring eyes of that most dreadful of wild beasts—an *African lion*!

First the head, and then the supple, tawny body, appeared from the shrubbery, the tail whisking furiously to and fro; the mane standing on end. The

fiery tongue and sharp fangs visible, as a second roar came booming from the cavernous throat.

"My God! my God!" was all the poor lady could gasp, as, with a mother's instinct, she snatched the child to her breast.

Mr. Benton now saw her danger. He was unarmed, but he shouted to the men in the boat, who, twining, also perceived Helen's danger.

To gain the ship's side, to call for and obtain loaded muskets, was, with the captain, the work of a few minutes. Then he directed the boat ashore. A crackling report was heard as one of the weapons was discharged, and, with a terrible roar, the lion turned, slightly wounded, looking toward the seamen.

Only for a moment, however; the next, away he went in pursuit of Mrs. Benton, who, with the speed of desperation, her child clasped tightly in her arms, was fleeing up the height.

On she ran, the lion, though wounded, gaining fast. Now and then she would turn to behold that hideous head within a few yards of her, the eyes now resembling great white circles, with lambent points of flame in the centre, while the closed teeth and wrinkled nostrils betokened that it scented the blood from the scratches the little one had received, and which had roused to the utmost the hungry desires of the savage beast.

Gasping, panting, wild with terror and anxiety, the fugitive hurried along, scarcely hearing, far below, the shouts of the pursuing seamen. They could not help her—they were not near enough. The victims would be torn to pieces and devoured long ere they could attack the lion.

This, Mrs. Benton comprehended. She saw no way of escape—her only help was in God.

Watching the two figures, as he sped on at the head of the seamen the missionary almost screamed in his great agony, expecting every moment to see his wife and child fall a prey to the monster. The lion now being in a line with the fugitive, the muskets were useless in the hands of the sailors, who would not fire at the beast, from fear of hitting Mrs. Benton.

The strength of the latter, in spite of all her efforts, was evidently giving way. Her limbs trembled under her—she awayed from side to side—her gasping sobs could be heard even by the sailors.

The savage pursuer now gained with fearful rapidity.

"Great heaven!" screamed Mr. Benton, striking his forehead with his hand, "can nothing be done?"

"Fire!" shouted the missionary. "I give you leave. There is no other alternative."

"True," answered the captain, as pale as death; "it must be either *the lion or the bullet*."

He gave his orders; the men took aim, and fired. But neither the beast nor the lady was harmed. In their fear lest they should hit the latter, the marksmen had aimed too high.

On went pursuer and pursued, the lion now not more than two yards behind his intended victims.

Mrs. Benton saw ahead a clump of slender trees, evidently growing from a cleft in the rock. A wild hope animated her, and gave renewed strength to her faltering limbs. By getting behind the trees, and dodging, might she not contrive to elude the animal until the party from below should arrive?

The cluster of trees was now the coveted goal, and she strained every nerve to reach it. But when she was within ten feet of it, she met with a fearful disappointment—a deep, yawning chasm, right in her path, between her and the trees, and which had hitherto been hidden from her sight by high bushes fringing the edge.

The chasm was too wide to leap over. She

turned, and stood at bay—her back to the abyss, her face toward the lion.

There seemed no hope now. Death was before and behind her, hemming her in on both sides.

The lion paused as she turned toward him. He uttered a growl of triumph, and crouched for the fatal spring.

The lady strained her child closer to her breast. To descend the dark depths of the chasm was preferable to being torn by that savage monster.

There was no time to lose. In another moment the tawny body must come swooping down upon her.

But now a quick, wild thought—a mother's inspiration—flashed through her mind.

Under the armpits she clasped the child with each hand, and raised it *high above her head*, so that the bleeding scratches on its white flesh were fully exposed to the lion's view.

That sight roused to the full the uncontrollable desires of the savage breast.

With a smothered roar, he shot up from the rock, his huge form cleaving the air with one tremendous bound for the child.

That was what Mrs. Benton had waited for. By elevating her child, she had compelled the lion to take a lofty leap, and now, with her little one, she quickly sank flat on the rock, thus eluding the monster, which, uttering one long, wild, terrible roar, was carried headforemost, out of sight for evermore, into the frightful depths of the chasm.

Nearly senseless from the fatigue and excitement she had undergone, Mrs. Benton was soon after conveyed to the ship by her rejoicing friends, who next day left far behind them the place of that exciting scene of a mother's peril and timely stratagem.

The Jackass Rabbit.

If the Irishman who is reported to have exclaimed, in coming across a jackass for the first time, "Be jabbers! the great *great* grandfather of all the rabbits!" had but encountered one of our American jackass-rabbits, he would have beheld an animal surpassing in length of ear even the ancestor to whom his rabbits were accredited.

The jackass-rabbit's ears are, in fact, much longer than his head. Flapping among the stunted vegetation of the plains, as their owner covers the country with a series of prodigious bounds, these ears might be, and, in fact, often are, mistaken for a bird in flight, skimming along near the surface of the ground.

When frightened, however, the Texas hare, as it is sometimes called, lays the ears close back, brings its body into the form of a semicircle, and clears the flora of its *habitat* with flying leaps that bear it in safety from the wolf, or even from the swifter hawk.

Its swiftness, which is unparalleled among hares, is its only means of safety, as it seeks no other hiding-place or protection than a little scratch in the earth, or the shade afforded by a sage-bush.

The contrast of color about the head and tail is very decided when running from you, the position in which it is usually seen. The general color of the back is a light brownish yellow. The sides of the rump, the tibial region all around, and the outer surfaces of the forelegs, light ash or bluish gray, finely and fairly marked with paralleled lines of black. The tail is white beneath and black above; the nape and base of the ears are black; abdomen beneath, pure white.

In some localities, during the Winter, the coarse and stinking creosote-plant constitutes its only food. Its ability to sustain itself upon such a diet is evidence of its hardihood, and proves it

able to exist where any other animal of the kind would perish.

Although by no means a delicate morsel, its flesh being hard and dry, highly and not very pleasantly flavored, it is often eaten, and has probably not seldom kept travelers alive when no other food was to be had. It brings forth two or three young at a birth.

Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) gives a graphic account of this animal in "Roughing It." We cannot do better than transcribe his humorous and characteristic description:

"As the sun was going down," he says, "we saw the first specimen of an animal, known familiarly over two thousand miles of mountain and desert—from Kansas clear to the Pacific Ocean—as the 'jackass-rabbit.' He is well named. He is just like any other rabbit, except that he is from one-third to twice as large, has longer legs in proportion to his size, and has the most preposterous ears that ever were mounted on any creature *but* a jackass.

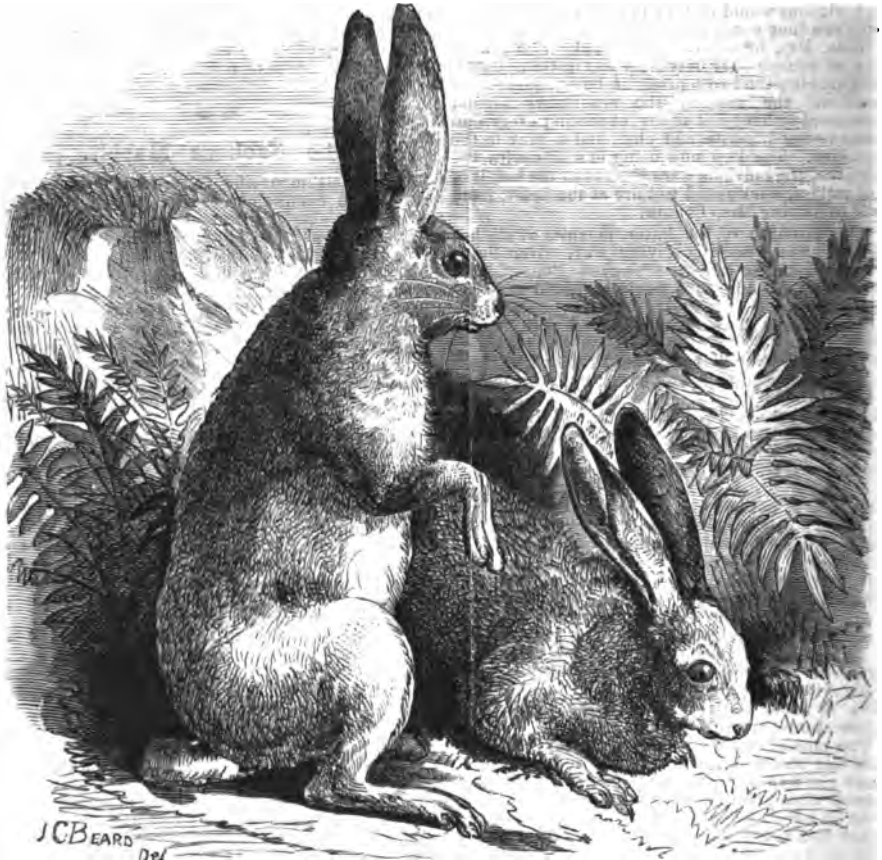
"When he is sitting quiet, thinking about his sins, or is absent-minded, or unapprehensive of danger, his majestic ears project above him conspicuously; but the breaking of a twig will scare him nearly to death, and then he tilts his ears back gently, and starts for home. All you can see then for the next minute is his long form stretched out straight, and 'streaking it' through the low sage-bushes, head erect, eyes right, and

ears just canted to the rear, but showing you where the animal is, just the same as if he carried a jib.

"Now and then he makes a marvelous spring with his long hindlegs high over the stunted sage-bushes, and scores a leap that would make a horse envious. Presently he comes down to a long graceful 'lope,' and shortly he mysteriously disappears. He has crouched behind a sage-bush, and will sit there, and listen and tremble until you get within six feet of him, when he will get under way again.

"But one must shoot at the creature once, if he wishes to see him throw his heart into his heels, and do the best he knows how. He is frightened clear through now, and he lays his long ears down on his back, straightens himself out like a yardstick every spring he makes, and scatters miles behind him with an easy indifference that is enebanting.

"Our party made this specimen 'hump himself,' as the conductor said. The secretary started him with a shot from the Colt, I commenced spitting at him with my weapon, and all at the same instant old 'Allen's' whole broadside let go with a rattling crash, and it is not putting it too strong to say that the rabbit was frantic. He dropped his ears, set up his tail, and left for San Francisco at a speed which can only be described as a flash and a vanish. Long after he was out of sight, we could hear him whiz."



THE JACKASS-RABBIT.



ALL ABOUT A VENTILATOR.—“‘I SAY, WORTH,’ BEGAN CHARLEY, BEAMING ALL OVER WITH DELIGHT, ‘HERE’S THE BEST JOKE OF THE SEASON.’”

All about a Ventilator.

If walls have ears, so have hotel-doors—great wide, flapping ears, which possess a treasonable faculty for receiving information never intended for them, and which have probably been the unconscious causes of worlds of misery. But their receptive talents have occasionally served a good purpose, and they did this in my case.

We were all stopping at the Overlook—sister Winnie and her husband, John Worth, Charley Montague, Carrie Sinclair, and myself. The first-mentioned couple were on their bridal tour, and the last four were traveling accompaniments,

who, having “assisted” at the wedding, were invited to enjoy the tour.

Charley Montague was my affianced husband, and report said that John Worth would soon stand the same relation to Carrie Sinclair.

John was a splendid fellow, but very distant and reserved, excepting on rare occasions, when some individual, specially favored, managed to draw him out; then he would delight everybody with his unexpected conversational powers.

Some way he and I had never agreed. I was one of the wild kind, seldom silent, liking fun and frolic, and taking no pains to hide my preferences. I used to fancy that he frowned down on

my ways—that he considered me more an undisciplined child than an intelligent, educated woman, and resented his imaginary superiority with spirit.

Carrie was just his kind, staid and demure, with deep wells of enjoyment and appreciation, which were all the more valuable from the difficulty one had in bringing them to light. Everybody said that would be “a splendid match,” she and John were so exactly suited to each other, and, for the same reason, the same thing was prophesied of Charley and me. For he was another of your harum-scarum kind, always ready for a romp, and stoutly refusing to be shocked at my most *outré* adventures. We always got on delightfully together; he seconded me and I upheld him, and I really believed, when I promised to become his wife, that he was the one man of the universe for whom I was exactly suited.

Well, some way, after starting out on this tour, this impression began to be weakened. I liked Charley just as well as ever, and he liked me just as well—no difference there; but, for all that, something was wrong that we both felt. And then my dislike for John Worth changed into an odd sort of awe, which set me trembling and blushing whenever I was in his presence, and caused me a deal of angry anxiety.

Then I used to take preternatural pains to snub and shock the poor fellow, and his placid ignoring of these only served to make me angrier than ever.

Carrie was my room-mate. Calm and placid as she invariably was, she sometimes exasperated me beyond all endurance. But one night, after I had wakened suddenly to find her shaking the bed with passionate and half-suppressed sobs, this exasperation melted down into compassion, and I vaguely felt that my restless, uncomprehended misery was small in comparison to the woe which could so move this self-contained woman.

Charley and John had their room directly opposite ours. Upon this fact hinges my story.

Well, for days ours had been a comically dubious quartet. (Sister Minnie and her spouse were altogether too much absorbed in themselves to pay much attention to us poor hangers-on.) Charley and I had made unsuccessful attempts in the sensational line. He had tried to get up some “Antics and Horribles,” and I had manufactured a ghost; but they were spiritless efforts, and were received with such utter indifference as to utterly discourage our weak ambition. John and Carrie, about that time, lived more in themselves than ever before—which was needless.

“They don’t seem to have much to say to each other,” said Charley, anxiously, one night, after we had all been unusually glum. “It don’t seem to me they can be engaged. What do you think, Kate?”

“No, indeed!” said I, impetuously, never once stopping to think why my negative should be so eager, nor why I should be so glad to be able to reply in that way; “I’m sure they’re not.”

It seemed funny to me that Charley should look relieved at my answer; but I was too much engaged with myself just then to pay much attention to him, so I went on, furiously (talking about that “affair” always made me furious):

“I wish I need never see that John Worth again so long as I live!”

Charley sighed—my sentiments on the John Worth question were too well known to cause him much surprise.

All that evening I devoted myself to worrying John Worth. I sang drinking-songs, talked slang, laughed loudly, and waltzed vigorously—all to no purpose! He ventured no reproof or comment, and was as gloomily indifferent as pos-

sible. Carrie and Charley looked on in placid astonishment, at least it would have been placid if Charley could have managed to do away with a hard-set expression round his mouth, which wasn’t common there, and if Carrie hadn’t looked as if she would burst out crying every moment. Altogether, it was a very unsatisfactory evening, and I for one was glad when it was over, and Carrie and I had retired to our room for the night.

“Well, Carrie,” said I, as she commenced unbuttoning her No. 2 boots, in serene unconsciousness of my survey, “why don’t you have a good cry, and done with it? You’ll feel ever so much better.”

“What do you mean?” and the poor child flushed so painfully, that I almost wished I had kept my knowledge of her mental condition to myself; but I had involved myself beyond all escape, and so went on, coolly:

“I mean what I say. Your heart is chock-full of tears, and you won’t have any relief till they find vent. Heaven knows I don’t wish to force your confidence; but, maybe, Carrie, if you were to tell me your trouble, I could help you.”

“I have nothing to tell,” she answered, with a deeper flush than before, and I, enraged with myself for asking that which she had failed to proffer, said, sullenly, “Very well,” and went in silence to the work of disrobing.

We crept into bed without a word. Soon Charley and John came up-stairs. We heard them bustling about their room, and finally John spoke up suddenly, with that piercing tenseness of voice which indicates strong emotion:

“Charley, I’m going to leave this place to-morrow.”

Charley whistled—that was his way of showing astonishment; an aggravating way it was, too—then repeated:

“Going to leave this place—phew!” then, after an exasperating pause, “Why, I thought you liked it here.”

“So I do”—tersely; “but I’m going, nevertheless.”

Charley whistled again—I could have choked him!—then asked, in a cavernous whisper that was quite as distinct as his ordinary voice:

“Say, she hasn’t given you the mitten, has she?”

“I presume you are speaking of Miss Sinclair,” Mr. Worth answered. “No, she has not given me the mitten, nor have I the remotest idea of giving her an opportunity of doing so.”

I drew a long sigh of relief—it may have been imagination, but I thought Charley did the same thing—and he went on:

“Everybody imagines that Carrie and I were ‘made for each other,’ because we happen to have the same kind of natures. Now, I contend the very reverse. We are good friends, and always shall be, but she could no more be happy with me as her husband than I could be happy with her as my wife. I should as soon think of marrying my sister.”

“But won’t she feel bad?” asked that goose Charley, at which query Carrie, who had been lying still as any mouse, started up impatiently.

I would have given worlds to see her face just then, but it was too dark for anything of the kind; yet, I was the next to start, for he continued, in a dolorous way:

“I should as soon think of giving up heaven!”

Carrie was sitting bolt upright, and I, in my eager astonishment, sat bolt upright also. The situation was getting exciting.

“What do you mean?” And John Worth’s voice had a tone of angry scorn, which I only half understood. “You, with the love of such a woman as Kate Meredith, talking in this way of another. I confess I can’t understand it.”

"Such a woman as Kate Meredith!"—I repeated the words mechanically. Why, I had imagined he thought me more of a monkey or wild-cat than woman; but my attention was distracted from this most astonishing sentence by Charley, who answered, in a half-confused, half-apologetic way:

"Well, I suppose it's the same way between Kate and me that it is between you and Carrie—we're too much alike; although I don't suppose I could convince the poor child of the fact."

This was too much! I leaped out of bed with a frantic desire to vindicate my love-lorn reputation, and then stood still to hear John's incredulous—

"You don't love her?"

"Why, yes, I do, too," was the eager reply. "But I love her just about as you do Carrie—like a sister, you know. The truth is, Worth, I'm a miserable man!"

"This, then, is the state of things"—and John's voice grew tenser: "you love Carrie, and are going to marry Kate."

"Why, yes," admitted his companion, reluctantly. "Kate ain't one of the kind that loves lightly. I believe it would break her heart if I were to cast her off; and, anyway, Carrie couldn't love me. I ain't one of her kind."

Here Carrie gave a little deprecating gasp, which opened my eyes to the state of her affections; but the revelation affected me less, because of my indignation at the picture of myself so pleasantly held up to view. John continued:

"Well, it seems to be a hopeless mix. I would advise you, if I could do so disinterestedly; but I can't. Kate Meredith is dearer to me than any woman on the face of the earth; but she dislikes me cordially."

"Yes, so she does," put in that stupid Charley, consoling. "I wish she didn't. I was talking to her about it no longer ago than this evening; but if you were an idiot or a blackamoore, you couldn't stand a worse chance."

"I suppose so," said John.

Evidently the conversation had gone far enough for him, for, after a moment, he said, "Good-night," and there was silence; for Charley, goose as he was, knew how to take a hint.

"Did you ever see such a fool in all your life?" I asked, indignantly, of my room-mate.

She was crimson, and evidently believed in Charley's version of the state of my affections. I could see that by the pity spread out all over her sweet face.

"If he hadn't been an idiot," I continued, infuriated beyond measure at the sympathy so needlessly proffered, "he could have seen that I wanted to get rid of him weeks ago. You can't understand it; but you are perfectly welcome to him. I don't see how you can love such a jack-anapes, though."

"What are you going to do about it, Kate?"

"Do about it? I shall tell Charley Montague to-morrow that we heard this conversation, and that I don't want anything more to do with him!"

"You won't say anything about me, dear?"

"No, I won't!"—with decision. "It would please him altogether too much. He can find out for himself."

Morning came, and we all met at the breakfast-table.

"John's going away in the noon stage," said Charley, during an awkward pause.

I tittered, and everybody looked up in surprise; then I tittered again. Down went Carrie's cup of coffee with a crash—over went the contents on to her dress. She muttered something inaudible, thankful, I verily believe, for the awkwardness which gave her an excuse for getting away.

Breakfast was but a form, and at its conclusion

I took Charley out on the piazza, and commenced:

"Mr. Montague, when you and your friend desire to exchange confidences concerning your trials and tribulations, I should advise you to do so in lower tones than those used last night, and also to see that the ventilators over your doors are well closed."

"What do you mean?" he stammered.

"Just what I say!" I answered, pitilessly. "Carrie and I are glad to discover, for the first time, just how we stand in your peculiar affections; but I must confess to thinking that it would have been manlier in you to have come to me first with your tale of woe. However, it doesn't much matter. I am too glad to know the true state of the case, to care much in what manner the knowledge comes."

"You are?" and Charley's look of amazement enlightened me as to the full force of my words.

"Oh, no, I don't mean that exactly," I stammered, floundering about in pitiable confusion. "I mean that I'm glad about you and Carrie."

"Why, does she—" and here he stopped short; but the eager anxiety on his face was too much for my revengeful resolves.

"Yes, she does!" I answered, recklessly, seeing John Worth out by the door, and desirous of getting my companion out of the way before he remembered my imprudent admission of a moment before; but Charley was making up for past slowness.

"Worth! Worth!" he hallooed, at the top of his voice.

"Charley Montague, if you say one word of this to him, I'll never speak to you again," I muttered, in an agony of embarrassment.

His only reply was a provoking laugh, and just then John walked up.

"I say, Worth," began Charley, beaming all over with delight, "here's the best joke of the season—No, you don't!" as I attempted to go, holding me close around the waist, thus preventing a retreat. "Those girls heard all our interesting confessions last night, and if Kate here is to be depended on, are very well satisfied that we should arrange matters to suit ourselves;" and with that the fellow marched off, and I was left alone to explain as I best could.

Well, that I succeeded is more owing to his quickness of comprehension than to my explanatory genius.

Carrie says the same thing of Charley; but all of us, to this day, cherish a tender regard for those much-abused articles, hotel-ventilators.

Who Won?

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Eaton laid down the newspaper with a very troubled expression on her thin, delicate face. After remaining a few minutes in deep and evidently painful thought, she rose and went to a table, where she sat down and wrote a short letter; then she picked up the newspaper, cut an item from it, and inclosed it in the letter, which she directed to "Malcolm Eaton, Chicago, Ill."

The item referred to contained the announcement that the late Jacob Earl, supposed to be so wealthy, died scarcely solvent.

Mrs. Eaton was a widow of about fifty years of age, with a lady-like and somewhat aristocratic air, and generally a pleasing expression; but now her face had a hard, determined look. She went to the window and peered out. It was a cold, cheerless day, disagreeable even for a November day in Boston.

She shrugged her shoulders as she saw the wind

whirling great clouds of dust down the street; but with the air of one who has determined to perform a disagreeable duty, she put on her bonnet and shawl, and went out.

Having first dropped her letter in a street-box, she proceeded down Beacon Street, until she arrived at the elegant residence of the late Jacob Earl. Her heart gave a great throb as she looked up at the beautiful brown-stone front, and thought how fondly she had expected to have her only son Malcolm return from the West, marry the heiress, Lucy Earl, and live there, near her, his mother, on the princely income of his wife.

They were to have been married the coming Winter, but now all was changed, and Mrs. Eaton was resolved that the marriage should not and must not take place. She had not yet had one feeling of sympathy for the orphan girl she had come to see, for her heart had traveled no further than her own offspring. She rang the bell, and found Miss Earl at home.

Miss Earl was scarcely twenty. Her face was beautiful, both in feature and expression; her hair dark brown, soft and glossy; her eyes deep blue, with long dark lashes, and full of expression; her mouth one of the loveliest ever made, and her nose straight and delicate.

Her mother died when Lucy was an infant, and her father followed just a week ago. The old story of life and riches falling together was his; he had speculated largely and lost, and the shock was so sudden as to bring on *heart disease*, as everything is called which produces sudden death.

Mrs. Eaton found Lucy dressed in deep mourning, and looking pale and careworn, but apparently pleased to see her. Mrs. Eaton kissed her, as usual, and made some formal inquiries after her health.

Lucy had just been reading a long, tender letter from Malcolm, offering his love and sympathy as her consolation for the death of her father, and regretting that he could not leave to attend the funeral, but saying he would come for her, and take her away with him soon. So Lucy was glad to see Mrs. Eaton, and, for the moment, almost forgot her poverty and bereavement.

"I have just received a letter from Malcolm," said Lucy.

"Indeed! He is well, I hope. Did he write anything new?"

"Nothing new, and he is very well."

For once in her life Mrs. Eaton was at a loss how to begin.

"Afflictions never come singly," she finally ventured, after an awkward pause of a few seconds.

Lucy had never known anything but wealth; so she answered as she firmly believed:

"Yes; but the loss of wealth is so little in comparison with the loss of a parent, that I have hardly thought of that yet."

"It will be very hard for you—very hard, indeed," said Mrs. Eaton. "You will feel it more and more; it cannot be otherwise. However much your friends may love and respect you, you will notice a difference in some of them; for such is the inevitable way of the world!"

"Such friends might as well go as stay. I do not care for such love as that," said Lucy, while a fine color glowed on her cheek.

"It is not that your friends will love you the less," said Mrs. Eaton. "Doubtless there are thousands in the different walks of life who would love each other, were they on the same social plane; but the simple fact of this difference in their positions places for ever an impassable barrier between them."

Lucy did not reply. She could not help perceiving the drift of Mrs. Eaton's remarks, and only felt a strange, heavy ache in her heart and

bewildered brain. This was the beginning of her experience with the world.

Mrs. Eaton determined, now that she had opened the subject, to make clean work of it.

"You will not feel like being married this Winter now, so soon after your father's death?"

"No!" replied Lucy, quite decidedly; though half an hour before she had thought seriously of it, and had had her vision of a quiet wedding, and of how very kind Malcolm and his mother would be to her.

"Malcolm may urge it upon you, but I am glad you see the folly of such a course yourself."

She looked at Lucy, watching the effect of her cruel words, and was satisfied with the result.

The poor girl, so suddenly bereft of parent and fortune, now felt that her lover, too, might vanish; but she was too high-spirited to have recourse to tears (except when alone) from any such cause as this. If his mother had not come, she would have written Malcolm, that, orphan and penniless, she had nothing but his love to rely on, in which she felt herself rich; but now, these few words of his mother seemed to open her eyes to the possibility of her son's being like her; and as Mrs. Eaton looked at her, Lucy seemed, with a painful, far-away look, to be reading the future. She was doing so, as at that moment it rose before her; she saw herself alone and friendless in a cold, hard world. Would every one prove like Mrs. Eaton? Would her son? She could not believe it, though expressions of admiration for wealth and grandeur, which she had heard Malcolm make, rushed upon her mind.

"I am sorry to have pained you," continued Mrs. Eaton. "I had learned to love you as an own child, and hoped to call you so this Winter. Now, it seems that it must be postponed indefinitely."

"I can wait," said Lucy; and to have seen her then, one would not have doubted her power to wait, like Evangeline, when her heart was trustingly given.

"But long engagements are so tedious. Malcolm ought to release you. I shall tell him he is very selfish if he does not."

Lucy turned her clear eyes full upon Mrs. Eaton, and the woman saw that she was understood.

"Do not fear, Mrs. Eaton. I will offer your son his release, and if he accepts it, I shall thank heaven for making me poor, to rid me of being bound to a selfish husband."

Lucy rose as she said this, and had never looked more majestically beautiful.

Mrs. Eaton admired her spirit. She had wished to rouse this feeling in her, and felt that she had gained her point.

"It is wholly for your good——" she began; but with those fine eyes fixed upon her so proudly, she could not go on.

She rose to go, offering Lucy to aid her in any way in her power, to which Lucy returned a simple, "Thank you."

When she had gone, Lucy rushed up-stairs and locked herself in her room; her heart had been aching for several days, but this was different from anything she had before felt.

She sat down before the fire, which burned brightly in the open grate, and for want of a loving hand to clasp, her two hands nervously clutched each other. She had appeared brave and spirited to Mrs. Eaton, and she still felt sure of this one thing—if her poverty made any difference in Malcolm's feelings toward her, he was not worthy of her love, and she would not marry him.

But was Malcolm like his mother? God forbid! She could not, would not believe it. She had promised to offer him his release, and she must do so. Even if he should not accept it, could she

marry him, knowing, as she did, his mother's feelings on the subject? She would not marry him now, at any rate. What should she do then? Support herself somehow; and, with this heroic resolution in her heart, her lips tightly compressed, and her eyes burning, she took her little writing-desk in her lap, and wrote the letter which must be written at once:

"BOSTON, Nov. 28th, 1869.

"DEAR MALCOLM—I have just written you of dear father's death, and now I have to tell you that I am almost penniless.

"I know that it was as a wealthy young lady that you expected to marry me. If the change in my circumstances alters your feelings or your plans for the future, you know I would not hold you to any past promise for an instant.

"Your letter to-day was very kind and cheering. Many thanks for it. As ever, LUCY."

She directed, stamped and sealed this letter, then rang her bell for her maid, and sent her out to mail it; then she locked the door of her room, threw herself on the bed, and, with spirit broken and courage gone, gave way to an agony of tears.

God be thanked for the fountain of tears; its waters, burning and salt as they are, soothe and refresh many a weary heart.

CHAPTER II.

EVERY one liked Malcolm Eaton at first sight. If he were not perfect, no one who saw him only in society would ever have found it out.

His hair was light and curling, his complexion fresh, his eyes bright, and his teeth of dazzling whiteness; he was rather thick-set, but straight, and above medium height; his disposition was agreeable, and he appreciated fully all the good things of this life.

His impulses were kind; but he had seldom been crossed in any wish in his life—people gave in to him instinctively, even against their better judgment, because he evidently had no idea of their doing otherwise.

The ladies admired him, and he enjoyed their admiration—he had been accustomed to it from his infancy; his mother took all her heart from every one else, and laid it at his feet, and he accepted it as a matter of course. He knew his mother was a lady, and was always kind and respectful toward her.

When he entered into business in Chicago, a year before, he had just become engaged to Lucy Earl; but he thought it best not to make it known in that city.

Perhaps he did not give himself any reason for this, but it would evidently injure somewhat his popularity with the ladies, and he intended to go into society, and enjoy himself.

He had always admired Lucy Earl; he thought her the finest girl he had ever seen—no one else had such style, such manners. He wished some of her ideas of right and wrong were not quite so puritanical; but when they were married, he would tell her better. He wanted to marry her. He said he loved her, and he believed it.

Doubtless he had thought of the splendid fortune of her father, and had never objected to it, to say the least.

Just now he was quite polite to a Miss Willey, a black-eyed belle of Chicago, the daughter of a deceased millionaire; several hundred thousands belonged to her exclusively.

What wonder that the young man *raved* about her? Beauty is most popular in a gilt frame, whatever may be said of it unadorned. Doubtless the heiress thought it very strange that Eaton did not make a declaration, and doubtless, too, she liked him all the better for not hastening to

the point, as so many of her followers had done. Malcolm had not called on her since he heard of Mr. Earl's death.

Eaton's partner's name was George Hamilton. He was about thirty years of age, and had the air of a man who has known a great deal of what it is to struggle with the world, and he had earned the expression. He was very thoughtful and studious, and doubtless would have much preferred a professional life to business, but that the cares of a mother and invalid sister prevented his waiting until he could make such a calling profitable. Hamilton generally looked sad, and even stern; but his face was one of those dark ones which light up beautifully.

Mrs. Eaton's letter arrived in due season; her son received it at his office, and after reading it hastily, took his hat and went to his boarding-house to reflect upon it alone.

The letter was very brief; it read:

"MY DEAR SON—You will see by the inclosed item that Lucy is now almost penniless. Don't be rash and Quixotic. I know and you know that you never can be happy unless wealthy. In haste, Your loving MOTHER."

That evening Hamilton and Eaton were sitting together in their parlor, which they occupied together. Eaton seemed more cast down than his partner had ever seen him before.

Hamilton had been gazing some time at a photograph in an album.

"Say, Eaton," said he, "why don't you tell me who the original of this is? It is the loveliest face I ever saw."

Eaton made no reply, but looked sullenly into the fire. He was thinking of his mother's letter, and was in no enviable frame of mind.

Finding Eaton not disposed to answer his question concerning the picture, nor so pleased as usual to have him praise it, Hamilton shut up the album, and began walking back and forth across the room. Suddenly he stopped.

"Oh, Eaton—I came near forgetting it—here's another letter, which came after you left the office. I hope this will cheer you up a little."

Eaton took the letter; it was Lucy's. He opened and read it.

If it had not been for his mother's, he would have answered it at once, rebuking her for her suspicions, and telling her she ought to have known him better. Now he could only wonder that she knew him so well.

What should he do? It would be cruel to desert Lucy—he would not do it. What would people say in Boston, who knew about it? They would say he was a detestable coward, and say the truth, too.

Suppose he should marry her! He couldn't afford that now. It took all he could spare from his business to support himself alone. Could he be happy, living in an humble way with Lucy? Could he give up all the pleasures he now enjoyed? He heaved a deep sigh as he questioned himself thus, and dared not answer, even mentally.

He seemed to be tormented with a shower of letters that night, for just then another note was brought him—only a note of thanks from Miss Willey, the black-eyed heiress, for a beautiful and costly bouquet he had sent her.

He glanced at the note, blushed, and threw it in the fire. He could not, for once in his life, put himself in a light which was flattering, even to his own mental vision.

He lighted a cigar, and puffed away at that a while, but even smoking could not soothe him. There was something of importance which must be decided. He never was in quite such a strait before.

Eaton well knew what the chivalrous thing to do would be, and he said to himself that if it were only a thing of a month or a year he should not hesitate; but when one's whole lifetime depended upon it, he must be more careful.

Wasn't it true, as his mother had said, that he couldn't live up to the *rôle* of a poor and devoted husband, should he undertake to do so? Would he not be miserable and discontented, and render Lucy more unhappy than if he released her? (He had got far enough to change *desert* to *release*.) He took his cigar out of his mouth and groaned.

He met Hamilton's sympathetic glance fixed upon him, and felt that it would be a relief to speak.

"Hamilton," he began, "you asked me whose picture that is in my album. It is of a young lady to whom I have been engaged for nearly two years."

Hamilton started, and just a faint tinge of color rose to his pale face.

Perhaps he had been indulging in some romantic notions of his own concerning the picture—there is no knowing. The best and wisest of us have the privilege of building very absurd and romantic air-castles, and use the privilege, too, however ashamed we should be to own it; but he answered, quite calmly:

"You ought to be a very happy man."

"Perhaps I *ought*, but I *am* very far from it just now. I've never told you of the engagement, not because I was not willing that *you* should know it, but I did not want it generally known. I thought people would be liable to ask you, and if you said you did not know, that would settle the thing in their minds."

"Several persons have asked me," said Hamilton, quietly.

"And what did you say?"

"That you probably were not."

Eaton felt a little rebuked.

"To be sure, I have visited other young ladies, but I have been very careful not to say or do anything to compromise myself in the least, and have always tried to be impartial in my attentions."

Hamilton made no reply. He had never shown particular attention to any young lady except his sister, so, of course, he was no judge in such matters.

"I was intending to be married this Winter," Eaton continued; "but last week Mr. Earl died, and, instead of being worth his hundreds of thousands, as was supposed, he had lost everything. I've just heard of his ruin (which was probably the cause of his death), and Lucy is now without a cent in the world."

Eaton paused again, waiting for his partner to speak; but, as the latter continued silent, he added:

"It is hard to tell what to do."

"It is hard for Miss Earl to be left without father or fortune," said Hamilton.

"So it is," said Eaton, who had not taken this view of the question before. "If I were a rich man, I would urge her to a quiet marriage at once; but, as it is, I can't afford it."

"You could not afford it without some sacrifices."

"Yes, but think of asking a girl, who has always had an abundance, to share some poor hovel with me—ugh!"

"Don't you think she would be willing to live in a plain way with you? If not, she is not like her picture."

"She would be an angel under any circumstances, I know; but I could not make her happy, I fear. I should have to give up everything but business to supply the little home."

"So you would; but what will she do if you don't marry her?"

"I don't know—live with some friend, probably."

"Has she any near relative?"

"No, not one."

"Do you want me to tell you what I should do?" said Hamilton, warmly.

"Yes," said Eaton, rather feebly, for he knew pretty well what it would be.

"I should marry her as soon as she would have me, and protect her to the best of my power."

"Really, I didn't know you had so much chivalry about you," said Eaton. "I've scarcely seen you speak to a lady since we've been in Chicago."

"I have a mother and sister," said Hamilton; and the tenderness with which he pronounced their names showed that they had a son and brother in whom they could trust.

"I have a mother, too, who will break her heart if I marry a poor girl," said Eaton. Hamilton made no reply. He would say nothing to a man against his mother, no matter how much she might deserve it. Eaton went on: "If I were to follow my own inclination, I should do as you say. By Jove, she's a girl worth having without a cent! There were plenty of rich fellows after her—"

"And will be again," said Hamilton, trying to touch Eaton's honor through his jealousy.

Eaton frowned.

"Yes, but I've heard her say, many a time, that she never would sell herself. She is very romantic about these things," said Eaton, musingly, evidently thinking when he had been pleased and flattered by these sentiments of hers.

Hamilton looked at him. He couldn't understand how he could hesitate for a moment, and his friend began to fall in his estimation. Eaton seemed determined to relieve his mind.

"Lucy writes herself, offering to release me," said he. "What answer do you suppose she expects?"

Hamilton was determined to be merciless. Eaton made no answer, but looked sullen. He evidently could get no sanction to his mother's policy from his partner. He knew the letter must be written to Lucy at once. The more he thought, the more firmly he resolved that he wouldn't write anything unkind.

He took his pencil and note-book, and scribbled note after note, and tore each one up, until he finally decided on the following:

"CHICAGO, Dec. 1st, 1869.

"DEAREST LUCY—I can't tell you how much your note pained me. You write offering to release me; but, my dear, what would become of you? It is my place to protect you now. Were I able to give you such a home as you have always been accustomed to, I would urge a speedy marriage; but have you not some friend with whom you can stay for the present, until I am prospered enough to come for you? Try to keep up good courage, and write soon and often. Yours only,

"MALCOLM."

This satisfied his conscience better than any of the previous ones, and it gave him time, too. Then he wrote to his mother:

"CHICAGO, Dec. 1st, 1869.

"DEAR MOTHER—This is a bad business, but it would be what I call a mighty mean thing to desert a girl who has just lost parent and fortune. She has written offering to release me, but I don't intend to accept anything more than an extension. In haste, your son,

"MALCOLM."

Eaton took a long breath when he had finished these letters, and put on his overcoat to go out

and mail them. He soon returned, and by the expression of his face, Hamilton felt almost sure that his better nature had triumphed.

CHAPTER III.

THE two notes arrived in Boston. Lucy opened hers with trembling hands. It did not more than half satisfy her. She was romantic by nature, and something more sentimentally tender would have pleased her better. Malcolm meant to be kind, and to do right; of this she was sure, but why couldn't he be lover-like enough to ask her to share his humble home, if humble it must be? He must know that she would do it willingly, and he was doing well in business; she had heard her father say so only a few days before his death. He had said it, too, she remembered now, as if it were a great relief to him. Doubtless he must have been thinking of her welfare.

"Haden't she some friend whom she could live with?" Yes, she had, as many kind, sympathetic notes bore witness; but she would not live on charity, no matter how willingly given.

She would do something to support herself. She was competent to teach French or music, and felt sure she could find some place. What would Malcolm say? He would disapprove, she knew, but she could not help that. And so Lucy thought on, until the conclusion was almost forced upon her that the dear love of her youth must be given up. Yes, *must be*, and she would submit.

She never could marry a man who would wed her from motives of duty. Unless he felt that she did him a favor to accept him, no man should be her husband. It was hard, but ever since Mrs. Eaton's visit she had been preparing herself for this result, and she would not waver now.

She suddenly thought of a favorite teacher of hers, whom she loved and respected, and she determined to go to her. So she put on her cloak and hat, and went to Miss Kneeland's boarding-place.

Miss Kneeland was a teacher of young ladies, and one who loved and understood them. Lucy found her at home and alone. Miss Kneeland greeted Lucy very tenderly, gently removed her hat and cloak, and drew her to the sofa, where she sat down beside her, and put her arm lovingly around her.

Lucy could have borne coldness bravely, but this kindness broke her down completely. She leaned her head on Miss Kneeland's shoulder, and wept like a child. Miss Kneeland soothed her like a mother, only saying:

"My poor, dear child, I'm so glad you came to me. Always come when you are in trouble, dear."

Finally, Lucy wiped her eyes, raised her head, and sat up, with her little hand in Miss Kneeland's.

"I came," said she, "to ask you if you could help me find something to do. You know my father and money are both gone for ever."

Miss Kneeland thought of her lover, but had too much delicacy to speak of him. Moreover, she believed in work. She had healed her own wounded heart by work in days gone by, and she was glad to have Lucy think of it now.

"Would you like to teach?"

"If I could," said Lucy.

"I had a letter yesterday from a friend of mine who has a young ladies' school in Illinois, and she wants me to find a young lady for her who can teach French. Now, you have been at school in Paris, and know enough of the language. I will give you some lessons as to how to teach it, and I think you will do nicely."

"In what part of Illinois did you say?" asked Lucy.

"At Willow Springs, forty miles from Chicago."

"Forty miles!" repeated Lucy, looking as if her thoughts were more than that distance away.

"That's not very far," said Miss Kneeland.

"It's near enough—too near; and now, dear Miss Kneeland, please don't write your friend anything about my having a friend at Chicago, for that's all over with, or will be, soon."

Lucy's lip quivered a little as she said this.

Miss Kneeland pressed her hand and said:

"You'll excuse me now, I know, if I say that I'm very happy to hear it, and, believe me, dear, the time will come when you'll see God's hand in all your bitter trials."

Lucy left soon after, feeling somewhat comforted. She was young and courageous, and felt that she was doing her duty. The more she thought of Malcolm's letter, the more certain she felt that, if he should marry her, it would be from duty, much more than from inclination. If he should prove to her that she was mistaken, she would take him back, oh, how gladly! but she had no faith that he would. Then, too, she thought of his mother, and if she had hesitated before, this would have decided her. So she went home calm and heroic, and again wrote to Malcolm:

"BOSTON, Dec. 1st, 1869.

"MY DEAR MALCOLM—For the last time I begin my letter in this way to you. Don't think that I am offended at any lack of warmth in your last letter (for I am not), but I cannot help seeing that, in waiting as you did, you were obeying your conscience, not your heart.

"If I am unjust in this opinion, may God forgive me; but I know the disappointment it would be to your mother, if not to yourself, for you to marry me as I am, so I have made up my mind fully that the past *must* be as though it never had been.

"I have made arrangements for my future, and shall be well provided for. I'm sure you will think, upon reflection, that I have decided this matter rightly. I shall not expect any answer to this letter. You may return my letters, and I will send you yours. May God prosper you! I am, and always shall be, your true friend,

"LUCY EARL."

Lucy did not stop to read her letter over, but folded, sealed, and directed it. Then she dropped on her knees by her bedside, and prayed as she had never prayed before.

Whether in this sacrifice she had done her duty or not, she herself felt that she had, and that conscience of hers was given her for a guide.

Lucy rose from prayer, refreshed in spirit, and no longer with any doubt or hesitation in her heart.

She put on her things, took her letter, and, as she was alone, was inconsistent enough to kiss the name she had written for the last time. Then she went out on the street, mailed her letter, and walked on and on, thinking deeply, and scarcely noticing where she was going.

She thought of Mrs. Eaton, and the impulse suddenly seized her to tell that lady what she had done.

"It is what she wanted—all she wanted," said Lucy to herself, a little bitterly, and then she checked herself, and tried to excuse Mrs. Eaton's conduct as being natural in her over-fondness for her son. "It will make her feel better," she thought, "and I will go and tell her."

She soon reached Mrs. Eaton's house, and was shown in.

Mrs. Eaton tried to greet her cordially, but she had received Malcolm's letter, and was angry with Lucy because he had not renounced her.

Lucy's cheek was flushed, and her eyes unna-

turally bright. She wasted no words, but made known her errand at once.

"I came in to tell you," said she, "that, upon further reflection, I feel sure that my engagement with your son had better be broken off. I have heard from him; he is still willing to marry me, but I do not think it best. I knew you were feeling anxious about it, and wanted to tell you that your anxiety is no longer necessary;" and Lucy turned to go.

Mrs. Eaton's countenance had an expression of mingled pleasure and shame.

"My dear Lucy," said she, "you have acted nobly. If we were sufficiently wealthy ourselves for my son to afford to marry one without property, God knows how gladly I would welcome you as a daughter. You must forgive me if I wounded you the other day, and let me be a friend to you still."

Lucy gave her hand as a reply, and left the house.

Night was approaching, so she hastened home—to that beautiful home which must so soon be given up for ever.

Her sleep that night was very sweet and refreshing. She dreamed of seeing a beautiful angel, whom she knew to be her mother, and that she smiled on her, oh, so kindly! and told her not to fear the future; that God and His angels would always watch over and be near her.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER dispatching his two letters, Malcolm Eaton found his mind in rather an unsettled state. Some of the time, he almost wished he had accepted Lucy's offer of release.

The next morning he met Miss Willey in her splendid carriage, and as he thought of the sacrifice he was to make for love of Lucy, he regarded himself as both a hero and a martyr. When he thought of his mother, he felt uneasy. Hamilton looked at him, and was puzzled by the varying expression of his face. Sometimes it looked as if he had done a noble thing, and then again it had the most troubled look.

Eaton never had thought of further resistance

from Lucy. That any woman would not take him who could get him, was beyond the reach of his imagination.

When his evil spirit had been predominant, he had thought that if the engagement were prolonged, some opportunity might offer itself of getting out of it honorably; and then he would blush at the thought afterward.

When Lucy's letter did arrive, he was wholly unprepared for it; he hardly knew whether he felt relieved or disappointed. He admired Lucy, he loved her in his way; but he loved himself and wealth, and ease, and luxury, more. It would be no fault of his now; his conscience was free; he had done his duty, and Lucy had herself broken the engagement. She was a brave girl—a noble girl! How shrewd she was to see through him! How exacting the sentence sounded, "You followed the dictates of your conscience, not your heart!" She was proud as ever, in spite of her poverty. She was too keen for him—too good for him.

That evening Hamilton noticed that Eaton was more careful about his toilet than he had been for several days.

"Are you going out?" said Hamilton.

"Only to make a call or two," said Eaton, and left.

Hamilton was curious to know the result of Eaton's engagement with Lucy, but he would ask no questions, but wait for events to develop themselves.

Being much interested in the love story, it was but natural that he should desire to look at the picture of the heroine; so he took Eaton's album, and looked at Lucy's photograph long and earnestly.

Hamilton was generally the soul of honor, but he coveted this picture; so he slipped it out of the album, and put one of Eaton's own, which lay on the table, in its place. He satisfied his conscience with the thought that Eaton, probably, had others, and would not miss it; and if he did inquire for it, he would give it to him.

Meanwhile, Eaton wended his way up Michigan Avenue to the house of Miss Willey, and found that young lady at home. She was, however, apparently a little vexed at his long absence. In fact, he had been to see her so often, that she had begun to regard him as one of her lovers, though, as he said, he had not *compromised himself*.

She was a pretty little thing, free and easy in her manners, not very deep, but yet not quite spoiled by flattery.

After some little conversation, she began to reprove Malcolm for his long absence, which had piqued her not a little.

"I began to think that what I heard about you was true," she said, a little pettishly.

"And what did you hear?"

"Nettie Hoffman said you were engaged to some one in Boston."

Malcolm looked at her as she spoke, and, in spite of the sharp twinges of his conscience, did not fail to notice that the heiress had not received this piece of



WHO WON?—"HAMILTON," HE BEGAN, "YOU ASKED ME WHOSE PICTURE THAT 'S IN MY ALBUM. IT IS OF A YOUNG LADY TO WHOM I HAVE BEEN ENGAGED FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS."



FREDERIKA'S REASONS.—"SHE CROWDED HER HUSBAND FORWARD AND THREW BACK HER VAIL. HER EYES GLARED UPON A WOMAN LOOSENING A MASS OF BLACK HAIR AROUND HER SAD, PERT FACE WITH HER LITTLE, MEAGRE HANDS."—SEE PAGE 62.

news very gladly. The sumptuousness of everything around overcame him. He leaned toward her, and, with far more feeling in his voice than proceeded from love for her, he said:

"Would you be sorry to know that such a report were true?"

"You have no right to ask me such a question," she answered.

"And if I were to tell you that I am free" (twinges of conscience made his voice tremulous with emotion), "might I have the right to ask you another question?"

He had felt sure of his answer, and he was not mistaken.

We will leave them together there, not envying either of them. Offering himself to Miss Willey was no part of Eaton's plan when he went to call on her that evening; we must do him the justice to say that. He would have been horrified if any one had told him that morning that before he slept every tie that bound him to Lucy would be severed, and he would be the accepted lover of Miss Willey.

Yet it was not unnatural. He had been thinking of love and marriage for several days, and had thought of Miss Willey, in case anything should happen that he should give up Lucy. Lucy had rejected his offer to be faithful; Miss Willey had opened the way to make proposal easy; he had availed himself of it, and was accepted.

Miss Willey was very happy that night. She wondered a little that Malcolm should want their engagement kept secret for the present; but she had agreed, for she had perfect faith in her lover. She chided herself not a little when she thought how she had begun to doubt him, during the past week, when he, *probably*, "had" been waiting, trying to get courage to propose!"

Poor, fond little thing! Love's halo often blinds a wiser than you!

CHAPTER V.

MORE than a year has rolled away since Lucy gave up her beautiful home, bade an affectionate good-by to Miss Kneeland (promising to remem-

ber all her kind advice about teaching, and to write to her every week), and went to the Young Ladies' Seminary at Willow Springs, Illinois.

Here she was happy and contented, very much beloved by teachers and pupils, and successful in her teaching. At first she had only taught French, but had displayed so fine a musical talent, that the preceptress offered her an increase of salary to take some music-pupils; and here she had marked success. Having been taught by the best talent of Boston, and possessing a love and taste for music, she not only excelled in it herself, but was able to instill a portion of her skill into others.

Her fame reached Chicago, among the former pupils of the seminary, and in the month of April, when the country was beginning to be inviting, various young ladies of Chicago, graduates of Willow Springs Seminary, resolved to return there as "parlor boarders" (as they are called), and take lessons in French and music.

Miss Willey had kept her engagement secret a few months, but it had been "out" now for a year or so.

Hamilton had kept the photograph in his memorandum-book, and gazing at it was about the only luxury he allowed himself. Eaton had never missed it; or, if he had, had never inquired about it.

One fine April morning, Miss Willey received a call from several of those young ladies who had been her schoolmates at Willow Springs.

"Come, Belle," said one of them to Miss Willey, "do let's all go back to school just for one quarter. You don't know how fast the girls get along in their music there with that new teacher, and she is perfectly lovely, too—so different from the old Dutchmen who snap your fingers if you make a mistake, and mumble their jargon at you!"

Belle laughed, and said she would think of it, but—

"Oh," said Nettie Hoffman, "don't begin with your 'buts.' I hope I shall never be engaged if it's going to make me such a spoony that I can't leave town a minute. Come" (and she put on her blindest tone), "you know Mr. Eaton is very fond of music. Just think how you would charm him on your return."

"Yes," said another, "and you can come to Chicago if you want to, or receive your lover out there."

The girls were wide awake, and determined to carry Belle Willey with them; and she finally yielded.

The next week was appointed as the time of the beginning of the last school-quarter of the year at Willow Springs, and the young ladies agreed to go together.

Eaton did not object to this plan of his betrothed, but rather approved of it. He was fond of music, and thought it a very desirable thing that his betrothed should learn a few new pieces, as he had heard every one she could play many times.

He had delighted his mother's heart by his engagement with Miss Willey (or, rather, with his prospect of obtaining riches by marriage).

Mrs. Eaton had never mentioned Lucy to her son except once, saying that she was teaching somewhere, for she had thought it best not to let him know that she was so near.

So Malcolm heard Belle's account of the music-teacher at Willow Springs without a suspicion that he had ever heard of her before.

Belle did not know her name; she "never could remember names."

The end of the next week found the young ladies at Willow Springs.

Lucy had entire charge of them in music, and enjoyed teaching them, and they, in their board-

ing-school parlance, pronounced her "just splendid."

Belle adored her, because she was always so patient and gentle with her when she hadn't more than half learned her lesson.

One day Lucy went into one of the practicing-rooms, and found Miss Willey gazing intently at a little picture instead of her notes. She went up behind, and laid her hand on her shoulder.

Belle started, so did Lucy; for she caught a glimpse of the picture, and recognized it.

"Oh, Miss Earl," said Belle, "I'm going to practice directly; but isn't he handsome?" and she handed the picture to Lucy.

Lucy gazed at it intently a moment, then handed it back, saying, mechanically, "He is very handsome," and went directly to her own room.

She had wished she might hear something of her former lover, and this was the first she had heard.

"Then, this was all he cared for her!" she said to herself, bitterly.

It was hard, but it was all right, and she was glad she had acted as she did.

She liked Belle. She thought her childish and pretty, and in her heart she hoped that Malcolm would be faithful to her.

The school-term was to finish with a reception and musical *soirée*, and the preceptress desired Lucy to play herself, and to have the school make as fine an appearance as possible.

The young ladies were allowed to invite their friends, and Mr. Malcolm Eaton, of course, was invited, and he also had permission to bring any gentleman friend he chose with him.

The eventful day at last arrived.

"Come, Hamilton," said Eaton, "go out to Willow Springs Seminary with me this evening. There's to be a fine musical *soirée*, and you'll see a host of pretty girls."

Hamilton finally consented, and the two young men took the train together.

When they arrived, the sun had set, and the moon was just rising. The trees around the seminary were dressed in new green leaves, and the early flowering shrubs perfumed the air.

Strains of music came out from the open windows of the great brown building, some of the young ladies being determined to practice till the last moment, though far the greater number were arranging their toilets.

As Hamilton walked up the avenue to the seminary, he felt strangely happy, and as if he were treading on enchanted ground.

They entered the building, and Malcolm was met by his betrothed, who conducted them to the hall, where they found quite an audience assembled.

After a little while, the school came in. How beautiful the young ladies looked, thought Hamilton. Eaton gazed at the most stylish here and there, and ignored the rest.

Then came the teachers, and Lucy among them. Hamilton saw her, and his heart gave a great bound of joy. Eaton turned pale. He felt as if he could not endure it to have Lucy's face there so near Belle Willey's all the evening.

They both were beautiful; but there was as much difference between them as between heaven and earth.

This, then, was the wonderful music-teacher, he thought. How stupid in him not to have asked Belle her name before this! Why hadn't his mother told him? Would Lucy be overcome when she saw him? He hoped not. He soon found out, for Lucy saw him, and a smile of recognition made her beautiful face still more lovely. She was perfectly self-possessed.

Eaton was disappointed, and suddenly thought he did not believe she ever cared for him. He remembered when he could make her eyes sparkle

a welcome. And he had thrown her away, and she had grown more beautiful than ever.

Hamilton was delighted to see Lucy meet Eaton's gaze so calmly. Her love for him had died out, he felt sure, and he uttered a silent prayer to heaven for help in gaining her love for himself. How to accomplish this he did not know, but he would try with all his heart.

Lucy's eyes passed from Malcolm (of whose presence Belle had informed her) to Hamilton, at his side.

Malcolm had described his partner to her in former days, and she wondered if this were he; but she had not time to indulge her fancy long, for she had charge of the entertainment, and a brilliant one it was.

The young ladies played and sang finely. Belle Willey did well, for Lucy had taken special pains with her.

Whenever Lucy played or sang, the applause was general, and a murmur of admiration ran around the hall.

Eaton had always known and appreciated Lucy's talent, but could see how wonderfully she had improved. Necessity and sorrow are wonderful teachers, even of the fine arts.

The entertainment over, there was an hour for social enjoyment, and it was improved by all.

As Eaton heard Lucy's talents and graceful beauty lauded everywhere, and saw the many admiring glances she received, he realized, too late, that rare gems do not depend for their brilliancy on their setting, and would fain have given up his wealthy love for the poor teacher.

Miss Willey soon came where Eaton and Hamilton were standing. Eaton introduced Hamilton to her.

"I want to introduce you to Miss Earl," said she, to Malcolm. "She knows you already. I have talked to her so much about you."

Eaton looked anything but gratified by this intended compliment.

"Shall I present you, too?" she added, turning to Hamilton, who needed no second invitation.

Lucy met them both calmly and politely, and the four conversed a while.

"Come," said Belle, finally, "let's promenade on the grounds."

Hamilton seized the opportunity to make the same request of Lucy, which she accepted. They walked and talked, Hamilton becoming more charmed with Lucy every moment.

At length he ventured to be a little personal.

"Do you go East to spend the Summer vacation?" said he.

"No; a friend of mine is coming West to pass the remaining Summer months with me. We are looking for a place now," and she then mentioned several that she knew of, among them Brentwood.

Hamilton's mother and sister lived at this place, and during the Summer months he boarded at home with them, going to the city each day.

He tried not to appear too eager, but after mentioning what he knew about several of the other places, assured her that she would find Brentwood a most delightful place. If she would not think him too officious, he would like to give her the address of the proprietor of a first-class boarding-house there, a quiet place, which, he felt sure, would please her and her friend.

Lucy thanked him, and he took a card from his pocket and wrote the address hastily by the light of the moon, and gave it to her.

They conversed on general matters a while after this, then returned to the house, passing on the way the various couples promenading on the piazza and in the walks.

Among them were Malcolm and Miss Willey. Malcolm certainly was not the happiest-looking man in the throng.

This evening came to an end, like all others, and the two young men went back to the city. They were both silent on the way, but from different causes.

Eaton thought of the past, and the phantom of the might-have-been rose up before him.

Hamilton was happy. He had seen the one woman he could love, and heard her speak, and his great manly heart throbbed with a delight it had never known before, and he looked trustingly forward to the future.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next day the schoolgirls dispersed to their several homes.

Lucy refused all invitations to spend the vacation, for she had resolved to go somewhere with Miss Kneeland.

She made further inquiries about Brentwood, and found that it was all she could desire. So she decided to go there, and wrote and engaged board for herself and friend, and in less than two weeks they were settled there.

Hamilton had asked the proprietor of the boarding-house, every time he saw him, if he had any new arrivals, until the latter began to wonder at his interest in his family affairs.

Finally, he received the desired answer. If Lucy had not come, he would have found her wherever she might be; but she did come, and he called upon her as soon as he thought it would do.

Lucy was surprised to see him, but did not appear displeased; and when he remarked that he generally passed his Summers there with his mother and sister, she said:

"You did not mention that, I believe, when you spoke of the place?"

"No," said Hamilton, "I only mentioned the attractions of the town," after which they both laughed, and dropped the subject.

Miss Kneeland was present at the call, and was very favorably impressed by the young man.

He obtained permission to bring his mother to call on Lucy and Miss Kneeland, and she came and invited them to her house, and, almost before they knew it, the ladies were on very friendly terms.

Hamilton brought them books and papers, and soon Lucy began to look forward to his calls as one of the pleasures of their quiet country life. His kindness and delicacy, and, above all, his finely cultivated mind and strength of character, were daily making an impression on her heart. She had a higher ideal of manhood from her acquaintance of him.

Sometimes she wondered if he knew her history, and if he were so kind to her out of sympathy for her misfortunes; but if he knew anything of her past, he never alluded to it.

The Summer came to an end all too soon. September arrived, and Eaton was married.

Lucy saw it in the morning paper, and the same mail brought her a letter from the executor of her father's estate, stating that, after long and toilsome labor, he had been able to save for her, after satisfying all the creditors, some twenty thousand dollars, the income of which would place her above want. He was very happy in writing this, etc.

The amount was but little for a great heiress, but was a large sum for a poor teacher.

Lucy showed the letter to Miss Kneeland. They pressed each other's hand, a way they had of expressing sympathy, and then Lucy said:

"We will not mention it to any one."

That evening, Miss Kneeland being tired, Lucy went out alone.

She wandered to a remote part of the grounds, and sat down on a rustic bench under a tree.

The whole sky had a rosy tint, which was softened by the hazy air.

Hamilton had been to the house, and found, on inquiry, that she had gone this way. Here he found her, her hat on the ground, the breeze lifting her hair from her fair temples, gazing with that far-away look she always had when in a reverie.

He sat down beside her without her noticing it, so intent was she in her dream.

"Miss Earl!" he began.

She started, looked round at him, and smiled. He moved nearer to her, and she did not move away.

In another moment his arm was around her waist, and he had told her.

She did not send him away; she could not, for she loved and trusted him.

Just what they said, or how they said it, neither of them could have told, an hour afterward.

At such times, when love is deep, the tongue is seldom eloquent.

Lucy had not thought of their friendship coming to this so soon, if ever. But she was a true woman, and her heart must love.

Pure and sacred as her love was for Miss Kneeland, it did not suffice. So, when Hamilton told her of his love, which he did in a way to leave no room for doubt in her mind as to its fervor, the respect and affection for him, which she had felt daily increasing, ripened at once into love.

She had no one whose permission she must ask. All she had to do was to look to her own heart for its answer, and that answer was readily given.

Her former disappointment had not made her distrustful; it had only given her a keener insight into human nature, and she felt sure now that God had sent her a love which no clouds could dim.

The moon shone brightly through the trees, played upon Lucy's beautiful face, and silvered her white dress, until one need not have been so much in love as Hamilton was, to have thought she looked like an angel.

He thanked the Lord, however, that he could now take her hand and press her lips, and assure himself that she was only an angel in human form.

There they sat, until Miss Kneeland began to be anxious about Lucy, and went out to find her. She proceeded till she caught a glimpse of them under the tree. She then returned to the house, blessing them both in her heart, and happy because she knew they were so.

Hamilton finally took out the cherished picture, and handed it to Lucy.

She held it up, that the bright moonlight might strike it.

"Where did you get this?" said she, surprised at recognizing herself there.

"It was the only theft I ever committed, and I trust it will be forgiven me. I took it from Eaton's album."

Lucy smiled sadly.

"I've been trying to get courage to tell you of my past," said she; "but perhaps you know it already."

"I know enough of it to make me love you a thousand times more tenderly for it, though I fell in love with you the first time I ever saw your photograph."

He thought how much the original excelled the picture, but he did not say so. It was not like him to compliment with words; but the moonlight was bright enough for Lucy to read in his face what he would say.

The church-clock struck ten, an unwelcome

sound to our lovers. Lucy thought of Miss Kneeland.

"I must go in now," said she. "How long we've been sitting here!"

As they walked to the house, Hamilton spoke of the new and blissful happiness which had come upon him.

"It does not seem like anything new to me," said Lucy, "but as if we had always been to each other just as we are now."

"That is because God made us for each other," Hamilton replied.

When Lucy went up-stairs to Miss Kneeland's room, she felt that she must make some explanation of her long absence. Not knowing how to begin, she waited to be questioned; but Miss Kneeland said nothing about it.

Finally Lucy sat down at her friend's feet, and put her head in her lap.

"Don't try to tell me," said Miss Kneeland, caressing her. "I know all about it. Now, I know you can see why your trials were sent upon you. I have seen the end ever since we came to Brentwood, and if I had not admired Mr. Hamilton, and thought him just the one to make you happy, I should have taken you away at once."

As for Hamilton, he could hardly realize that it was not all a dream, he felt so perfectly happy. All the previous years of work and waiting had been already repaid a thousandfold. He took a long walk before he went home; but when he did arrive there, he found his mother awaiting him.

She looked up at him anxiously at first, but had never seen him look so handsome and so happy. Their eyes met, and she understood him, and rejoiced with him, for she was one of those unselfish mothers who are glad to have their sons made happy even by the love of another woman.

CHAPTER VII.

HAMILTON spent all the time with Lucy after this that he could spare from his business. That they must be married soon—next month at furthest—he insisted, and Lucy finally consented. She was to go home with Miss Kneeland, and Hamilton to go on there after her. She wanted to see her native city, and then, too, she wanted to attend to the money left her by her father; but she said nothing to her lover of this.

One day before she went East, Hamilton took her out to drive in Chicago.

"Mr. and Mrs. Eaton have returned," he remarked. "Eaton is a wealthy man now," and he pointed out several houses which belonged to his wife.

"I hope he is happy," said Lucy, "and will make his wife so."

"He doesn't seem half so happy as when I first knew him," said Hamilton. ("And I do not wonder," he *thought*, but did not *say*, for the time of Lucy's previous engagement was not a particularly pleasant subject for him to talk of.) "I told him of our engagement," he added, "and he managed to congratulate me, but it was hard work."

"You have won a prize," said he, "and you will make her happier than I should have done."

Lucy gave her lover a look which said she fully coincided with Eaton in this opinion.

A few days after, Lucy and Miss Kneeland went to Boston. They had not been there many days before news came of the terrible fire in Chicago.

Lucy received a telegram from Hamilton saying that *he* was safe, but their store, with all its contents, was gone. Then came a letter giving further particulars. Eaton's wife had lost everything. All her houses were burned to the ground, even the one she lived in.

As for himself, he wrote that it would be worse than his loss by fire to have his marriage put off.

He was thankful he had given his mother and sister a home out of the city. If Lucy would come, this should be a home for all of them for the present. He must be in the city himself most of the time, for there was everything to be done there. He would come for Lucy at once, or he could wait, if she said so, till business should flourish once more. He was sure their noble city would rise again from its ashes.

Lucy wrote in reply that he might come for her at once, and that she would work with him in the city, for among the thousands of suffering there must be something that she could do to help on the work of relief.

Hamilton was not long in starting for Boston, and they were married one lovely October morning in Miss Kneeland's parlor.

Miss Kneeland left them alone a little while after the ceremony, and Hamilton told Lucy he had brought her no bridal present but himself.

"Well, dear," said Lucy, "you know our city here is famous for its woman's rights movements, so I will give you the present," and she handed him the bonds and papers, which showed her entitled to some twenty thousand dollars.

Hamilton took them, looked at them, then at Lucy.

"I wanted to surprise you," said she, "and to be sure of being married for myself alone, though if I'd been worth a million I never could have suspected you of any motives but the purest."

Hamilton kissed her very tenderly.

"The money will be a great help to us now," he said; "but I'm glad you did not tell me that you had it. If you had, I should have felt more delicacy about hurrying you to share my broken fortunes."

"I'm glad if it will assist you in beginning business again," said Lucy.

"It will," said Hamilton; "but my wife will be of more help to me than all the money in the world."

They bade good-by to Miss Kneeland, telling her that, as soon as they had a home, she must consider it hers, and spend every Summer with them. She promised, telling them she should always consider them her children.

So the bridal pair went back to Chicago. Perhaps their honeymoon was not very romantic, but it certainly was very useful.

Though Lucy's fair face and hands were often sullied by smoke and cinders, yet to her husband she looked as lovely as ever, and many a poor suffering one blessed the sight of her sweet face.

One day Hamilton and Eaton were sitting in the place of shelter which now furnished a home for the once luxurious Eaton. Poor little Mrs. Eaton was sitting in a corner, her face buried in her hands, her hair disordered, a perfect picture of misery.

The gentlemen were discussing business prospects.

"Our debit and credit accounts about balance, if I remember rightly," said Hamilton, "and our stock on hand is several barrels of cinders."

"How can you speak so lightly?" said Eaton, with a groan. "All my wife's houses were burned, and the lots were leased land. My poor mother has long ago let me have everything she could spare. She now offers a home to my wife for the present, and I'm trying to find some suitable person that I can send her on with."

At this the poor little figure in the corner sobbed convulsively.

"My wife has some twenty thousand dollars, which she offers me," said Hamilton, "and we'll take a part of it and start anew."

"Your wife has——" said Eaton; but he checked himself.

Just then poor Belle began to be hysterical. Her husband went to her, and tried to soothe her.

Hamilton left them, and went in quest of Lucy, whom he found, as usual, engaged in a work of charity. He told her of his visit at the Eatons'.

"We must take them to Brentwood with us to-night," said Lucy.

"Yes," said Hamilton, "there's one vacant room, and they shall stay there as long as they choose. Let's go and tell them."

As they entered Eaton's abode, they heard Belle saying:

"I don't want to go to Boston, and I won't!"

At sight of Lucy her face brightened a little. Lucy took her in her arms and told her she had come to take her to Brentwood. Belle wiped her eyes at this, and was soon comforted.

Eaton was glad to have Belle go, but thought he had better stay where he was; but was over-urged, and they all went to the station and took the train together.

Belle kept close by Lucy, and sat with her in the cars. Hamilton and Eaton sat together, a few seats behind them. The contrast between the two women—the comforter and the comforted—was striking. Their husbands both noticed it.

Eaton turned sadly to Hamilton.

"If your wife had wished for vengeance, she could now have it complete."

"My wife has only the kindest feelings toward you, I know," said Hamilton.

"I believe you," said Eaton. "I have had a bitter trial, but I deserved it for my selfishness. You have won a prize, and you deserve it."

"I have, indeed, now a prize. May God help me to deserve it!" said Hamilton; and the two men pressed each other's hands.

Remarkable Profits.

THE English walnut in the extensive orchards of Los Angeles and San Bernardino shows itself as a stately and magnificent tree (says the *New York Tribune*), with clean, grayish bark, and wide-spreading branches. It is, like our own black walnut tree, of slow growth, and does not begin to bear until it is seven or eight years of age. At twelve years, with thorough culture and irrigation, it bears from 50 to 75 pounds of nuts; and fifteen years, from 100 to 150 pounds; thirty trees may stand on an acre, and it is customary here to plant almond trees between the rows of walnuts, which pay the cost of cultivation and a handsome profit, and are cut down when the walnuts begin to cover the ground. The nuts are sold this year for 12½ cents per pound in Los Angeles. A little arithmetic will tell you that, at 100 pounds to the tree, which for an orchard fifteen years old would be, everybody tells me, an under-estimate, the yield would be \$375 per acre. The only expense is the cost of cultivating and irrigating; one man can easily care for thirty acres. The nuts fall when ripe, and are picked up and sacked, as hickory nuts with us. It is asserted that the tree is absolutely free from disease or enemies in the State; needs no pruning, and it may be safely transplanted when it is three years old, so that the planter would get a crop in seven years. At twenty years, trees have borne 250 pounds of nuts. Two English walnut trees, near Santa Barbara, thirty years old, have yielded \$50 worth of nuts each per annum for several years past. In Los Angeles there are several fine Spanish chestnuts, noble trees, which at fifteen years of age bore 100 pounds of nuts each. There are some young orchards of these also. The

citron, which bears in four or five years, is also a profitable plant. It is a straggling, tall shrub; three of them in Los Angeles bore, at four years, without care, \$45 worth of fruit. The lemon, which becomes a stately, far-spreading tree, bears in ten years a valuable crop. It is not yet planted in orchards to any great extent. One tree, ten years old, which I saw in Los Angeles, yielded 600 lemons; one fifteen years old bore 2,000 lemons. They fetch in San Francisco \$30 per thousand.

Frederika's Reasons.

It was Harcourt Fanshawe who, in the end, found out how it happened to Mrs. Blamire to have her hair turned silver white at twenty-seven. The circumstance had been a standing topic for gossip and conjecture throughout the month we were all together at Fort Macon.

Hildegard said Mrs. Blamire had bleached her tresses for a sensation. Some one recollected that white hair was the fashion among Russian belles. Others opined that Mrs. Blamire had been through some blood-curdling experience, of which her silvered hair was the remaining trace. It was reserved for Mr. Fanshawe to discover the truth.

Mr. Fanshawe was Mrs. Blamire's conquest. Perhaps a widow, whose first marriage had been notoriously *de concence*, and who was about his own age, was a questionable choice for Mr. Fanshawe, who might have had—any of us.

But he had a passionate love of beauty; he himself possessed an Olympic opulence of physical and mental perfections, and Mrs. Blamire looked his mate.

She was superb, with a simple dignity, and an apparent absence of vanity. Hildegard said it was cultivated; that she was artistically artful, and no better at heart than other folks. I think Hildegard was jealous.

Anyway, Harcourt Fanshawe loved her. And, what was more tantalizing, she was so unconscious of it—absent-minded, it seemed, about his rare, graceful devotion.

It was the last night of the month, and there was a hop at the hotel. It was too warm for rational people to dance; moreover, Mrs. Blamire never danced. So she accepted Mr. Fanshawe's arm, and they went out together upon the piazza.

It happened that they were alone there. Off to the right, gray in the moonlight, was Fort Macon. Before them stretched the sparkling sea—the stark white beach.

Mrs. Blamire gathered her Spanish lace shawl about her, and held it with her white hand. She was all in black, as usual—a dress of black lace—that night. But she had worn a pomegranate blossom on her breast, and the scarlet petals drifted over her.

She was so very handsome—so finely molded, with flexible crimson lips, and a lustrous magnetism in her gray eyes. Her profuse hair, silken and wavy, was gathered after a fashion of her own, and held by an onyx comb.

The two stood for a few moments silent. Mrs. Blamire was looking at the sea, her companion at her.

It was late; the band was playing the final gallop faster and faster, whirling the flying dancers as the wind whirled the leaves.

The moment had come. Harcourt Fanshawe put his question abruptly, and yet with tenderness.

"Frederika" (he had never called her Frederika before), "what was it that turned your hair white?"

She looked at him gravely, with some surprise.

"Time and trouble, Mr. Fanshawe."

"Time?" he repeated, incredulously. "You are not over twenty-five. And trouble surely do not—"

A wind blew up from the sea, and fluttered the wide lace sleeve away from Mrs. Blamire's arm, exposing an antique bracelet, crusted with diamonds, and worth a dowry.

"You have youth and beauty and wealth. What can have ever made you unhappy?"

She moved restlessly a little further from him. "My trouble is something of the past. I do not talk of it."

He paused a little.

"I wish I need not ask you to talk about it, since you do not like to. But, Mrs. Blamire, I want to know about it."

She turned quickly, almost haughtily, upon him. Their natures were too large, too dear, though, for any paltry misunderstanding.

"Do not mistake me," he said. "I should not want to know, unless I felt I had the right to. I have brought you here to-night to ask you to be my wife."

"Your wife? Why, Mr. Fanshawe, you are aware, of course, that I was married to Mr. Blamire, eight years ago?"

He bit his lip at her trifling; it grated on his good taste as much as on his passion.

"I believe you would not refer to the circumstance," he said, "if you surmised the jealousy I endure in knowing that you have belonged to another man. It is the one blot upon the perfect love I have for you."

"It is more than a blot—it is a barrier," said Frederika, quietly.

If Harcourt Fanshawe was incapable of imagining the rejection of his love, I think he himself was less to blame for it than others.

It came in a sluggish way to his senses that Mrs. Blamire did not accept his suit.

"Do you mean," he asked, "that you oppose second marriage?"

"Yes—when there has been injustice in the first."

Her tone was chilly still.

"Injustice? Was there injustice in your marriage with Roth Blamire?"

He spoke contemptuously. He had investigated what he could the man who had won already the woman whom of all the world he wanted. Had learned that he had lived a *roué* bachelor life till forty; had then, with his vast wealth, tempted a beautiful, ambitious girl to marriage, as a crowning act of selfishness to his selfish career.

Injustice, indeed! Harcourt Fanshawe felt that the greatest injustice had been done *him*.

"Yes, injustice," Frederika repeated, slowly.

"But if it were not for that," continued her lover—"if it were not for scruples into which I will not inquire, then, Frederika—"

He turned upon her quickly. Her head was bowed; she shook, with a shrinking gesture, as if a blight settled over her.

"Then!" she echoed, in a clear, poignant voice. "No, not even then—"

"Frederika, I must know your reasons."

The music of the gallop went sliding, spinning on, clashing with the "hollow tune" of the waves. Mrs. Blamire clutched nervously at the lace folds of her shawl.

"You shall know that much—my reasons," she said, and she walked slowly away.

Harcourt Fanshawe stood still. Even his eyes did not follow her. So utterly unexpected was this termination to his suit, that he felt benumbed. What did she mean? He did not like mystery. To his fastidious sense of honor, mystery was, somehow, like trickery.

He loved Frederika Blamire eagerly—utterly. She was his—his mate. He had suffered enough in the knowledge that she had been already married—that she had belonged to another before him. That she was not to belong to him at all, had never occurred to him.

He felt shocked, cold, indignant, as he asked himself the meaning of this mystery in which she folded herself and walked away.

Was she, after all, an adventuress—so stately, brilliant, beautiful? His blood boiled at the thought.

Suddenly he saw at his feet a scarlet glow. He stooped, and picked up the pomegranate-blossom which she had worn on her breast.

Tenderness, like weakness, came over him as he touched the flower. He remembered what she had said of trouble. He loved her, let her be what she might. He would trust her. At any rate, he would know what it was which separated them.

Nothing is so satisfactory as the truth. He went to bed with this consolation.

Late or early, something woke him. He started up, with an imagination of evil.

It was only the shriek of the engine—the train rushing off to Newberne, in the early dawn, which he had heard.

He fell asleep again, and dreamed of Mrs. Blamire; rose early, dressed, and went to await her on the porch.

"So *la belle veuve* has gone!" some one said, probing him with their eyes.

"Gone? Where?" he was quickly startled into asking.

His informant gave a shrug of the shoulders.

"To Newberne, by the early train. No one knows anything further."

* * * * *
Mrs. Blamire was writing at her desk, and Rose, her French maid, was folding the ball-dress she had worn the preceding night.

It was eleven o'clock of a January morning. Mrs. Blamire was still in her *peignoir*, and had not, it seemed, left her chamber, as yet.

There was something of Oriental magnificence about herself and her surroundings that morning, as she sat and wrote. Her face was five years younger, and a good deal more arrogant, than when we saw it on the seashore.

Her maid, as she busied herself replacing the laces and jewels which had been worn to the ball, stole, two or three times, a curious look at it. Rose's own face was thoroughly French, with a look of infinite sadness underlying its pert gaiety. She was daintily dressed; her shoes and her cambric platings as fine as her mistress could wear.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Blamire wrote, and Rose, with her small, meagre hands, laid the folds of the satin dress.

She was a long time in laying one particular breadth to her mind. She stroked and straightened it, while her lips quivered and tightened alternately. Finally she spoke:

"Madame, excuse me; but I have something to say to you."

"Well, Rose?"

Madame did not lift her eyes from her sheet, though she spoke amiably enough.

"I wish my wages."

"Your wages? Certainly. You have not taken up your money of late, have you? How much do you want?"

"All. Two years' wages, at twenty dollars a month, madame."

Mrs. Blamire had paused.

"That is quite a sum. I am afraid I cannot give it all to you to-day."

"But I need it, madame."

"What has happened, Rose? What is the matter?"

"I do not like to trouble madame with my affairs."

"But your affairs do not trouble me. They interest me."

"Ah"—dropping her eyes—"I have an attachment, then, madame, and—he—has trouble. This money will assist him."

"Trouble? Oh, Rose, that always sounds ominous. Honest folks are not apt to get into trouble. I should not like to have you throw yourself away. You have been a good girl."

Rose's cheeks turned crimson, then sallow-pale again.

Mrs. Blamire saw that she was offended.

"I will get you the money, of course, if you need it," she said.

"If you please, madame"—very decidedly.

"Very well. Now, you can go till lunch-time."

Mrs. Blamire found herself alone, and, perhaps, for the first time in her life, in a very unpleasant dilemma.

She had "fed on the roses and lain on the lilies of life" hitherto. And this first thorn was a servant's debt!

The love of money, of luxury, had been Frederika Blamire's besetting sin. She was Cleopatra in her tastes. Possibly, if she might always have dissolved pearls in her wine, she would never have awakened to any better ambition.

She had married Roth Blamire for his money, and had spent it royally for three years.

One day, then, he threw her milliner's bill in her face, told her she had cost more than she'd come to, and that the time would arrive when she might look out for another banker.

She replied, that if he were a little less vulgar, she might be able to understand him.

He remarked, with a coarse laugh, that Ruin was an easy word to read.

In the teeth of this pleasant little dialogue came Rose's demand. Mrs. Blamire had a general idea of a masculine complaint, termed "business difficulties." She concluded that her husband was suffering from it. She supposed, of course, that he would get over it. But, in the meantime, she dare not go to him for money, and she could not refuse to pay Rose.

In her luxurious room, with its perfumed air and spacious silence, young Mrs. Blamire set herself to think. She thought a little about the plan and purpose of her life, as well as about her French maid's wages.

What chiefly touched her was this: What would her own life be worth if Roth Blamire were indeed ruined? It came over her sickeningly that she had not one particle of love or gratitude, or even respect, for the man to whom her life was bound. It was her own fault, of course, or misfortune. But she shuddered when she came to put it in such a plain way.

Finally, she began to dress herself, very soberly, for the street. She took a thick veil from her drawer, and a faded morocco jewel-case. It contained a valuable bracelet, which had been her mother's. She could not touch anything of Mr. Blamire's in her present mood. In fact, she felt she had no right to.

She went out, and pawned the bracelet. When Rose called her to lunch, she handed her the roll of bills. The girl took them without a word. It struck Mrs. Blamire strangely, even in her pre-occupation, that she did not express just the customary acknowledgment.

"Has Mr. Blamire come in to lunch?" she inquired.

"Not yet, madame."

It occurred to Frederika that she had not seen her husband since the preceding day.

She sat sipping her chocolate languidly, alone, when a lady was shown in—Mrs. Cortelyou.

Frederika called this lady "cousin." There was a distant relationship, the only blood tie of which Frederika was cognizant.

Mrs. Cortelyou wore a look of most prim discretion.

"I thought likely, my dear, you would feel the need of some one to advise with," she began, when she had carefully closed the door.

"To advise with, cousin?" repeated the astonished Frederika.

"I know everything, dear. You may speak to me in entire confidence."

"But I have nothing to confide."

"You do not mean—it cannot be—surely, Frederika, it is not left for me to break this news to you?"

"Tell me," said Frederika, coldly, "whatever there is to tell."

"My poor child! The whole world knows, and not you? Your husband is a defaulter. He flies, and leaves you to beggary."

Mrs. Blamire stood up, pale. She had no contradictions to make.

"Tell me the whole story, Leonora."

Mrs. Cortelyou told it. She had envied Frederika in past days. It is to be feared she relished the telling. She had every particular. She even knew, for a certainty, that Roth Blamire would sail this very night on a trading-vessel bound for Brazil.

The early January dusk was closing in, when Frederika sat in her chamber alone, with a heavier perplexity than the former she had known that day.

She had looked the doors when her cousin left her, and had sat for hours communing with her own heart, doing the first real thinking to which she had ever put her brain.

The problem she had to solve was simply appalling. She was asking herself what was her duty. It struck her that she was accountable, in a great degree, for the situation—for her husband's crime. Her insatiable extravagance had wrecked him. But, though morally accountable, the legal penalty was for him alone. The flight, the disgrace, the life of skulking and privation which lay before him, did not clutch her also. On the contrary, she would have the world's pity and the world's aid.

Mrs. Blamire asked her own soul whether she had the right to accept them—whether it was not rather her duty to cling to the man who had been weak enough to sin for her—who, in his ruin, did nothing worse than to leave her?

With a visible shudder, as the problem shaped itself, she wished that she loved him. She had never thought of such a thing before. If she only loved him, it would be easy to cling to him. Now, could there be possibly anything so hard? And she shuddered again.

But, though hard, it might still be right. It was a new experience for Mrs. Blamire to wrestle for an idea of the right.

The daylight faded; the orange-tinted dusk grew dull; the wintry stars glittered in the distant sky.

Mrs. Cortelyou had said that the vessel bound for Brazil sailed with the tide that night.

It was not an easy thing to do, yet, at ten o'clock Mrs. Blamire had packed a valise with necessaries and valuables, and gone forth, alone and unseen, from her luxurious home, and had driven to the pier where the Swallow lay.

On board, all was preparation and stir. Mrs. Blamire, closely veiled, paused when she had crossed the plank, and with a quick glance about her, detected her husband, slightly disguised by

his dress, attending to the stowing of some luggage.

She pressed her hand hard against her heart. Her brain reeled. She felt a sort of loathing for the man for whom she made the sacrifice. Then over her perceptions came a flood of clear, white radiance, in which she read her duty.

Mr. Blamire finished his task. He stepped onward quietly up the stairs. His wife followed. In the shadow his face was haggard. She pictured to herself that there would be a kind of gratitude to her in it when he discovered what she had done. She felt a wild hope that they two might be something sacred to each other, after all. She was ready to do her part.

She followed along. He did not observe her. She knew by the sounds aboard that they would soon be under way.

Mr. Blamire paused at the cabin-door, drew from his pocket the key, and turned the lock. Palpitating with excitement, his wife stood close behind him, intending to follow him within. As the door opened, she had a view of a small apartment, fitted with improvised comforts. It was brightly lighted. The warm air was scented with mignonnette.

Roth Blamire's form filled the doorway. At the same instant that Frederika laid her hand firmly upon the knob, a woman's voice from within asked:

"Are we not yet under way?"

"Not yet."

She crowded her husband forward and threw back her veil. Her eyes glared upon a woman loosening a mass of black hair around her sad, pert face with her little meagre hands.

"Roth Blamire!"

"Madame!"

* * * * *

Frederika told Harcourt Fanshawe that he should know her reasons. They were these.

He traced her, after a while.

"Injustice," he said, "was a mild term for such an injury as you received. You are Saint Frederika."

"For such an injury as I did, you mean."

"Did? Whom?"

"My husband. Was it not the grossest injury to marry him for his money—to live with him regardless of all but spending it—to hesitate whether I should cling to or desert him in disgrace?"

"Your hesitation seems to have been justified."

"Not at all. Mr. Blamire had little cause to suppose that I would prove anything to him."

"Frederika"—for the first time Harcourt Fanshawe felt the iron enter his soul—felt there was something between himself and this woman which could not be removed—"Frederika"—there was a stinging jealousy in his voice—"you love this man! Base, unfaithful, careless of his right to you, you cling to him. It is because you love him!" and his eyes blazed.

Frederika met them calmly.

"That is the highest interpretation with which you can read me?" Her voice reproached him a little—just a little. "Yes, I mean to love him. Meantime, I am waiting for him."

Harcourt Fanshawe made a gesture of passionate deprecation.

"Neither God nor man demands such a sacrifice. It is throwing pearls before swine. What reason have you to suppose that he will even accept your wifely advance, or submit to the reformation of your marriage tie?"

A crimson flush passed over Frederika's face.

"One reason," she said, with simple dignity. "Rose never sailed for Brazil."



THE WATER SPOUT.—A THRILLING INCIDENT.

The Water Spout—A Thrilling Incident.

THE water-spout is formed by two winds blowing in opposite directions, and raising or sucking up the water in their vortex. They generally form a double cone; the superior part with its apex downward, consisting of a dense cloud, while the inferior cone, the apex of which is turned upward, consists of water, which is thus

sometimes raised to a height of several hundred feet.

Water-spouts seldom last longer than half an hour. Their course and movements are irregular; straight forward; in zigzag lines; alternately rising and falling; stationary; slow, or progressing with the rapidity of thirty miles an hour. The rotatory movement is also variable; its power is often very great, but sometimes water-spouts pass over small vessels without injuring them.

They are more frequent near the coast than on the high seas; and are more commonly seen in warm climates. They seem to occur particularly in regions where calms frequently alternate with storms, which is not to be wondered at, since they owe their origin to miniature storms or whirlwinds.

The Rhine, a sailing vessel of one thousand and six tons, which recently arrived from London, encountered an immense water-spout about twelve hundred miles out. John Richardson, one of the seamen, describes the phenomenon thus:

About the time that you ask me, boss, the ship Rhine was running along at the rate of four knots an hour, which was pretty good speed for such an old tub, now, I tell you. I think I heard the first mate say we were in latitude forty-two degrees when he took the sun at twelve o'clock that day. We had been out of a heavy gale only twelve hours, and the sea was running pretty high. At about two o'clock in the afternoon, the wind went down, and we stood stock-still. At three o'clock we couldn't see a ripple on the water; it was just as smooth as the smoothest glass I ever saw. The sails hung perfectly motionless, and the atmosphere seemed to get heavy. A fellow felt as though he would like to take a full breath, but that if he tried he couldn't. As we hadn't anything to do, and had been worked very hard for forty-eight hours previous, we (the crew, I mean) assembled around the fore-castle.

I think I must have fallen asleep, for I was awakened up suddenly by hearing the captain's big bass voice—he had a voice like a bull, sir—singing out, "All hands on deck!" I jumped up as quick as I could—I couldn't jump very quick, for you see I'm old—and hastened aft to the mainmast. The other fellows were there ahead of me, and when I got up to them they all turned off in different directions like maamen. I noticed that the faces of most of them were white as chalk, and that the captain's was as red as blood. I saw the second mate and asked him what was the matter. He answered me by telling me to go to the main brace, or he would pitch me overboard. I went there pretty quick; not because I was afraid of going overboard, but because I felt that something terrible was going to happen, and that even my weight might save the ship. When I got to the rope, a fellow standing near me said, "Pull, old man; don't you see the water-spout?" I followed the direction of his eyes, and there, sure enough, not more than half a mile from us, was the biggest water-spout that I had ever seen in all my life. It towered above the ship at least two hundred feet, and seemed to be the breadth of half the ocean. It was coming toward us like a steam-engine, and the water, for hundreds of yards ahead of it, was boiling like water in a kettle. We braced the yards around, put the wheel hard-a-port, and did everything that lay in our power to get out of the way of the terrible destruction that was rushing upon us. There wasn't a breath of wind stirring, and there we lay, right in the path of the water-spout, unable to do the least thing to save ourselves.

There were about seventy steerage passengers with us, the most of whom were women and children, and the way they screamed and went on was enough to take the heart out of any man. One old woman caught me round the legs, and begged of me for God's sake to save her, while every one was rushing around trying to find some shield from the approaching crash. The captain swore, and went on terribly, because we couldn't move an inch, and seemed to be going out of his mind, for I saw him deliberately knock a man down who was standing near him. Some of the men ran down the fore-castle ladder that they might not see themselves die.

What I have been telling you now all occurred in a moment, but the water-spout had come much nearer to us, and we could hear the fearful hiss and splash of the water as it came whirling on. Just then I heard a young gentleman in the cabin ask the captain whether he had a gun on board. The captain said, "No," and the young man's face turned as white as snow, and I saw him shake all over. He put his hand to his head, and staggered toward the main hatch, and in another moment he would have fallen down "tween" decks, when suddenly there was a cry from above that sounded like the roar of a madman. It was heard above the loud howl of the surging water, and every eye was turned in the direction that it came from. It came from a "shipmate" that we called "Jack." He was a smart fellow on his feet, and was a regular monkey among the ropes when he got aloft in a storm. There he was, with a heavy block of wood in his hands that he held above his head, and was shouting for us to "stand from under!" He was on the main-ward-arm, the yard that carries the "storm sail," you know. We all ran forward, and when the coast was clear, "Jack" gave the block a swing, and sent it down on deck as quick as a flash. It struck a piece of sheet iron that lay near the main hatch, and made a terrific report that sounded like a cannon's. We kept our eyes on him, for he seemed about to fall, but he caught hold of the "port bowlines," and regained his balance. Just then the ship careened over on her beam ends, lurched back again, and stood ready as before. Nearly every one was thrown down, and some of the passengers were badly hurt. As soon as we got upon our feet, we saw no more of the water-spout, but in its stead the whole sea was just as white as though it was composed of soap-suds.

We felt that it was over, and that the noble "Jack" had saved us by his cool-headedness, but it was some time before we could recover from the paralysis that seemed to have stricken us all. When we did recover, we felt as only men can feel who have been snatched from the jaws of death. Work seemed a pleasure after that, for it reminded us that we had life in us. There were on board, counting the officers, crew, and all, about one hundred and fifty persons, and if that spout had struck us, it would have sent us, ship and all, to the bottom of the sea, and no one could have known what sank us. Ever since that day I have been convinced that the City of Boston was lost in this manner. I suppose the water that was in the air would have weighed 10,000 tons; it couldn't have been less; and as there was a brig sailing ten miles from us in the direction of the water-spout's course, and no one on board saw it, it must have formed between us two, and reached its immense proportions in about half an hour.

The Duchess Jane.

"Es, zur. There be a right-of-way across the park. Keep straight on, an' you can't miss it."

"Whose estate is it?" said the stranger, a tall dark young man, who stood with one foot on the first step of the stile, his muscular hand grasping the railing, while his gaze roved admiringly down the dim arcades of magnificent timber, which he was about to traverse.

The stout stick in his hand, the heavy boots, and small knapsack proclaimed him a pedestrian tourist; his voice, and a certain indescribable something, stamped him a gentleman.

"Well, zur," responded the gamekeeper, "in a way, it belongs to the three duchesses—the old duchess, the Duchess Jane, and her grace. You

be a stranger in these parts, belike, not to know about the place?"

"I am an American," replied the other, smiling, "strolling through the country for amusement. Is there any story connected with the place?"

"Not a hactor, zur?" said Mr. Giles Post, a little doubtfully, "nor yet a hartist? If not, I've no objections to a talk; but us old families doesn't like family afeers to be talked on, much less our old timber to be drawn and vulgarized."

"I can promise not to sketch your timber, as I can't draw a stroke," answered the other, his expressive face sparkling with a keen appreciation of Mr. Giles Post's aristocratic prejudices; "and as for talking, I don't know a soul in the country but the American Minister."

"Well, there ain't much of a story," said Mr. Giles, as the two men sprang over the bawthorn-embowered stile, an arboway of pearl and rose, in this the first days of joyous May, and plunged knee-deep into the golden green of the ferns, waving in the light wind, while above them the jubilant young leaves "clapped their little hands in glee," as human babies do when the sunlight dances over them.

Roulades, cascades, torrents of song, poured from the nest-building community, as they hung their dainty homes on the hoary branches of the great oaks—oaks so old that, as saplings, the white robes of the Druids fluttered against their tender green, and later, they had sheltered the rustle court of bold Robin Hood, and Maid Marion of the Green Kirtle. The jewel eyes of mighty "stags of ten" glanced from the coverts, and the cheerful noise of a gigantic rookery, then in season, made the air alive.

"It'll soon be time for rook-poi," said Mr. Giles, with an air of dreamy anticipation, as he struck off from the beaten path through the park, wading through a sea of fern. "If you don't mind a roughish bit of walking, I'll take you through the heart of the park, and give ye a glimpse of the castle an' the Dower House. But I say, if so be we meet the Duchess Jane, don't take no notice on her. She be easy scairt."

"The Duchess Jane," repeated the traveler, dwelling on the name, as though it were very musical to him.

He fell into a reverie as he followed his guide through the aromatic ferns, from which he was roused by the voice of the latter.

"Belike ye don't know that this be Gorecourt Castle and Park, an' belongs to the Duke of Gorecourt. Not that him that owns it ever sets foot here a'most; though the young Duke George, as died last Spring, seldom nor never left t' old place, leastways, after he brought his wife home here from Amerikay. What's that 'ere noise?" and Mr. Giles Post looked back suspiciously at his companion.

"Nothing," said the latter, turning a face as darkly pallid as that of a corpse away from his guide as he spoke; "at least, I heard nothing. Go on with your story."

"It sounded like a sudden skreek," said Mr. Post, looking into the shadowy thickets they were passing. "Bogles, mebbe. They say t' old park be's full of them; but, law! they're mostly spirits as comes wi' gins an' snares for the birds when there be's no moon. Poachers," and Mr. Giles scowled darkly, and grasped his gun more firmly, as he thought of his natural enemies.

Every man has his especial bogie, and a poacher was that son of Eblis to the gamekeeper.

The features of the young man worked with impatience. He strode up to the brawny gamekeeper, and caught his velvet-clad arm in his slender brown fingers, on one of which flashed a fiery radiance of diamonds, which seemed to concentrate all the light in that umbrageous arcade

of lucid shadow. It dazzled Mr. Post so thoroughly that he quite failed to notice the agitation on the dark face at his side; but he felt the iron grip, and drew back gruffly, and wrenched his arm away in stolid astonishment.

"Who is that?" said the American, in the low, level voice of intensest agitation.

His eyes were blazing, his fine lips like a bar of steel. He looked like an infuriated young Achilles in bronze, as he towered in the soft gloom of the leafy woodland.

A few hundred paces in advance of where they stood rolled a swelling sea of verdure, free of trees, like an emerald lake dropped between leafy shores. The sunlight rolled over it, and a perfumed surf of violets and great oxlips of paly gold quivered on its bosom.

Across this fairy lawn, two sombre figures, black as statues of ebony against the sapphire sky, were walking. One, an old woman, bent, but stately; the other, a vision of the Spring—a dream born of the breath of flowers and the sunlight. The young gold of her graceful head was bare to the sunlight, which caught the braided masses, until they glittered like a precious coronal. She was tall, fragile, yet delicately glowing as a Hebe in cheeks and lips. The low, soft, wide brow was altogether Greek; but the nose, delicately aquiline, the sweet mouth more full of individuality than is seen in that lovely yet occasionally spiritless type. The eyes, softly, limpidly brown, like the quiet pools of a valley streamlet. Swung by its black ribbon, she carried a wide hat, of coarse black straw, and on her arm a dainty little basket, covered with a snowy napkin.

"It's the dowager and the Duchess Jane," said Mr. Giles Post, looking at them like a bland satyr from his verdant bower. "Bless 'em, they be a goin' down to old Dame Trottenby, which old Trottenby died last week, an' which a better hedger an' ditcher never drewed breath, or went down to his grave in sorrow, along of a son as took to poaching, an' ran away to Amerikay, where, I'm told, he's doin' well. Did ye ever see him there, zur?"

The face of the man, a moment ago so full of the white heat of deadly wrath, changed, softened, grew tender and compassionate, as he looked after the slender form of the young duchess, as the two women, in their sombre robes of woe, walked across the sunny space, and disappeared into the tender shadows of the old poetic woodland.

"The child!" he said, forgetful of Mr. Giles Post. "Poor Jane!"

"So ye know the story!" cried Mr. Giles, astonished. "Why, I thought you said as you was a stranger in these parts!"

"What story?" said the young man, coming out of his dream.

"Why, the drownin' of the little duke a week before his grace Duke George war berried. Drownedd he war, poor baby; nothing but his hat found by the river, an' his body never found, the river bein' swift an' strong with the Spring freshets. A fine little man he war; why, let me see, he'd be three this Spring if he was alive."

"Her son!" said the other, softly, not to his companion, but to himself.

"Ess. That be's the dowager wi' her. She's as fond of her as if she war her flesh-an'-blood daughter. A cousin of Duke George's got the title an' estate; but them two ladies lives on here by theselves. Mebbe ye'd like to see the castle. It's a show-place."

The American slipped a sovereign into Giles's horny fingers, which closed on it affectionately. Giles grinned.

"Thankes, zur," he said. "Come along. There's t' old place. It be summat to look at."

So it was.

It rose, draped with ivy, from a gem-like island in the diamond circle of a fairy lake. Every airy turret, molded as lightly as the wreathings of frost upon glass, defined against the May sky. It lacked the frowning grandeur of the feudal fortresses of the land, for Cardinal Wolsey had built it in the days of his almost monarchical pomp, more as an architectural caprice—a churchman's bower—than following any determined rules of architecture. Its airy turrets were rich with ornament, and a light bridge spanned the natural moat, formed of some white stone, which gleamed in the bright sunshine like alabaster. The castle itself was built of a fine, warmly tinted granite, which showed well out through the great masses of darkly green ivy, climbing the very chimneys, and wreathing the flagstaff. A flotilla of swans drifted over the azure ring of water. Behind rose the vast and hoary timbers of the park, clothing the rugged side of a bold eminence, and forming a background of every shade of green to the lovely picture.

"On a fair day ye can see ten towns an' a bit of the sea from up there," said Mr. Post, as he led the way across the bridge.

The American did not answer. His thoughts were neither with Mr. Post, nor with the view.

He gave his name, presently, to the groom of the chambers—a retainer so old, that he was getting quite young again, in a chirpy, gossip fashion—as Alick Nunnberg, with the general address of North America; and then he was made over to a colossal footman, whose powdered wig looked like a perambulating prize cauliflower, who treated him with languid patronage, and under whose guidance he made the tour of the wonderful rooms which rendered Gorecourt famous.

There was the oratory, a marvelous creation of stone, as airy in its exquisite carvings as rare old point—the gray pillars, like shafts of rubies in the glorious light pouring through the painted windows, and the saintly Madonna and Child of Carlo Dolce shedding the radiance of their holy beauty over the spot. There was the picture-gallery—rather modern—with nymphs by Canova, and dainty, innocent idylls in marble, by Flaxman, shining whitely in tinted alcoves. Great vases, touched by the fires of Pompeii, and portraits of the noble Gorecourts, for some two hundred years (it was not an old family), broken by sunny, Turneresque landscapes, a Claude or two, a Tennyson, and one priceless Titians.

"This is a new painting?" said Nunnberg, pausing before a portrait where the choicest light fell upon it.

It was evidently the regulation family portrait. A young girl, in simple white, stood on a bronze balcony, purple curtains, half-closed, behind her, giving a glimpse of a ducal coronet lying on a cushion.

The treatment of the subject was sufficiently hackneyed, but in the face and form of the bright creature, the artist had more than redeemed himself.

"The young dowager, the Duchess Jane," said Thomas, languidly. "Rather a good picture. This 'ere is the little dook as was drowned, took only a month before 'e was lost. By the same artist."

Nunnberg turned his double eyeglass on the picture—a beauteous child, playing with a huge deerhound—and started as though an arrow had whizzed past his ear.

The starry face laughed on him from the canvas; the rosy arms were stretched out as though to grasp him. The face of the child was all his mother's.

So absorbed did he become in gazing at the picture, so dark and deadly did his handsome,

haughty face become, that Thomas grew a little scandalized, and rather alarmed.

"Whatever can he be a-snooping at?" thought the latter; and then aloud, "Hem! Here's her grace, sir."

Nunnberg turned.

At first the impulse was on him to scorn the little hand she held out to him; but her eyes were full of such joy shining through tears, that involuntarily he held out his.

"Oh, Alick," she said, "I am so glad!"

"Thank you," he answered, looking as grim as a Black Brunswicker. "Glad is certainly a woman's welcome. So warm a remembrance of Auld Lang Syne, Cousin Jane!"

She looked at him, rose from brow to chin, and Thomas sniffed the air, scenting a flavor of mystery afar off.

She laid her hand lightly on Nunnberg's arm.

"Come," she said, with a sweet and serious smile, "I hold you our guest, Cousin Alick. I am very lonely," she added, her voice falling, "since my child died."

Nunnberg darted a strange look at the portrait.

"I intruded on your demesne unawares," he said, as they turned away. "I did not even know in what part of England you resided."

"How long have you been in England?" she asked, as they left the gallery.

"Since last Spring," he said, with a curious darkening and changing of face.

* * * * *

A week later.

A light wind dashing a surf of milky hawthorn-blossoms—a shower of perfumed pearl—over the old stile, and over the Duchess Jane, leaning against it, her hands full of violets, her large eyes dreamily following a squadron of fleecy clouds—snow, edged with jet—flying up, and spreading themselves in battle array on the blue field of the sky.

She was in stainless white, dashed here and there with a knot of black ribbon, for that morning she had thrown aside the distinctive garb of widowhood. If possible, she was lovelier than before. A mingling of two expressions—of abiding sorrow, of infinite joy—lent an extraordinary charm to her fine face. Her beauty was sufficiently fresh to be in perfect harmony with the May of the year. The damp wind fanned the scent of the hawthorn into her upraised face, kissing the cheeks into dazzling bloom, and dashing a great raindrop on her ungloved hand.

She started, and looked round.

The shadows in the park behind her were deepening from lucid green to gray. Before her, on the purple moor, rounding to the horizon, a great wall of—not mist, but driving rain—was running swiftly from the sea, whose voice sobbed through the humid air, far off and mysterious. The trees in the park were welcoming the coming tempest with leafy riot, and the ferns rose and fell in the copses like a verdant sea. Birds dropped to their nests with shrill threads of melody, and were silent. The driving rain sped on like an army of phantoms.

The Duchess Jane looked at her thin dress, shivered as the damp breath of the storm swept around her, and, in swift flight, fled up the alley toward the castle.

A clap of thunder rolled overhead like the chariot-wheels of a pursuing army, fell into dead, breathless silence, and the rain was upon her!

Through the deluge, in the grim shadows, loomed a small building, in the taste of a century before. A grotto, with a simpering Dryad in granite, leering from its shades. Toward this the young duchess turned her fleet steps. It would shelter her until the storm abated. A formal path of laurel led to the door, dripping like Daphnes bewailing

their transformation, funeral dark as a grove shading a tomb. The vast trunks of the huge oaks loomed through the rain and mist, like spectral trees in some foggy Inferno. From the tender radiance of blushing May, the whole scene had suddenly become weird and utterly unearthly.

The Duchess Jane was constitutionally brave, as becometh a woman whose forefathers had ridden the Atlantic in the oaken planks of the Mayflower; but she shuddered as she placed her slender foot on the first of the lofty flight of steps leading up to the grotto.

"How lonesome it is here!" she thought, with a hurried look round her.

A voice above her head fell upon her ear—the silvery, tremulous voice of a young girl moved to great agitation.

"Oh, promise me again! Swear it to me!"

The Duchess Jane paused; she knew not why. Certainly from no volition of her own.

"I swear it to you," replied the deep voice of a man. "Dear child, what can I say more to comfort you?"

The Duchess Jane stood motionless as a statue.

"I can know no comfort until I see you again," said the sorrowful, girlish voice; "and perhaps that can never be."

The man made some low-toned reply, and the young duchess slowly lifted her face, and turned its gray anguish toward the heavy sky. There was no more May for her.

Like a ghost, she glided to the back of the grotto, where a great drapery of ivy climbed up the lattice which formed the walls. By clinging to this, she brought her eyes on a level with the floor of the building, while the masses of foliage concealed her from those within.

On a bench by the wall—the stone Dryad simpering down at him from her pedestal in the centre—sat Alick Nunnberg, his dark face glowing with agitation, and by his side—yes, she had guessed aright—her own peculiar pet and protégée, Merry Lowndes, the village beauty—a fresh, dimpled English rose—good, and true as gold, she had believed until this moment.

The girl's scarlet cloak made a fine glow in the gray shadows, and as its hood fell back a little from the charming Hebe face, with its frame of rich, short black curls, and dainty charm of most exquisite tinting, and luminous violet eyes which laughed even through the tears hanging like diamonds in them, the Duchess Jane was moved to a sudden and mighty passion.

To her eyes leaped a sudden flame, to her cheeks the tremulous rose of dying fire amongst ashes. Her heart seemed dying in strong throbs of anguish, and, turning, she fled through the rain back to the castle.

Later in the day, a servant brought Alick Nunnberg a note.

He looked at it as an accepted lover at the first letter the woman he loves sends him.

It was, however, no rose-tinted billet, perfumed, and sealed with a winged Cupid "all armed," but the envelope, deeply bordered with lugubrious black, was sealed with the ducal arms in wax of the same ebony dye.

He took it from the salver, and, when the footman had retired, opened it.

A ring—a carbuncle set with brilliants—dropped out.

He read the note slowly, his face becoming livid as the sky without.

"I return you the pledge of our betrothal. I was present this morning when you met Merry Lowndes in the Dryad's Grotto.

"I have left the castle, and it will be useless to attempt to discover my place of retreat. Of one thing be certain—that we shall never meet again.

"In the memory of my blessed child, for the sake of hereafter meeting him, I shall try to forgive, if it is not given me to forget, your treachery to
JANE GORRECOURT."

He read it over once more, and then laughed a little bitterly.

"Better so, perhaps," he said; "it will save her much cruel suspense."

He made no effort to see her—nay, he did not even inquire of any one concerning her probable place of retreat.

Before a week, he and another were on board a New York bound steamer, flying fast from the English May, and that other was—Merry Lowndes.

* * * * *

A man felling trees on the summit of a huge cliff created with vast pines; below him a furious torrent whirling in mad eddies round gray boulders rising grimly, like the vast heads of mysterious pre-diluvian monsters, from the yellow waters and snowy foam of the river; spread like a carpet below his aerie the unbroken green of an illimitable forest; above him the wondrous beauty of an American sky, an eagle circling in its upper dome, a heron following the river course; about him a sweet mantle of utter quiet, broken alone by the regular fall of the flashing ax, and the monotone of the river; in the distance, visible in the black shadows of the pines, a tiny shanty of great logs piled rudely together; near him, lying in the shadow of a low-bending willow, a child, sleeping away the heat of the day, a posie of wild roses clutched in his dimpled hand, a great lank deerhound sleeping, stretched at full length, at his side; the man himself, a large, ruddy-faced, determined-looking fellow, with a countenance more tempestuous than dogged—a face doubtless fearfully expressive when the fire within leaped up, in repose placid, and not unamiable.

He was clad in the regular costume of a new settler—a coarse red flannel shirt, frieze trousers, and a rough straw hat; and his fine athletic figure and Saxon face, thrown out by the background of dark pines, had something of the picturesque about it.

As the sun rolled his golden wheels to the highest point of his bridge of cloudless sapphire, the man paused, and flung down his ax.

"About time to take a bite," he said, going toward the drooping willow, where the child and the dog lay sleeping.

Instead of applying himself to the cold pork and damper—a substantial lunch of which lay on a tin plate also under the willow—he folded his arms, and stood looking at the sleeping child.

As a "cloud no bigger than a man's hand" compels night and tempest to the sky, some thought of exceeding bitterness grew in his mind until his face was fearful to look upon. He was a reticent man at the best, slow of speech, shy of the sound of his own voice. Another man in this solitude, with a memory gnawing at his very soul capable of writing such characters on his face, would have raved his wrongs to the listening heavens, have cried his woes aloud to the dumb bosom of his parent earth; but he looked at the boy, and was silent. Even when the darkness was black as the wing of Eblis on his face, involuntarily he gave a curious illustration of his own character. A ray of sunlight fell burningly on the child's violet-veined lids. With a tender hand, the man knelt down, and turned the little head, "sunned over with curls," into the shadows.

"Poor little chap!" he muttered, "I wish—"

"Tom—Tom Trottenby!" shrieked a voice behind him.

He sprang to his feet pallid as the granite face of the cliff he stood on.

There was a flash of scarlet like the wing of an oriole amongst the sombre pines, the gleaming of a face pure and bright as a June rose, and Merry Lowndes was sobbing and laughing in her lover's arms.

"I've come!" she said. "Oh, Tom, darling, ain't you glad?"

Tom's arm closed round her like a vise. His bewildered glance fell on another face—a haughty face, with the dark beauty of an almost Castilian type—the vivid coloring of the perfection of health and vigor—the spare, lofty, muscular frame of a Roman athlete.

"Who is that man, Merry?" he said, pointing to him.

The stranger answered for himself.

"I am first cousin to the Dowager Duchess Jane Gorecourt, and I am come to claim her son Ethelbert, the present duke."

His eagle eyes had found the child sleeping by the willow, and, with one stride, Alick Nunnberg had reached the spot. He swept the boy into one arm, and placed his free hand in his bosom significantly.

He turned to Tom Trottenby.

"At any price," he said, and the other understood him.

His mighty arm fell from Merry's waist.

"So," he said, in his slow way, looking at her fixedly as he spoke, "you turned informer, Merry!"

The look would have made many a brave man quail, but the little rustic girl's courage rose dauntlessly to meet it. She turned paler, but she fixed her fearless eyes on his, and clasped her little brown hands together. Alick Nunnberg, closely observant, watched the scene from beside the willow.

"Yes, Tom," she said. "For your sake and mine, I told this gentleman all. Oh, Tom, I couldn't bear the guilt any longer!"

"So you told him," said Trottenby, looking at her as Samson might have looked at Delilah as she betrayed him to the Philistines.

"Yes," she said, steadily, and then breaking down, ran to him, crying piteously, "Oh, Tom, say you don't hate me! I did it for the best!"

"Stand back!" said Tom, recoiling from her, his Saxon face black with rage, his great hands clinched.

He strode toward Nunnberg, who faced him unflinchingly.

"Listen to me!" he said. "Here we stand, man to man, and you won't take that child except over my dead body! You to try to balk me of my just vengeance—who never knew what it was to be sent to jail for two years for shooting a hare in your own bit of a garden!—who never knew what it was to chase like a wild beast between four stone walls—known that t' old father an' mother was a starvin' for want of your hands to work for them—to come out an' find yourself a marked man, shunned by all, an' left to starve or rob for want of honest work! Pahaw! Give me the child an' go!"

Nunnberg looked at him earnestly.

"I know your story from first to last," he answered, "and I sympathize with you sincerely; but, at the same time, ask yourself how far, by the contemptible outrage of stealing an infant, you have left yourself outside anything but the sternest justice."

Tom laughed defiantly, and stretched out his huge arm.

"Give me the child," he cried, "an' begone, you an' her!" and he gave one savage look at Merry—a look in which rage and love were so strangely blended, that his face was a study for an artist in the portrayal of the Passions.

One of those Gordian complications had arisen

which it takes a blow from the sword of Fate herself to cut.

The two men stood face to face, determined as Death itself, and each read the other's countenance clearly as the page of a book.

"I'm a plain man," said Tom Trottenby, "an' of few words. Give me the child!"

"Listen to reason—" began Alick Nunnberg, but the full tide of passion was upon Trottenby.

He rushed forward to tear the little fellow—who had awakened, and was complicating matters by struggling like a baby Hercules in the arms of Alick—from his hold.

"Stand back!" shouted Alick, retreating backward, "or, upon my honor, I'll fire!"

He had a pistol in his hand, and his eyes were blazing.

"Tom! me want Tom!" shrieked the heir of the Gorecourts, disdaining a tear in his terror of the dark-faced stranger, who held him from the only friend known to his baby world.

"Oh! Tom, for pity's sake!" shrieked poor little Merry, and rushed forward to throw herself before him.

He thrust her aside, and bounded forward. Alick Nunnberg retreated a step more, clasping the child firmly.

One step too far!

There was a fierce cry from Alick, strangled in its birth by the iron will of the man, and Tom stood frozen like a figure of stone on the brow of the cliff, Merry Lowndes lying like a fallen lily at his feet, and beneath him—struggling with the roaring rapids, dashed against the sullen rocks, rising from their deathly wreaths of foam—Alick Nunnberg, fighting like a Samson for his own life and that of the child of the woman he loved.

For a second Tom lifted his leonine head and looked into the sky, and in that second the man's true nature reasserted itself.

Merry crept to the edge of the cliff, and, lying prone on the grass, was not conscious of life itself, or of anything but that watery demon penned in its rocky bed, and furiously tearing the lives out of the three below—the two men and the golden-haired child.

Alick Nunnberg could swim but little, and, hampered by the boy—dashed against the almy rocks, blinded by the spectral foam, bruised, bleeding, partially stunned by his fall—was the sport of the raging river. He was torn in maddening circles, snatched to and fro by eddying currents, and through all he held the child with one arm, and with the other battled blindly for his life. He might have saved himself by letting the boy go, but he smiled as he felt the darkness of the end closing on him.

"Jane's child!" Death had almost an element of sweetness in it as he thought that she might yet hear how and when he died.

Then the shadows closed in.

"Duchess, how long do you intend to remain in this conventual seclusion? An interest in village schools and the well-being of rheumatic old people is very proper, of course; but a pretty young woman is a pretty young woman, my love, and owes something to society."

"Certainly," said Jane, smiling.

She looked strangely like Carlo Dolce's Madonna in the oratory—the same saintly radiance on the soft, round brow—a like sweet sadness on lip and downcast eye.

Her companion was the new Duchess of Gorecourt, a smiling, plump matron, who had been far happier as the Honorable Mrs. Vandeleur than as the wearer of the strawberry-leaf coronet.

The two ladies were sitting at work in the low window of the Chintz Room—a tiny marvel of glowing blossoms, majolica, and old china. No-

thing in the room was costly, save from association. There was a cottage piano, a drawing or two in simple frames, great easy-chairs, a work-table, large and solid, but in the sunlight stood a wire-stand, and on it the priceless radiance of a "Santo Espirito," in full bloom. On the work-table stood a gigantic box of black oak, rich with ancient carving, and on it, on a huge plate of silver, was the legend, in old English letters—

"From Elizabeth the Queen, this box to Anne Gorecourt, her Mayde of Honore.

"Ye prudent woman is a crowne to herre hybande."

—a marriage-gift from the maiden monarch to one of the ladies of the house. It was a piece of state that each duchess should use it as much as possible; so now it stood open between the two women, full of bright-colored flannel for the use and behoof of the dames and gaffers in the village beyond.

Jane's transparent hands were industriously at work on the warm-hued material.

"Then return with me to London. It is more than two years since poor George died."

"My duty to society lies with the portion of it round our gates," said Jane, quietly. "I cannot forget my child yet."

There was another remembrance more bitter even yet in her heart; but the waters of Marah sparkled in the sun, and the limpid waves told no tale of their bitterness to the eye of man.

The duchess laid her plump hand on Jane's, and gave her the best sympathy in the world—that of silence.

At this moment a servant entered with a card on a salver.

"A gentleman to your grace," he said, coming to Jane with it.

The name was simply "Alick Nunberg," and above it was penciled, "I must see you at once."

It was no longer Dolce's Madonna, but a Semiramis, lofty and majestic, whom Jane resembled.

"Show him in here," she said, calmly. "My cousin Alick, from America," she said, explanatorily, to the elder lady.

"Delighted, I'm sure," said the duchess, urbanely; a little nervous, however, as to whether Alick might not prove to be an Indian with a tomahawk.

"I beg your grace's parding, but the gentleman begged most pertikler as your grace would go to him in the picture-gallery."

Jane's face became as marble. Then she smiled. She would see him—she could not avoid that; but—as a stranger.

"Pray come with me," she said to her companion; and the two ladies went through the great corridors, barred with golden light, to the picture-gallery, Thomas solemnly marshaling them—a gorgeous figure, in his peach-and-silver livery.

Nunberg stood before the picture of the lost boy, his countenance lighted by a look of triumph and success, yet impassive.

As the Duchess Jane entered, stern and cold, the very pallor of marble on her set features, Alexander waited till she drew near; then he pushed toward her a boy so like the portrait that he seemed to have grown out of it.

"Your son!" was all he said, as he placed the boy's hand on her icy palm.

One look on the picture, one on the boy, and, with a cry of almost agony, she clasped him to her heart.

* * * * *

Explanations came when, the shock over, a happy group gathered together. In his days of brief happiness at Gorecourt he had learned such particulars of the taking off of a noted poacher and of the sudden disappearance of the young

duke, that he began to doubt the drowning story. To torture the duchess with false stories based on a mere conjecture would have been cruel indeed. He worked steadily to discover a clue. At last, finding that Merry was the sweetheart of the ne'er-do well Tom, he began to sound her. The girl really loved her mistress, and the knowledge of Tom's guilt had been gnawing away her heart and life. On a promise that no harm should befall her lover through her disclosure, and that it should be used only to recover the boy, she told all she knew.

The conversation at the grotto was the closing of the bargain.

Nunberg started with her, with what success we know. He brought testimony in form to obviate any question or doubt as to the boy's identity, and he was at once recognized as duke.

Happy, thrice happy, in the recovery of her son; happy in the thought that love could repay the man whom she had judged so harshly when his only thought was over her, the Duchess Jane, in her new life, shed the gentle light that always radiates on all around from those whom great trials have chastened.

Fishing Through the Ice.

Few conscientious or high-toned sportsmen are to be found fishing with a rod and line through a hole in the ice. They shrink from it, so different is it from "flagging a stream," in the season, with a "brown hackle," or from standing in a boat, where, with one adroit sweep of your "lance-wood top," you can cast a line for fifteen or twenty yards on any side of you, and if you chance to strike a fish that is game, play him to your heart's content. In preparing to fish through the ice, a round hole, usually about two feet in diameter, is cut through the surface, close to the brink of which you stand upon a small truss of hay or straw, with a short rod in your hand, as a long one would serve no purpose.

Those who are adepts in this sort of sport, generally cut this orifice, and bait it carefully with balls composed of scraps of bread and meat the night before it is used, so that the fish may be lured beneath the opening, where they are sure to be attracted subsequently by some more tempting morsel that conceals the fatal hook surreptitiously from above.

Large numbers of them are caught in this way; but as there is nothing artistic about their capture, and as cold feet and cold fingers are almost invariably connected with the sport, if such it may be called, but few indulge in it, save those who are actuated by the love of gain, or something like poverty.

The Indian's mode of fishing through the ice is, in our opinion, infinitely more sportsmanlike than that of his white brother; for, he holds a decoy-fish attached to a short line, which he plays just beneath the surface of the water with one hand, while, with a light spear poised in the other, he awaits the approach of some bass or muskallonge, which, lured by the bait to the edge of the opening, immediately falls a victim to his unerring stroke.

The sport with the rod and line, which is illustrated by our engraving, is very common in Canada and on all our Northern waters. The bay opposite Toronto occasionally presents a very animated appearance in this relation, while even at our own doors the surface of the Hudson is, from time to time, perforated in Winter by men and boys who never regard any sort of fish or game out of season. However, with all our prejudices against "pot-hunting" of this description, we

cannot but admit that, no matter under what circumstances you may hook a fine four or five-pound striped bass, perch, or porgy, there is no small satisfaction in dragging him out of the water through even the narrowest opening, and landing him kicking at your feet; and it is very evident that our young friends feel no scruples about the mode of angling.

Byron's Daughter.—On one occasion Lady Lovelace paid a visit to Newstead Abbey. In the great library, Colonel Wildman, who had invited her there, read one of the finest passages of Byron to Byron's daughter, who, struck with the beauty

of the verse, asked who was the author. Colonel Wildman stared at her, and said, "There is the portrait of the author," pointing to the portrait of Byron by Phillips. He read yet more of Byron's poetry to her. Lady Lovelace was mute with astonishment as new revelations burst upon her. "Do you think this is anecdotal," she said, at last, "when I tell you I have been brought up in complete ignorance of all that regards my father?" From that moment a passionate enthusiasm for everything which recalled the memory of Byron took possession of her. While at Newstead Abbey she used to shut herself up for long hours in the apartments he had lived in, and which still retained much of the furniture which had belonged to him.



FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.



A WEATHER EYE FOR COLOR.

FARMER SANFOIN (who cannot get his wheat in)—“No, sir, we may expect no settled season so long as we see them nasty rainbows about!”

“What makes your cows so cross?” asked an old lady of her milkman.

“My cows cross! What do you mean, madame?”

“Why, as your milk is always sour, I thought the cows must be a cross lot.”

“I Cannot imagine,” said an alderman, “why my whiskers should turn gray so much sooner than the hair on my head.”

“Because,” observed a wag, “you have worked much harder with your jaws than with your brains.”

A Bunch of shingles fell from a wagon on the Troy ferry-boat last Monday, and struck fairly upon the head of a colored woman, who said:

“Y’ oughter be ‘shame to muss a cullud woman’s har dat way. I wish de shingles fell ovah-board!”

A Little beggar-girl, in New York, recently presented a certificate to a person to whom she had applied for alms, certifying that “the bearer is a widow with five children in destitute circumstances.”

Lord Erakine always directed his tiger to knock at the house where he intended to call with a postman’s knock; his lordship remarking that he had long observed servants always more punctually answered knocks of that kind than any other.

A Frenchman who left London for the country, having changed horses at Uxbridge, got hurriedly into his post-chaise, and called to the driver, “*Allons donc.*” The postilion, unfortunately, not understanding French, and supposing he meant to say *à London*, carried the astonished traveler back to town.

A Decidedly rough-looking individual applied for a license as a teacher of a school, not far from Troy, recently.

“Do you think you can manage a school?” inquired the examiner.

“Well, I guess so,” said the applicant, imperturbably. “If I can’t, I can knock the spots out of the youngsters.”

The vacancy still exists.

Doctor Grave went out quail-shooting one day. He returned the following day with the game-bag empty, his sleeves covered with dust, his face scorched with sun, and altogether in a most disheveled and disheartened condition. Muffington met him on the wharf, and said:

“Ah, doctor, what have you brought back?”

“Absolutely nothing.”

“You astonish me.”

“I killed nothing all day.”

“Ah, ah!” said Muffington, “that will teach you not to go shooting, and neglect your patients.”

Life’s Afflictions.—There are some men so afflicted by the disease of avarice that their nights are sleepless, and they are tormented with unheard-of anxieties if a day has passed over without their boards being increased.

There is a good story told of Bishop Macrorie. He was sitting next a navy captain, who said to him:

“You have in your province two rival bishops, C— and another fellow. Which of them do you incline to?”

“I am the other fellow!” replied Macrorie.

What none of us ever drank from—The tap of a drum.

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.**1.—LOGOGRIFE.**

WHEN the ground' with snow is covered,
When the rivers cease to flow,
Bound by icy fetters strong,
Total then I've tried to do.

But, if it is transposed aright,
It will reveal a poet's name,
Which may, without a doubt, be found
Inscribed upon the roll of fame.

Transpose again, then you will see .
That it in butchers' shops is found.
Once more transpose, and then behold
What is oft driven in the ground.

Take off its head, then what is left
May be defined as being to seize;
Transpose the same, and it will show
The name of noted foreign trees.

Transpose again, and lo! the change
Will give a lady's pretty name;
Restore its head, remove its tail,
Transpose, a burden 'twill proclaim.

Behead once more, then quickly see
What means to claim or to demand;
And, finally, its tail cut off,
Then as an adverb it will stand.

2.—CHARADE.

My first is a condiment,
My second is a sauce,
My whole is medicinal
If you're a little hoarse.

3.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A strong defense I was in days gone by;
But now neglected and unused I lie.
2. A queen of France. You all will know a
name
Which boasts so much celebrity and fame.
3. A verb, whose meaning it is hard to express,
Comprising fear, and doubt, and tenderness.
4. A person of distinction and renown,
Whose universal influence all must own.
5. A quality, which etiquette requires,
And which, when found sincere, true love
inspires.
6. A tribe diminutive of creatures gay,
Who sport the livelong night, and hide all day.
7. A voice that oft is heard 'mid ruined halls,
Or by the wood, or ocean's rocky walls.
8. A village you will find in Scripture named,
Which for a miracle divine is famed.

Initials downward read a poet's name;
The finals give a poem by the same.

4.—CHARADE.

My first is always an evil,
My second is generally good,
My whole is a service—
At least, so it's understood.

5.—SQUARE WORDS.

With great splendor; a spice; to incur losses;
declares; real.

6.—SQUARE WORDS.

An Irish town; a tree; month of the year; to
move softly; a lady's name.

7.—SQUARE WORDS.

Notions; a play; zealous; to make better; a
mineral product.

8.—DECAPITATION.

Whole, an important part of the human frame;
behead, and find a gradual rise; again, a serpent.

9.—DIAGONAL ACROSTIC.

These words appended, when formed in a square,
One way, diagonally read, disclose
A fortified rock high up in the air;
While in the other direction a sea-light it shows.

1. See an old relation.
2. Then a trade.
3. Now innkeepers appear in sight.
4. Also notice a Jewish offering made.
5. And who will stage-plays write.
6. To bud like a flower.
7. And what
in every wld ought to be.
8. Now, pray mark a drunken sot.
9. And a gentleman's cloak lastly see.

10.—CHARADE.

My first is used for building in almost every
town; my second is discovered when they're
pulling houses down; my whole is in the kitchen
found; 'tis used by careful wives, or servants,
for the purpose of just brightening the knives.

11.—CHARADE.

My first you heat,
My next you beat,
Whole English meet
With music sweet.

12.—CHARADE.

I'm thinking of thee, Kate, both morning and
night,
Sweet emblem of purity, spotless and bright;
When with primal or trouble my mind's sore
oppress'd,
Thy beauty steals o'er me and soothes me to rest.
I'll think of thee always, in weal or in woe,
And my love, pure and constant, shall next
never grow;
Nor I'll never grow total, sweet darling, of thee,
My own bonnie lassie, the pride of Dundee.

13.—PUZZLE LOVE-LETTER.

Wonsmo reitak mypininapd,
2 sh omil utvot um ydeer;
Becausipro misdwenweptr ted—
Lavinum ealbro knartd—
That winu'dg one X thec,
I'dnot 4 get to write llye.
Whinwilly ecumo me llimdyuret risure?
'Tisalong wileu rabsint. 'Twud film e widpleasur,
Cudiwonsmo rebut say urdeerlas, meboy,
'Twud make metoapyidbby ingotjoy.

14.—CHARADE.

My first is a carriage for farm or for city;
Just as it's made, it is ugly or pretty.
My second's a kitten, a bird, or a baby;
And my whole you will see in the room of a lady.

15.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. 500.
2. A part of the foot.
3. A small ship.
4. The skin of animals.
5. A mineral.
6. A
harsh sound.
7. Having many sides.
8. Not
plausible.
9. A gap.
10. Opposite to nature.
11. A description of the earth.
12. To change.
13. A dog.
14. A long substance.
15. Finis.
16. 250.

16.—CHARADE.

My first is an article of furniture; my second is
worn by gentlemen; and my whole is seen at
dinner.

17.—SQUARE WORDS.

A man's name; a bird; to assuage; a mineral
production; to bend the knee.

18.—SQUARE WORDS.

Farewell; amendments; pertaining to Ireland;
to come about; a teacher.

19.—SQUARE WORDS.

To unite; an allurer; to eradicate; habitations of birds; personal adornment.

20.—CHARADE.

My first and second are the same,
And when reversed a liquor name.
Do not my whole, for you will find
It is a foe to peace of mind.

21.—PUZZLE.

Passing along Broadway, one afternoon, I saw a glass tablet that had evidently been embellished with an advertisement in raised letters. However, through rough usage, or wear and tear, some of the letters were obliterated, leaving the following mangled specimen:

I I G
O O S
O
A I S

Please endeavor to fill up the words by supplying the missing letters.

22.—CHARADE.

My first is a bird; my second is a fish; and my whole is an insect.

23.—LETTER CHARADE.

First is in courtship, but not in marriage.
Second is in omnibus, also in carriage.
Third is in nose, but not in face.
Fourth is in Esk, but not in Thrace.
And my whole, if combined aright,
Will a beautiful flower bring to light.

24.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A lofty place. 2. A certain time. 3. Part of the face. 4. This is sublime. 5. A heathen name. 6. To pine away. 7. A town of fame. 8. Felt every day. 9. A magazine. 10. This means instead. 11. In Russia seen. 12. We're often bled.

The initials of the above read down
Will name a soldier of renown.
His dying words the finals tell,
When he in battle nobly fell.

25.—ENIGMA.

Oft that I give I've taken away.
I've caused a deal of strife in my day;
But generally I manage to carry the sway.

26.—CHARADE.

Fair maid, I must leave thee; but, ere I depart,
A question I'd ask thee, to lighten my heart—
That heart which thou hast in love's sweet stream
immersed;

Say, may I be thy—can'st thou guess what?—
my first?

Oh! give me a token, to mind me of thee
When distance shall part us! Say, what shall
it be?

May I beg that small tie that thy fair throat
bedecks?

Or a part, say one-third, thou wilt then have—
my next.

And gold I will give thee! Nay, doubt not my
word;

For see, pretty skeptic, my purse is my third.
Right gladly I'd hail thee the queen of my soul.
For thou art, sweet damsel, yes, thou art—my
whole.

27.—CONUNDRUM.

If a man were to cheat at a card-party, what
musician would he remind you of?

28.—SQUARE WORDS.

What we all do; what we all do; what we all
like; a bird.

29.—SQUARE WORDS.

A water-bird; an English river; a Spanish
mountain; another bird.

30.—LOGOGRAPH.

Striped complete, in rows and rows,
An untamed steed I roam;
Cut off my head, my limbs transpose,
And banish me from home,
I still am wild, though every child
That's born is just what I am;
And every man, do what he can,
Must always, *die et diem*.

31.—TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

- Behold one stricken with disease,
That robs the victim of all ease.
- A saying by each one revered
To whom its meaning has appeared.
- This tells of loud and boisterous sound,
With which great London doth abound.
- 'Mongst the monks a certain order,
Of which I am the recorder.
- On music's page I have a place,
Suggesting how to play with grace.
- This term implies a faith that's good,
Owning the one true brotherhood.
- A king who, quite without occasion,
Founded abbeys by persuasion.
- Sweetly scented, favorite flowers,
These should always deck our bowers.

As these words do follow on,
The initials now read down;
They reveal a name well known,
'Specially in London town.
Then the finals you must take—
You will find that they all make
One who has an equal fame,
And whose calling was the same;
But he long has passed away,
Though the other lives to-day.
The mid letters read down, too,
Then their calling comes in view.

32.—LETTER PUZZLES.

- Name two words in the English language,
eight letters each, one only one syllable, the other
five syllables.
- Name the longest word in the
English language.
- Name a word of three let-
ters, transposed whichever way possible will form
a distinct word.
- Name a word containing all
the vowels in rotation.

33.—PERMUTATION.

Change my head, and I become destruction,
offense, departure, promise, to come down.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC., IN
JANUARY NUMBER.

- Soldier, solder, older, Oder, ode. 2. Hare-
bell, cowslip, tuberose, violet.

3.— V
S I R
F A C T S
V I C T O R Y
S T O N E
O R B
Y

- Triptolemus, thus—Terra, Rhea, Irynge, Poly-
phemus, Thelxiope, Ocypte, Lachesis, Endymion,
Mnemiosyne, Ulysses, Satyrus. 5. Foxhound.
- Guilder, builder. 7. Byron, Keats, thus—
Bark, Yule, Rosa, Object, NuptialS. 8. Snow-
ball. 9. Belief, belle, bell, Bel. 10. Navan, Adela,
venom, alone, names. 11. Chard, Hague, again,
ruins, dense.

"That seat is engaged," said a pretty young girl on the Colorado Central.

"To whom?"

"A young gentleman," she poutingly said.

"Then, where's his baggage, I pray?"

Her ruby lips opened like rosebuds in Spring; her face in deep blushes was dyed, as she muttered, crossly:

"You hateful old thing! Why, I'm his baggage!"

A Bog-Trotter.—A large bog at Cappamore, Tipperary, Ireland, is reported to have recently changed its position half a mile. The movement was accompanied by strong vibrations of the ground and loud noises. A bog-trotter, indeed, that could trot off half a mile. We now understand the meaning of the word.

A Justice of the Peace in Illinois, before whom a citizen had prosecuted his daughter's lover for ejecting him from his own parlor the Sunday evening previous, solemnly decided as follows: "It 'pears that this young feller was courtin' the plaintiff's gal, in plaintiff's parlor, and that plaintiff intruded, and was put out by defendant. Courtin' is a public necessity, and must not be interrupted. Therefore, the law of Illinois will hold that a parent has no legal right in a room where courtin' is afoot, and so the defendant is discharged, and plaintiff must pay costs."

"How to Dress on Fifteen Pounds a Year as a Lady. By a Lady."

In the press, shortly to be published, uniform with the above: "How to Dress on Nothing a Year as a Kaffir. By a Kaffir."



GIVING ORDERS.

CONSUMPTIVE MERCHANT (to dripping-wet dependent)—"*How dare you come near me with your wet clothes? Go into the next room and take them off, or I shall get my death of cold.*"

One day, when George the Third and his Queen were walking together, they met a little boy—they were always fond of children, the good folks—and patted the little white head.

"Whose little boy are you?" asked the King.

"I am the King's beef-eater's little boy," replied the child.

On which the King said:

"Then, kneel down, and kiss the Queen's hand."

But the innocent offspring of the beef-eater declined this treat.

"No," said he, "I won't kneel, for if I do, I shall spoil my new breeches."

The thrifty King, says an historian, ought to have bugged him, and knighted him on the spot.

There is a clever lad in Binghamton who will get his living in this world, and no mistake. For playing truant, maternal authority cut off his supper. Casting one fond look at the authoress of his existence, he paused at the door to say:

"Mother, I am going to die, and when I am no more, I wish the doctor to cut me open and look at my stomach."

The maternal heart was filled with awful forebodings, and the maternal voice asked what he meant.

"I wish it to be known," he answered, "that I died of starvation."

This was enough. The small boy was triumphant, and retired to his little bed gorged to repletion.

When the Shah was addressed at Berlin on the subject of his visit to England, his Majesty is reported to have exclaimed, "*Nuages, nuages.*" On nearing the English coast, he found a good apology for a sea-fog, and on his arrival in London a positive down-pour. On being reminded of his expression when his Majesty visited Windsor in "Queen's weather," he observed, so it is stated, that "he now found how true it was that Paradise was hidden by clouds." The subject is said to have been recurred to subsequently at Woolwich Arsenal, when his Majesty declared that a smoky veil also obscured another place.

A Contemporary asserts that "half the married women in the world wonder who their husbands will marry next." The other half more sensibly wonder who they will marry next.

A Minister traveling through the West in a missionary capacity several years ago, was holding an animated theological conversation with an old lady upon whom he had called, in the course of which he asked her what idea she had formed of total depravity.

"Oh," said she, "I think it is a good doctrine if people could only live up to it."

A Yankee in Paris, who was listening to the boasts of a lot of English and French artists about the genius of their respective countrymen, at last "broke out," and said:

"Oh, pshaw! you git out! Why, there's Bill Devine, of our village, who kin paint a piece of oork so 'xactly like marble, that the minute you throw it into the water, it will sink to the bottom just like a stone."



THE WAY IN WHICH THE ORDERS WERE OBEYED.

DRIPPING-WET DEPENDENT—"Please, sir, I could not manage to pull off my boots, although I have tried very hard, but I think I'll do now."

An Awkward Mistake—A worthy baronet in one of the English counties was lately returning home in the evening from a visit, and found his seat in the dog-cart rather colder than he expected. His coachman being attired in his livery greatcoat, was desired by his master to let him put it on, and to take his lighter one, as he would not feel the cold so much. On the baronet's arrival at home, and ringing the bell, the footman, on opening the door, and without looking to see who was in the greatcoat, says:

"So you have left the old curmudgeon behind?"

"No!" exclaimed the baronet; "the old curmudgeon is here, and he gives you a month's warning."

Premium on Marriage—An old farmer, dictating his will to a lawyer, says:

"I give and bequeath to my wife the sum of \$100 a year. Is that writ down, master?"

"Yes," said the lawyer; "but she is not so old but she may marry again. Won't you make any change in that case? Most people do."

"Ah, do they? Well, write once more and say, if my wife marry again, I give and bequeath to her the sum of \$200 a year. That'll do, won't it, master?"

"Why, that's just doubling the sum she would have had if she had remained unmarried," said the lawyer; "it's generally the other way."

"Ay," said the farmer, "but him as takes her will deserve it."

Punctuation.—A suit took place the other day in which a printer, named Kelvey, was a witness. The case was an assault and battery that came off between two men, named Brown and Henderson.

"Mr. Kelvey did you witness the affair referred to?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what have you to say about it?"

"That it was the best piece of punctuation I have seen for some time."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, that Brown dotted one of Henderson's eyes, for which Henderson put a period on Brown's breathing for about half a minute."

The court comprehended the matter at once, and fined the defendant \$10.

A Lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia.

"Your majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly."

"That's none of my business," said the king.

"But he speaks ill of you," said the lady.

"That," said he, "is none of your business."

The Norristown *Herald* says: "A young lady up-town has the initials Y. M. C. A. engraved on one corner of her visiting-cards, which she hands to certain gentlemen visitors. At first they suppose she belongs to the Young Men's Christian Association, but it is not long before they rightly construe the letters to mean—"You May Come Again."

"Thirty-two Cents!" echoed a woman, recently, when her grocer charged her that sum for a pound of butter.

"Yes, 'um," he replied, with a bland smile. "You see the grocers can't carry much of a reserve, and we can't turn out our collaterals at a sacrifice. If the Government calls in the bonds due in 1874, and imports of bullion tend to ease the money market a little, butter must find its level with everything else. Butter is very panicky just now, but I think the worst is over."

She said the money without further growling.

The condition of Chicago during the panic led the *Times* to invent this little dictionary of definitions:

Partial Suspension.—That condition of a bank in which the receiving-teller is on duty, but the paying-teller has gone around the corner to "see a man."

Total Suspension.—That condition of a bank in which both tellers are off duty, but the president posts a notice to the effect that the concern is solvent—if the assets are good for anything.

Failure.—Both doors are closed, but the directors hope to open at least one of them again—when the receiver gives up the keys.

Certified Check.—An instrument calling for money due from a bank on demand, which the bank, instead of paying, indorses as follows: "This is to certify that 'we are all in the same boat.'"

The other day, at a concert, a gentleman having put his hat upon a chair to keep a place, returned to claim it after a short absence. The hat he found, sure enough, where it had been left, only there was a stout lady sitting on it.

"Madame," said he, "you are sitting on my hat!"

The lady blushed a little, turned round, and said, in the blindest manner:

"Oh, I beg pardon! I'm sure I thought it was my husband's."

A Lady asked Mr. Johnson if he liked children. "Don't know, ma'am," answered that crabbed old gentleman; "never tried 'em; am not an ogre."

A *Millwaukee Paper* recently published a lengthy code of "Rules to govern the people who are drowning." This a contemporary thinks is a good idea, and should be followed by several similar codes, such as, "Directions for ladies and gentlemen blown up in a steamboat;" "Guide for the victim of a railroad collision;" "System to be pursued by aeronauts who fall from their balloons;" "The whole duty of man after a nitroglycerine explosion;" "Regulations to be followed by all persons struck by lightning;" and "Proper deportment during a rapid descent from a sixth-story window."

What Women Know about Hair.—The way in which poor, harmless wives are deceived by marble-hearted husbands are many and dreadful; and among the most dreadful cases of deception is this, which we grieve to relate: An Indiana wife, wearing only half a dozen pounds or so of somebody else's hair upon her head, became convinced that life wouldn't be worth having without the addition of a pound or two to the mass. Acting upon this conviction, she soon, by a series of conversations, persuaded her husband that his life wouldn't be worth having unless the said addition was immediately made. Capitulating gracefully, he sent home two "switches," from which the fair lady made her selection. But mark the wickedness of this abandoned man! Before dispatching them he carefully changed the tags upon which the price was marked, putting the twenty-five dollar tag upon the ten dollar switch, and *vice versa*. After a strict and severe examination of the two switches by his trusting wife and all her feminine friends, the one marked \$25 was naturally enough chosen. And that wretched man, that penurious fiend, exulted over his treachery to that gentle, lovely woman.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," said a book-peddler, entering a railroad-car.

No one responded.

"Begg pardon if I have said too much. I withdraw the last expression."

Ladies and High Latitudes.—Daughters of Earth in one point differ from their Mother. A wad of false hair at the back of the female head maintains a high temperature at the Poll.

A Young Man from the country slapped a big copper cent under the nose of the stamp-clerk at the Troy Post Office, the other day, saying:

"I guess I'll take one of them ere pastoral cards, mister!"

A Dowagiac butcher takes the bones out of his meat before selling it, now. He had a dream the other night, in which he found himself at the celestial gate, but confronted by a mountain of bones, which an attendant spirit said he had sold to customers, and he must climb over them if he would enter heaven.

The Indianapolis *Sentinel* has this opinion about it:

"He who would in business rise,
Must either burst or advertise."

"You ought to let me pass free of charge, considering the benevolent nature of my profession," said a physician to a tollgate-keeper.

"Not so," was the reply. "You send too many dead-heads through here now."

The doctor did not stop to argue the point, but paid his toll and passed on.

The first thing a young man does when he sees a friend with a new hat on is to take it off and serenely try it on his own head. When a young lady sees one of her acquaintances with a new bonnet, she just lifts up her nose, and serenely wonders "where the thing got that fright!"

It is stated that a gang of London sharpers some time ago pounced upon a fresh country-looking personage, who had just arrived at Euston.

"Could he tell them the way to Bryanston Square?"

"No," was the reply, for this new arrival had very little knowledge of London.

He was then asked to drink; but this he declined, unless he could also have a good chop and some cheese. His obliging acquaintances treated him to his refreshment, likewise to cigars and spirits, and then endeavored the "plucking" business, by suggesting a skittle-match.

"No," answered the country-looking individual; "I think I have had all that I require—perhaps another day we can settle that skittle-match."

Fearful that the pigeon would fly away, one of the party asked for his card.

"Certainly," he coolly answered; "there it is; call at my place, and I shall always be glad to treat you to the best of fare, and to introduce you to my friends."

We avoid giving the exact names, but the card read:

"Sergeant Choker, E. X. L. Division, Topping Street."

It need hardly be added that there was a rapid stampede of skittle-sharpers, at whose expense Mr. Choker had had a pleasant hour's entertainment.

How is this for a French-description of a young lady? "She leaves off kissing at twelve, and begins again at twenty."

"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman, who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter.

"Can't say, sir," replied the policeman; "he can't give an account of himself."

"Of course not," said the other; "how can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

Somebody says: "I never saw a sick man yet who didn't behave like an overgrown baby, or inspire all in the house to pray either for his speedy recovery or his early translation."

"How these shopkeepers will fib it!" said Mrs. Partington, with an expression of pain on her venerable features; "that young man I bought those needles of said they were good-tempered, and only see how spitefully this one has massacrated my finger."

Dangerous Politeness.—At a party one evening a young lady was standing in a draft, when an old bachelor stepped up, and remarked:

"Miss —, I will protect you from the draft with my person."

"Do you promise always thus to guard and protect me?"

"I do."

"You will recollect that this is leap-year."

The old gentleman was for a moment non-plussed, but finally succeeded in saying:

"You must ask my mother."

Mind Your Own Business.—Once, in great danger at sea, everybody was observed to be upon their knees but one man, who, being called upon to come, with the rest of the hands, to prayers—

"Not I," said he; "it's your business to take care of the ship; I'm a passenger."

"What are you doing there, you rascal?"

"Merely taking cold, sir."

"It looks to me as if you were stealing ice."

"Well, yes; perhaps it will bear that construction."

As a fashionable young lady, fresh from the boarding-school, came to her honest old father's breakfast-table, instead of speaking English, and saying, "Good-morning," she spoke French, and said, "*Bonjour*."

"Of course the bone's yours, if you say so," responded the practical old gentleman, as he handed her the ossified portion of a beefsteak.

"I'm so thirsty!" said a boy at work in a corn-field.

"Well, work away," said his industrious father. "You know the prophet says: 'Hoe, every one that thirsteth.'"

A Shoddy miss at Saratoga told a literary gentleman that she read Shakespeare "when they fust came out."

When deaf and dumb lovers are married, two members of the wedding-party are sure to be unspeakably happy.

Mr. Query wonders if, when Night falls, she doesn't hurt herself. She probably does just about as much as Day hurts herself when she breaks.

A Newspaper contains an account of the production of a new play, and says the audience "sat spellbound. There were only four persons present. One was deaf, and the other three were asleep."

Isn't it very affecting to behold at a wedding the sorrow-stricken air of a parent, as he gives the bride away, when you know that for the last ten years he has been trying to get her off his hands.

A Colporteur in Kansas was told that "this 'ere region ain't much on Bibles, but if you want to make money, bring us out a load of shotguns."

Dominoes.—Cruel Husband: "Deceive you!"

Indignant wife: "Don't tell me any more fibs! Didn't you tell me last night that you were only going to a quiet little party—dominoes, and that sort of thing?"

Cruel Husband: "Just so—that's what I said, exactly. Dominoes—dominoes, you know; always have dominoes at a masked ball!"

Sir Moses Montefiore, the great London leader of the Jews, was negotiating a loan on the Bourse, when a small lot of capitalists approached him.

"Oh, dear," says one, "he is going to swallow us all!"

"No, my dear sir," said Sir Moses, with a caustic smile; "my religion forbids that."

The Tennessee peanut crop is pronounced a failure, and consequently there is not the usual pen uttered by agriculturists.

A Hartford gentleman, who had tarried late at a wine supper, found his wife waiting his return in a high state of nervousness. Said she:

"Here I've been waiting and rocking in the chair till my head spins round like a top!"

"Jes' so, wife, where I've been," responded he; "it's in the atmosphere!"

A Parvenu Lady, who has risen in the world, was describing her two daughters to an acquaintance who had never seen them. After dwelling on their filial excellences, she said, with a profound and technical air, and with mouth genteelly puckered up, that "one was a bluenet and the other was a bronze."

"There's one kind of ship I always steer clear of," said an old bachelor sea-captain, "and that is courtship; 'cause on that ship there's always two mates and no captain."

A Veteran observer remarks: "How much help lazy people need!"



THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF FASHION.

Bashfulness.—The most bashful girl we ever heard of was the young lady who blushed when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep.

Peru reports its financial and commercial affairs in an unusually prosperous condition, and takes credit to itself for *Perudent* management on the part of the government.

There is an old lady with false teeth out West who wants to know if the Yankees can't invent some new way of putting on pillow-cases; meanwhile she nails the cases against the wall, and drops the pillows in.



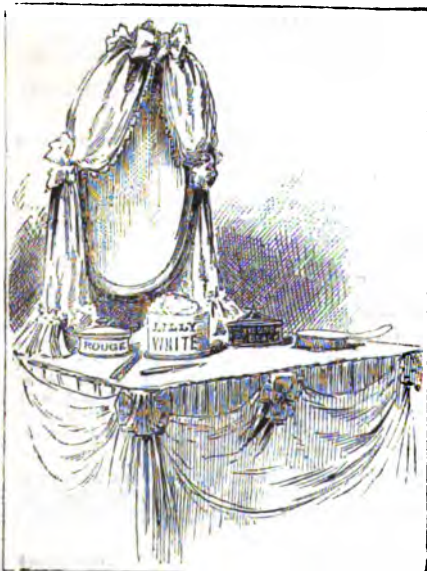
THE DEPTH OF FASHION.

When Lord Eldon, many years ago, brought in his bill for restraining the liberty of the press, a member moved as an additional clause that all anonymous works should have the name of the author printed on the title-page.

"I'm so afraid of lightning," said a pretty coquette, in a sudden shower.

"Well you might be," said her smarting lover; "your heart is steel."

Some people say it is dark-haired women that marry soonest, but elderly spinsters maintain that it is the light-headed ones.



THE MOST FASHIONABLE COLORS.



FASHIONABLE LITERATURE.



A NIGHT IN THE OLD MILL.—“I TELL YE, GAL, GO BACK; DAR'S A TRAP-DOOR OPEN, AN' DAR'S A SWULL OF WATER GOING ON DOWN YER—AN' HERE'S YER NOTHER'S CANDLE ALL BURNED DOWN TO DE SOCKET—NOW, I TELLS YE, GO BACK, 'N I'LL LOOK.”

A Night in the Old Mill.

“LEWIS CHANCE & SONS, REAL ESTATE AGENTS.”

A sign, lettered as above, swung over the door of a small office in a lonely by-street in the city of W—. It was, like all apartments devoted to that business, rather a dingy place. The ceiling was festooned with cobwebs, the floor was black with dust. Here and there a rudely outlined map hung on the smoky wall; here and there a framed list of houses to let, and lots for sale, which the in-comer scanned hurriedly, or talked about with the agents.

Father and son were very much alike. They had been in the business together for years, and the son was over forty. They were staid, respectable men, of good standing in society, and had a reputation for wealth. If an almost servile attention to business, a constant attendance on the office from eight in the morning till eight at night, could have made them rich men, then the public who counted them so were not far from wrong.

One day Ben, the son, sat looking up listlessly at the cobwebs, and listening with apparent interest to the drone of a poor fly mercifully pounced upon, when the glass half-door was darkened, and presently there entered a woman of most remarkable appearance.

Her age was apparently between forty and fifty, and but for the anxious look in her eyes, the haggardness that seemed to spread itself over her countenance when she spoke, she might have been called handsome. Her dress was old-fashioned in make and material, and she wore a long widow's veil which only fell partially over her face. Following her came a vision of such angelic loveliness, that the ancient son of the ancient firm actually sprang from his seat, and regarded the beautiful girl with an unmitigated stare; but presently recollecting himself, he turned red, and busied himself over his desk.

Simultaneously with the entrance of the two ladies, the father, Lewis Chance, had come in the office. He never knew anything but business.

"Servant, madame," he said, going up to the older lady; "what can I do for you to-day?"

"I came to ask about some prop— I mean if the old mill is standing in the place they call Grim's Hollow; sometimes the locality went by the name of Slash Run."

"It's a dismal place," said the younger man.

"Ay, it's a dismal place enough," echoed the father, "and has been long deserted. Oh, yes! it is standing yet, and has been hired several times, but they say—"

"Yes, I know; they say the house is haunted," remarked the woman, in a quiet voice, though her hand shook as she held it against the table. "I was told to come here for the key," she continued, "when I intimated a wish to hire it for a short time. I—the people who lived there once used to be friends of mine, and I liked the picturesque situation of the place. They told me some parts of the house were furnished yet."

"That is so, madame; though, through tenants coming and going so often, I fear the furniture has been abused; but we have some very eligible places for rent, madame. Changes have taken place in that part of the city, and, though they will be improvements in time, just now they are almost anything else. Here is a house on S— Street, for instance—"

"Spare yourself the trouble, sir," said the woman, almost haughtily; "we have quite decided, my daughter and myself, to take the house at the mill. Here is the rent in advance; I suppose it is not extravagant?"

"Oh, a mere trifle, madame! Only thirty dollars a month. But, perhaps, you should be told that an unfortunate occurrence took place?"

"If you please, sir," and the woman waved her hand imperiously, while her face underwent a curious change, "you need not tell me about it. Neither my daughter nor myself are superstitious. And, of course, being a mill, old and deserted, the house is haunted."

The younger lady smiled with a brightening countenance. The older counted thirty dollars from a well-filled pocket-book, then took the key, bowed, and the office was left to the possession of father and son and the still drowning fly.

"Remarkable choice," said Lewis Chance, when they had gone.

"Beautiful woman?" said the son.

"Has been, you mean?"

"No; I meant the daughter."

"Oh, hum," said the elder Chance.

Meantime the two women had regained the street, the elder pulling down her long widow's veil.

"So we really are going there?" exclaimed the young girl.

"Yes, we really are going," was the reply, with a shiver.

"You think I remember nothing, but I do. I could draw the great mill-wheel from memory. I distinctly recollect the little garden of herbs in the rear, and the marigolds under the window. I believe I could go all over the house. But, dear mamma, why didn't you let that old creature tell what happened there? And what was it, as you seemed to know? Pray don't walk so fast; I'm quite out of breath."

"Meenie, spare me, child. I can't talk yet, and you know there always are absurd stories about such places. I don't know—that is, I suppose there is some ghost story or other connected with Slash Run."

"Dear me, what a dreadfully unromantic name," laughed Meenie. "But here we are, and there stands Chloe, as patient and as black as ever. By-the-way, that visit you speak of when I was a little thing—it must have been a long one for me to remember so much."

"Yes, Meenie; we staid a good while at the old mill."

By this time they were standing opposite the door of a handsome house. Under the archway of a side-entrance a stout black woman was waiting, with a large basket on her arm.

"We can ride nearly there—not quite," said the elder lady, "so you won't mind the basket. There are no cars go nearer than the new bridge, but the path is dry down by the river, and you can rest when we get there."

"Laws, missis," said the grave African, as she emerged from the shadow, "I could tote dis yer basket six miles. Tain't no heft, noway. Ready, missis?"

"Yes. Come, Meenie," said the elder lady, and they walked slowly away.

"What a beautiful bridge!" exclaimed Meenie, as they alighted from the cars, the male occupants looking admiringly after her.

"Yes; there used to be nothing but crarry planks here the last time we came this way," said her mother, in low, measured tones. "They have improved the place every way. Do you see that winding road? We must cross the bridge and go round by the path yonder."

"Oh, what a delightful road!" exclaimed Meenie; "and the river is as blue as heaven. Strange, I don't recollect the river at all. Isn't it cool and quiet and beautiful down here? We should have gone in raptures over this place if we had seen it abroad. I think we have just as lovely scenery in this country as anywhere in the world."

The mother was silent. Chloe toiled patiently along, steadying the basket on her head. Meenie was the only one who talked, out of the exuberance of her youth and high spirits, and, as they walked, the shadows grew deeper, the sun sank lower, and the trees lost their reflection in the still, placid water.

"So, that's the old mill!"

It was Meenie who spoke. Her mother stopped and looked anxiously forward.

The wood-crowned heights that met their view were bathed in the last crimson dyes of the sun's departing glory. A bridge of the most delicate colors seemed thrown from bank to bank over the now darkening stream. A shining mist lay on the trees, the skies were filled with roseate clouds, and there, to the right, under the drooping branches of a great willow tree, stood the white walls of the mill, looking almost ghastly in the strange weird light that precedes the early twilight of the Fall.

"I'm right glad we're hyar, mistis," said Chloe, reluctantly admitting that she was tired.

"So am I," said Meenie, drawing a long breath that sounded like a sigh.

The utter solitude, the darkening hills, the singular quiet of the place, disturbed only by a slow dripping of water at some point, had rather a depressing effect upon the light-hearted young girl.

"I dare say it is haunted," she murmured. "It looks like it. Well, I've been in haunted places before. There's the mint-garden," she added, in a louder tone; "but everything looks smaller except the hills and the rocks; they seem wonderfully majestic."

Mrs. Winchester—that was the name of the mother—and her daughter had not spoken a word. She threw the veil impatiently from her face, which was unusually pale. Her eyes glittered, her lips were pressed firmly together.

The lock was rusty. It took some time to make it yield, but at last it turned slowly, and they were on the threshold.

The hall into which they were admitted was wide and long, and covered with tattered oilcloth.

Mrs. Winchester threw open the room to the right. It smelt musty, and in the dim light the stiff horsehair furniture, the shabby carpet and the wide fireplace were just visible.

"Chloe, we will stop here for a while and rest," said Mrs. Winchester. "There is always loose wood lying about on the bank. Suppose you gather some, and we will make it look more cheerful."

Meenie had seated herself on the slippery sofa, and was gazing about dolefully.

"We can't tell what the fire will do," she said; "but it's certainly very dismal now."

"Never mind, dear," was the response. "We will take our tea here on this old round table, so let us unpack the basket."

Meenie threw aside the cover, took out a small tablecloth, a box containing candles, and from different wrappers and boxes brought forth cheese, crackers, tea, butter, and other edibles, besides a few dishes.

When the fire roared up the great chimney, making the room light enough without candles, Meenie's spirits returned.

"It isn't so bad, after all; but I hope we shan't stay here long," she said. "For a week or so it will be romantic, and I want to explore the woods and get plenty of ferns, and, perhaps," she laughed, "see the ghost, if there is one."

"Hush! Meenie," said her mother.

"But you know, mamma, I always have wanted to see a real ghost," Meenie responded. "It would be so jolly. Did you ever see one, Chloe?"

The black woman had made the tea over the coals, and was now gravely pouring it out into two small teacups.

"Did I ever, miss?" she responded, after a brief silence. "Well, miss, I've always expected dat I did, once."

"What was it like, Chloe?"

"I never feels at liberty to talk 'bout dat ar," was the answer. "'Twas jes' after my Ebenezer went, an' it's sort'r sacred."

"Oh! well, if I see one I don't think I shall make anything very sacred of it. I suppose I should scream. I wonder if I should? Dear mamma, what is it?" and Meenie rose with a white face, for Mrs. Winchester's eyes were riveted on something beyond her, and with an expression that Meenie had never seen before.

"Meenie, what is the matter?" her mother exclaimed, in a strange voice, bringing her gaze gradually on her daughter's face. "Can't I think for a moment, or fall into a reverie, but you must imagine I see something? Your foolish talk has upset your nerves."

"Oh! but, mother, you did look—that is, I thought you did—awfully; but I suppose it's the queer dancing light and the strange place. I won't be nervous; I never was, and I won't be. Shall we look round the house, mamma?"

"I'll go up first," said Mrs. Winchester; "and you and Chloe can stay together till I come down. We may find it more practicable to bring the beds down here; it doesn't matter for the first night."

"But why should you go alone? I'm dying to see up-stairs," said Meenie.

"I prefer to," was the reply; and the tone and gesture silenced her daughter, who, with a little impatient shrug, began unfastening the coils of her long hair.

Shielding the light from the draft with one hand, Mrs. Winchester went up the dusty stairs, looking this way and that, as if some power outside of herself forced her to direct her glances beyond the pale circle of light in which she moved.

The upper hall was narrower than the one below, and there were two or three doors on either

side. Going to the farthest end of the landing, she paused, hesitated a moment, and then tremblingly opened the door. It took her some time, apparently, to gather courage enough to enter. When she did, the candle she had shook as she held it before her, and her steps were slow and unsteady.

The light revealed the usual furniture of a small bedchamber—a high-posted curtained bedstead, an old chest of drawers, a few chairs, the window-shades and carpet moth-eaten, the fireplace open, and the hearth covered with cinders blackened long ago. The shadows chased each other over the walls, as her shaking hand moved the candle here and there.

"Nothing altered," she murmured, with dry lips. "I might have left it a month, a week ago. Great heaven! why have I come back? We might have remained abroad, sheltered and safe; but, no, the longing came over me, and would not be appeased!"

She sank, trembling with excess of emotion, into a chair.

"I thought my nerves were iron," she continued—"they were once. I could almost walk into the grave's mouth without a shudder, but now I tremble! What terrible, mysterious power has drawn me hither? I, who have been courted and petted by the aristocracy of Great Britain, to be brought against my will to this wretched house, in which none can live in peace! How long can I stay, I wonder? What is wanted of me? Will these morbid fancies ultimately destroy me? Will *this* cold, sleeping face follow me for ever? My God! I thought by this time to forget, but Fate is treacherous, and I am pursued—every hour, every moment I am pursued! What shall I do? What *shall* I do? And Meenie trusts her mother so, and even loves her—poor little fool! What would she say, if—" And shuddering, the woman rose again and began walking to and fro.

Her cold eyes glittered as they glanced toward another door opposite the one by which she had entered. This door had evidently been cut through the wall by some one who was not an expert. It had no frame and no panels, but was made of planed boards cleated on the other side.

At last the woman moved toward this part of the room, and stood by the door with a groan.

"I must go," she murmured. "I can't fight against the terrible impulse. I *must* go;" and she lifted the latch nervously.

The open door disclosed a narrow passageway, and rough boards and beams opposite. Another door, fastened with a hook and staple, faced the one in which she stood. Going forward, with a louder groan, she opened it and stood on the threshold of the mill-room—a ghostly place, where heavy beams, and oaken floor, and shelves and bins were covered with mold and dust, instead of flour.

"He never should have deceived me as he did," the woman gasped, looking about her in evident terror. "He brought me here, a young, giddy girl, when I thought I was going elsewhere a rich man's wife. He maddened me with his triumph, because he had outwitted better suitors, who would have given my beauty a more fitting home. I was ignorant, and vain, and wicked, I know; but was I only to blame? And there—" She pointed with a shaking finger to the trap-door, covered her eyes with one hand, and crouched to the very floor.

"Something bids me open it—he bids me open it!" she cried, wildly. "Oh! but I dare not—I dare not. It is the same impulse that has been so often hot upon me to disclose to that poor child the real character of her mother—to tell George Wellerley, the proud, rich man who seeks her for

his bride, the story of her mother's crime. He would never marry her then—no, never, never. I know him. He might go on loving her to the end of his days, but he would not marry her; and she so pure and good!

"Let me see, how should I tell her? Fifteen years ago, Meenie, when you were a little curly-headed child of three Summers, your father and I had a bitter, bitter quarrel. It crazed me, I think, for I determined that night to be revenged for all my past misery, and that night I drugged him—that night I dragged him, with my own hands, to this trap-door, and sent him headlong!

"Oh, Meenie, Meenie! I can see her look of horror! I can see her shriek from me! No, no!" she sobbed, bitterly; "I could not bear that; and yet, if I live, I must tell her. That same power that has brought me here from beyond the ocean, from scenes of beauty and prosperity, will force me to sully her pure ears with this story of crime. His body was found far down the river, and it was thought he threw himself in.

"Oh, that black, bitter night! Oh, my little Meenie, my little Meenie! How hard it was then to take her to my bosom! What would it be now? She might not resist, but her innocent heart would be broken, I can't do that! I can't do that! Rather—"

A gleam of unearthly light fired her eyes; she set the candle back, opened the door upon its rusted hinges—a fleeting moment, and the mill-room was empty.

Nobody heard the smothered cry—nobody saw the guttering candle.

Meenie waited for her mother. She had thrown herself upon the sofa, and lying there, her eyes fixed upon the fire, pleasant thoughts of one to whom she was betrothed kindling her sweet face and curving her pretty lips into smiles, so she fell asleep. Chloe had stretched herself in front of the hearth, and she, too, overcome by the labors of the day, was already dreaming.

Suddenly Meenie awoke in the black darkness. She sat up, bewildered and frightened, and it was some time before she could collect her thoughts.

"Mamma!" she whispered, and felt of her couch. "Why, I am on the sofa; I never went to bed at all. Mamma, where are you? Chloe, Chloe!"

Her screams grew yet louder. Before long, they penetrated the dull ears of the black woman.

"Well, missie, what is it? What be ye, chile? Bress my soul! why, it's as dark as a pocket."

"Chloe, I'm frightened!" moaned the girl. "Where is mother?"

"Laws bress ye, didn't she jes' go out a minit ago to see de bedrooms, chile? 'Spects she'll be back right away."

"But, Chloe—oh, don't go to sleep! Chloe, Chloe!"

"Har I is, miss, a-settin' up stret on the yearth. What am it, honey?"

"Don't you see, Chloe, there isn't a spark of fire?" whispered Meenie, hoarsely. "It must have been out a long time, and the candle, too. Oh! where is mamma?"

"Dear knows, chile," answered Chloe, moving uneasily. "Shu' nuff, de fire's been gone dis yer long while. What'll I do, honey?"

"Oh! Chloe, find a match—do. I can see what time it is."

"To be sure, honey, to be sure. Cur'us how I came to go to sleep," soliloquized the woman, feeling her way round. "'Pears to me thar's a dreful lonesome feel in de air. Don't you stir, honey; I'll come to dem tings in de course ob time, jes' as soon as I hits de table. Why, whar is dat yer table? Lef' it in de middle ob de room. Seems if it wasn't nowhar. Dar, I's cotched it; now I'll find de matches in no sort o' time; and

hyar's de basket and hyar's de box and hyar's de matches. Bress de good Lord!"

"What's that?" half screamed Meenie, as a rushing sound swept past.

"Laws, honey, don't be afeard ob de rain; da's de rain an' de wind. I told de mistis it war gwine to storm 'fore mornin'. Dar, now you ken see—well, well, ef dat ar candle ain't burned down to de water's edge! da's so!"

With trembling fingers, Meenie brought out her watch, while Chloe lighted another candle.

"I guess de mistis jes' trew herself on de bed up-stairs, an' got to sleep like we uns," she said, glancing over at the pale face of the girl.

"Why, Chloe!" the latter said, as she brought her watch nearer to the light, "it's four o'clock in the morning!"

"Guess dat yar watch ain't sober, missa," said Chloe, quite as much astonished as the girl.

"Chloe, we must take this fresh candle and go up-stairs. I don't understand why mamma should stay there."

"Tings can't allus be understood dat is easy to understand when you knows," said the negress, sententially. "We'll go up ef you says so, honey; but I don't know nothin' 'bout de premises."

"Nor I, either. I have forgotten," said Meenie, in a trembling voice, as the two went up, Meenie first.

The door leading to the front bedroom was still open. Meenie went in, and hurried to the bed. There were no bedclothes, not even pillows. The girl uttered a cry of terror, and paused a moment, for so loud was the sound of the beating drops, the rain seemed coming in the room. Chloe had gone in another direction.

"Look thar!" she said, holding the rude door, of which I have spoken before, open. "We'd jes' better see whar dis yer leads to. Dar's solid groun' underneath anyhow—Lord, it makes my ole bones shiver—'n here's anoder door, honey, and here's—here's—you jes' done go back, chile!" she added, almost fiercely, as she turned. "Dis ain't no place for you. Jes' you go back."

"Oh, what is it—what is it, Chloe?" moaned Meenie, wringing her hands.

"You jes' go back, chile."

"Is mother there?" shrieked the girl.

"No, de mistis yisn't yer. Wish to de Lord she was. I tell ye, gal, go back; dar's a trap-door open, an' dar's a swull of water going on down yer—an' here's yer mother's candle all burned down to de socket—now, I tells ye, go back, 'n I'll look."

She had no need to tell the poor girl to go back again. Meenie had fainted, and Chloe, after lifting her, and taking her down-stairs like a baby, locked the door, kindled a fire, and applied restoratives, moaning all the time.

It was nearly a week before the body was found. The papers commented upon the accident, and Meenie, almost broken-hearted, was tenderly cared for at the home of a friend.

Meantime steam was bringing to her the only one who could comfort her in her dire misfortune—the man of her choice. He had loved her for a year, had met her in London, and their wedding had once been postponed on account of the death of Mrs. Winchester's mother, for whom that lady was in mourning.

Meenie is a happy wife now, but the recollection of the night spent in the old mill often clouds her pleasantest hours. As for the mill itself, it stands yet in its pretty and secluded nook; but who shall say it is not visited by more than one uneasy spirit? Nobody lives there—the owner is away—and the mill will soon share the fate of all desolate haunted houses.

The Haunting Thought.

I CANNOT tell you why it is,
 When sitting by your side,
 But there's a yearning in my heart —
 For something unsupplied.
 The thought keeps wandering thro' my brain
 To haunt me o'er and o'er,
 Until I often say to you,
 "Why don't you love me more?"

Sometimes I hold your hand in mine,
 And whisper tender words,
 Until my heart seems running o'er
 With melody of birds.
 But still there's something always there
 To whisper o'er and o'er,
 And haunt me till I say to you,
 "Why don't you love me more?"

It cannot be that in your heart
 No fond love answers mine,
 For you have whispered many times
 The words, "For ever thine."
 And yet that haunting thought will rise,
 To whisper o'er and o'er
 Its doubts, until I say to you,
 "Why don't you love me more?"

Molly Lover's Lover.

MISS HONORA SANTANITA was a beauty, an heiress, and a good and charming girl, inheriting from her Irish grandmother the larger part of her ample fortune—a pair of bewitching gray eyes, a creamy, rose-tinted complexion, an unquenchable love of fun and coquetry, and her name of Honora, commonly shortened by her intimates to Nora. From her Spanish grandfather she took the stately patronymic completing her address, the tiniest hands and feet imaginable, a tremendous idea of honor, *noblesse oblige*, dignity, and romance enough to drive one wild if forced to be responsible for its demonstrations, as was poor Miss Forrest, this gay young lady's governess. For the rest, she had been born and bred upon her father's estate, some fifty miles from the city of New York, and had very seldom stirred from that rural seclusion, except for the four years of convent school preceding Miss Forrest's reign.

Fancy, then, this mingling of Irish drollery, frankness, and *donquixotes*, Spanish punctiliousness, convent training, and American self-reliance, the whole united in the most feminine of natures, and you have Honora Santanita at the age of twenty-one, and just released from even the shadowy control of guardian and governess; as for father and mother, the poor child had lost both several years before our story commences.

Miss Forrest, to be sure, remained as companion and sheep-dog, now that her governess duties were over; but, as Miss Nora remarked to her cousin May Lovering, "Poor dear Forrest was so very supple, that there was no fun in twisting her round one's finger."

As for May Lovering, she was a tall, stately, and handsome lassie, brunette in complexion, queenly in figure—although some queens are but little women after all—well educated, poor as poverty, proud and ambitious.

People said she courted Nora, and preferred staying at the Quinta, as Santanita had named his house, to remaining in her own very modest city home; they said, too, that the presence of Mr. Theodore Santanita—Miss Nora's brother, now in India—had never proved a bar to Miss Lovering's frequent visits; they said—but, bah! if Miss Lovering, finding herself handsome, penniless, and ambitious, chose a luxurious rather than a comfortable home, and if, being a woman, she did not keep herself very anxiously out of the way of an eligible young bachelor, why, I think we can

afford to forgive her, and hope that our own sins are no weightier.

She had just arrived at the Quinta for a long visit on this lovely June day, and she found her cousin awaiting her in a fever of impatience, betrayed even in the kiss of welcome, and the impetuous hurrying of the guest into the stately chamber prepared for her; but Spanish hospitality dominated Irish vivacity, and it was not until May had laid off her hat and gloves, artfully lightened her dark crimps, pulled and hunched her skirts to their proper flow, and answered a series of questions about home and home matters, that her hostess burst forth, as if a drag had been removed from her nimble tongue:

"And now, darling, you are quite, quite sure you won't have some tea, or wine, or anything before dinner? Well, then, I must tell you. Oh, such fun! and you are going to help me; that is why I telegraphed to you yesterday to be sure to arrive this morning; and only fancy, poor dear Forrest laid up with a swelled face, and not able to show the tip of her nice little red nose this fortnight perhaps—"

"Nora, Nora, what are you talking about, and how can I make anything of such a jumble?" cried Miss Lovering, laughing outright, and putting her hands to her ears. Very pretty hands, too, and ornamented with some nice rings all presented by Nora, who, at this apostrophe, laughed also, pulled down her cousin's hands, and began again.

"Well, then, you horrid old frump, my respected preceptor, Miss Rachel Forrest, is confined to her apartment with ague in her face, and I have received a letter from my brother Theodore, now in India—"

"A letter from Teddy!" interrupted May, a sudden glow mounting to her forehead, and an answering brightness to her eyes.

"Aha, Miss Propriety!" laughed Nora. "Less than three syllables will answer when Ted is the topic, eh? Well, then, I've a letter, and you shall have it by-and-by; but the main point is, that he is sending me the loveliest little monkey in the world by the hand of a friend—eh, May, do you see any fun beginning to glimmer ahead in that little word 'friend'?"

"Go on, you tease."

"Well, the friend's name is De Moura, and he is of Portuguese extraction. Isn't it droll, though, to have another nationality mixed up with us—for your mother was Scotch, you know. Well, Ted likes him awfully, and he has talked and talked to him about me, and De Moura is just crazy, so Ted says, to see me; and the joke of it all is, that Ted showed him your picture, and said it was me, or let him think so anyway, for he had no picture of me except a horrid one that he wouldn't show to any one, and also he wanted to hear him praise you, dear; and as De Moura was coming to this country, traveling for his health—Ted says he is making his fortune out there just hand over fist (that's Ted's expression, not mine, you know)—he sent the monkey for an excuse; and he says if I should be induced to go out to India wouldn't it be jolly—"

"For you, or Mr. de Moura, or Teddy?" asked Miss Lovering, demurely.

"For you, maybe, miss," retorted Nora. "For it's you that I mean him for, if you can—that is to say, of course, if you can be induced to listen to his beseechings."

"Oh, Nora, do please—please talk a little sense!"

"But, darling, I couldn't, for it's all nonsense, and niver a bit of room for anything else at all, at all—"

"There, now, if you're going to begin to talk Irish, I'll just give up trying to make anything of

it!" exclaimed Miss Lovering; lifting both hands in comic despair.

"I won't; there; then. Now listen, and I'll tell you. He's coming to-day to dinner. I made Miss Forrest write and ask him yesterday, and we got a telegram to say Yes. Now, May, he has seen your picture, and it's very like, and he will take you for Miss Santanita, and all you are to do is just to let him, and it will all come round."

"Nora! Just let him take me for you, and it will all come round! What do you mean, child?"

"Gracious! as if you didn't know as well as I," replied Nora, coolly. "You are to play the heiress, and I want to be, not you, my own precious darling, but a sort of companion, a far-off relative, you know, just tolerated in the drawing-room if she keeps very quiet—"

"Nonsense, Nora; of course I won't see you in such a place, though, likely enough, it's where I belong myself, if all had their deserts—"

"May—May Lovering, if you say another word like that you'll seriously offend me! You are my mother's sister's child, and my honored guest," began Nora, all Spanish for the instant; and then, flinging her arms round the other's neck, she turned Irish in a moment, and kissed her over and over, and even cried a little, and when peace was restored, went on with her story with true American persistence.

"But it is quite true that Mr. de Moura—by-the-way, whisper now! the Cris'n name as him is Cherubino, and, faith, I'll call him Cherry—"

"Nora, don't talk Irish. You know how I hate it so."

"And surely it will be the Scotch, then, that my bonnie lassie will like gay weel, and—"

"Nora!"

"Oh, yes! I forgot. Well, De Moura will take you for me, and you must carry on the joke, and let me play whatever character I fancy. Just introduce me carelessly as—well, darling, I must borrow your name, although not your identity, because of the servants, you know; and we shall have to take Johnson into the secret—"

"What! the butler?"

"Yes, dear. Johnson carried me in arms before I could go on legs, and he's one of my most valued friends to this day. I'd as lieve tell Johnson as not; and, then, he waits at table, you know, and of course I must."

The struggle did not end here, for Miss Lovering made very good fight; but, as was always the case in these little conflicts with her cousin, yielded at the end, "entirely to please you, darling."

"Oh, of course; and virtue being its own reward, I don't doubt you will enjoy your little flirtation also," replied the "darling," dryly. "So, now, let us get you up for dinner. You shall wear my maize-colored silk, with the Spanish lace overdress, and my Genoese set, for you must play *la grande dame*, you know; and, of course, you didn't bring anything very well, just running up here in a hurry."

Miss Lovering accepted the suggestion with a demure little smile, knowing that Honora was as well aware as herself of the very limited nature of her wardrobe, and that the maize-colored silk and Spanish lace would never return to their original owner. And, to be sure, they were far better suited, as she told herself, to her own dark and stately style than to her cousin's laughing and sparkling beauty; and Nora, in the pretty little blue muslin she so gayly donned, looked even more bewitchingly than in her Parisian robes of state.

Johnson had received his instructions with all the gravity of a well-bred servant, and was quite

prepared not only to address his mistress and her cousin by their reversed names, but to shield the little plot from the profane eyes of the under servants, and to help it along whenever it came under his control.

Mrs. Marriam, the housekeeper, was also admitted to counsel; but with these two it was hoped that the matter might remain, as the *agut* still held Miss Forrest close prisoner.

Four o'clock, and the carriage was sent to the train for the expected guest; half-past, and it returned, bringing a tall, swarthy, handsome fellow inside, and a still swarthier and not at all handsome one upon the box, at sight of whom the two girls, peeping from behind an upper blind, whispored:

"An Indian servant, too! Isn't the fine, though!"

"And isn't Cherry a beauty, May! And wasn't it awfully generous of me to give him all 'to you'?" added Nora, regretfully.

"I'm afraid it will prove an Indian gift—'chip, chop, chin, give and take it back again,'" returned May, in the same breath.

"Come, now, we have to go down and meet him," said Nora, turning nervously toward the door, while the color came and went upon her face in a manner far better suited to blue muslin than yellow silk; and, indeed, as they entered the drawing-room, May a little in advance, elegant, self-possessed, queenly in attire and mien, and Nora hanging back, half laughing, blushing, visibly embarrassed, Mr. de Moura would have been almost an idiot to have concluded other than he did:

"Oh, yes. The heiress and some little companion."

And with the thought forming itself in his mind, he advanced, bowed most gracefully, and, taking the somewhat large but handsome hand extended to him by the silken-clad damsel, carried it to his lips, murmuring:

"Permit me in the name of my dear friend, your brother, Miss Santanita."

"I am so glad to welcome a friend of Theodore's, Mr. de Moura," said May, very truthfully; and then plunging boldly into the plot, turned to Nora. "This is Mr. de Moura, Mary, dear Teddy's friend, and Mr. de Moura, this is Miss Lovering, a distant relative of ours."

The lady bowed demurely, the gentleman a little reservedly, and, turning again to Miss Santanita, he led her to a seat, and began at once to speak of India, Theodore Santanita, and of the monkey.

"I left the poor little chap in town under treatment of a vet.," said he. "Change of climate, you know, and all that. He will be all right in a day or two, and I will run down again and bring him."

"A little monkey, cousin! And what will you do with the baste when you get him? Shure I'll not mind him for you, so don't be thinking it!"

As these words, uttered in the sweetest of voices and strongest of brogues, fell upon his ear, Mr. de Moura could not restrain a glance of surprise, first at the utterly artless and simple face of the speaker, and then at the flushed and mortified one of his hostess, who, merely noticing the interruption with a nod, began to talk in the most animated manner, but upon what subject she herself scarcely knew.

Mr. de Moura replied to her politely, but presently, leading the subject to the beauties of nature, spoke of the lovely blue waters of the Laker of Killarney—a blue, as he remarked, often reflected in the eyes of the charming women born in its neighborhood. As the mischievous fellow had foreseen, the poor relation caught up the challenge:

"And shurely, then, sir, it's the Blarney Stone you didn't forget to visit as well. But thrue for

ye, all the same, about the waters of Killarney; blue and beautiful they are, and it's meself that would like to be beside them this minute. Ochoone! but it's weary I am o' waiting!"

"You have visited Ireland, then, Miss—?" inquired the guest, politely.

"Vishited! It's born I was in the swate ould counthry, eighteen year ago last Lady Day; and as for the name av me, you're to call me Lovering, cousin says—Mary Lovering, at your service—though in Killarney I was plain Molly Lover, wid never a 'ring' at all. But cousin she found me out, and it's gay and glad she'd be to make a lady av me if she could; but, cousin dear, they found out before you or I wor born that it's hard making a silk purse out av—"

"Mary, will you be so good as to inquire whether Miss Forrest will join us at dinner?" interrupted the true Miss Lovering, her voice an odd mingling of terror, anger, and amazement. But Nora was not so easily to be repressed. Jumping up, and dropping a milkmaid's courtesy, she replied, with a laugh:

"And aren't you 'shamed of yourself for that same, Cousin Nora, when you know as well as I that poor old Forrest is safe abed for a week, shure; but, like enough, it's a word you're wanting alone wid the jantleman, just to make your apologies for the poor relations you're asking him to consort wid; or, maybe, it's shparking you'd like to be at; and small blame to ye both, for it's rare good sport; so good-by and good luck till the bit dinner's ready."

And, like a frolicsome kitten, she sidled and bounded across the room, and out at the open window.

Contrary to De Moura's expectations, his hostess, left alone with him, uttered no apologies for her cousin's behavior, nor affected any bashful recognition of her parting hint. She talked sensibly, elegantly, and with an air of quiet good-breeding, particularly pleasant to the man so long exiled from home and society; and at the end of an hour, when dinner was announced, De Moura found himself thinking:

"A splendid girl, upon my word! and if all goes well, Ted, old fellow, I'll remember your parting wishes, and try to carry her back to Calcutta."

This kind intention still worn in his mind, De Moura entered the dining-room with his hostess, just in time to perceive the Irish cousin adding the last touches to the dessert, arranged upon the sideboard, by wreathing some shamrock-leaves among a dish of peaches.

"Wurra, but you've caught me at it!" cried she, bounding away, and standing with her hands behind her, and the very spirit of mischief dancing in her eyes, at the other side of the room, while Johnson demurely turned to arrange the window-curtains.

"Ye see, Mr. de Moura, cousin don't like me to meddle wid the servants' work, for fear they'd find out I wasn't used to be waited upon, as she has always been; but I do so love to do an odd turn here and by, the more especially when it's honoring ould Ireland's dear ould shamrock; and as we've no p'aches there, I just thought I'd bring the shamrock and the p'aches together for once in a way, and—"

Mr. de Moura, will you take this seat? Mary, please to sit down," broke in the calm, dignified tones of the hostess; and "Mary," with one hand laid over her mouth, and her gray eyes dancing with mischief, crept on tiptoe to her chair, and sidled into it with a demure air that lasted quite through the first course, and, indeed, did not wholly evaporate until Johnson had finally left the room, when, catching up an apple, she

stretched a round, white arm across the table, and thrusting it into her cousin's face, said:

"Name it for me, cousin, av you plaze, and I'll do as much for you."

Afraid of inducing further mischief if she refused, Miss Lovering touched the apple with her finger, adding a warning glance, returned by a saucy nod; and then, while De Moura politely talked to his hostess, and at the same time watched the wild Irish girl, as he secretly named her companion, the latter ate the apple, biting it off in generous mouthfuls, and crunching it between her strong little teeth with a truly rustic vigor and enjoyment.

As she ate, she lay the seeds aside with ostentatious care, and suddenly broke in upon De Moura's critique of a new poem with:

"Wan I love, two I love, three I love, I say; four I love wid all my heart, an' foive I cast away. Six he loves, sivin she loves, eight they both love, an'—as I'm a sinner there's no more! Now, cousin, who was it? Tell me quick; on'y if it was Mr. de Moura here, I'll niver ate the seeds, for that makes it come thrue, you know."

"Oh, Miss Mary, that is too cruel!" said De Moura, with a smile so nearly impertinent that May Lovering colored scarlet, and hastily cried:

"It was Teddy, Mary; and it is a shame to lose this lovely moonlight. Let us go out upon the terrace, and leave Mr. de Moura to take his wine alone."

"Teddy was it! Then, by my faith, I'll ate ivery seed, for there's niver a boy of thim all so near to my heart as that same."

And Nora, hastily thrusting the eight seeds into her mouth, nodded a saucy answer to the profound bow with which De Moura held open the dining-room door, and skipped after her cousin into the drawing-room, where she was immediately seized by both shoulders and shaken with all the strength of arm at Miss Lovering's command.

"You dreadful, dreadful girl! What do you mean by this perfectly horrible conduct? Such a brogue! Such manners! Such speeches! Oh! Nora, you are really too bad; I declare you are—"

"Faix! an' it's meself that can't help it, at all, at all!" gasped Nora, in the broadest Irish she could muster; and, twisting herself out of her cousin's grasp, she fled out at the open window, adding as she went: "Whisht! alanna, whisht! The jantleman's looking at ye, an' a foine timper he'll reckon you've got!"

Miss Lovering turned, and, to be sure, there stood her guest at the open door, vainly struggling to repress his laughter.

It was too much; and poor May, clenching her teeth to keep down an angry sob, muttered briefly, "Excuse me for a few moments, sir," and swept out of the room and up-stairs.

"By Jove! it must be a trial, and she bears it like an empress! I like that girl better every moment that I see her," muttered De Moura; and then giving way to the still besetting desire for laughter, he walked to the window and leaned against the frame, shaking all over with amusement. Suddenly he stopped and looked out.

"There she is! Now for fun!" exclaimed he; and, darting out at the window and down the terrace-steps, he soon overtook Nora, who, in a sudden revulsion of his strange temperament, was strolling slowly along, and looking up at the moon, with all her Spanish romance in her eyes.

"And so, Miss Mary—or, may I call you Molly, it is so much nicer—and so, Molly, you wouldn't eat the seeds if the apple had been named for me, because you wouldn't have 'They both love' come true, you cruel little thing."

"And wouldn't it be a great misfortune for me if such a word could come true betune us, sir?"

asked Nora, raising her dewy eyes full upon him with such effect that he could only stammer:

"Stunning, by Jove! Oh, Molly, you're a strange compound, and, I'm afraid, a very bewitching one."

"I was laving you to say all those purty things to my cousin, sir," replied Nora, drooping the soft eyes, the corners of the rosy mouth, the whole fair head, until she stood before him a statue of loveliest humility and resignation.

"But, Molly I didn't feel like saying them to your cousin. There is no witchery about her!" exclaimed De Moura, trying to seize the little dimpled hand that deftly slid out of his grasp, while a gleam of sauciness flitted back to the suddenly upraised face.

"No; that isn't the way you gentlemen talk to the lady you respect; only to the poor, helpless girls you loike to make fun of. I've heard tell of that same shport yer aither, and Molly Lover's not the colleen to put up wid it. Teddy could have towld you that, sir."

"Ted! Yes, you said at dinner-time that you liked him better than any one in the world," said De Moura, half jealously, and still watching the face he had truly called bewitching.

"And what would ail me not?" asked Nora, coolly. "Doesn't he shstand in place as a brother to me?"

"If I were your cousin, little Molly, I'd try to be something dearer than a brother," replied De Moura.

"But as you're not, nor can't be, except it's by marrying Miss Santanita, what's the use of talking about it? Tell me how Teddy is luckin' now, instead."

"I'll tell you how he's not looking, and that's into the loveliest eyes in the world, for they're here, and not there."

"And is it me own two eyes you're maning? Faith, thin, I'll go and take a look at 'em meself, for I niver took notiah how they did look."

And with a sudden movement, she glided past the hand outstretched to detain her, and ran lightly toward the house.

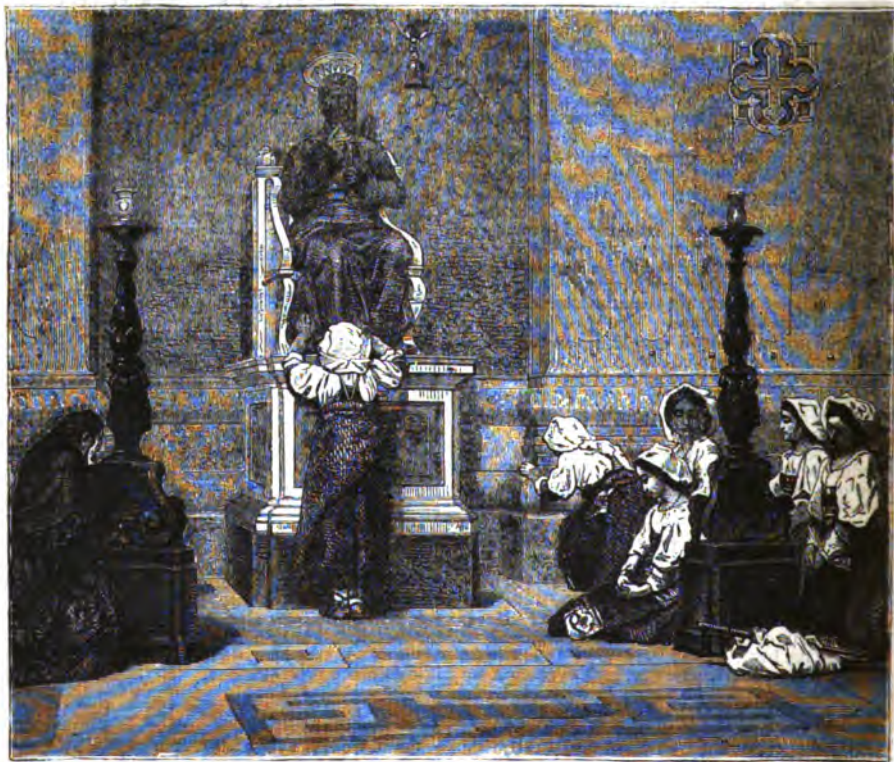
"Sprite! Elf! Fairy!" muttered De Moura, slowly following. "Well, I'll go and make peace with my hostess."

Miss Santanita was already returned to the drawing-room when her guest entered, and received him with the same dignified and high-bred politeness he had already so much admired.

They talked for a while; and then the lady sang; and De Moura, who had the true Portuguese instinct of music, played; and then Nora, who had softly crept into the parlor, sang an Irish ballad; and at eleven o'clock, Mr. de Moura made his adieus, and went down to the village inn, accompanied by Ali, his Hindoo servant, his mind a chaos of bewildered admiration, amusement, and conflicting purposes.

Space fails for giving in detail the history of the next eight days, for De Moura's visit lasted so long, although at first intended for perhaps three; and as he strolled through the long maple avenue leading to the Quinta, on the eighth day of his stay, he was saying to himself, not in word, but that wordless thought-language we all use in conversing with ourselves:

"Yes, she's everything a man could desire in a wife—handsome, talented, well-bred, modest, and dignified; and then Ted expects it, I know, and



PILGRIMS AT THE BRONZE STATUE OF ST. PETER, IN ST. PETER'S, AT ROME.—SEE PAGE 91.



THE RIGHT INFLUENCE.—"HORACE MARSTON FINISHED THE MILKING, AND, WITH THE TIN PAIL ON ONE ARM AND JEANNETTE ON THE OTHER, HE MADE HIS WAY TO THE HOUSE."—SEE PAGE 91.

she has plenty of money: though that's no great matter, as I am no beggar, and—why shouldn't I? I think she'd say 'Yes' if moderately urged, and, of course, it's the proper and correct match for me to make; and yet—pho, nonsense!—don't make a fool of yourself, De Moura, by even glancing at such an idea. I'll offer to Miss Santanita to-night—heigho!"

The sigh alone was audible, and, as it fell, some mischievous echo seemed to catch it up, and prolong and repeat it.

De Moura hastily looked about him, but saw nobody, until a handful of acorns, clattering upon his hat, induced him to turn his eyes upward, and to find the merriest, sauciest, loveliest of faces

peering down at him through the thick lower branches of the great oak beneath which he stood.

"The top av the mornin' to ye, barrin' it's avening," said a voice, already decided by De Moura to be the sweetest voice he had ever heard.

"Molly! Up there, you mischief!" exclaimed he. "And how did you get there?"

"By manes av the limbs—limbs av the three, I mane," replied Molly, coolly.

"Will you come down, or shall I come up? I want to see you."

"And what ails you, not to see from where you are? Shtop! I'll go higher—the way the branches 'ouldn't be in yer way."

"No, no! Wait; I'm coming up."

And with some little effort the young man swung himself into the tree, and was soon most uncomfortably perched near the malicious beauty, who watched him with critical eyes.

"I've seen Teddy do that same without half the botheration; but maybe it's the other jantleman does do it for you mostly," said she, at length.

"What other gentleman, you sprite?"

"The naygur jantleman."

"Ali?"

"That's the name av him, I belave."

"And why should he climb the trees for me, pray?"

"Shure an' he combs yer hair, an' puts on yer coat, an' takes aff yer boots, an' why shouldn't he ate an' drink an' climb trees, an' make love for ye, too? Maybe it's himself is offering yer heart an' hand to me cousin this minit, jist to save yer 'aner the throuble av doin' it yerself."

"And Molly would like me better if I had no Ali to wait upon me, and was a more active and manly sort of man, then?" asked De Moura, almost tenderly.

"Faix, I can't tell how I'd like ye if everything was different from what it is wid ye," replied the girl, with a glance of provoking sarcasm in her laughing eyes.

"I know who I wouldn't make love to by proxy," said De Moura, trying to seize the little hand that always escaped him.

"If 'proxy' manes Ali, I'm thinking I'd rather let him get the bashket than take it meself."

"What bashket, child?"

"That manes 'No' in Killarney."

"And you think I should get 'No,' if I asked?"

"Ashked who—what?"

"Asked the most fascinating little girl in the world to love me?"

"An' how would I know? Shure, you'd better send Ali, an' ask herself."

"I'd rather ask her now, with my own lips, Molly."

"An' why didn't you say before that you were waiting to mate her, and ashk her? Shure, I'd not have stood in the way so long. Good luck to ye, Misher Cherry!"

And with a sudden spring, the active girl swung herself to the ground, and ran lightly down a side path.

De Moura's first impulse was to run after her; but hardly had his feet touched the ground, when he paused, reflected, and, with a heavy sigh, took the road to the house.

"Better so, better so!" muttered he, frowning and slashing at the grass and flowers beside the path with his cane. "What folly it would be—what an absurdity; and yet— Oh, Molly, it will be many a cruel day before I can forget you!"

And, still frowning and gloomy, he rang the bell, and desired Johnson to request Miss Santanita to receive him.

"My young lady is in the little parlor, sir," said Johnson, the discreet, who kept his steps from straying, and his tongue from lying, as far as was convenient.

Following the suggestion, De Moura passed through the door which the butler opened as he spoke, and found himself in presence of the stately chataleine, at whose feet he had resolved to lay his name, his fortune, and his hand; in fact, all himself, except his heart.

The first moments of the interview passed in the usual polite commonplaces of a morning call, and then came a pause, broken by De Moura in the hesitating and confused fashion so natural to such occasions.

"Miss Santanita, I am about to leave you—to leave this country—that is, and it is necessary—that is, I am very anxious to mention my wishes,

to throw myself upon your mercy, although I am but too conscious of my own demerits. But your brother was so good as to wish that you should accept what little I have to offer, and to suggest that you should accompany me back to India—"

"Theodore wished you to offer yourself to his sister, you would say?" inquired Miss Lovering, not without a touch of sarcasm in her voice.

It reached and kindled the awkward wooer's pride, and he replied:

"He wished it certainly, Miss Santanita; but it is not upon that account I am now speaking. You must have read my wishes, my heart—"

"I have, Mr. de Moura, read them most plainly, and more than once; and I have never seen there—"

"Do not say that you have never seen the love and admiration I have so plainly shown!" cried De Moura, working himself up to belief in his own protestations.

"Pardon me. I was about to say that, from what I had seen there, I do not in the least doubt your sincere admiration, and even enthusiastic love—"

"Oh! thanks—"

"Again pardon, and hear me to the end. Admiration and love for—my cousin, and not for me."

As she spoke she raised her head, and looked full and proudly into De Moura's eyes, and he met the look with one strangely varying from stupefaction to resentment, from resentment to resolution, and a manly dignity, such as he had not yet shown throughout the interview. Rising, he approached, and offering his hand, said, in a tone of proud humility:

"Miss Santanita, allow me to kiss the hand that has dealt me so sure, so deep, and so well-deserved a blow. You are right, and yet, not fully. I do love your cousin—love her deeply and irresistibly; but I admire you yourself more than I do or can any woman alive."

"Thank you, Mr. de Moura, and I believe that you are sincere, for the moment at least. I hear my cousin on the stairs; shall I leave you alone with her?"

"May I ask it, and have I your permission?"

"Theodore is her guardian, but you have my best wishes;" and Miss Lovering disappeared through one door, as Nora came in at the other, looking a little sorrowful, and moving rather languidly; but at sight of the young man she hastily assumed her usual manner.

"And is it alone she's ather leaving you, Mither Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance?" asked she, glancing at the closing door, and hesitating, as if she would herself retreat; but De Moura hastily seized her hand, and drew her into the room.

"She left me, Molly, darling, because you were coming, and she knew that I wished to speak to you by yourself."

"To me, is it?"

"To you, and none but you. Little Molly, I love you dearly, dearly, and I want you for my wife. Say that you love me a little, my own darling, and that you will make me the happiest man alive."

"Faith, an' I'm thinking the way to make you the happiest man alive 'ould be to lave alone marrying you, for it's the very life I'd tease out av ye if wanst I was your wife."

"I'll take the risk, my pet; only say Yes."

"But, sir, are you thinking of what you say? A poor little orphan girl, without a pinny to call her own, widout eddication, or manners, or even the Queen's English, let alone the Prisdint's—for it's quare enough English some of them pollytishuns does be spakin'—but just little Molly Lover

herself, and no better. Is it her you're askin' for yer wife?"

"Little Molly—Love-her! Yes, that's just the name of the wife I'm seeking; and love her I will to the end of my days, though I will change her name to Molly de Moura just as fast as she will let me."

"Well, thin—but, sthoph! It's naythyr Yis nor No I'll say till you git Teddy's consint."

"But, my pet—to write to India—"

"And can't you sind your letter by tellygraf; only, don't let 'em rade it?"

"Oh, you droll child! Yes, I'll telegraph, and that this very hour; and I won't see you again until I have an answer, for it is too tantalizing to see those pretty lips, and not— What! not one!"

"Not one, till you shew me Teddy's answer, in his own figh."

"Good-by, then. Oh, my darling! how I love you!"

"Faith, an' I belave it, for it's nothing but just meself ye're gittin' wid me," said Molly; and so they parted.

Within two hours the Atlantic Cable transmitted two messages. One, written in Hindoostanee, was as follows:

"I wish to marry your cousin Mary. Your sister gives her consent—do you?"

"C. DE MOURA."

The other was in English, and consisted of the two words:

"Say Yes. HONORA SANTANITA."

Only the first received an answer, also expressed in Hindoostanee:

"Take her, if she will take you, and bring my sister out to me."

Armed with this consent, De Moura presented himself at the Quinta, and found himself in presence of both the objects of his affection.

"Good-morning, Miss Santanita. I hope that you are very well; and, Molly, I have something to show you."

And he drew the telegram from his pocket, showed it to both ladies, and then translated it. May Lovering colored to the roots of her hair, then turned pale, and looked reproachfully at Nora.

"See, now! You have made him think—" began she, then stopped, abruptly.

Nora looked at her with sudden illumination in her great gray eyes.

"You never mean to say that Ted and you cared for each other?" exclaimed she.

"We—we— He wrote to me last mail, and has not yet received my answer," said May, in a very low voice, and turning away her face.

De Moura looked from one to the other, in amazement and rising wrath.

"It seems there is a mystery about Santanita's consent," said he, coldly. "And why do you ask if Miss Santanita and her brother care for each other, Molly? Without wishing to be curious, I feel that I have the right—"

"It is quite time, Mr. de Moura, that this entanglement should end," said May Lovering, almost sternly repulsing Nora, who, half frightened, half laughing, tried to silence her, and finally sank upon a sofa, and hid her face in the cushions, while May, in a few forcible words, laid bare the whole plot, and the true identity of herself and her cousin. She ended with these words: "And as I now feel it proper to confess, I consider myself engaged to my cousin Theodore, and have written to promise to join him in Calcutta by the first opportunity. For the rest, pray accept my apologies—"

"Permit me to stop you, Miss Lovering. I can-

not allow a lady to apologize to me; and I am most happy if my blunders and stupidities have at all conduced to the entertainment of yourself and Miss Santanita."

"An' it's mad he's gittin' wid his poor little Molly," broke in a little smothered voice, from amid the sofa-cushions.

The injured lover paused, tried to retain the air of dignified displeasure he had assumed, turned and looked toward the sofa, saw a little tearful face, with quivering, laughing lips, and wet, mocking eyes, peeping out at him; made two steps across the room, and sunk upon his knees beside it, whispering:

"I'll never forgive you unless you put your arms round my neck, kiss me all of yourself, and say, 'I love you.'"

Miss Santanita was forgiven, and the rest is very easy to foresee, even to the double wedding, and the unfading happiness of both couples. And so, dear reader, good-by."

Pilgrims at the Bronze Statue of St. Peter, in St. Peter's, at Rome.

PILGRIMS, from reverence, tourists, from curiosity, generally visit first, on entering this greatest of temples, the bronze statue of St. Peter, placed against the last pier on the right side of the nave.

Few works of art have caused greater discussion. Some antiquarians assert that it was cast by St. Leo, about 445, from the bronze statue of Jupiter Capitolinus; while more recent writers have delighted in asserting, and proving to their own satisfaction, that it is the identical Jupiter himself. It is not, however, a brow of Jove to threaten and command, and the hand raised ecclesiastically to bless is not fitted for hurling the thunderbolts of Jove. Those best fitted to judge admit that the work is not of classical times, but of the rude execution of the primitive Christian ages. We, the most recent author on Rome, treats the charge as a pleasantry. The arms were cast with the body, and are not substitutions, he asserts; while the whole work shows the decline of art, stiffness, and poverty of conception. Pilgrims kiss the toe and press the forehead to it, and in the lapse of ages so many have done this, that the metal is bright and worn. We found in the Vatican Museum a medallion ascribed to the second century, and bearing the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, and discovered between this medallion, which is finely executed, and the statue a remarkable resemblance; and he inclines to think that the statue was made after the traditional type handed down in accordance with the usages of ancient Rome.

The Right Influence.

"JEANNETTE says she don't care where she goes this Summer, provided it is some place where she is not obliged to spend most of her time rigging," and the speaker, a very fashionable and exceedingly well-preserved woman of forty or thereabouts, expressed her disapprobation of her daughter's taste by an elevation of her nasal appendage, and a toss of the head, which told their own story to the sensitive Jeannette. "Rigging is one of the elegant expressions picked up by our daughter in her visits to her friends. How a child of mine," and here the fair speaker was visibly affected, "can stoop to such people, and such language, I cannot think."

"Rigging is good, Jeannette. I approve of rigging," said the lord of the manor, Judge Woodworth. "Why, wife, I defy you to substitute a



VERGESS-MEIN-NIGHT.—SEE PAGE 94.

better word. It's a little *nautical*, perhaps." The judge was evidently on the point of a pun; but understanding his wife's antipathy to "vulgariisms," as she was pleased to call everything of this sort, checked himself before it was too late, and continued, trying not to notice the ruffled countenance of his other half. "While your mother and the rest of 'em are at Saratoga, Jeannette, why don't you go and see Daisy? You pick up there better than anywhere else, and it will be a comfort for me to know that one of my family is enjoying herself in a sensible manner."

Jeannette's eyes sparkled. Mrs. Woodworth sighed, and took refuge behind her pocket-handkerchief. Argument was useless. This she realized by a long and persevering experience. Silence and tears sometimes effected a compromise; but, in this instance, they were of no account. The judge had made up his mind; and when the judge was aware, as in this case, that common sense and the real good of another were entirely on his side, one might as well try to move the Rock of Gibraltar.

"Get off as quick as you can," continued the old gentleman. "The weather is growing more sultry and disagreeable every day. *PU* run down

to Daisy's for a week or two, if I can manage to leave. I rather think, Jeannette, that you are more like me than any child I've got. You hate fashionable watering places, and I hate 'em—hate 'em like the—"

The judge really did say a bad word just there—was wicked enough to mention the name of his Satanic majesty, and so shocked his sensitive wife, that she immediately swept out of the room.

"I've done it now," said he. "I suppose I might have got along without that word, and felt just as well. Anyhow, I could have waited till I got out doors; but some folks are always putting their foot in it. I put my foot in it a good while ago, and I guess that's what's the matter—been hitched ever since, I reckon. Heigho!" and the judge removed his spectacles, kissed his daughter, and started, notwithstanding the sultriness of the morning, briskly for business.

"Astounding, Jeannette, incredible, really! that you can prefer Daisy's little place in the lonely country to Saratoga!" said Jeannette's sister Julia, two years her senior, as, an hour afterward, the two compared traveling-notes. "Do you know," she continued, "that Horace Marston has decided not to go to Europe this year? I got the nicest little note from him last evening telling me all about it. All the Marstons are going to Saratoga, and I am so glad about Horace."

Jeannette's sweet face darkened, and the healthy color forsook her cheeks for a moment, as she turned to the window, and endeavored to hide the emotion she was ashamed to have evinced.

"You ought to know, Julia, by this time that my aversion to fashionable crowds is something I cannot help—something ingrained—constitutional, I am inclined to think. I suffer too much at such places to expose myself when there is a chance of rational enjoyment. I enjoy myself at Daisy's, you at Saratoga. Let us agree to disagree, and each take our comfort in our own way."

"But I should think," continued Julia, pertinaciously, "that, now you know Horace is going to Saratoga, you would want to go, too?"

"Not if a dozen Horace Marstons were going to Saratoga," replied Jeannette, quickly, "and I dead in love with the whole twelve. My sweet sister, I am not yet, I am happy to say, Marston mad. I have no doubt I should be able to draw my natural breath if the whole Marston family were to be suddenly translated."

"Well, you needn't be so cross about it. For my part, I think Horace Marston is just about perfection. He has such elegant manners, and such a sweet disposition! Why, Jeannette, that man's wife will be only a little short of a queen on her throne. And, then, he is so intelligent. The note he wrote me was the most perfect thing I ever read. This is the way he com-

menced it: 'My dear Miss Julia.' I never was so surprised in all my life; for, you know, Jennie, he has always been rather reserved with me. I let mother read it, and you don't know how pleased she was. She'll let you go to Daisy's with a better grace now, I suppose."

Julia was right. Mrs. Woodworth made no further objection to the departure of her daughter, and two days after, the judge saw his pet child safely en route for the farmhouse of her nurse, who had married a "well-to-do" farmer, and lived in one of the most charming spots in the whole range of the Catskills.

Not for the world would Jeannette have any of her family to know how miserable she felt at leaving home. That she was bitterly disappointed in Horace Marston she was obliged, though sorely against her will, to confess. His attentions to her, although not of a kind to be noticed much in public, were, nevertheless, sufficiently marked to admit of but one construction, and this one Jeannette had placed upon them.

He had bidden her good-by with decided *empressment*, asked permission to write her, and succeeded in obtaining a blushing affirmative when he suggested that she should answer his letters. The very next thing she hears is that he has written to her sister Julia detailing his change of plan, and not one word had he vouchsafed her. "What *can* it mean?" she asked herself again and again, and the only answer she received was the tormenting echo of her own thought, "What can it mean?"

"A card for Miss Jeannette," said the servant, entering the family sitting-room the morning after her departure.

"Give it to me," said Julia. "Why, it is Mr. Marston! I will go in and see him right away. Did you say he inquired for Jeannette, Joseph?"

"Yes, mum," was the reply; "and when I told him that she started to-day for the Catskills, he said he thought he wouldn't stop."

"Well, I declare, if that isn't funny! Why, mother, Horace Marston never inquired especially for Jeannette before! What in the world can it mean?" and all the answer *she* received was the echo of her own words, "What can it mean?"

"Why didn't you persuade your sister to accompany you to Saratoga, Miss Julia?" inquired Horace Marston, as the Marstons and the Woodworths, with their carpetbags, parasols, waterproofs, dusters, etc., etc., were at last nicely settled in the train bound for Saratoga.

"Persuade her?" replied Julia, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders. "I'm thinking you are not very well acquainted with my sister, or you would never have asked that question. She might, perhaps, be induced to spend a day at Saratoga if by so doing she could save all our lives, but for nothing short, I assure you."

Horace Marston smiled, and a mighty peculiar smile it was, too; but not one word did he utter.

"You look very incredulous, Mr. Marston," was Julia's next remark.

"I am incredulous, Miss Julia."

"I assure you that I am correct, though."

"I assure you that you are utterly mistaken."

"Why, Mr. Marston, what do you mean?" and now Julia's eyes were wide open with astonishment.

"Oh, I simply mean that the *right* kind of influence, brought to bear upon her, would produce the desired

result. That is all. Nothing very wicked about that, I hope."

"I don't know what you mean about the right kind of influence. Mother has entreated and almost commanded. I have coaxed and cried, and none of us could ever make any impression upon her. This is all the answer she ever makes: 'Please let me stay at home, or go where I am sure of having a good time.' It's no use to try and make Jeannette fashionable. She will not conform to society rules about anything."

"How does your father regard your sister's willfulness?" inquired Horace, evidently much amused.

"Oh, father approves of everything Jenny does. *He* thinks she embodies the common sense of the family. I thought, perhaps, I might induce her to come by telling her that your family was to join our party, and that you had decided to go to Saratoga instead of abroad."

"Then she did not——" Here the young gentleman checked himself. He was about to say, "receive my note," but, for some reason, he substituted, "And do you mean to tell me that this last consideration had no effect upon her?"

"Not the slightest," was the frank answer.

"Do you remember what reply she made when you supplemented your request by this important piece of information in regard to my change of plan?"

"Yes; perfectly."

"Will you tell me what it was?"

"If you will excuse me, I had rather not."

"But I will not excuse you. Come, tell me; that's a good girl;" and Horace Marston's tones were very low, and his expression said, plainly, "Of course, you don't want to tell—you only do it to oblige me," when at heart he perfectly understood that the desired information would be furnished him, whether he cared to hear it or not.

"Well, if you are determined to hear a very uncomplimentary remark, here it is: I told Jeannette that I should think she would prefer to go to Saratoga, now that she knew Mr. Marston was going——"

"Thank you, Miss Julia," interrupted Horace. "I am glad to know that I have one friend among the Woodworths."

And she replied:

"You have always a friend in me, Mr. Marston."



CAPTAIN PIGNON BLANC'S APPARATUS.—SEE PAGE 95.

and the dark eyes sought his in a beseeching sort of a way, that, to a susceptible man, must have been extremely aggravating in a public conveyance.

Horace Marston appeared not to notice, but gently suggested:

"And she answered——"

"Just this, Mr. Marston, since you will have it: 'Not if a dozen Horace Marstons were going, and I dead in love with the whole twelve.'"

"Upon my word, Miss Julia, I don't see anything very complimentary about that remark. Just think of a dozen Horace Marstons! I don't blame her a bit. One is more than I can stand most of the time!" and then the speaker, very much to his companion's disgust, indulged in a hearty laugh, and the conversation ended.

* * * * *

"Let me milk one of the cows to-night, Daisy, please," coaxed Jeannette, a day or two after her arrival. "It looks like such fun, and I want to see if I can do it."

"Sakes alive, yes!" was the good-natured reply. "Milk 'em all, if you feel like it."

And so Jeannette, humming a little tune, seated herself on the milking-stool, and commenced operations.

The creamy fluid at first refused to flow; but, after careful manipulation, the young lady was rewarded by a steady current, which, as it fell into the shining pail, made very sweet music to the ears of this child of nature.

A quick step approached, and a familiar voice, just behind her, said:

"Is this a Durham, Miss Jeannette?"

Jeannette suspended operations so suddenly that Mrs. Mooly Cow turned her grave face round to see what was the matter, and showed, for the instant, a decided desire to upset the pail. But the new-comer was too quick for her; for, removing the vessel, he continued, quietly:

"Don't you think you had better proceed with your milking?"

Jeannette's face must have worn just the expression he desired to see there.

Her fine eyes sparkled with feeling, the color came and went in her cheeks, and, extending both her hands cordially, she said, just what any young astonished lady would have said under the circumstances:

"Why, Mr. Marston!"

"Why, Miss Jeannette!" was all the answer she received.

Horace Marston finished the milking, and, with the tin pail on one arm and Jeannette on the other, made his way to the house, and was introduced to Daisy.

How he managed his affairs, no one knows.

That evening, he and Jeannette enjoyed the moonlight until a late hour, and it was with the distinct understanding that Jeannette should run over to Saratoga with him, just to ask ma's consent to their engagement.

As far as we know, the young lady made not the slightest objection to this arrangement.

The astonishment of Mrs. Woodworth and her daughter Julia, when Jeannette and Horace Marston walked in, may be conceived.

It was soon explained. All came right when the Right Influence was used.

Vergiss - mein - nicht.

By CHARLES MILWARD.

THE TRUE LEGEND OF THE "FORGET-ME-NOT."

[The beautiful little flower so widely known under the name of "Forget-me-not" is said to have derived its appellation from the following German tradition:

"Two lovers were sauntering along the banks of a river, when the maiden's attention was attracted by a cluster of strange-looking flowers floating on the surface of the stream. The youth, perceiving the object on which the maiden's gaze appeared to be riveted as by a spell, immediately plunged into the water, and secured the floral treasure; but finding himself unable to regain the bank, he flung the flowers to the feet of his mistress, and, as the waters closed over him forever, fondly murmured, 'Vergiss-mein-nicht,' 'Forget me not.'"

I.

In notes of manly pathos sang
A gallant son of Fatherland,
As with his heart's fond love he stroll'd
Upon a river's golden strand:
"When to the distant lands I go,
In freedom's cause to fire the shot,
Will that sweet heart, love, still be mine
Vergiss-mein-nicht—Forget me not."

II.

"By yonder darkening clouds, which hide
The distant spot where lurks the moon;
By thoughts of all the songs you sing—
Of each I now forget the tune;
By all the promises you made,
And all your vows upon this spot;
In life, or death, we're *one*, I swear.
Vergiss-mein-nicht—Forget me not."

III.

"Oh, dat ish goot," thus sang the youth,
"And sprachen like mine own true vrow;
The signal now mine comrades shoot,
So, dearest, I must make mine bow.
Those pearl-drops from thine eyelids wipe,
Thus from thy face the tears I blot:
Cheer up, mine lovely! One last kiss—
Vergiss-mein-nicht—Forget me not."

IV.

Whilst thus their parting was delay'd,
The maiden's tearful eye espied
A modest flower of rarest worth
As it was floating down the tide.
"Oh, what a beauty! Look! Pray *don't*!
You swim no better than a shot,"
But in he jump'd, and gobbled out,
"Vergiss-mein-nicht—Forget me not!"

V.

"Why from the bottom don't you come?
Why do you stay so long below?"
But a gurgle, gurgle, gurgle,
Only mock'd the maiden's woe.
Wringing then her hands in sorrow
For her lover's cruel lot,
In she tumbled—p'raps she found him;
O'er them floats "Forget me not."

Effects of Opium.

UNLESS taken for the relief of disease, and even then administered with the greatest caution, the continued action of opium, as a sensual stimulant, tends rapidly to the wasting of youth, health, strength, and beauty. Those who begin its use at twenty may expect to die at thirty years of age; the countenance becomes pallid; the eyes assume a wild brightness, the memory fails, the gait totters, mental exertion and moral courage sink, and a terrible atrophy reduces the victim to a horrible spectacle, who has ceased to live before he has ceased to exist. There is no slavery so great as that of the opium-taker; once habituated to his dose as a factitious stimulant, everything will be endured rather than the privation, and the unhappy being endures all the mortification of a consciousness of his own degraded

state, while ready to sell his wife and children, body and soul, for the continuance of his wretched and transient delight; transient, indeed—for at length the utmost effect produced is a temporary suspension of agony; and, finally, no dose of the drug will remove or relieve a state of suffering which it is utterly impossible to describe. The pleasurable sensations and imaginative ideas arising at first soon pass away; they become fainter and fainter, and at last entirely give place to horrid dreams and appalling pictures of death. Spectres of fearful visage haunt the mind—the light which once seemed to emanate from heaven is converted into the gloom of hell—sleep, balmy sleep, has fled for ever—night succeeds day, only to be clothed with never-ending horrors; incessant sickness, vomiting, and total cessation of the digestive functions, ensue; and death, at length, brings, with its annihilation of the corporeal structure, the sole relief to the victim of sensual and criminal indulgence.

Captain Pignon Blanc's Apparatus.

CAPTAIN PIGNON BLANC, an experienced mariner of Havre, has invented the very simple and ingenious method shown in our cut for sending a man and line ashore. He simply takes an empty barrel, cuts out a square hole, around which he nails a canvas sleeve. The man gets in, draws this sleeve up under his arms, and ties it firmly. The barrel is then lowered into the sea, steadied by a weight suspended by ropes below it.

In the experiments made, the captain was let down in one six hundred feet from the shore, where the waves were breaking violently. The first wave made the floater reel somewhat, but it recovered; the second and third drove it toward the shore, and the fourth threw it upon the beach.

Remarkable Impostors—The Hause Case.

A CASE nearly resembling the Tichborne claimant, being that of a lost son returning to his parents' house, and recognized and believed in as their son, while all the time an impostor, occurred at Bangor, Maine, in 1849. The claimant in this case was a young man, twenty-four years of age, named Luther Hause, a wild fellow, son of Luther Hause, of Troy, Maine, who had worked at Bangor for two or three years as a common laborer. He imposed upon the family of James Hause (to whom neither he nor his father was related), by claiming to be their long lost son, and obtained from them money and clothing to a considerable amount, for which suit was finally brought against him.

On the trial, James Hause, Esq., of Corinna, Maine, who was an intelligent man, a Justice of the Peace, and respected by all who knew him—a man of property, and strongly attached to his children—testified that he had a son by the name of James Rowland Hause, who left home about three years since, in company with a neighbor of his, gone to New Bedford, and there shipped on a whaling voyage, in a vessel by the name of *Copia*. The first he (Esquire Hause) ever heard of the defendant was through neighbors of his, who told him a few months before that they had seen his missing son Rowland in Bangor, and had asked him if his name was not James Rowland Hause. He replied No, he was Luther Hause. They insisted, however, that he must be Rowland, and urged him to return to his father's with them. This he refused to do. A day or two later, Mr. Roberts, a neighbor of Mr. Hause, went to Bangor, and was charged by Mr. Hause, if he saw his son Rowland,

to bring him home. Mr. Roberts found the young man Luther, brought him to his own house, and sent for Mr. and Mrs. Hause. On their arrival, Luther addressed the former as "father," and then turned to Mrs. Hause, threw his arms about her neck and kissed her, saying, "How do you do, mother?"

Mrs. Hause did not at first believe that it was her son. His eyes and hair were different in color, and his complexion differed still more widely. In speaking to Luther, she said: "Is it possible that this is my long-lost son Rowland?"

He answered: "Yes, mother, it is me."

She then said to him: "If you are my son, you have got a scar on your knee."

He pulled up his pants, and showed a scar on his knee. She then said: "My son has a scar on his breast, that was burnt in Mr. Andrew's workshop."

He pulled away his shirt-bosom, and showed a scar on his breast. She then said: "My son Rowland has a scar on his neck, under his ear."

He held up his neck, and showed a scar in that place on his neck. She then said: "One of my son's toes lapped over the other."

He said: "One of mine is so." The young man then went to the house of Mr. Hause, and Mrs. Hause asked him to show her the room where he used to sleep. He went up-stairs to the room where her son slept, and after some hesitation, threw himself upon a bed standing in the room, and said: "This is my old bed."

A daughter of Mr. James Hause testified that she kept school at Brewer (opposite Bangor), and that she did not at first know the defendant when he called to see her. Doubting his identity, she said to him: "If you are my brother, you have a scar on the head, where I hurt you when you were a little boy." She then felt of his head, and found a scar, and became satisfied that he was her lost brother. She so testified before the court.

Several of the neighbors of Mr. Hause took this young man to be Rowland Hause. Young men who had been schoolmates with Rowland talked with Luther about past times, and became convinced that he was Rowland Hause.

On the other side, there were several doubtful circumstances connected with the young man, which led the father and mother to feel continual uncertainty about their putative son. And one day there came over to Corinna a Mr. Dow, who positively recognized the youth as Luther Hause, who belonged in Troy. Mr. Thomas Gardiner also told Hause that he recognized the young man as Luther Hause, having lived near his father's seventeen years, and being very familiar with him. Mr. James Hause now became so stirred up that he determined to settle the question of identity publicly, and took out a warrant against Luther for obtaining goods on false pretenses. He was arrested, and Mr. Seth Hause, of Troy, being summoned, appeared at the trial, and there recognized the prisoner as his son.

That was the end of the case. But the trial created unexampled interest. Over four hundred persons were present, and apparently the majority of them were in favor of Luther, believing him to be the long-lost boy Rowland. But the Judge was too close-sighted not to give its due weight to such positive evidence of non-identity, and sustained the warrant. The sovereign mob, on the adjournment of the court, hustled the prisoner out of the way, and, although he was afterward tried and found guilty of procuring money on false pretenses, it was shown that Esquire Hause and his wife, who had so credulously believed in his identity with their lost son (afterward found in California), were much to blame for suffering themselves to be so easily duped.

The Fast of Jerusalem.

In addition to the ordinary fasts and festivals kept by the orthodox Jews, the Jews at Jerusalem observe four public fasts. The first one is kept about the middle of September, on account of the murder of Gedaliah (2 Kings, xxv.) The second on about the 28d of December, on account of Jerusalem being besieged by Nebuchadnezzar on the 10th of June; because on that day Moses broke the tables of the Ten Commandments; on that day the sacrifices ceased in the first temple; on that day the walls of Jerusalem were scaled before the destruction of the second temple; and on that day Antiochus Epiphanes burnt the book of the law, and placed an image in the temple. The last fast is kept on the 9th of the month of Ab, or about the middle of July, because, according to tradition, on that day it was decreed that the generation who left Egypt should die in the wilderness; on that day the first and second temples were destroyed; on that day the town of Bithur was taken; and on that day Rufus plowed up Mount Moriah.

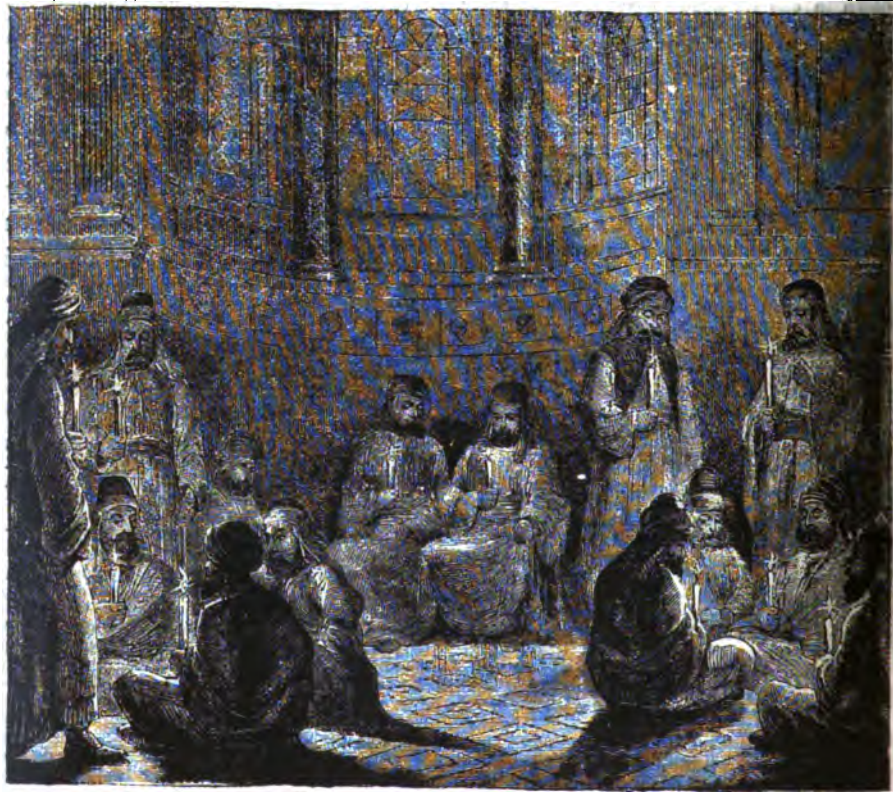
It is needless to say that the fasts commemorating the destruction of Jerusalem are among those most solemnly observed by the Jews, whose homes are in the very place where their splendid temple once stood, and where again it will be erected. Nor are these fasts kept only by the Jews of Palestine. Every exile of the race, in the different countries of his adoption, fondly calls to mind, and bitterly bewails, the lost glory and independence of his nation.

During the whole of the three weeks intervening between the fasts of the fourth and fifth months, national mourning is observed. No marriages are solemnized during the interval, in fulfilment of the words of Jeremiah, that "there shall be the voice of mirth and the voice of gladness, voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride." From the commencement of the month of Ab, the strict Jew abstains from meat and wine. Before sunset, on the eve of the eighth of the month, the meal of mourners is partaken on the head of the family, sitting down on the ground, eats bread strewn with ashes, and then repairs to the synagogue.

At seven o'clock in the evening, I entered the Spanish synagogue on Mount Zion, and was received kindly by the mourners, and pointed to a seat. The synagogue was dimly lighted, and a Jew present had a small wax taper in his hand and sat on the ground, chanting in doleful tones the history of his country's calamities. At the end of about half an hour every light was put out, and we were in total darkness. And now commenced sounds of weeping, wailing and lamentation that were most painful.

Some of the elegies and dirges used by them on their fasts are most pathetic in their outbursts of grief.

With such recitals, and with the reading of the book of Job, the morning is spent in the synagogue. The fast, however, continues till noon, not one drop of water passes the parched lips of the mourner, not one crumb of bread satiates hunger.



THE FAST OF JERUSALEM.



STORY OF A HAUNTED MAN.—“I THREW MY ARM AROUND LUCY’S WAIST, AND HALF CARRIED HER TO THE DOOR, WHICH WE REACHED WITH A FEW STEPS.”

Story of a Haunted Man.

THE subjoined letter was found among the papers of the late Prof. John Lamarque, which fell into my hands at his death; and considering it

to be a well authenticated account of a singular adventure, and having obtained the consent of the narrator’s son, I lay it before the public. None of the persons mentioned in it are now in the land of the living, but I have thought proper

to substitute fictitious names for those in the manuscript.

FRANCIS SOMERVILLE TO JOHN LAMARQUE.

NEW YORK, August 30th, 18--.

MY DEAR JACK—Your letter reached me last night, and I make haste to reply to it as follows. I was quite in earnest when I told you that if you ever made the supernatural a subject of serious investigation, I would give you my own experience, which was, to say the least, remarkable; and I herewith proceed to fulfill my promise, in the hope that my story will be of use to you, and also with a hope (though, I confess, a very vague one) that your researches may throw some light on this dark mystery of my life. Let me premise that I have myself no theory whatever on the subject. This only I know, that for four terrible years I was a haunted man; and so far am I from any natural bias toward superstition, that, though the horrors I underwent can never be, in the slightest degree, effaced from my memory, I might now bring myself to look upon them as the result of nervous disease, were it not that they were witnessed by one other person—one who, with inspired courage, shared my bid-eous vigil—before whose angelic purity and trust in heaven the phantoms fled from my path for ever, and whose love has continued to brighten my life. Even now her sweet face bends over me, and the light, firm touch of her hand on my shoulder is broken by a shudder, as she recalls the events of that night, fearful, yet in its result most blessed. The same horror begins to steal over me, and I will, without more delay, relate my story.

The first of these visions occurred when I was twenty-six years old. I was then in perfect health, clear-headed, decidedly practical in character, temperate in all my habits, and without the slightest tendency to nervousness or fancies of any kind. My father had left me not much money, but a well-established law practice, and at this time I was working at my profession steadily, but not too hard. Altogether I was the very last subject for such an experience.

My only living relatives were an old great-aunt—who had lived for years in the south of France, and was theoretically supposed to be enormously rich—and an uncle, not many years older than myself, with whom and whose family I was on terms of great affection. He had lately purchased a fine estate in the country, which lay about a mile from the nearest railway station, and I was on my way from the cars to his house at the time of which I write.

It was about two o'clock, on the last day of October, a fine, crisp, frosty afternoon, capably suited for the enjoyment of a walk, and I was agreeably conscious of the exhilaration of exercise, and of an accompanying good appetite. My shortest way lay through a small wood, crossed by one little path, and I proceeded as usual in that direction. But as I approached the wood, there came over me suddenly a most singular feeling of reluctance to enter it. I stopped at the edge, involuntarily, and the unaccountable repulsion increased, until I felt strongly tempted to take the other way, which was by the public road. This was only for a moment. Then, indignant at my own folly, and disgusted at the discovery that I possessed any such disagreeable appurtenances as nerves (for, of course, I put down my uneasy sensations under that convenient head,) I pushed on through the grove. The mysterious stillness which is peculiar to a wood in Autumn lay upon it, and to my disturbed fancy seemed unearthly; nor was it any relief to hear it broken by my own footsteps, every one of which startled me as the dead leaves cracked and

rustled under my tread. As I went on, my uncomfortable sensations increased, till I could no longer disguise from myself the fact that I was afraid, horribly afraid, as I had not been before since I was a very small boy. I remember that I tried to quicken my pace, and to my dismay found myself powerless to move faster than a moderate walk. Not that I expected to see or hear anything, and, not to unjustifiably raise your expectations, neither did I on this occasion see or hear anything, but a mysterious horror was upon me that I could not shake off—a presentiment of evil to come. When, to my intense relief, I emerged from the wood, I felt the strain relax. I was myself again, though shaken and uncomfortable, and I hastened on to my uncle's house, wondering if I were going to have a fit of sickness, or what these strange sensations could mean, and hoping that the cheering atmosphere of the happy household to which I was going would make me all right again. And the welcome I found there certainly bade fair to do it. My uncle's hearty hand-shake, his jolly voice and genial smile, the tumultuous greetings of the four wild urchins who delighted in their cousin Frank, and the cordial entrance of my aunt Elizabeth, who, stately, beautiful, and winning, was my special friend and ally—all seemed to restore me to my proper tone again; and all went merrily with me till my aunt exclaimed:

"Now, Frank, there is an hour yet before dinner, and we'll go and see the new house."

Now, I had taken quite as much interest in the new house, which my uncle was in process of building (the present one not suiting him), as any of the family, and had been allowed a large voice in its planning, and, under ordinary circumstances, would have rushed off at once to look at it; but as my aunt spoke, that chill terror came over me again, and I was conscious that I felt the same aversion—but far stronger—to enter the new house that I had felt at the edge of the wood. I would have given the world for some excuse that would have enabled me to escape the visit; but pride and the feeling of anger at myself for what I considered nervous weakness prevented me from pleading fatigue or indisposition, and I accepted the situation as calmly as I could.

We set out at once, leaving the children at home, and I was shown the new house, from attic to cellar. Nothing unusual occurred. We were actually on our way home just as the sun set, and I was beginning to call myself a fool for my fears, when my aunt exclaimed, as she took a last look back at the house:

"Why, Tom, there's one of the upper windows open. I didn't notice it when we were there. It ought not to be left so."

There was no escaping my fate. Of course, I volunteered to go back and shut the window; and Uncle Tom, taking his wife's arm, remarked coolly on the advantage which his ten years' seniority gave him of accepting my services.

I returned to the house, climbed to the third story, found the offending window, and closed it. Having done so, I stood for a moment looking out. The sun had set, and angry black clouds were gathering in the sky. As I turned to go, I found that the twilight in the room had changed to a gloom in which I could not see my way.

It was a long, unfinished room, which was to be made into two or three small ones. The carpenters were still busy with it, and had left their tools and benches there. Against these I tripped and stumbled, as I groped about for the stairs, which were my only means of egress. The darkness was growing so thick as to fairly oppress me, and I felt a choking, suffocating sensation from it. At last my hand came upon a door-latch in the side of the wall, under the eaves of the

house, and by the sense of touch I found that there was a small door which I must stoop to pass through.

It had come—the unknown horror. For I could not, for my life, have prevented my next action, which was to open the door and go through it.

I found myself in a lofty and spacious hall, vaulted and groined, the walls of a dark wood, curiously carved. It was lighted by iron lamps, rusty and cobwebbed, which swung by chains from the ceiling, and seemed to increase the gloom, though they somehow rendered every detail visible. The windows were iron-barred and hung with black. There was a strange chill and odor of dampness and mold pervading the apartment.

In the centre stood a lofty catafalque, heavily draped and curtained with black velvet, hanging in motionless folds. At my distance from this sombre object, I could see only the outline of a figure, robed and crowned, lying on it in the rigid stillness of death. Then I became aware of a sound like low wailing sobs of inexpressible mournfulness all about me, and saw that, sitting along the sides of the room, were several female figures, veiled and robed in black, motionless as death.

All this time I was slowly moving up the hall. I was conscious of no surprise at what I saw. My chief sensation was an overpowering dread lest one of the veiled mourners should rise—should speak to me or touch me.

As I drew nearer to the catafalque, I could see that the crowned figure was that of a woman of magnificent proportions, with long, raven-black hair unbound and lying over her shoulders. The startling pallor of her dead face, the whiteness of her dress, were in dreadful contrast with the darkness that surrounded her.

As I drew nearer, the features seemed of regal and transcendent beauty; a dead queen, who must have ruled men more by her smile than her sceptre.

A few steps more, and, drawn by an irresistible power, yet benumbed with horror, I stood by the side of the bier, and looked on the face of the dead.

God! what a sight! The beauty of a Circe, and with it the vivid impress of impious pride, of unbridled voluptuousness, of malignant cruelty! And these stamped in the hard outlines of death, with the first touches of decay creeping over them.

I stood there without power to move, looking at the Terror before me. A fearful impulse urged me to stoop, and press my lips to those white, cruel, beautiful dead ones. Then it seemed as if the eyelids were struggling to open, the head to raise itself. One awful moment, and the spell which bound me was broken, and, with trembling limbs, I rushed away, and hurried on past the bier and its dread occupant, toward the upper end of the hall, where I saw an immense oaken door, heavily clamped and bound with iron.

The wailing sobs around me changed to a fiendish shriek, and I felt that that awful head was raised and looking after me. With a superhuman effort I pulled open the ponderous door, and heard behind me its heavy clang and a sound of mocking laughter; then all was still, and I stood in the pure air, and saw the blessed, tender moonlight shining in at that fatal window. I found the stairs readily enough now, and hurried homeward, utterly exhausted and shaken by what I had undergone.

It was with a feeling of relief that I saw the sturdy figure of Joe, my uncle's man, approaching.

"The missis was anxious, and sent me to say dinner was a-waiting."

"Yes, Joe," said I, thankful to hear a human

voice. "I lost my way up there, and couldn't get out of the house."

To which Joe, who was luckily of a taciturn habit, remarked that it was "a ramblin' sort of place yet," and asked no questions.

Great was every one's surprise on hearing that I had lost my way in the new house, and many were the jokes at my expense; but the bright lights and merry human faces were so comforting to my disturbed mind, that I was content to parry them as best I could.

Next day I felt quite composed again, and may briefly state that my visit was a happy one, and that I explored the new house many times in perfect comfort.

But this was the beginning of a series of terrible visitations, which pursued me for the next four years. Always the same in detail, always differing in the scene of their occurrence, always directly preceded by the same indescribable sensation of dread. They seemed ruled only by a malicious caprice, taking place at irregular intervals, and in every sort of locality.

The second, I remember, occurred as I was leaving the theatre after a *matinée*. Instead of finding my way to the entrance—for years perfectly familiar to me—I groped through a maze of corridors, till I came upon that same low-cut door, which I could no more help entering than I could help breathing, though I knew now what infernal torture awaited me on the other side.

Coming out of court, going into an eating-house for my dinner, in the midst of a party at a friend's house, hardly any one of my usual haunts escaped without becoming odious to me from this hateful association. And I could tell no one. I consulted no doctor, for I *knew* it was no hallucination of a disturbed brain. Once I thought of confiding in some clergyman, but sensitiveness and a feeling that I should only be looked upon as a madman, banished that idea also.

At last, in a moment of desperation, I told my uncle Tom, though I did not inform him that his new house had been the scene of the first appearance of my tormentors.

As I expected, he looked both distressed and incredulous, felt my pulse, gazed anxiously in my face, and then said, decidedly:

"Frank, you are not well. You are overworked. Why don't you take a year's holiday? Go to Europe, or somewhere."

I felt it of no use to convince him.

"I can't afford it," said I.

"Then see a doctor, and knock off work a little."

I shook my head, and changed the subject; but after this there was an awkwardness in our intercourse, and I felt that I had foolishly robbed myself of my chief consolation.

But it was not to be supposed that any man could bear such a fearful strain on his nervous system without suffering, and I was in truth losing my health.

To complete my wretchedness, I was in love. My father had a very intimate friend, a Mr. Oldham, who had always treated me with the greatest kindness and affection, and whose house was open to me whenever I chose to come. And I chose to come very often, for, from the first time I saw Lucy Oldham, it had seemed to me that the world had not her equal. And though I had never felt quite worthy to tell her so, I had not been absolutely without hope that some time I might have her for my own.

Now, there was an end of that—an end of every bright dream I had cherished. It is a marvel to me now that I did not go mad, or put an end to my wretched life. I know I struggled against that temptation over and over again. But when I had dragged through three weary years of hor-

ror, an unexpected change occurred in my fortune.

The eccentric great-aunt, whose existence I scarcely remembered, died one day, and divided her property (sufficiently large, though not the fabulous sum the family imagination had pictured) between her only living relatives, Uncle Tom and myself.

Now I was my own master, and I determined to go abroad at once, and try if I could leave behind the evil spirits that made my life a curse. And for a while I thought I had succeeded.

I wandered about, too restless and uneasy to make a long stay anywhere, until I chanced on a quaint little German town, which fascinated me. It contained an old church of great beauty, which I fell into the habit of frequenting, having struck upon an intimacy with the old parish priest, who smiled benignly at my spasmodic German conversation, and let me linger and explore to my heart's content. There was an organ, fantastically and exquisitely carved, which I was never weary of examining.

It stood in a sort of niche, closed by curtains, and there I was one evening after vespers, while my old friend was pattering about before closing the doors.

I was trying to decipher an old inscription, when a sudden sense of loneliness came over me. I came out from my curtains to find that the old man had forgotten me, or, thinking me gone, had looked the doors and left. The old terror began to creep over me. Frantically I sought a way of escape, only to meet the dreadful little door—to encounter the now familiar, but each time more terrible apparitions. Again I passed the ordeal, finding myself, when it was over, shivering and stupefied, in the street near the church-door.

Next day I left the town, but my brief respite had made the return of my tortures more intolerable than ever, and I cared not where I went, nor what became of me.

About this time a letter from my uncle informed me that the Oldhams had also gone abroad, but he did not know their plans, and I thought—I hoped they would not cross my path.

But I found them at Florence, where they were to live for a year.

"Now," I thought, "the measure of my misery is full to the brim!"

And, in a sort of despair, I yielded to fate, drinking to the dregs the intoxicating cup of Lucy's daily presence, for I soon found myself installed as their constant visitor, their attendant at parties, concerts, walks, and drives, feeling all the time that Lucy's father regarded me with confidence and affection—that Lucy herself was, at least, not displeased to have me near her—and my hideous secret stung me like an asp, night and day.

What should I do? Should I woo and win her, bury my secret in my breast, and trust that she would never discover it? Should I tell her all—tell her why I could not ask her to be my wife, and then leave her for ever? Or should I go at once, and leave it all unsaid?

Not an hour but I argued these questions with myself, and still said nothing, and still lingered by her side, at once exquisitely happy and utterly wretched.

One night I went with them to a brilliant ball at Prince di T—'s. Lucy's grace and beauty made her conspicuous among all the beautiful women in Florence—the flower of Italian nobility, lovely English girls, brilliant Frenchwomen, and charming Americans. But she turned from her titled and decorated admirers, and talked with me, danced with me, and looked at me with her sweet blue eyes, till I felt half mad.

"This night must end it," I thought; and yet

I knew not how. They played a waltz—a delicious, passionate, mournful strain, like all true waltz music. I claimed Lucy for it, and together we floated on its tide, until I stopped before a window, which opened into a garden, and we looked out on a paradise of bloom and perfume, lying all silvery and silent under the moon.

"How lovely!" she said, looking up at me. And as our eyes met, a sudden light burst on my soul. What a fool I had been with my doubts and hesitations! United or parted, we two were one; for Lucy loved me, and my secret must be her secret, though I would not link her pure, sweet life to mine. I would tell her all, and bid her farewell for ever.

"Let us go out there and walk," I said. "Shall we?"

"Yes. It is shocking, I suppose; but papa won't care, since it is you, Frank," she answered, playfully.

But I felt the tone was forced, and that she had read my perturbed spirit in my face. So we stepped unnoticed through the low window, and wandered in the beautiful old Florentine garden, with its splashing fountains, its marble, moss-stained statues, its breath of orange-flowers and roses; and I told Lucy all my story, all the horrors I had undergone and must endure through. I asked her to pray for me, to forgive me for troubling her peaceful life, and I bade her good-by for ever.

But she put her white hands on my shoulders, and began, eagerly:

"Oh, Frank, you *know* I have loved you always."

Then she stopped short, as she saw my face in the moonlight. For my rapture at her words was broken by a deadly chill, the old benumbing sense of fear crept over me, and I saw with horror that we had turned into a narrow walk, bordered by cypress and yew, while before us loomed, tall and dark, a part of the palazzo we had not seen before, unlighted, silent, and grim.

"Lucy!" I cried, "it is upon me now! Go back, my darling; you will be safe; you can find the way. See, the lights, the music, are over there through the trees. Go, dear; leave me to my miserable fate. Good-by, dearest—God bless you; good-by."

And I put her gently from me; but she clasped my arm.

"I will *not* leave you, Frank," she said, in low, thrilling, solemn tones. "I will go with you, and perhaps God will give me power to help you."

Amazed, confounded, I looked at her. The moon, breaking from a cloud for one instant, showed me her face, and it is no impiety when I say that it was the face of an angel.

"Lucy, you *cannot* go with me," I said again, but she would not be moved, and I could no longer resist the power which drew me forward; and she walked on beside me toward that hateful little door which we saw now close before us. I had no more power to resist her or to govern my own actions. I seemed passive between two contending influences—the holy influence of the living woman at my side, which seemed to interpose between me and the foes that beset me; the evil influence of the dead woman within, drawing me on to perdition.

No longer master of my own actions, I laid my hand on the door, which opened directly at my touch, and closed behind us so quickly that I felt instinctively, had Lucy's hand not clasped mine close, had she not kept even pace with me, it would have shut between us instead, and parted us for ever.

We walked on close together. No shudder passed over the form of the inspired girl at my side, as she looked through the oppressive gloom

of this abode of the dead, at the awful sights within it.

The air seemed to me more than ever laden with the taint of the charnel-house. The lamps emitted a ghastly glare. The veiled figures no longer bent in attitudes of woe, but sat erect and rigid, and I fancied I could see their eyes gleaming through the sable folds that shrouded their faces.

Lucy's face was white as marble, but the hand that clasped mine was warm and steady—not even its pulses quickened. She looked neither to right nor left, but her clear blue eyes gazed upward and onward, as one who follows the beckoning of an angelic hand, or the guidance of a star.

On we went, not with the slow, measured tread I had, when alone, been constrained to keep, but swiftly and steadily, until we approached the catafalque, with its sable pall and sombre drapery.

There lay the demon-queen; her marble-white face showing in majestic, awful beauty against the velvet curtain. She could not see, as I had seen, that it was the face of a fiend.

As I drew near, the impulse to clasp that matchless, yet terrible form in my arms—to press my lips to that beautiful, but accursed mouth—almost maddened me. I was obeying, unconsciously, the influence which had always led me to the side of the bier, but the warm human hand holding mine drew me away gently but firmly, guiding me past the foot of the catafalque, out of sight of the beautiful, fearful, unholy face that had woven such deadly snares about my soul.

The tide of life seemed to flow back again to my heart. We hurried on toward the end of the hall, where I could see the iron-clamped door which was our only way of escape.

Lucy's voice, low but distinct, sounded suddenly in my ear:

"Don't look back, Frank, if you love me. Keep on quickly—quickly!"

I did not look back; but, as if I had seen it in a mirror, I knew that the dread being we had left behind had raised herself from her pillow; that with slow, painful struggles, she was trying to descend from her funeral couch.

We hurried on, and, ah! thank heaven! the spell which had bound me began to dissolve—my manhood to reassert itself.

I threw my arm round Lucy's waist, and half carried her to the door, which we reached with a few steps. For one moment it defied my utmost efforts to open it; then, with a tremendous exertion, I drew the ponderous bolt, and in another instant it had closed behind us with a frightful crash, and we stood once more in the pure air, under the shining stars.

From within came a sound, not the mocking laughter I had heard before, but a shriek of rage, dying into a moan of unutterable, unearthly anguish. Then all was silent, and we hurried on without speaking, till we reached a part of the garden where we could see the windows of the saloon, and within, the figures of the dancers gliding by.

There we sat down on a low seat by a fountain, and thanked God for our deliverance.

In passionate, broken words, I poured out my heart to my darling, my saint, and in low murmurs she answered me, when her voice suddenly failed, and her head sank heavily on my shoulder. My heart stood still. Had I, then, bought deliverance from my infernal tortures at the price of Lucy's life?

In an agony of grief and terror, I laid her down on the bench and bathed her brow with water from the little fountain beside us, till the dear eyes opened, and the sweet lips smiled again. It was no wonder that the terrible tension of the last hour should have overcome her in its reaction. She was no longer my inspired protectress, but

weak and weary, she seemed yet nearer to me, since I could now sustain and protect her. For a few blissful moments she rested quietly in my embrace, then she rose and declared herself ready to go in.

"Papa will be troubled," she said.

But when we re-entered the ball-room, it seemed that we had but just been missed. The time which had seemed to us hours, had, in truth, been short, and Mr. Oldham was just beginning to look about for his daughter.

"We have been walking in the garden, papa," she said, as we joined him, "and I am tired, and would like to go home now."

Then, while Lucy was putting on her cloak and making her adieus, I drew Mr. Oldham into a corner.

"I want to ask a favor of you, sir," said I; "such a great one, that I hardly dare ask—"

"It is granted without asking, then, my dear boy," said he, looking at his daughter's face, which shone with a light he was quick to interpret. "There is no man on earth to whom I would rather give my Lucy."

Six weeks after, we were married. When our friends insisted that we must have been engaged a long time, and did not contradict them, and when at last we went back to America, and my uncle Tom said, triumphantly, "Well, Frank, didn't I say that traveling would cure you of your fancies?" I only answered, "No; Lucy has cured me."

You will say, my dear La Marque, that my ghost-story has lapsed into a mere love-story. But this is the first time I have put it on paper, and, being so full of gratitude to her who has rescued me, I have thought more of her than of the mysterious events which for so many years have been things of the past.

So, hoping the facts themselves will be of use to you, and that you will pardon the irrelevant matter I have introduced into my narrative, I am always,
Your warmly attached friend,

FRANCIS BOWNEVILLE.

Pansy.

STRANGERS thought her name a queer one, but somehow it seemed to me the most natural one in the world, for her life was much the way a pansy looks—the first part of it so yellow and bright and dazzling, the last so purple and earnest and solemn.

She was one of those airy, winsome little creatures, with "eyes that have a look like birds flying downward toward the light," and you always felt, after seeing her, as if you had just climbed up a Scotch heather. Her feet walked upon velvet carpets; her hands wore diamond rings; she had a piano with pearl keys; she had *crêpe* dresses, and silk dresses, and gauze dresses; she had eleven walking-suits, all in the last approved fashion; she had a maid to curl her hair—those wonderful waves of brown and gold, that all the crimping and twisting and torturing could not spoil.

She spent every Summer at Newport—such long, golden, idle Summers, that left no more impression upon her careless brain than did her little boot-heels upon the beach-sand, which the next day's tide swept over. Her father was pleased with her, and proud of her. It was pleasant to come to his wifeless home, and find this bright flower left; and he was thoroughly contented that she should never be anything but a flower, blooming in his grand parlors.

But with Pansy's life before this particular Summer I have little to do.

It was one of those rare June days when she

set out for this watering-place. The heat was getting oppressive in the hot, dry, stifling city. There were four Saratoga trunks on board; there was broad-backed pa in the smoking-car ahead, and Pansy, in her buff suit, leaned out of the window, watching the country fields getting yellow, and the green lanes white with May-weeds, singing softly to herself:

"Out of the quiet ways,
Into the world's broad track,
We go forth in the Summer days,
And never wander back."

The hotel was full when they reached there, but money hired good rooms, and Pansy refreshed herself on the long, cool verandas, while pastrolled off with his after-dinner cigar.

That very night was the first large party of the season, and Pansy, brightened by a nap, a plump little fairy in gauzy white that hung about her in waves and folds, and gave you tantalizing glimpses of exquisite shoulders, and rounded, perfect arms. In her hair and bosom she had put June roses, and her eyes were shining, and her feet beating time to the music her soul loved so well. There is a beauty about youth, that sweet time of roses and dimples, that reigns supreme; and Pansy, fully conscious of this, and that a careful toilet helped make the most of her charms, and that she had the most becoming dress in the crowd, settled herself back in her seat next the two hollow-cheeked Miss Browns, a satisfied queen of the sultry evening.

There was Mrs. Perkins, with four marriageable daughters; there was General Lake's tall, thin niece; there was Miss Frothingale, with a face like a sour raisin; there was Carrie French, with blue eyes, and round platter-face, and fat waist squeezed about with a blue ribbon; there was handsome, dignified Miss Forrest; but none like Pansy, with the roguish dimple in her chin, her dangerous eyes, her wild, curly hair, her rounded figure, her flashing smile, when she turned about to Major Jennings, who was uncourtaneously answering some of Miss Carrie's trite sayings with, "I heard that fifty years ago."

"I thought you appeared younger than you were!" Pansy answered for herself, pertly.

The major, who was forty, scowled; he had a *penchant* for Pansy, but these sarcastic women he never could endure. Half an hour after, as she was drifting about, gracefully promenading and chatting with this one and that, she caught sight of a tall young man, standing by himself, bolt upright against the wall, in a helplessly awkward and lonely condition.

Now Pansy, with all her faults, had one good quality: she never could bear to see any one slighted; it touched her, it wounded her, to see any one poor, or weak, or misused; not that this young man was either; but he was such an isolated figure, and was trying to look so happy over the festivities.

He was a fine, healthy, pleasant-looking young man, with nowhere to put his hands and feet, with an old-fashioned suit of clothes, an old-fashioned way of arranging his hair, and a primitive appearance altogether.

Pansy touched the general's arm, and slyly asked to be introduced, and then, with her pretty, assured air, asked him (for she thought him a proxy, married man) if his family were spending the Summer there.

The young man (Mr. Kent Willis) colored very much as he said he had no family, and had only come in to look at the crowd a few moments, as he had business in the town.

Pansy was pleased with his honest answer. Two or three ladies besieged the general, and she let them monopolize him altogether, and stood talking to her new friend. She asked him about

his home, and found he came from the same place she did. She told him gayly how glad she was, and took his arm for a promenade. The result was, he took her to supper, and they chatted very pleasantly over the ices and cake, and then they went out into the moonlight, and walked up and down, listening to the "sad sea-waves," though anything but sad was Pansy, and anything but sad was her companion, looking down in wonder at the droll creature on his arm. Some way, he felt very proud and happy; his old look wore off as he was cajoled into merriment.

Pansy went to her room that night with feverish cheeks and shining eyes. She said to herself that the young man was very awkward, and very poor, and had bored her very much, but then she was glad she was kind to him. Why was it her healthy self tossed about half the night, and she saw the stranger's large brown eyes looking sadly to the white sails on the water, and kept hearing him say: "My father died when I was a child, I lost my mother when I was a student at college, and I have no friends left but one young sister?"

People who know more about love affairs than I, must tell you why all that Summer Pansy let young Elton Fitzpatrick, with a million and a half, a black mustache, and a dash of Irish flattery, together with the rest of her admirers, wait hours for a glimpse of her in the parlors, while she stole out of the side door to join Kent Willis on moonlight expeditions, and together they walked over miles of sand and gravel, and he spoiled his patent Wellingtons, and she dragged out half her dresses and two charming little hats.

She gave all other suitors the cold shoulder—let them know by a decisive coolness that she was not going to flirt or be flirted with any longer.

If ever a man felt flattered, Kent did, for he saw what Pansy had not guessed herself: that she was beginning to love him; and men do so love to be conquerors.

He liked to be with her, and spent all his spare time in her company; and I know of but one reason why he did not love her, and that was, because she thought so much of him. The old Scotchwoman said, "If you want to keep your lover, you must show him you do not care a ha'penny about him;" and if Pansy had not been so honest, and had not done everything with such open-eyed simplicity, he might have thought her essential to his life. If she had tantalized him with coquettish airs, been distant and prudish and charming by turns, he would have considered her an angel; but the simple girl, who laid her foolish head so confidently upon his shoulder, became such an every-day affair to him.

Now, she, poor child, not knowing that her sincerity, the one true element in her hollow life, was the most against her, began to love to go down to the beach alone, where the waves were climbing up the sand, and sitting in a little cleft of rock, wondering if it were not a shallow life she was leading, and if there was anything in this wide world she was good for but to wear bewildering dresses, put enchanting bows in her hair, and get some poor girl's lover away from her. Was her soul, like Undine's, coming to her?

God sometimes wakes us up gently before some great calamity, so it may not crush us quite. It was just about this time, when a note came from her father, quick and sharp with grief:

"Pansy, come home to your ruined father. I have lost all in that land speculation, and I am sick for a sight of your face."

To a woman like Pansy, this last line had balm enough to heal all the rest. Was she, then, so necessary to him? She was ready enough to go home, for had not Kent gone there only a few days before, bidding her a tender good-by, and

taking a bunch of her fuochias and heliotrope in his button-hole, and had not something ailed the sunsets and the clouds and the seashore ever since?

Then, ruin was not so bad a thing. What if her father had failed? He would get her some work to do to help him, and it would be a glorious thing to earn one's living. She had always looked upon girls with such a respectful curiosity who earned their own dresses and hats; now she would be one of them.

She hurried home eagerly; her father met her at the station. He looked so pale, so stony, so utterly unapproachable, that she dared not ask him any questions, but pattered along beside him over the damp walks.

All had been sold except their home, and that was to go under the auctioneer's hammer in a few days.

"Oh, my piano!" said Pansy, and sat down upon the floor, after her father had gone, and cried, for the first time, as if her heart would break.

God's hand was coming slowly down upon this poor child's head—the fatherly, chastening hand.

Pansy's spirits drooped and rose again over their doubtful future, and were sometimes at a dead level when she thought of Kent's non-appearance. Was he a Summer friend? Her thoughts were full of him the morning of the sale, when she came down to breakfast; and it began to trouble her brain if he would be the same, now they were going into cheap lodgings, and her father was going to begin life over again, as a clerk in his former store.

"Your pa is late," said the one remaining servant. "I think he must have overslept himself, poor man."

Pansy looked at the clock.

"It's half-past eight, and pa is never later than seven. He can't be feeling well. I'll take his coffee and toast to him;" and she put them on a waiter, and ran stumbling up the stairs.

"Papa," she called at the door, "may I come in?"

No answer.

"It's I, Pansy, with the coffee, all out of breath. Let me in, pa."

No answer.

"Oh, papa, you lazy man! wake up; it's eight o'clock; I want you to get me some work to do; I'm going to help you, papa."

Impetuous Pansy opened the door, set down her tray, and took her sleeping father by the shoulder, but stopped short. The shoulder was cold and rigid, his eyes were wide open and staring—the kind dark eyes that always smiled on her.

Pansy threw herself down on the bed, crying:

"Father! father!"

But he, being with the angels, could not answer.

"Died instantly, with heart-disease," the doctors said.

After his years of toil and prosperity, the loss of his home had fallen so heavily, that he had slipped away quietly in the night to the eternal mansions.

Pansy scarcely realized it was him in the coffin, nor that his creditors made and gave her a plain suit of black to mourn for him, nor that they let her stay in his home till after the funeral, nor that it was her father's body they put the sods over.

She waked up slowly in the year that followed, when she worked in the book-binding in a black alpaca, turned all blue in the sun, walking to and from her cheap boarding-house, where she daily had to pass Kent Willis's fine house on May Street.

He had grown wealthy, and had married a rich man's daughter—an only child, as she had been.

He was ambitious, and had months ago forgotten Pansy, but had, nevertheless, been prospered in all his ways.

It had taken all the nerve and all the strength Pansy could muster to learn to pass that house in her old alpaca; but she had got some wholesome lessons by heart in that year—of how one-half of the women in this world must work, that the other half may sit in idleness, and that we are all made of one common clay, and need one common flannel, and how much men can make women suffer if they will let them, and how happy and peaceful our lives may become, even after all that is worth living for is gone.

I do not know just how it happened that, three years later, Pansy rose one morning, singing "The Bohemian Girl," a piece she had learned when happy and careless, and braided her heavy hair with unusual care, put on her best dress, a pretty wood-brown, with a pink ribbon, tied the lace strings of her Sunday hat about her fresh, placid face, which had grown such a quiet, contented face, suited with her life, with everything and everybody, and walked straight to May Street. She never stopped to look at the big brown-stone front, but ran up the marble steps, and rang the bell.

There was no tremor in her frame when Kent came to the door with so white a face, and an—

"Oh, Pansy, you are so good to come when I sent for you, for I could get no one else."

She shook hands with him cheerfully, saying she had received his note, and had come to help him, and he must show her what to do.

He led her into a rich, disordered room, where the crimson curtains cast a pink light upon a wild-eyed woman, who was tossing back and forth upon the bed. She was muttering she was cold, and Pansy, chafing her wasted hands and feet, found them like ice. So she left Kent, and found her way to the dismal, untidy kitchen, kindling a fire, and coming back with a bottle of hot water in each hand.

She warmed and quieted the poor woman, and soothed her off to sleep with her mesmeric hands; changed the pillow-cases, stepped softly about the room, and gave it a less chaotic appearance.

All the time Kent watched her, and her presence seemed to touch and soothe him like a psalm-tune. Her sweet face had grown sweeter with the four years of trial and disappointment she had passed through.

Could this be Pansy's face, as he remembered it?—all sparkle and flame, all light and shadow, with its longing red lips, its shining eyes? How well he remembered her step then, her laugh, the passionate clinging of her plump little arms, her velvet cheeks, like July peaches, against his own! Now her eyes were mild and steady, her mouth quiet and grave.

Could this subdued and dignified woman, as subdued as her own brown dress, whose every look and motion told him he had no longer any power over her, be Pansy?

As soon as his wife was soundly sleeping, he motioned her to follow him. She went, wondering, after him into the further corner of a rich, dark parlor, and he, raising the curtains, let the light fall upon a little coffin, in which a child of only a few weeks old lay sleeping.

Its little arms were gravely folded. Its eyes were half shut, like frozen violets, and there was a look of pain in its bit of a face, as if it felt the shadow of the trouble of the dreary house.

Kent broke out into a heart-broken wail.

"She smothered it in one of her wild spells. It was when I left her alone a few moments, once, as we could get no one who would stay; and this is our only child!"

Pansy's love for babies was a passion, and, seeing the saddened man grieving beside his only child, she forgot that moment all the wrongs he had ever done her; that he had won her heart—her trusting, child-like heart—and all the long years she had been alone.

She laid her little warm hand upon his icy one, mutely trying to tell him that she forgave him.

She had dreamed, when a child, of how, when she grew up, she should go out to fight giants, of floating down the River Nile, under the white Egyptian moonlight, of marrying a banker with an elegant mustache; still later, of marrying Kent, and floating off into years of flowery bliss, under a golden sky.

But, as to taking care of his crazy wife, and weeping with him over the corpse of his murdered child, was a thing her wildest fancy had never painted.

But as to giants, hadn't she fought them, battling bravely, single-handed, against the world for the past four years?—hadn't she met Apollyon and subdued him in many shapes?

Here a scream and a plunge from the next room broke up all meditations.

Pansy never forgot the two dreary days she staid with him, setting to rights that gloomy house, the carrying the little coffin out into the June sunshine, the installment of the new house-keeper, the wails and shrieks of that insane woman, the expression on Kent's face. She was

glad enough to get back to her work Monday morning, satisfied with herself and her life. Glad enough to get away from that miserable man, whom she no longer loved; there was only pity in her heart for him.

The mills of God do grind surely, though they grind exceeding slow. Pansy had been down in the deep waters, but Kent, in the years he lived with his fitful, crazy wife, suffered twice what he had made her suffer.

As to Pansy, she worked on, determined to brighten what was left of her life, with a meek trust and perseverance that surprised me.

I often looked at her, and thought what a good wife she would make, of how her round, good-natured face and quick-moving figure would look in a home of its own, and how loving she would be there. God thought different, for he wanted Pansy the next year among the angels. So we closed her big gray eyes, that had a satisfied look in them that they had never had in life, laid her out in her one white muslin, and put her little hands together, just as she used to do herself, and put some candytuft and white roses in her coffin, and her age—twenty-three—upon the plate, and kissed her lips softly, that had been without a kiss so long, and laid her away in the city graveyard, where only yesterday I saw her grave blossomed out joyfully in May weeds and clovers—a joyful sign and tender of Pansy's soul blossoming in the upper country.



TAME CROCODILES.



A VASE OF GOLD.—“A PUFF OF WRATHING SMOKE, AN EXPLOSION, AND THE DEATH-BOLT, HIDDEN IN THE VASE OF GOLD, HAD PIERCED HER BRAIN.”

Tame Crocodiles.

INDIA, the land of wonders, the cradle, as some philosophers have contended, of the human race, is not less rich in its zoology than in its vegetable and mineral kingdoms. Abounding in the half-reasoning elephant, the royal tiger, the rhinoceros, the camel, the sacred apes, and marshaled armies of monkeys, we find that it has also the crocodile—the animal that was held as sacred by the ancient Egyptians as the cow is by the Hindoos, and traces of whose former worship we can discern scattered hither and thither over all those gorgeous regions of the further East. One of Vishnu's incarnations is said to have been in the

form of a crocodile; but the authorities are not agreed.

The fish of the Ganges are worshiped at the festivals in honor of Gunga, in common with all the other funny apodal and amphibious inhabitants of the sacred waters. Among them are alligators and porpoises, which are numerous in the Ganges.

The Gangetic crocodile grows to the length of nearly thirty feet, and is as dangerous as the Nilotic, from which it differs chiefly in its narrow, long, and hooked proboscis. There is another species of crocodile in the Ganges, called the *Ghurri-aul*, so named from an excrescence, in the form of a ball, near the end of the nose, which tapers from the head, and ends abruptly, like the

snout of a dog. There is a smaller species, not above twelve feet long. The head and neck are half the length of the body; the gape of the mouth is of formidable width. It does not attack man, but eagerly devours dogs. It is always found in the tanks after the annual inundations, and is supposed to be brought down from some of the streams which flow into the Ganges; but never descends into that river.

This species is particularly venerated by the Hindoos as a consecrated animal. They used to be maintained in the ditches of fortified places, as contributing to their defense.

In the island of Java there are also relics of a former general worship of the crocodile all over the East. The *Lacerta* (lizard), an inoffensive land animal, is externally formed like the *Lacerta crocodilus*, or crocodile, which frequents the canals and rivers in the neighborhood of Batavia. From being an object of fear, by a transition of sentiment it became an object of veneration, and offerings are now made to it as to a deity. When the Javan feels himself diseased, he builds himself a kind of coop, and fills it with such eatables as he supposes will be most agreeable to the crocodiles. He places the coop on the bank of the river, or banal, confidently expecting that by the means of such offerings he shall get rid of his complaints. Should any person prove so wicked as to take away these viands, that person would then draw upon himself the malady. Like the ancient Egyptians, the inhabitants in some districts of Java bring up and tame the crocodile, adorning his ears with rings of precious stones and gold, and fixing ornaments about his fore-feet. They also supply him regularly with food, offer victims to him, treat him respectfully while he is living, and embalm and bury him in a consecrated coffin.

Upon treading in the footsteps of this ancient worship, one is irresistibly inclined to ask whether the custom of embalming the crocodile was borrowed from the ancient Egyptians, or did the latter derive it, with their own origin, from a still more primitive Eastern source? That the crocodile, as well as the ibis, and other bestial objects of Egyptian idolatry, was interred with the honors of being embalmed, is expressly stated by Herodotus, the truthful father of history; and in our day we have the same custom presented to us in the remote island of Java, almost leading to the belief, coupled with the Gangetic and other homage paid to the crocodile, that at one period the religion of old Egypt was comico, or, at all events, widely spread from the shores of the Nile to Indo-China, and the islands of the Indian Ocean. But the subject is too recondite for more than a passing allusion, and we only mentioned it in connection with our remarks, because, while jotting them down, it struck us as affording another extraordinary instance of the energy of the Americans, that while abroad, whether for pleasure or profit, they manage to find time, not only to rake up the ashes of the past, but to gather illustrations of the present.

While American tourists are exploring the mummy crocodile-pits of Egypt, a gentleman, a friend of our artist, sends us a sketch of a remarkable crocodile, seen in the neighborhood of Kurrachee, on the northwestern shore of India, which forms the subject of our illustration.

Kurrachee is the station where the shore end is laid of the submarine cable which connects London by electric communication with the Government, and Press, and commercial authorities of India.

It is an important place, and gives England her superiority at sea, the command of the mouths of the Indus, and the whole of the right bank of that great and important river, which in these days of steam navigation, is the

real barrier to any aggressions upon India from the northwest.

A respectable authority thus describes the reservoirs or ponds of crocodiles, which we thought curious enough to be made generally known. He says:

"The crocodile pond of Mugger-peer, as it is called, lies to the northwest of Kurrachee. I visited the crocodiles (*Crocodilus palustris*) on two occasions, at an interval of several years, and although during that time they had been seen by hundreds of Europeans, including a certain class of mischievous young Englishmen (whose chief amusement, we were told, had been to shy stones and sticks down the throats of the gaping monsters as they lay basking on the banks of the pond), yet there seemed no diminution in their numbers, and the wild and unearthly interest of the scene was to us as great as ever. And as the date-palm now waves its shady boughs over the crocodiles of Mugger-peer, so ages since did the magnificent tree ferns, gigantic reeds, and club mosses shelter their extinct predecessors. The great pond is about 300 yards in circumference, and contains many little grassy islands, on which the majority of the crocodiles were then basking. Some were asleep on its slimy sides, others half submerged in the muddy water, while now and then a huge monster would raise himself upon his diminutive legs, and waddling for a few paces, fall flat on his belly. Young ones, from a foot in length and upward, ran nimbly along the margin of the pond, disappearing suddenly in the turbid waters as soon as we approached.

"Strangers are expected to stand treat, not only by the Fakirs and natives, who gain a livelihood by hanging about the pond and showing the monsters, but even the crocodiles themselves seem to anticipate a feast, and, on the arrival of a party, come out in unusual numbers. Accordingly, we had a goat slaughtered, during which operation the brutes seemed to rouse themselves, as if preparing for a rush. Then our guide, taking piece after piece of the flesh, dashed it on the bank, uttering a low growling sound, at which the whole tank became in motion, and crocodiles of whose existence we had before been ignorant splashed through the shallow water, struggling which should seize the prize.

"The shore was literally covered with scaly monsters, snapping their jaws at one another. They seize their food with the side of the mouth, and toss the head backward, in order that it may fall into the throat. A few were observed to bolt their portion on shore, after very slight mastication; but the majority, anxious to escape from their greedy companions, made instantly for the water, and disappeared, with the piece of flesh sticking between their jaws. Our young Belooch friend informed us that they generally swallow their food at once, and do not, as has been asserted, bury it until it becomes putrid; also, that other large individuals, besides the old king, frequently devour the young soon after they are hatched. Crocodiles wallowing in the mud of the Nile, or gavials in the Indus, are sights which one is prepared to encounter; but the traveler may wander far before he meets with a scene so strange and unexpected as that just described."

A Vase of Gold.

THE old Greer mansion of Hawkeshome stood high above the sea. The ocean-winds beat upon it, and the white curling waves leapt about it; but, unstirred and haughty as the proverbial Greer pride, it stood frowning upon the surrounding landscape.

The race were English.

Hawkeshome had been built after the old ancestral home in England, where the Greers had lived in wealth and pride for centuries. The old family mansion had been burned and pillaged in the reign of King Oliver; but the American Hawkeshome, with its solid masonry and old trees, twisted by the sea-winds, seemed as aged and stable as its ancestral model.

More generations of the family had lived and died. Here, at the time my story opens, dwelt Professor Saville Greer, Llewellyn, his son, and Raphaella, his little daughter. The lovely mother had long since crossed the dark river. The little girl was supplied with a governess—a quiet, pale-faced girl—Celeste Grey. Plain, unpretending, she seemed at first sight almost out of place in that abode of vaulted roofs and art-rich panels, with grace and luxury at every side; but the dead mother had known the spirit that hid in that small breast—pure, great for sacrifice, sweet with love. She had said:

"For my sake, treat Celeste Grey as a daughter and sister. I trust all the future of my little child to her—my motherless daughter, whom I must leave."

So, for five years she had dwelt with them, homeless but for that stately roof—appreciated, cherished by the proud Greers, who were said to care for no living thing but their own blue-blooded kin.

But, necessarily, Celeste Grey's life was a lonely one. The old professor was devoted to scientific pursuits, and spent the most of his time in his laboratory. His mind was abstracted, his manner reserved. If aroused from his silent habit, he was paternal, kind; but it was generally understood in the family that demands upon the attention, and intrusion upon the time, of the professor were not desired. He lived the life of a recluse.

The care of the vast Greer property had been early left to his son Llewellyn.

A frank, mercurial, ardent spirit, with a brow of light, a heart of courage, Llewellyn Greer was the personification of the better family qualities. Generations of culture and cool blood had established his brave, bright Apollo aspect. An unusual executive ability rendered him master of the situation early made his by the distaste of his father for business transactions and the duties of wealth. Though much absent from home, he was, to all practical effects, the master of Hawkeshome.

Celeste, therefore, was left alone with her little charge—Rae, they called her—a beautiful child, eight or nine years old.

But only a child. A bright, sensitive thing, with eyes of angelic innocence, and a smile of willful naughtiness; a witch, a sprite, a pet; the pride of her father, the plaything of her brother. To Celeste was left the formation of this child's character. Faithful, patient heart!—safely had the mother trusted in Celeste Grey.

On this Winter of which I write, Hawkeshome was unusually quiet. Llewellyn was away—abroad on a three-months stay in London. With him the cheer of the house was gone. Rae's piano and the almost noiseless passing of the soft-footed servants were the only sounds of the great, rich, silent mansion.

At a window Celeste could hear the lashing of the tempestuous sea. Far away it spread, tossing its white caps, salt and cold. The gulls piped over. Distant sails seemed shivering and fleeing before the blasts.

Celeste went to the library, one day, for a book. The old professor looked up from his manuscripts.

"My dear, I hope Llewellyn will not think of returning until the Spring opens."

The winds whistled vindictively about the

towers of Hawkeshome. It seemed eloquent with menace to Celeste at that moment.

"I hope not," she murmured, in response.

She went up to her chamber. Llewellyn's dog, Marquise, who always attached himself to her in his master's absence, lay stretched on the crimson rug before the fire. He rose, went to the window, looked out over the stormy water, and whined.

Rae, curled up on a lounge, with a book of fairy tales, looked up.

"He is afraid something will happen to Llewellyn," she said, in a soft, grave tone, peculiar to her at times.

It was the otherwise unspoken fear of the household.

But, at last, they had a letter from him that he should not embark until the last of April.

An absence of two months longer than was expected.

Celeste Grey's gentle lips turned white with disappointment. And yet she did not know her own heart. She was lonely, she thought; the dismal weather oppressed her, when the tears would come. As she wore her pale face, old Temperance Darrah, the housekeeper—the only one who suspected her secret—looked at her sharply.

"Always love, love, when one is young," she muttered. She was a strange, silent old creature, but faithful to her master's family.

Celeste had a vision one night. It was not a dream; it was a single face which appeared and haunted her after she was awake and had arisen—a woman's face, young, ruby-lipped, broad-lidded, with trailing, vine-like hair, and polished, voluptuous shoulders.

"No human being was ever so beautiful," she said to herself, and then turned to the mirror of her dressing-table with an earnest look. Her reflection gazed back at her with intentness—pale, plain. No, that earnest face had little beauty.

"I should love to be beautiful!" murmured Celeste.

The Winter broke at last. The sea glittered in the April sunshine. The marshes took on a faint green. Gay carriage-loads of pleasure-seekers rolled across the beach. Rae begged to bathe in the surf, which was not yet warm enough. Celeste eagerly examined the newspapers, looking for the arrival of the Europa.

At length it was announced.

But that night there came, also, a secret messenger to Hawkeshome. The icy fingers of Death touched the pulsations of Professor Greer's heart as he slept, and in the morning the household looked upon the still form and pallid cheek, appalled!

The sole daughter of the house clung, scared, silent, and appealing, to Celeste. It was her first understood experience with death. She had been too young to understand when she lost her mother. Celeste wept with her, and the house of death awaited the coming of Llewellyn Greer.

Marquise, the old hound, after sniffing at the cold hand of the master of Hawkeshome, and looking into face after face of the distressed family, disappeared.

He waited all night at the railroad-station, ten miles distant, and came back in the carriage with his master. The news did not meet Llewellyn until his arrival there. He had telegraphed to them from New York of the train he would take.

The telegram had been addressed to his father. He arrived to learn of that father's lifelessness.

The awed and agitated servant told him blunderingly. The young man faced him sternly.

"Bob, what are you talking about? You are drunk!"

"Swear to hebbin I ain't, sah! It's true

enuff! Marse Saville's gone to his Almighty rest, and de family's all waitin' fur you to come home, an' tell 'em what to do."

Llewellyn saw the tears in the eyes of the white-headed old servitor. The shock was so great that he turned physically sick, and, falling among the cushions of the carriage, silently motioned for Bob to drive homeward.

Pushing away the trembling dog which fawned upon him, he alighted from the carriage at the door, held open by another half-frightened servant.

As soon as he stepped forth in the hall, they all crowded about him—men, women and children. But, for the first time, they saw him utterly unmanned. Taking his little sister in his arms, he bowed his face upon her golden hair, and wept. For the Greer love was strong as the Greer pride.

By-and-by, he obtained command of himself. The duties of the situation were assumed; and on the following day all that was mortal of Professor Greer was laid in the family resting-place.

Little Rae's grief was so deep, for her years, that Celeste gave her unceasing attention. She left her sleeping, at last, and stole down into the dim library. A white Minerva gleamed in a corner; there was a glimmer of gold along the bookshelves; the air was scented with the faint fragrance of Russia leather. Face downward on a sofa lay Llewellyn Greer.

She spoke his name. He sprang up.

He drew her to the sofa. As the child had done, he twined his arms around her, pressed his cheek against hers. With unutterable tenderness she comforted him. Such griefs were old to her. All, to the last one, of her household gods had been laid low. She knew by heart such sorrow. Tenderly as a sister she pressed her cool palms upon Llewellyn's throbbing temples—soothed, with her pure magnetism, the strain of excited feeling. By-and-by, the clock struck eleven. Llewellyn sat up.

"Dear little Celeste, what a comfort you have ever been to us all!"

A soft light from an alabaster globe in the hall stole in on them.

"But you are looking ill and tired. I must not keep you up," he added.

"But, Llewellyn, you must not lie here grieving all night."

"No; I will retire."

He looked down at her fondly, and let her go.

She slept sweetly that night. A sense of peace hung over her when she arose and stood before the mirror of her dressing-room, brushing out her long hair.

There came a little rap at the door—Temperance Darrah's little rap.

"Come in!" called Celeste.

"Thought I would come up and see if you were sick, Miss Grey," said the old creature.

"No; I am very well," Celeste answered.

Mrs. Darrah gathered up some soiled towels—pushed the *fariniers* of tulips into the sunlight—caught the reflection of Celeste's face in the glass.

"Thought you *might* be—up so late last night."

Something in the tone brought a sudden red to Celeste's cheek. She turned about, fixed a surprised, questioning look, through the veil of her hair, upon her visitor. Old Temperance looked back, meaningly.

"What do you mean?" asked Celeste. "What do you mean, Mrs. Darrah?"

"Well, Miss Grey, I don't expect any thanks fur what I'm going to say—not me. I expect you'll be angry with me; but I think it's my duty to warn you, 'cause I'm old and you're young, and don't know much of the evil of this world. You was sitting alone with young Mr. Llewellyn

last night till past eleven o'clock. Now, I know you are a good, innocent girl—too good to *think* of harm, unless others would swear to it; but 'tain't every one believes in human natur' as I do; and I must—I *must* warn you, Miss Grey, that you can't go on living in this way with Mr. Llewellyn, now his father's dead. You'll lose your character. 'Tain't proper!"

"But—but," stammered Celeste, "this is my *home*! I have no other. The professor has been dear as a father to me; and there's Rae—"

"Yes; but you ain't her sister, and you ain't Mr. Llewellyn's sister; and I've my thoughts about your loving him as a sister. Now, you needn't turn so white, or blush, either—folks can't help the voice of natur'; I don't cast no blame on you for that, and I can keep a still tongue; but there'll have to be a change made, if your good is taken care of. And, now, if you're a sensible girl, as I think, and will listen to the caution of a well-meaning old woman, you will bear me no ill-will, but just take care of yourself, though I should miss you out of the house sadly—I should, indeed, my dear."

Celeste could not speak for the beating of her heart and the choking of her throat. She turned silently to the mirror, mechanically arranging her hair, and Mrs. Darrah slipped out.

When Celeste came down, Llewellyn had had an early breakfast, and driven away on business to the next town. Little Rae, exhausted by grief, still slept.

The Spring sunshine came softly in at the windows, all the bright, luxurious house was beautiful, but Celeste wandered in the rich rooms with a sick heart. Every familiar and perfect object tortured her; her heart ached with dread and terror and unspeakable misery, and so the wretched morning passed.

They had told her that Llewellyn would not be back until night. She longed for his coming, and yet, dreaded to see him. What should she say to him? Where was she to go? And then, with a throb of wild joy, she realized that he would never, never consent to her leaving Hawkehome—she felt that she was dear to him, dearer than she dared acknowledge; the remembrance of his voice, his caressing hold, upon the previous night, thrilled her heart with a momentary warmth and comfort. Yes, he must know what old Temperance had said; but that he would wish her to go, she did not for a moment believe. But then came the conviction that Llewellyn Greer, unmanned by grief, was not the one to appeal to—to take counsel with.

"Should I go away now, that there may be no tempting when he comes, and is kind, sad, and needing me?" she murmured, pressing her face against a pane, and looking off over the mocking, bright waters.

Everything without was so bright and glad!

Suddenly a hand was laid upon her shoulder. She glanced up. Llewellyn Greer looked steadily down into her face.

"They have been talking to you, the fools!" he said. "Celeste, you are looking wretchedly. What is the matter? Tell me the truth."

She tried to speak; the words stopped in her throat.

"I know," he said. "I thought, and came home, though I had business which might have detained me until night. Celeste, I can only say one thing: will you stay here as my wife?"

A rush of blinding emotion made her giddy. She sank into the cushioned armchair beside her, and buried her face in her little hands.

"For I cannot let you go, dear Celeste."

He bent close, and kissed those little hands. Ah! so tender, so good, so beautiful! No wonder she worshiped him.

But she looked up at last, heavy-eyed, with quivering lips.

"No; don't say that, Llewellyn. Because I am old and poor and plain—only a governess. And you are—a Greer, the noblest one of a proud family. Your father would wish me dead if he knew you said such words to me. Is there not some other way we can plan it? For I do not wish to go!"

Her face fell into her hands again. Her voice had broken upon the last word, and sobs shook her delicate form from head to foot.

"Celeste, it is I who am not fit for you," was his only answer.

He held her in his arms, and kissed all of her face that was not hid. Lovely little heart—the temptation was too great. She yielded inch by inch—clung to him at last, giving kiss for kiss.

"Only a year older than I. That is not very venerable, Celeste," he said, with a smile.

The engagement was to be kept secret for the present, and a plan to fulfill this purpose was made.

Llewellyn was to send for an aunt in the South, Mrs. Walford, a widow.

"Aunt Heloise has been twice married—first to a Deslonde, of Baltimore. She has one child, whom I have never seen—a daughter, I believe," said Llewellyn. "They will readily come here, for the sake of relationship, the sea-air, and change."

A letter was sent. Without delay, the Walfords arrived at Hawkeshome.

Mrs. Heloise had all the worst qualities of the Greers. She was brilliant, arrogant, suave, selfish. She dressed like a queen, and had a temper like a spoiled child. With all this, she was a good housekeeper, for the servants were afraid of her, and dared not disobey.

She instantly took the reins at Hawkeshome, and drove all before her.

Flore, her daughter, was beautiful, elegant, just seventeen years old. Quiet, with almond-shaped eyes, and an indolent smile.

"Isn't she beautiful?" asked Llewellyn, coming to Celeste in the window that night, his eyes full of surprised delight.

"Your cousin?—yes." Then she added, softly: "I wish I were pretty, Llewellyn."

"You?" with a look of surprise. "It would spoil you!" and he laughed aloud, kissed her lightly, and went back to the others.

He was much more with them than with her, since it was necessarily part of the programme they had worked out.

Still, as time passed, Mrs. Walford found occasion to say:

"My dear Llewellyn, you treat Rae's governess with marked consideration."

"I was not aware that my attentions were observable," was the careless answer.

"A very plain girl. I am fond of pretty servants—it is one of my idiosyncracies," observed the lady.

"We value Celeste for her worth, and her devotion to Rae," replied Llewellyn.

"Homely people generally are very good," returned Mrs. Walford. "Flore is going down on the rocks to see the sunset. Will you take her shawl, Llewellyn?"

He sprang up, and Celeste, still sitting at the window, saw the two going over the illumined rocks. For one little moment she regretted her stipulation—that the engagement should be held secret.

"No, it is better not to be stared at—commented on. I am just as happy," though Flore's laugh came back, enticingly. "By-and-by—"

Rae had come to the footstool at her feet, and fallen asleep, with her head in her lap, before the

two figures came sauntering over the rocks in the purple twilight. But there was light enough for her to mark thoughtfully how perfectly suited to each other the young, graceful, patriotic figures were. She had never observed this before, though they had been much together.

But Celeste Gray had no fear, because she believed that Llewellyn Greer loved her. For years she had been dear to him. The pretty face of his cousin pleased his fancy—nothing more.

She rolled Rae's curls over her fingers, still looking out into the fragrant night, all quiet save the waves lapping the cliff unceasingly. Suddenly—on the rocks—she saw a man's figure.

A young man—beated, perhaps, by the ascent, for he was fanning himself with his straw hat. His form was youthful, elegant. He leaned negligently against a tree—one of the wind-twisted old trees peculiar to the spot—and Celeste thought she could see that the head was Byronic, the hair black and curling.

Soon she awoke Rae, and led her to her nurse. Then she slipped out on the wide south stone terrace. Llewellyn would find her out for a little moment's talk. To say good-night—to retail some little happening of the day in confidence—to ask softly if she were happy—to put a loving hand again on her silken hair.

But before he came a faint, silvery whistle stole through the darkness. Then a white dress rustled softly past her, glimmered on the terrace-steps, and disappeared among the trees.

"Who was that?" asked Llewellyn, suddenly, at her side.

"I do not know. Perhaps it was a servant."

"It may be that it was; but—but I thought I observed the perfume Flore uses. And now, little one, how has the day gone?"

Celeste hardly knew the name of intrigue. How should she guess the truth—that the waiting stranger was Flore's lover, nephew to her mother—Gaspard Deslonde—and forbidden by her? A young, reckless Southerner. Mrs. Walford had gladly come North to separate Flore from him. All her ambition for this world—or the next—was centred in her daughter.

Celeste spent one happy hour with Llewellyn Greer. How long it was before she knew another!

Flore Walford, like most people, dreaded her mother's furious temper. She was frightened when, standing at her chamber-window, on her return from her walk with Llewellyn—her cousin—she heard Gaspard Deslonde's signal-call, and knew that he had followed her from The Limes to Hawkeshome. She rushed down to meet him, and, trembling with excitement, met his glad, glittering eyes.

"My darling!" snatching her in his arms, and rapturously kissing her.

"Oh, but, Gaspard, you should not have come here! And you have a cigar, too! Pray put it out, or mamma will see it—and my white dress! Let us go further away from the house. Why did you come here, Gaspard?"

"Why? Because I love you, my beautiful."

"But mamma, if she finds it out, will be dreadful. She will storm at me—beat me almost. And you must give up hoping anything of me, Gaspard. Mamma never will allow me to speak to you if she can help it."

He could not but know that she was in earnest, for she trembled with agitation.

"It's chilly here—I must not stay," she murmured.

"And you will go without a kiss, a word of love?" he cried, passionately. "Flore, you *did* love me! Those evenings last Summer—"

"Yes, yes!" she answered, nervously. "But I didn't think. And there is no use in caring now. I can't marry you. Mamma always conquers me."

I might as well do as she wants me to, first as last. Oh, Gaspard, don't look at me so! You break my heart!" and then she burst out crying, in the darkness.

It was midnight before she stole back into the house, exhausted with emotion.

Early the next morning, Mrs. Walford's standing quarrel with old Temperance Darrah broke out at some new provocation, fancied or real, and Flore's pale face and languid movements escaped her mother's notice.

But Celeste observed that Flore's exquisite cheeks had a soft pallor, and that she ate little breakfast. Yet she saw it only to watch wistfully that beautiful face, and to wish for a little, only a little, of that perfection of contour.

That evening Mrs. Walford called Flore into her dressing-room.

"Shut the door, my dear, and look it," not observing her daughter's quick breath. "I hope the walls haven't ears, as they say. You may do my hair to-night, instead of Rosa. Flore, I want to talk with you. What do you think of Hawkeshome?"

Flore's first thought was that her meeting with Deslonde had been detected. She slipped behind her mother's chair, threading out her black braids with slim, unsteady fingers. But her secret was undiscovered. Mrs. Walford's thoughts were on another track.

"Superb, isn't it?—the old place. You never saw anything like it, did you, Flore?—though The Limes is pronounced a fine estate. But this is like the old English home of my ancestors. And Llewellyn is wealthy. I may as well tell you, my dear, that we are not. Your father's habits—well, they made bad work of my property. We have only the place, our home, and if war comes, as is threatened, we shall be absolute beggars. How do you like your cousin Llewellyn?"

Flore had regained her courage, her composure. "He is nicer than any one who comes to see us at The Limes."

"Certainly he is. I am glad you have sense enough to see it, Flore, since he is worth several hundred thousand dollars, and can keep his wife like a princess."

The cool, pink dressing-room was full of the scent of rose-water. Flore's marvelous eyes looked thoughtfully as her mother could desire.

"There must be a mistress here, of course. Why not you?" continued Mrs. Walford. "My dear, my hair is just dripping with that rose-water! What are you doing? As I was saying, Llewellyn must have a wife, and though he probably does not give much thought to the subject, yet, here we are in the house, and you know your attractions, Flore. There, that will do. I think I have said enough for the present. Rosa makes the braids a little closer, but it will do. Go to bed now, and wear your rose-colored cashmere in the morning. You are looking pale, now I look at you. That insolent Darrah woman has insulted me so to-day—"

Flore escaped. She went to her own room. Yes, Mrs. Walford had said enough.

Celeste was passing through the hall as a gust of wind blew Flore's chamber-door open. The latter was standing before the long cheval-mirror, triumphing in her own beauty. Her white loose robe had slipped from her polished shoulders—the wax light was striking her ruby lips, broad lids, and clinging, tendrill hair.

"My dream!" murmured Celeste, with a start.

The thought of marriage with Llewellyn was not alone Mrs. Walford's; the deliberate intention was. But Flore followed her lead, and adopted that, readily. At her age, Heloise Greer had had the same voluptuous, easily swayed temperament which her daughter now possessed.

And now no wonder that Llewellyn Greer ceased to remember that there were such things as death and sorrow in the world. All that two attractive women could do to make his life a paradise was done. And all the good cheer, the music, the gaiety, circled about Flore's beautiful figure; her presence lent the most potent charm to every hour. To this end she lived. She was fired with ambition, and her mother artfully fanned the flame. She aspired before her glowing pictures of her future, as it would be when she dwelt at Hawkeshome, its mistress. She pointed out changes to be made, a hothouse added (to supply flowers for evening parties), a terrace raised here, a rockery made there, until the wish to become the mistress of Hawkeshome grew with Flore into a passion. She studied her powers, her charms, as never before. Rapidly she developed from a weak, idle, beautiful girl, into a handsome woman of bold passions and bad principles.

Celeste felt the presence of evil. There was that in Mrs. Walford's hard, black eyes, in her daughter's flush of loveliness, that gave to her sensitive heart the alarm. She drew Rae into closer companionship, while a profound astonishment filled her that Llewellyn did not see, as she saw.

Day by day she beheld them flatter him, blind him, win him from her pure influence and tender love. Warn him she could not; reproach him she would not. A month, six weeks, and she saw him so changed as to be utterly infatuated and in love with his lovely young cousin.

It was a blow worse than death.

"He never loved me!" said her aching heart.

She believed that he had only felt for her pity, kindness, and that it was but fitting that one younger and more beautiful should win him from her. But a sense of void and desolation began to crush her. She strove to be patient—to be true to herself—to let no anger or bitterness stain her soul; but ever a shrill voice within her seemed calling: "Cruel! cruel!"

If she had made an effort to counteract the Walford influence! for she had more power than she knew. But she had no disposition to make such an attempt. She was humble, and yet proud, in her way.

The long, lonely evenings that came to her while the sound of piano and guitar rose up from below! The confused miserable days, in which even the child in her care noticed that she had no heart in the lessons once so carefully given!

A crisis came at last. She was alone in the schoolroom, when there came a light knock at the door. It was pushed open, and Llewellyn Greer entered.

She rose up, pale, her eyes dilating with surprise.

"Celeste."

He came and took her hand kindly; she felt that that was all. His blooming face had in it a look of concern, little of deeper feeling. She pointed to a seat—sank into another, knowing that all hope was gone.

"I wish to talk with you, Celeste. You will listen to me?"

"Certainly."

"The change, you know—you know I could not help it," he stammered.

"You could not help it—no," she repeated, quietly, holding down her breaking heart.

"You cannot care much for such a sickle fellow," he continued, with an uneasy laugh. "You must have decided that it was all a mistake."

"Yes, a mistake," she murmured, a strange, physical sickness making her, for a moment, both deaf and blind.

She took no sense of what he was saying, though

he continued talking with apparent composure and ease.

But what did those mere words matter?

"I told you that I was not the one for you, at first, you remember, Llewellyn," with a faint smile.

"Well, I don't love you any less than I did then, you know. You will be happy here, as you have always been."

Did he, then, know so little of the wants of her nature as to imagine that she had ever been happy, alone, unloved?

"I will see you again, to talk with you about this, Celeste. But I have an engagement now. You—"

There came a silvery call, gay as a bird-note, through the grand old halls.

"Llewellyn! Llewellyn!"

He sprang up.

"My cousin and aunt—they are waiting for me to drive with them. You are sure you do not blame me, Celeste?"

"I do not blame you, Llewellyn;" and she gave him her hand.

He pressed her icy fingers, but not with love's warmth—oh, she knew so well the difference—and then he was gone, talking merrily with Flore Walford on the terrace below. And there was no further conversation with Celeste.

What could she do but school herself to patience? There was no need of her leaving Hawkeshome. Mrs. Walford matronized it most effectually. And the child Rae was the only living thing left her to love. So the Summer days went by, so dark for her, so bright for others.

Yet there was a shade of comfort in the tender blue of the Summer sky, the solemn voices of the pines, the refrain of the restless, ever-seeking sea, when she must needs go out among them with Rae. She felt, then, that the end had not yet come.

Yet the wedding was announced. And then the house was filled with the bustle of preparation. Mrs. Walford, in the most amiable of moods, displayed to Celeste Flore's beautiful *trousseau*. The filmy laces, the masses of soft embroidery, the sheeny silks.

When the bridal morning came, she saw them put upon the young beauty the veil and orange-blossoms. The guests came—gay strangers—and in the bright morning of a September day, Flore Walford and Llewellyn Greer were married.

In the old library the wedding-presents were laid—works of art in marble, gold, and silver; jewels, pearls, diamonds, and emeralds. Rare pictures leaned against the wall; dainty devices for the bride's use were crowded together in lavish abundance everywhere.

"But here, this is something I have not seen," exclaimed happy Llewellyn, lifting a quaint, delicately wrought vase of gold from a table.

"Nor I!" chimed in Flore. "How charming!"

"That," said Mrs. Walford, hurriedly, "is a gift from Gaspard Deslonde, Flore. It came but a few moments ago, with a note requesting that no one opened it but yourself. It is locked, you see—this tiny lid—and here is the key. Perhaps you had best open it now. A lovely thing! Very nice in Gaspard. I have thought—but, never mind. What does it contain, Flore? Perfume?"

For the tiny lock clicked under the girl's slim hand. She bent close, eagerly. A puff of wreathing smoke, an explosion, and the death-bolt, hidden in the vase of gold, had pierced her brain. She fell back against those around her, disfigured, dead!

Vainly the awe-stricken guests pressed to the aid of the appalled mother and panic-stricken husband. The least they could do was to hide

the dead bride's distorted face from their staring eyes—to bear her rigid form to her chamber.

A cruel—a horrible revenge!

"Find him—find Gaspard Deslonde! Find him—kill him—hang him!" screamed the maddened mother.

But he was never found. He had planned his work too well for that.

In that terrible hour of his young bride's death, the bloom of youth was stricken for ever from the face of Llewellyn Greer, and his hair turned white like an aged man's.

As soon as she was buried, he fled from his home. He went abroad. He was absent years.

Years, during which Mrs. Heloise Walford made her third marriage, and left Hawkeshome to the undisputed sway of Mrs. Darrah—the peaceful home of Celeste and Rae.

The beautiful child was a tall young girl—the long, soft tresses of her dear sister-friend were thinned, when there came journeying back to the home of his birth a tall, grave man, with chastened brow and hair, white as with age, above bright and piercing eyes. After he left Rome, he never staid until he knelt before Celeste Grey.

"Celeste, I have come over land and sea, many, many miles, to plead like a beggar for the only pure woman's love my life has ever known. I will serve seven years for it, if need be, but you must restore it to me at last."

She wound her slight arms about him, pressed her cheek to his, as she had done in the day of his old sorrow.

"That love has ever been yours, Llewellyn."

Another marriage 'neath that stately roof—a true one. And to-day the Greers—a mighty race—are noted for love, and not for pride.

The American Sable, or Pine Marten.

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers—our lady friends in particular—an illustration of this important fur-bearing animal, prepared by the zoological artist of the Smithsonian Institution. Though during the colder season of the year we daily notice the elegant capes and warm muffs worn by the ladies, yet few of us think of the animals from whose backs they have been taken, or even know of them. There are many instances of comparative ignorance of the origin of articles in common use which we might cite, but at present we must confine ourselves to this one.

This little animal inhabits the wooded districts of the northern part of America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, varying in numbers according to the character of the forests in which it resides, being found in greatest abundance where the timber is of pine, tall and heavy. The limit of its northern range in America is like that of the woods, about the sixty-eighth degree of latitude, while it is rarely found south of forty degrees. Audubon has sought for it in vain among the mountains of Virginia, though he is of opinion that a straggler must occasionally make its appearance there.

In general form it is quite foxy, though much smaller, being twenty-five inches in length, from nose to tip of tail, and also shorter and thicker of limb in proportion. In habit, it has a large share of the cunning, sneaking character of the fox, as much of the wide-awake and cautious style of the weasel, a similar proportion (and a little of the smell) of the mink, with the addition of a climbing propensity like the raccoon. This little prowler, as may be inferred from his description, is shy, sly, cruel, shrewd, and alert, and partakes of the habits of the predacious animals above mentioned, with the exception that it is not known

to approach the residences of man, but rather prefers to keep within the shadow of dense woods, where it can prey, as it does, by day and night, upon birds, their eggs and young, squirrels, mice, shrews, wood-rats, etc., together with beetles and other insects, toads, frogs, water-reptiles, and fish.

The name of pine marten is very properly given, as it favors pine and spruce forests, though it is most generally known to the country-people of the North and to furriers as the *Sable*.

It is very prolific, bringing forth from six to eight young at a time, choosing a hole in some large tree, some twenty or thirty feet from the ground, for its abode, though it frequently occupies a fallen log, and sometimes a burrow in the earth. The fur is—when the animal is in prime condition, and that is about the end of Autumn to mid-Winter—very lustrous, soft, and thick, being composed of two sorts, a soft basal fur, with longer hairs interspersed.

The marten is invariably captured in traps, no other method of hunting being adopted. These traps look very much like little piles of brush and logs, with a small opening on the side from the tree, at the base of which they are always placed. A small piece of dried meat or fish, which is skewered on the trigger of a deadfall within, attracts the hungry sable, who cautiously pokes his head and neck into the opening aforesaid, seizes the bait and—that's all the animal

knows about it, for down comes a heavy, notched log or stick, which falls with great force on the unfortunate marten's neck, breaking it instantly, and pinning it to the snow, where it is found in the course of a few hours or the next morning by the hunter, who visits his traps every day.

The pelts vary very much in color, lustre, and consequently value. A prime skin is worth, among the Indians of the northwest coast, where the finest are procured, about \$2.50. The traders get them for that, then in turn retail them to fur-dealers, in large markets, for about \$5 to \$8, and our lady friends who ask the price of a set of sables may therefore judge of the handsome profit made by somebody.

Secrets.—To tell your own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are intrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.

In a MS. in the British Museum, descriptive of Hungary, the writer says: "It hath been an ancient custom among them, that none should wear a feather but he who had killed a Turk, to whom onlie it was lawfull to show the number of his slaine enemies, by the number of feathers in his cappe." Thus we get the phrase, "That will be a feather in his cap."



THE AMERICAN SABLE, OR PINE MARTEN.



FOR A PICTURE.—"PEACE LOOKED UP. HER FACE WENT WHITE AS ASHES."

For a Picture.

THE almond trees were all in white blossom on the lawn. Peace Delevan came wandering down the path among them, closely attended by Sachem—surliest, ugliest, and most devoted of dogs—humming roundelays, and watching the bees blundering among the tulips on either side the way.

Her name suited her. There was a calm about all her movements. She had a pale, fair, oval face, dimpled at the cheeks; rippled gold hair, braided back from the temples; steady and beautiful gray eyes; a large, rounded figure. She wore a wrapper of rose color, closely buttoned from

throat to feet, and banded at neck and wrists with soft falling lace. A lovely figure among the springing green of that May-day. A happy woman, you would have said, watching her.

She was happy, with a sweet, involuntary happiness that had been all too rare. But it had come after years of sorrow. For, Peace Delevan was not a young girl; she was two-and-thirty. She had spent all her twenties in drinking the bitter draught of repentance.

Three years previous to this May-day her husband had died. She drew a long breath then, like one who has at length gained a haven of rest. A base, brutal man, who inflamed his passions by brandy, who made a hell of his own life as well as

hers. Yet, her spirit had lived. The smile came back to her lips, her fair cheek rounded; she made friends with flowers and birds and sunshine, again, and remembered her old songs.

"These lovely days! they seem waiting for me to enjoy them," she said, in a murmuring voice. Then, "Sachem, come here, sir! You shall not drive away the dear birds."

But Sachem did not number among his few virtues that of obedience. He continued to bark at something seen in the road beyond the trees. Peace forgot him.

How white the almond trees with bloom! how softly the clouds curled above them! There was, too, a gleam of the "tiny speedwell's darling blue" in the grass, May-green and fragrant.

A shadow on the grass. Peace looked up. Her face went white as ashes, and she faltered a name:

"Geraint."

He had come up from the road, almost like one sleep-walking, with a slow, soundless step. He was a slender, elegant, florid man, with a white mustache, but with the color quite gone out of his face now, and with quivering lips which the white mustache concealed. His gaze, painfully intense and brilliant, was fixed on Peace's face.

"Yes, Geraint," he answered.

"We—I thought you were dead," she murmured.

Sachem had been growling, but desisted as they sat down together on a bench under the almond trees.

"You are a widow, Peace?"

"Yes."

"How strange it seems!"

She did not answer. A troubled look hovered on her brow. Some suggestion, full of pain, was forced upon her. By-and-by she said:

"Geraint, we read your name among the lost of the wreck Aileen Cary."

"My cousin," he answered. "We were named alike. I knew such a rumor was afloat, and took no pains to contradict it. Indeed, I but wished that it were true."

She met his eyes—colored faintly.

"I have led a wretched life, Geraint."

"I am afraid so. Will you not walk in the sun? There is a chill in the air which affects you."

For she had grown very pale.

Back and forth through the checkered light and shade of the almond trees they walked. The look of excitement faded out of his face; her brow grew clear and sunny again. It was pleasant to see an old friend, one who had loved and trusted her—who loved and trusted her still. How warm the sunshine was, and how sweetly the birds sang!

By-and-by they went in to dine. The spacious rooms of fine woods, frescoed ceilings, and painted panels, made the mansion of Almond Lawns luxuriously beautiful and rare. Furniture, gracefully patterned, of bamboo, snow-white draperies, and majolica vases of springing vines, rendered it a home of taste and charming association. These two went through the pure, sweet rooms, each with an unspoken thought at heart.

When the ceremony of dinner was through, she went out to show him the hothouse. The latter was a luxurious Winter garden, domed with glass, hung with baskets, cascaded with gorgeous blossoms, banked with fragrant foliage.

"You, an artist, will enjoy this," she said, with a faint smile.

"What a beautiful home you have, Peace! A costly cage Mr. Delevan arranged for his bird."

The rose faded out of her cheek.

"He did not make these arrangements for my pleasure, Geraint, but to outdo others—rival men

of wealth. He never slept under the roof of Almond Lawns, for he did not like the country. Architects and landscape-gardeners improved the place after he purchased it, three years ago. These years he spent in Baltimore. He died there."

She turned away, and broke a spray of similar. "Peace," said her companion, "did you ever know that Almond Lawns, as it is now called was once my home? It was less modern and luxuriant in arrangement then, but always a pleasant place."

"No, I did not know," she said, in surprise.

It was by the merest chance that these two had met again. Geraint Bevan, wandering through the lonely New England country for sketches, saw Peace Delevan's fair face under the almond trees before he knew he was within a thousand miles of her. And because she had been the only love of his life, his heart seemed to stop beating in his breast at the sight.

But in those old times he had been very young, unknown, poor. He had not asked her to be his wife—De Graff Delevan had—and Peace was but a child in her knowledge of men. She married him. And then came knowledge, suffering, and darkness.

Now one happy day with her, then another and another. At length, one night, he chanced to tell her what her mere existence had been to him. Her sweet eyes went up, wide with surprise, to his earnest face.

"But, Geraint, I never knew or dreamed—" "Dearest, no! What had I to offer you? I never blamed you. You thought my love was a brother's love. It was that, and more. When I knew you were lost to me, I wished I had dared to test your heart. But what had I to offer you? What have I to offer you now, Peace?"

For she had crept to his heart like a weary bird that has found its nest.

"Your habits have grown wedded to luxury. I am still a wild Bohemian. And the last have been spendthrift years. I must not wed my princess, for I cannot offer her fortune for fortune."

"But I can give you poverty for poverty, Geraint. De Graff Delevan's last act was to make his will. He framed it thus: If I ever married another man, I was poor as a beggar—I was to be bereft of Almond Lawns and all income."

"Brutal!"

It was a significant proof of what she had told him of her past life—of Delevan's tyranny—of the cruel spirit that was never satisfied with tormenting her. But shorn of wealth, she was his—this peerless love of his heart. And heaven is heaven, whither we find it in this world or the next.

Oh! earnest eyes, and hair of gold, and clinging arms—how dear they were! And Peace—she trembled and teared in her unusual happiness.

But as time went by there came serious and troubled thought to Geraint Bevan. He wanted a home for his treasure. He could not deprive her of the ease in which she dwelt—the beauty which surrounded her.

For himself, he had never borrowed trouble; sufficient unto itself had been the evil or good thereof of each past careless day. But for Peace, life must be different, and a despondency settled upon the bright spirit.

Oh, that he had been more patient and wise in the last years! If he had not given himself so utterly to the diversion of the passing moment, be it what it might! But it was too late now for regrets. And the present still was his. Upon his sleepless pillow he racked his brain (as men have done before) for the means of wealth.

His art—ah! it should not fail him now, in this

the supreme moment of his life! So pure he felt his love, it seemed as if heaven might help him.

A new power had grown within him, too. But what should he paint?

He came, unaware, upon "Peace" one day. She looked up—her eyes met his:

"Her face! I will paint her face!" cried his heart.

He shut himself up to the work for weeks. Well, but the picture was the success of the age! It exists now in a private collection in New York. An old *connoisseur* told me the story. And the painter founded a family at Almond Lawns, which he purchased with the price.

Nina's Chronicles.

JANET GANSEVOORT and I were schoolmates, good friends then, and bound to each other now by truer, more enduring chains than those which linked us when we did not know why we loved each other.

She left school eighteen months before I did. I doubt very much whether she has ever been the queen of more devoted subjects than when, on her last day at school, she was our Queen of May. There were prettier faces among us, but none could compete with Janet in that fine tact which made her so acceptable to those of her own age, and so looked up to by the little homesick people whom she had so often comforted. The world calls it tact, but it is a better thing than that—it is doing unto another as we would they should do unto us, and from day to day, and minute to minute, putting oneself into somebody's place.

Janet had an abundance of glossy black hair, and she knew how to arrange those shining locks, so that they had an individuality and a style different from the fashion of the day, and yet, no one could have wished the position of a single hair changed. She looked at you out of large hazel eyes, sparkling eyes, clear, truthful eyes.

Janet was neither tall nor short—a happy medium, she used to say when she affected a vanity which was no part of her nature. Neither photograph nor mirror could show her the ever-varying expression of her eyes and mouth, or the general animation of her face, which was her great charm.

Her home was a quiet family nook, where father and mother pursued the even tenor of their way, undisturbed by outside storms. Janet came in upon their monotonous life like a breath of invigorating air, and the middle-aged couple wondered that they had ever been content without her, and more than half regretted that so much of her lovely girlhood had been passed away from them.

At the May Day celebration, Henry Le Grain saw Janet for the first time—saw her, and from that day his life had for him, for the first time, a promise of enjoyment. Well-born and wealthy, this young man appeared to have much to live for; but he was never in robust health, either of mind or body.

Irreproachable as far as worldly observation could penetrate, he yet lacked that strict principle which insists upon seeing ourselves and our actions just as they are. He did not hesitate to deceive his friends as to the true state of his health. He visited constantly at Mr. and Mrs. Gansevoort's, and became a great favorite with them. Janet did not dislike him, but was very far from thinking of him as a lover.

Her father and mother were quite aware of his admiration for their daughter, and encouraged his attentions. Was he not wealthy and unexceptionable? What more could they or he desire? What did it matter if he was often moody? Her father minded not the hints, nor even the open

information which was given him whenever he would listen as to the cause of Le Grain's occasional singularity.

The Summer before Janet left school, she and I spent a month at the home of a mutual friend, whose parents owned a country-seat, some five miles from the city. There we met and became acquainted with a young Englishman, who had come to this country not many months before. We were all little girls in his estimation, and he treated us accordingly. We all felt rather piqued at this, but in our secret hearts we thought him a very Adonis, and, besides, would willingly have trusted him to the world's end. Here our penetration was right, for, though we were wrong in thinking him handsome, it was our only way of describing that nobleness of soul which shone so strikingly in Howard Aubrey's countenance. He was tall and well-formed, and a Hercules in strength. He frequently told us amusing and marvelous stories, and when we thought he was not listening, we told tales on our own account.

Janet was at first a silent listener, but one day she undertook to be our entertainer, and wove a wild romance, which was heard with rapt attention by one person besides ourselves. Howard Aubrey was lying on the grass, within earshot, apparently much engrossed with a book. No word of her story escaped him, and Janet was from that time an interesting study to him. Eight years younger than himself, she yet taught him, unknown to herself, many a lesson in that "Charity that seeketh not her own."

During the next year she heard of him more than once, and several pleasant reminders of his remembrance of her found their way to Burrwood. Thus it was that when Janet emerged from her school-life, she thought of him as an old friend, and he was in her eyes a link to the school-days, which are supposed to be the happiest part of life, till we know better.

Mr. and Mrs. Gansevoort did not smile upon Mr. Aubrey, and often wished that Janet had not the opportunity to compare his bright, cheerful spirit with Le Grain's often illy-concealed bad temper. She did it oftener than they imagined. Howard Aubrey was poor, with his way in the world yet to make, and they considered Janet a mere child in experience, not capable of judging for herself in so momentous a matter as her settlement in life.

But was it her life or theirs which they were bartering away when they agreed to Le Grain's proposal, and took his word in assurance that his prospects—moral, mental, and physical—were all that they could desire?

My heart aches even now in remembrance of the trials which Janet suffered at that time, when, to casual observers, she seemed to be leading a life full of triumph and happiness. But she made no outward resistance, and sold herself to give her parents peace and pleasure. It was not her fault that they had neither, in her marriage.

My poor friend, can I ever forget the look of anguish which came over her face as one day, during the preparations for her hurried wedding, I asked if she had seen Mr. Aubrey, and did he know of her approaching marriage?

"Nina, if you love me, don't speak of it. No, he does not know it, and I cannot tell him. He will think I have played him a false part, and have seemed to care for him when I was promised to another. No matter now," she said, striving to speak calmly; "only, Nina, tell him when you see him, as you will the night before my wedding, that I am to be married, but that I shall still remember old friends."

I did not approve of Janet's course in keeping her engagement secret, but she was so decided in

her wish that it should be so, that no one could gainsay her.

Janet and I delighted in the opera. Grisi and Mario were just then on their second visit to America, drawing admiring audiences. I had a kind aunt, who was our chaperon in many a gay party. The night before Janet's wedding, "Puritani" was to be performed, and it was a great favorite with us two. My aunt had invited us both to go, and wondered very much when I arrived alone. She, till then, knew nothing of Janet's plans. I had been deputed by Mrs. Gansevoort to invite my aunt to the quiet church-wedding, which was to take place early the next morning. As to the other announcement with which I was charged, I said nothing, but I thought of it a great deal, and dreaded it beyond expression.

Janet did not make me her confidant. We would have scorned to have discussed together, on the eve of her marriage, a secret which must be kept from her husband. And, besides, so many facts become heart-tearing sorrows when framed into words.

I was much surprised to see Le Grain among the listeners to the beautiful strains of Grisi. He came and spoke to me, and I thought I saw a gleam of triumph steal over his pale face as he bowed cordially to Mr. Aubrey, who entered our box as Le Grain was leaving it. I felt, rather than saw—so quickly did the impression come over me, as Aubrey approached my chair—that a shadow was on his hitherto happy face, and that his eyes looked stony and wild.

"Miss Nina," said he, in a hurried whisper, "you are her friend and mine; tell me, as you love truth, is Miss Janet to be married to-morrow? Some one has told me so; but I do not believe it, for she has never informed me, nor have I ever seen anything in Le Grain's actions which has shown me that he is her accepted lover."

I only gave him her message, but I doubted whether he heard it. My affirmative answer to his question had momentarily crushed out in him the power of heeding or hearing any more.

The cold light of a bright Winter morning shone upon us as we listened to the words which bound Janet to Henry Le Grain till death. And I wondered, as all must have wondered who saw her rigid face, how any parent could countenance, or any man accept, such a sacrifice.

For two years they led a wandering life—insanity, with its attendant horrors, ever staring him in the face, and yet the being standing in the nearest human relation to him knowing nothing of the growing dread which was always in his thoughts.

His moodiness was ever increasing upon him, and Janet had no reason to doubt his assertion that his physician advised for him constant change of air and scene, and relaxation from his business. First, Le Grain fancied New Orleans, then Minnesota, as a Winter residence, and the place of their Summer sojourn was equally uncertain. On the slightest plea, he would insist upon change. Now madly jealous of her, Janet's saying a pleasant word to any man, young or old, would bring on a frenzy of anger. Such gusts of passion soon became too frequent to cause her any surprise. Janet often begged her husband to settle down at least a part of the year, but all to no avail.

Le Grain was sometimes attacked by sudden sickness, and during those times his nervous system was so unstrung that Janet must have feared for her life. At the beginning of these attacks he always managed to have a few moments' private conversation with his attending physician, or else slipped into his hand a scrap of paper, kept always in readiness, on which was written: "This may

be the beginning of madness; but don't tell my wife."

The second anniversary of their marriage was near at hand. That Winter they were to pass in Charleston, and they were already there. Le Grain seemed feeble, and Janet feared it might be consumption that threatened him. She inwardly wondered how his fretful temper could endure a long illness.

One day her husband called her to him, and, in gentle tones—now, alas! but too rare from him—asked if she would not prefer returning home, and, better than that, making her father and mother a visit?

Hardly believing her ears, she knew not what to say, for Le Grain had hitherto kept her away from her parents, and she had only seen them for a day or two since her marriage. But, by the persistent continuance of his question, she could not long doubt that he was in earnest, and, with tears of joy, she assented to his proposition.

Le Grain hurried their departure. In two days they were on their way to Janet's old home—a journey of six days in the leisurely way it pleased him to travel.

On the second from the day of starting he was taken very ill. In a small and badly kept hotel my friend kept a lonely watch the first night of her husband's illness. The next morning, finding that resuming their journey that day was out of the question, and that Le Grain was no better, Janet sent for a physician.

The same mysterious scrap of paper found its way into the doctor's hand; but he, good man, gave no promise, and, considering the words a madman's request, determined not to leave the sweet young woman, who was such a devoted wife, and to tell her, if need be, the true state of the case.

Becoming wilder every hour, the doctor rejoiced to find that Le Grain's pulse grew weaker, for he well knew that, if life were spared, insanity would claim him as her own. Two days and two nights they watched, and then the soul of Henry Le Grain was released from all earthly suffering.

The doctor told my friend how it must have been coming on for many a year. Janet's eyes grew dim, and then came back to her scenes and words without number, that were incomprehensible to her at the time. If she felt bitterly toward the man who had so deceived her, none knew it but the One who knows all things.

There are days in our lives when our happiness is so complete that it is almost pain to live through the hours—pain in the thought that such joy must soon end. Again, there are days when we only live for the work we must do, and we hail a multiplicity of employment, hoping in that to pass hours without recollection.

These last were the kind of days Aubrey lived from the night on which he heard from me of Janet's marriage. For the first few months I rarely saw him. I thought that he avoided me; perhaps he did. One can but rarely bless the hand which, even in ever so humble a way, is the instrument in giving us pain.

But after a time I saw him occasionally, and he sometimes casually asked if I ever heard from Mrs. Le Grain. I always gave him the most pleasant news of my friend that I could. But there came a time when I could no longer withhold from him the truth. Janet had a jealous husband, and I guessed from what I could learn that his jealousy was a monomania, resulting from a tendency to madness.

Then this strong man gave way to tears, and we wept together.

"I shall come again in a few days to bid you good-by," he said, as he left me. "I have to-day received an offer from the firm, in which I am to

go abroad to Manchester to establish a branch of the business there. It was not my intention to have gone home for some time, but I feel as if I could no longer endure the pain of being in the same country with Mrs. Le Grain, knowing that she is unhappy and I not able to aid her in any way; so I shall accept the providential chance of being for some time on the other side of the water."

Mr. Aubrey had hardly time to have reached Manchester before we heard of Le Grain's death.

A year passed away.

Janet's life was calm, peaceful, and secluded. She often spoke of her husband's sad illness—of himself, never.

At the end of two years, old Mrs. Le Grain, with whom Janet had passed half of this period, proposed that she should go abroad, accompanied by her father and mother.

"I shall greatly miss you, my daughter; but it will do you good. You are too much of a recluse for one so young. In other scenes you will be able to put by, among your other well-done things, the remembrance of your married life. Go and enjoy the ample means left you by your husband."

The old lady knew, as well as another could know, what Janet had endured, and she loved dearly the fair young lady who had so well done her duty, and had smoothed away many an hour in her son's life. And the mother atoned for the injustice of the son's will toward his wife, in immediately inserting a clause in her own, leaving to Janet the full sum of which Le Grain would have deprived her, in case of her marrying again. Janet knew nothing of this till some time after it was done.

Fully satisfied as to the right of so using her husband's money, Janet was fully prepared to enjoy a trip abroad. She earnestly begged my parents to allow me to accompany her. They demurred for some time, but finally acceded to our united request, and in June we sailed, Mr. and Mrs. Gansvoort, Janet, and I.

Our wishes pointed to Switzerland, and Mr. and Mrs. Gansvoort were quite prepared to leave all plans to us. All our well hours during the voyage to Havre were spent in conning maps, guide-books, and route-lists.

To Switzerland we went, and, after much consultation, decided upon domesticating ourselves at Interlaken, and in that quaint, beautifully situated little town we spent six weeks.

With Max, the courier, and Annette, Janet's maid, we rambled and viewed and wandered day after day, till, after exhausting the nearer beauties, we concluded to extend our search for the picturesque to Lake Thun.

While on the lake, our boatman described to us many a view from the *Alets* around, as he called them; and his vivid pictures induced us to visit a point not more than a few miles distant, to which, he said, we could walk—riding was impossible.

We sent word to Mr. and Mrs. Gansvoort that we should be absent another day, and went to bed with glowing anticipations of the morrow's pleasure. We were up betimes, and ready for a start. Our way lay along the lake for a distance, and then we began to ascend a moderately steep path.

After a walk of some duration, we reached a level spot, about twenty feet square. There we saw, spread out before us, a view lovely enough to have repaid us for a much longer trip; but it was not the main point of our expedition. Max thought best to go up a little further, to see if the path was in good order. We were to wait there for him.

Janet, always blithe as a bird, was soon rested, and, getting up, walked to the other side of the plateau. There she saw some flowers, hitherto

unknown to her, and these flowers grew, as it seemed to her, but a few steps from the spot where she stood.

She would take one step down and gather them. One step; but it was a long one, and, as she reached out her hand to pick the starry blossoms, her foot slipped, and down—down she went, twenty feet!

She called my name loudly as she fell, and Annette and I recognized that her call was a cry for help.

At first we did not know where she was; but, as she reached for her flowers, she had thrown her glove down, and that attracted my eye. I threw myself on the bank, and called loudly; but, even as I called, I saw her clinging to a small tree, the roots of which were half hanging over the precipice, which was a sheer descent of I could not tell how many feet. It only seemed to me that Janet was hanging in the air, and, oh, how could we get her back?

She looked up as I called, and said, hoarsely, but very gently:

"Oh, Nina, is there any hope? Can Max reach me?"

But Max, where was he? We called him, but received no answer.

I could well see how uncertain was Janet's footing, and that her arms could not long stand the strain of holding on to the sapling. I determined to do something, and, calling to Annette to bring our cloaks, I told Janet that we would not wait for Max, though I then scarcely knew what we women could do. With what hurry may be imagined, we tied our cloaks together. This we did on the very edge of the precipice, that we might encourage Janet with an occasional word. And, oh, how fervently we prayed that we might be endowed with sufficient strength to pull her up. As our work was nearly done, I heard steps advancing down the path, and I looked up with an expression of thankfulness, expecting, of course, that it was Max.

But it was not he. Who it was, I immediately saw, recognizing an old friend in the loose hunting costume of the advancing figure.

But this was no time for ceremony or welcome. I even forgot my surprise. I only cried:

"Oh, come and help. Janet is below, in the greatest danger."

No other words were needed. The strong man threw himself down on the ground, saw where she was, and called out cheering words to her.

She afterward told me that, when she heard Howard Aubrey's voice, being in a semi-stupor from exhaustion, she thought she must be dead, and that this had come to her as one of the joys of the after life.

Max still had not come. Howard called to Janet to know if she yet had sufficient strength to attach the blanket-shawl round her, the cloaks proving by themselves too short.

"Yes, I will try; but I can have only one hand to spare; for, if I let go with both, I must lose my footing."

Here was a dilemma. I then proposed that I, who, was the lightest of the party, should be let down, and, after tying the shawl round Janet, we could be drawn up one after the other.

Mr. Aubrey looked at me in surprise; but I was in earnest, and so, I am sure, was Annette, when she offered to go in my place. But just as I had carried my point, Max made his appearance. He had not been gone long, but hours seemed to have passed since he left us.

He was soon alighting down, the cloaks held firmly in Aubrey's hands, Annette and I holding on behind with all our little might. Max was very much the lighter of the two, so that Aubrey knew that he could aid a great deal more in

Janet's rescue from above, willingly as he would have gone down.

Max reached Janet without delay, and, untying the shawl, fastened it securely round her waist, taking her vacated position upon the roots till he, too, could be drawn up.

I was glad that I could not watch, as I nervously wanted to, every inch of Janet's ascent; but my position was too far from the brink to see her till she was within a few feet of the top of the bank. We could not speak. We could only voicelessly thank God for her preservation.

Had Janet been expecting a meeting with Aubrey, she would have schooled her voice and manner, so that they might tell no tales of the joy it was to her to see him once more. As for him, he knelt near her, and, in broken words, spoke out his thankfulness at being with her again. He had heard of Le Grain's death, but he knew Janet too well to suppose that she would listen for some time to another proposal of marriage, and was ignorant of her being abroad. That morning, when he so providentially came to her aid, he was hurrying down to the lake, in order to be in time for the midday conveyance to Interlaken.

"And if I had not undertaken this walking tour, what might have been!" said he.

But kind chance does not shape our ways.

No obstacle now intervened to their engagement, and, as we thought, to their speedy marriage. But Janet judged otherwise, and said decidedly that she must wait till an answer to her announcement of her engagement came from old Mrs. Le Grain.

Four weeks passed, and then came a letter from the old lady's lawyer, with two inclosures; one, a few lines over her signature, saying that Janet's joy was hers, and the other, a copied clause from her will, leaving Janet an equal sum to that of which her son's would deprive her on her second marriage. The lawyer's note told how Mrs. Le Grain had been found, the morning after writing these last words of her life, as if peacefully sleeping, but sleeping the last sleep.

Janet grieved sincerely for her dear friend, but consented that we should go quietly to Geneva, where, in the English chapel, Aubrey and herself were united—a union of heart, soul, and life. Howard's younger brother and ourselves were the only witnesses of the ceremony.

Janet never had cause to regret that she had gone abroad, and so had again met Howard Aubrey.

Too Well Matched; or, The Lost Ring.

"There they go, as usual!" said Mrs. Edington, looking from the long parlor-window across the flower-beds of her pretty garden. "What a beautiful couple they are, and the most perfect match I ever saw!"

Just as she spoke, a tall, handsome young man, of about twenty-seven, in close attendance on a young girl, nearly as tall, and quite as handsome, emerged from the gate of the opposite house, and proceeded slowly down the village street.

"Of whom are you speaking, mamma?" asked Sophia Lane, the youthful married daughter of the house, who, with her two-months old baby, had just arrived.

"Of Miss Fairfax and her lover, Robert Maxwell," said Mrs. Edington.

She was a sprightly matron of forty-five, who, having successfully married her only child, found herself at leisure to superintend the loves, flirtations, and matrimonial doings generally, of the village of Deepwood, which she did indefatigably and with zeal.

"Robert Maxwell! What! is that shy, proud, distant fellow caught at last? I used to think he would never fancy anything more earthly than the moon or the planet Venus. I dare say his innamorata is some golden-haired fairy, all dimples and roses."

"Indeed, dear, you are mistaken. She is a tall, dark, stately beauty, as like himself, for that matter, as if she were his sister."

"And her name?"

"Virginia Fairfax. She is a niece of Mrs. Rayburn, whose husband bought old Doctor Johnson's practice. She has been staying there for two months, but her home is in Baltimore."

Sophia clapped her hands.

"The very same! She was at school with me in New York—the prettiest girl there, and the cleverest, with a voice that, Signor Cantatore said, if she were poor, would make her fortune. But she was so proud! If she were offended, she would hardly ever make it up. She would not make an apology, and hardly take one."

"Were you and she good friends?"

"Oh, yes; we were good friends, not violently intimate; but I shall be glad to meet her."

"You will to-morrow, for she is coming early to call. Well, Robert Maxwell has been paying her devoted attention, and, I think, they are engaged. As I said before, they are exactly matched."

"They are too well matched, mother; and, mark me, if they quarrel, it will be serious, for, I know neither of them would yield."

"Then, I hope they won't quarrel," said Mrs. Edington.

The next day Mrs. Rayburn and her niece stepped across the street to call on the ladies. Sophia, as she welcomed her old schoolmate, thought what a beautiful woman she had grown, and, being an impulsive little soul, hardly refrained from an exclamation to that effect.

It was not long before the two younger ladies were out amongst the flowers. Sophia made them an excuse, for she longed to plunge into the momentous question.

"I hope you won't think me impertinent, Virginia, dear," she said; "but I saw you coming home yesterday with Mr. Maxwell, and—won't you let me congratulate you?"

"Yes," said Virginia; "we are engaged. I do not mind telling you, though I don't care to have it talked about. Don't repeat it, please; so many things might happen."

Sophia stared.

"Why, surely, nothing could happen."

"Many things might, Sophia. I knew a girl who left school just when I did, and she has been engaged three times! You can't think how unpleasant it was for her, she got so talked about."

"Then, why did she do it?" asked Sophia, in amazement.

To the village-bred maiden, the happy wife of a husband she adored, such things sounded strange indeed. To her, betrothal was as serious as marriage, and marriage a true sacrament, holy and irrevocable.

"But you love him, surely?" she asked, at length.

"Oh, yes; of course I love him."

Virginia, in the short time she had been out in society, had been much admired, and rather spoiled. She did not yet know what a treasure a woman possesses in the love of a worthy man.

"You won't be angry, Virginia, dear?" pleaded Sophia, "if I say, Don't vex Robert? We have known him all our lives, and he is so good and noble. Every one esteems him. He has but one fault—he is proud."

Virginia made a little impatient movement, and a ring dropped on the gravel path from her hand.

"There!" she said, as she stooped to pick it up, "I shall lose that ring to a certainty some day."

"It looks too valuable to be so loosely worn," said Sophia.

"Yes; the device is pretty," replied Virginia, carelessly replacing it on her finger, and holding out her hand. "Robert gave it to me. The initial letters of the stones form his name—ruby, onyx, beryl, emerald, ruby, topaz. I must have it altered to fit me when I go back to town."

After this, Sophia led the way back to the parlor, where the baby had been introduced, and was now the centre of attraction.

Mrs. Edington had been fully prepared for interesting disclosures on the part of the doctor's wife; but, to her surprise, that lady declared that she knew of no engagement.

"It is true that Mr. Maxwell is very often at our house, and that Virginia frequently takes a walk with him," said she; "but she will not let me hint at anything of the kind. 'If we girls were to marry every man we take a country walk with, there would be hard times for us,' she says; but, indeed, I should like it, of all things."

Neither was Robert himself more communicative, though Mrs. Lane, the first time she saw him, attacked him with the little patronizing air young maistrons are apt to assume toward their bachelor friends. He admitted the beauty and attractiveness of Miss Fairfax, but would not acknowledge any deep personal interest in her.

About a week later, Sophy was playing with her baby in her own room, when her mother entered.

"The Rayburns are going to have a party," said she. "Mrs. Rayburn has just been here, but she could not wait to see you. I hope you have something nice to wear. It is to be on Thursday, the day after to-morrow."

"Oh, yes! I have a lovely blue silk, the latest fashion; but Charlie will be here then," said the young wife, with a bright smile.

She thought of the delight of once more seeing her husband. Dress and parties had little attraction for her without him.

Doctor Rayburn's eldest son had been in Europe completing his studies, and it was to welcome his arrival that the party had been set on foot. Virginia's visit was drawing to a close. She only waited to see her cousin. It had been arranged, between her and Robert that he was to follow her to Baltimore in a few days, there to ask her father's consent to their marriage.

"But, in the meantime, dearest," he had urged, "will you not let me speak to your uncle? I think it is due to him that I do so, at least before you leave."

"Very well, Robert; but, pray, put it off till just before I go. I don't care to be exhibited to the rustics as a tame lioness, with you for my keeper."

She laughed, and Robert joined her. The charm of her presence and manner always carried him away, but he did not quite like either the speech or the laugh. He felt that he had but a light hold on her heart.

The evening came—a lovely one in September. Doctor Rayburn's house stood well back from the street, in rather extensive grounds. The doctor's office was on one side of the door, the principal parlor on the other; but the back room had windows opening on a veranda at the side, and it was Robert's custom to meet Virginia there, often unperceived by any one, when the two would wander off together to a secluded part of the shrubbery, where the tall evergreens effectually hid them from view.

This evening he went early, hoping for his wonted pleasure before the company arrived. It

was growing dusk without, but the parlors were brilliantly lighted, and Virginia was in her usual place by one of the open windows. His eye took in, with rapturous admiration, every line of her exquisite face and figure.

A strange feeling came over him—a sense of insecurity in the treasure he owned.

If Virginia should die!

But he looked again. The bloom of health was on that rounded cheek, its light in that darkly flashing eye.

"Fool that I am," he thought, "to be scared by shadows."

He took a step nearer to the window, thinking to break the spell by speaking to her; but he started back, for a young man, whom he had never seen before, was bending over her, and his words came low, but fearfully distinct.

"Virginia, darling, it is such happiness to meet you! You cannot think how I have longed for it!"

Robert would not wait to hear her reply. He was too honorable to listen to conversation not intended for his ear. He entered at once, and stood before them. But Virginia received him with perfect composure.

"Oh, Mr. Maxwell! This is my cousin, Doctor George Rayburn. George, Mr. Maxwell. I hope you will be friends."

The two young men looked keenly at each other, and bowed. But there was constraint somewhere, and it was a relief to all three when Doctor George, at a call from his mother, hastened away to receive some of her guests.

"I never saw you in evening-dress before, darling," said Robert, when they were alone.

"And do you like me?"

"Like you? If any one had told me that dress, or anything else, could improve you, I should not have believed it."

"Then, you do think me improved?"

"I don't know, dearest. In that white, misty-looking dress, you look ready to fly away from me, or fade off into air."

She laughed.

"Come, Robert, you are fanciful. See, I have a whole basketful of flowers here, and I want you to choose one for my hair. Are not these roses superb? such a deep crimson. And look at this scarlet passion-flower."

"I don't like those glaring hues," said Robert. "This is my choice;" and he took a pure, delicate tea-rose from the basket, and placed it in her rich locks. Then they rose together, and went to speak to Sophia Lane and her husband.

"We are so glad Mr. Lane arrived in time to accompany you," Mrs. Rayburn was saying, and the wife's smile and delighted reply seemed to imply that all the zest of the occasion would be wanting otherwise.

Sophia, in the blue dress, and looking radiant, was leaning on her husband's arm. She was a diminutive creature, and it would have suited her better to take hold of his hand, for he was a tall, stout man, with the type of countenance that is usually termed "jolly."

He was far from handsome, and not particularly wise, but his wife thought him Apollo and Solon rolled into one; and though he was already middle-aged, she delighted in calling him "Charlie" as if he were a boy.

Knowing all the guests of the evening, she made a sort of triumphal progress through the rooms, introducing and exhibiting her Charlie, who, his round, good-humored face beaming with satisfaction, allowed himself to be led hither and thither.

"Silly little thing!" said the younger ladies. "What can she see in that fat old man to make such a fuss over?"



"THEY WANDERED OFF TOGETHER TO A SECLUDED PART OF THE SHRUBBERY."

but the older ones liked it. They thought such affection as that might be trusted to stand the test of time.

Robert looked on, and thought it beautiful. He wondered if Virginia would look up to him like that, after they had been married a year. A year! it seemed a long time to anticipate, and they were not married yet.

But he resolved not to wait any longer than was absolutely necessary. On the morrow he would speak to Mr. Rayburn, and after his consent and that of Virginia's parents had been given, the rest would be easy.

The evening wore on pleasantly to most present. There was dancing, and Virginia was constantly engaged. This was Robert's tribulation. He had not learned to dance in boyhood, and as he grew older he despised it as a pastime unworthy the intellect of a man; at best, a waste of time. Doctor George, on the contrary, was a graceful and accomplished dancer. He led out his cousin repeatedly—Robert, from a corner, beholding them with looks that vainly strove to appear unconcerned.

George Rayburn seemed to haunt Virginia. He was a gay, frank, good-humored fellow, blue-eyed, brown-haired, full of life and gloe. To amuse Mr. Maxwell, he produced several volumes of European views, and spent some time in explaining them.

Robert tried to feel interested, but in vain. He had neither eyes nor ears for anything but his wayward idol, who, on the contrary, never seemed to see him, except when now and then she would send him a pleasant smile as she glided off with some light-footed partner.

He wandered about the room, speaking few words, feeling lonely and miserable. He tried to get Virginia to himself for a little, but she only said:

"I am so sorry you don't dance, Robert; but think how peculiar it would look for you and me to be seen moping together like a pair of melancholy owls. I'll go in to supper with you if you

will look out for me;" and with this he was forced to be contented. Late in the evening he found himself in the doctor's room—the study, as it was usually called. Here stood some tall oleanders in tubs, brought in from the garden in anticipation of frosty nights.

Robert passed between them and the window, and sat down, moody and disconsolate. He looked out into the starlit shrubbery, and wished that all this racket were over, and he and Virginia once more wandering among those leafy shades, happy and united, with no Doctor George to come between them, with that easy, careless, carry-all-before-me manner of his.

Just then he heard voices at the door, and Doctor George led Virginia in, and seated her in a chair. "Rest here, darling," he said. "I will fix you up in no time. I am as good as a lady's-maid."

"Why, George, you must be a universal genius!" said Virginia.

How lovely she looked! Flushed, excited, the light dancing in her eyes, and one long braid of her beautiful hair unbound, and floating far below her waist. As Doctor George began to twist it up, not quite so deftly as a lady's-maid, poor Robert's tea-rose fell out unnoticed on the carpet.

"There!" said George, after a minute; "your hair is as tidy as ever. I took a hairpin from the other side. There are lots of them. Now, let me get you a flower."

"Oh, I had a flower! I suppose I have danced it out."

"Yes. Come to the parlor, and I will get you a beauty."

He drew her hand within his arm, and they left the room. Poor Robert, who had been too miserable to move, stepped from his seat by the window, picked up the forsaken flower, and placed it in his bosom.

Mrs. Rayburn hastily entered.

"Oh, Mr. Robert, will you do me a great favor?"

"Certainly. Pray command me."

"Will you find the doctor, and tell him he is urgently wanted at Mr. Watson's? They fear the baby is dying."

"Where do you think he is?"

"At one of these three places."

She sat down, wrote hurriedly on a slip of paper, put it into his hand, and left the room.

Robert was glad to escape from the house, from the sound of the dancers' feet, and what he thought the soulless, frivolous merriment that was going on.

He found the doctor, and accompanied him to Mr. Watson's, where they discovered the little one better, and asleep. Doctor Rayburn was able to comfort the anxious parents with hopes of amendment, then, promising an early visit next day, he took leave.

Mrs. Rayburn had ideas of her own on the subject of party-giving, and her parties, in consequence, were an invariable success.

She never invited more guests than her house would hold, neither would she try the tempers and endanger the toilets of her lady friends in the scramble of a stand-up supper. Moreover, she did not believe in amateur waiters, and the best attendance that could be procured was added on such occasions to her own well-trained family

servants. She had seen too many dire mishaps at the hands of awkward young men, or still more awkward "help," too many plates of ice-cream deposited on silk dresses to the despair of their horror-stricken but helpless wearers, too many handsome carpets ruined beyond repair. So, all were comfortably seated, and dimly waited on, and no lamentations followed next morning over stained and trodden silks, soiled carpets and battered furniture.

A long row of tables, extending down the centre of the dining-room, accommodated the majority of the guests, but in the back parlor were placed several small round tables, each capable of holding half a dozen persons. These Mrs. Rayburn called her "Society Islands," and they were greatly in request, especially amongst the older people, who would get up snug little parties of their own, and be merry after a subdued fashion, apart from the more uproarious fun of the large table.

As the doctor and Robert entered the hall, the hostess met them.

"I am so glad you are come. How is the poor little baby?"

"Better, dear. Will do well. Is supper ready?"

"Supper is begun. Dancing is hungry work, you know, so I thought best not to wait. I have put George at the head of the long table, and Mr. Edington at the foot, but there are places for you and Mr. Maxwell at one of the islands."

"I hope it is a sandwich island, for I am half famished."

Mrs. Rayburn led Robert into the parlor, and her husband followed. She did not know that he expected to take Virginia to supper, and, in truth, she was far from sorry to see the good understanding between her son and his pretty cousin. She had found Virginia a charming companion, and she thought how pleasant it would be for her and the doctor, who had no daughter of their own, to have this favorite niece domiciled with them as the wife of their eldest son. Therefore, she looked on well pleased as they went through dance after dance, and finally paired off together at the supper-table.

"I thank you so much," she said to Robert, "for the trouble you took to find the doctor." Robert, of course disclaimed. "Virginia has gone to supper with George, to help him do the honors."

Robert's countenance fell, and his arm trembled under Mrs. Rayburn's hand. Poor fellow! he had been looking forward all the evening to this hour, and now that it had arrived, he found himself deserted.

"My son is a stranger, you know," she continued, "and I always like to keep myself free on these little occasions, so as to have an eye everywhere," said the smiling hostess. "I have got a sweet little island queen for you, however, and a great pet of my own. Here she is!" and she gave him a seat next pretty Cecil Graham, the clergyman's daughter.

There were another lady and gentleman at the table, and as the doctor and his wife sat down, the little circle was complete.

Notwithstanding his general reserve and coldness, and the pride that was attributed to him, Robert was a great favorite with the ladies of Deepwood. What young man

would not be, with an independent income, an unblemished character, and the remarkable personal attractions that every one acknowledged?

But to Cecil Graham he was more than an ordinary favorite. He was her hero and her dream—a dream that she carried hidden in her heart. Her soft, sweet eyes now looked up with a timid welcome, and she blessed the happy chance that had brought her such unlooked-for felicity. To her Robert would often unbend as he did to few; he was too proud to be vain, and he never imagined this young girl's preference other than that of friendship. So, as his paradise was for the present shut out, he resolved to forget his misery, and be as happy as circumstances would allow.

"As we are to be islanders, I suppose we are to be fed on shellfish," said the doctor, deep in a delicious preparation of oysters.

"Oh, no! not altogether," replied his wife. "We have communication with the mainland, and supplies will be forthcoming. James"—addressing a servant—"bring some coffee, and a pitcher of lemonade."

The man she spoke to at this moment threw wide the door of the dining-room, and disclosed a view of the mainland—the long table brilliant with lights and flowers, and loaded with every procurable dainty. But alas! for Robert. There at the head, close to Doctor George, whose face, beaming all over, was turned toward her, sat Virginia, radiant, laughing, crowned with scarlet passion-flowers!

As Robert gazed, the room seemed to swim before him. His flower had been despised, forgotten, almost trampled on, and now she was wearing the blossoms he had told her he disliked!

How thankful was Robert when the bustle of preparation heralded the departure of the guests. Virginia came into the hall to see them off. Robert, gloomy and silent, stood with his hat in his hand.

"Oh, Mr. Maxwell, you must excuse me, but I entirely forgot I had to go to supper with you."



"HER UNGLOVED HAND WAS RESTING ON THE RAIL OF THE BRIDGE, AND AS SHE RAISED IT HER RING DROPPED OFF."

"You forgot me, Virginia?" he asked, in a tone audible only to her.

"Yes, at the moment." She spoke with the greatest coolness. "I remembered afterward, of course; but you were nowhere to be seen; and, then it was your duty to find me."

Robert would not apologize, nor even explain. He was too deeply wounded to offer her his hand. He bowed his farewell, and left the house.

A little later, Mrs. Rayburn was in the dining-room, when she felt herself seized round the waist, and forcibly conveyed to a sofa in the parlor.

"Come, mother, you have done enough for one evening. They can gather up the legs and wings without you. Dearest little mother, your party has been a triumph, and you are younger and prettier than ever."

"Just the same foolish old boy, Georgie." She put out her hand, and stroked his cheek. "But I don't want you to tell me how young and pretty I am—say, rather, who was the prettiest girl here to-night?"

"Oh, mother! can you ask? But Virginia is not pretty, she is glorious!"

"Take care, Georgie. I fear some one has been before you. She and Mr. Maxwell are very intimate."

"Maxwell! what, that haughty, disagreeable, high-tragedy hero, with his air half Hamlet, half Othello? Mother, I forbid the bans."

"Oh, I don't know of any engagement. She disclaims it to me; but there have been evening walks, and much attention on his part."

"Ah! I thought he looked desperately savage when she and I came out from supper together; but he shan't have her. If he does, I shall be M.D. in right earnest—the maddest doctor that ever took a degree."

"Well, you had better try your luck. I love her dearly, and should be proud of such a daughter."

In the old house that had received his parents after their marriage, and from which they had been carried to their last quiet home, Robert Maxwell lived alone. His sisters were all married and away.

People often wondered what Robert could do with so large a house. In truth, it was but a small part of it he occupied; yet now and then, at long intervals, one or more of his sisters would come, with children and nurses, and the long unused rooms would be opened, and the garden-walks once more echo to the sound of little feet and childish voices; then they would go away again, and the house be all shut up, silent and lonely as before.

Robert had grown fond of solitude, as we all do when those we love most are dead or scattered. People called him cold, and set him down for an old bachelor. But of late there had been something unwonted stirring the depths of that earnest, quiet spirit—something that whispered of a time to come, when the old house should once more put on the bright home-look of welcome, when one beautiful as his dead mother should take her place, and this lonely heart of his be no longer shut in with its pent-up power of loving.

He had pictured to himself a graceful figure standing in the wide, old-fashioned doorway, and a fair face greeting him with smiles and loving words, filling up his life with all the sweetness that had so long ago passed out of it that he had ceased to regret or think it could ever again return.

And once he had brought Virginia in, to show her his mother's picture, and as she looked up at the soft eyes, they had seemed to smile down approval on his choice.

But to-night a dreary cloud had come between him and the heaven of his hope. Why had this new-comer stolen away his treasure? Even if it were but for a passing hour, could he have acted so by her? And so poor Robert, sad, weary, comfortless, entered his own door, and sought his uneasy pillow.

Busy amongst his papers next day, about noon, Robert chanced to lift his head, and espied two figures on horseback passing down the street. He started from his chair, and looked long and earnestly.

He had never heard Virginia say she could ride, yet, there she was, and Doctor George beside her. Disturbed to the very centre of his sensitive nature, he turned to his work again.

That evening he walked up to the house. Mrs. Rayburn sat by the window, sewing, and her two boys, of ten and twelve, were busy in a corner over some presents George had brought them. That obnoxious individual was nowhere.

Robert paid the usual compliments, hoped Mrs. Rayburn was not fatigued by her exertions, then timidly asked if Miss Fairfax were at home.

"Oh, yes, she is at home. I fear we are going to lose her very soon, Mr. Maxwell. My sister has written for her again, and her visit cannot be prolonged beyond a very short time. Arthur, go up-stairs, and tell your cousin that Mr. Maxwell is here."

Virginia came down with her hat on.

"Will you take the old walk to-night?" said Robert.

"Oh, yes. It will be almost the last, for I go on Monday."

Robert's heart leaped for joy. Now it should be all right again. Still, he felt that Virginia had ill-treated him, and she should make amends. He had suffered too much at her hands to let her pass so easily. He was none of your humble, self-deprecating lovers, much as he prized her affection. He felt that he had given as well as received.

They passed out of the garden-gate, walked down the street to the first corner, then took the quiet by-road leading to the river. A few remarks were made on the beauty of the evening, and then speech flagged. At last Robert spoke.

"Virginia, it is of no use. I cannot talk about clouds and sunsets. You were cruel to me last night. You used me badly. I didn't deserve it."

He stopped, his face quivering with emotion. Virginia stood still, and looked at him. They were now on the bridge, beneath which flowed the river, deep and rapid.

"I used you badly—and how, pray?" she asked, in her loftiest tone.

"Virginia, you know you slighted me. You neglected and avoided me for that Doctor George Rayburn."

Virginia raised her delicate eyebrows.

"And may I not speak to my cousin? Truly, sir, this is asserting your authority rather too soon."

"Nay, I am asserting no authority. I only put it to yourself. Did you treat him or me as a woman ought—the man she has promised to marry?"

She colored.

"You are very unreasonable. I treated my cousin no better than he deserves, and you, I am sure, no worse."

"Than I deserve? It may be so; and yet, I think that one who gives all, merits something better than studied neglect. Could I have acted so to you? I never thought you a coquette before, Virginia."

"And you do now?"

"You force me to it."

"Very well, sir. I once heard you say you

despised a coquette, and as I have no fancy for being thus despised, I think it is best we should part."

"Do you really mean it, Virginia?"

"I do. I could not be happy with one so jealous and exacting."

"I do not think I am exacting. Did you not dance nearly all the evening with Doctor George, hardly speaking a word to, or even looking at, me?"

"Am I to blame because you do not choose to do as others do in society?"

"Did you not go with him to supper, regardless of your promise to me? Did you not lose the flower I placed in your hair, and did not his hand supplant it by those flaunting passion-flowers?"

Virginia made a little impatient movement. It was habitual with her when any one, as she called it, lectured her. Her ungloved hand was resting on the rail of the bridge, and as she raised it, her ring dropped off. There was a momentary glitter as she looked after it, then it struck the water and disappeared.

She started, and gave a little nervous laugh.

"There! I have lost the ring you gave me. I knew I should, some day; it was altogether too large."

Robert turned pale.

"Oh, Virginia! can you part with it and with me so lightly?"

But her pride was up—she answered nothing.

"Only promise me that you will not go out with that man."

"I will go out with whom I please."

"Then it is, indeed, time we parted, obstinate, cruel girl!"

"Thank you, Mr. Maxwell. Have you any more names to call me?"

"Oh, Virginia! will you not relent?"

"Yes, when that ring comes back to my feet, and asks me to wear it again, I will relent, and be the slave of your unreasonable, tyrannical temper!"

She walked quickly away, and Robert, gazing after her for a moment, turned homeward, with a gloomy brow and a troubled spirit.

Next day Robert Maxwell was not in his wonted place at church, and then it was known that he had left Deepwood.

"Of course you knew," said Mrs. Rayburn, to her niece.

"Oh, no—not I," said Virginia, and Mrs. Rayburn marveled.

On Monday, Virginia was off, too, with her cousin George for escort.

"I have the most charming surprise for you, dear," said Mrs. Fairfax, as soon as she had her daughter to herself. "The Laurences are going to Europe, and have asked you to accompany them. I was sure you would like it, and so I have said Yes."

Virginia started.

"Europe!" said she.

"Just think of the advantages, dear! Your singing will be so much improved, and your French and Italian perfected. They are going to Paris and Italy, will Winter in Rome, and be in London for the season; and you and Julia will both be presented at Court. Mrs. Laurence says American girls are the rage in Europe just now. Not one with any pretensions to good looks but may be a countess at the least, if she has a mind."

During this speech, Virginia had time to ponder the matter. It had taken her by surprise, but she welcomed it as a change.

"Thank you, dear mother. I should like it more if you were going; but I shall enjoy it, I am sure. When do they go?"

"This is Monday; the steamer sails on Satur-

day; the India, of the Cunard Line. You will want nothing but a traveling-dress, and that I have provided. And as to me, I will join you, if possible, with Ada, in the Spring."

When Virginia lay down in her own bed that night, she felt how differently this European voyage would have seemed to her two months earlier. She wished that she could recall that hour on the bridge—take back those unkind, relentless words. But pride was uppermost still, and whispered, "Let him seek me, if he wants me;" and if not?—why, then, she should cross the sea, and forget him.

When Robert Maxwell left Deepwood, it was in the vain effort to escape his own troubled spirit—to turn his back on all that could remind him of his sorrow and humiliation. He had laid his heart at this woman's feet, and, after accepting, she had spurned it from her. In the turmoil of the great city he would forget her, and be once more free and happy.

Passing along Broadway at its busiest hour, with his eyes bent on the ground, he ran full tilt against some one.

"I beg pardon," said Robert, without looking up.

"Why, Maxwell, old fellow, is it you? When did you come? I am so glad to meet you!"

It was John West, an old college friend; and almost before he was aware, or had time to escape, Robert found himself carried off up-town, domiciled in his house, and the recipient of the most cordial hospitality.

Mrs. West was delighted to welcome her husband's friend. She laughingly told him she and John had been married nearly three months, and the matrimonial *l'le à l'le* was becoming flat.

"You are doing us a real charity," said she.

"And now we have got you," put in her husband, "we shall not let you go till we have shown you everything. And Lucy and I will come next year, and you shall do the honors of Deepwood."

Next day, as they sat at dinner, John West said to his wife:

"I saw my friend, Captain Huntly, of the India, to-day, Lucy, and he has invited us all to lunch on board to-morrow. You have never seen a Cunarder, have you, Maxwell?"

"No. I shall be glad of the opportunity. The captain, of course, is an Englishman?"

"Yes; and the best of good fellows. John Bull can be gruff and rampant enough, but these qualities don't crop out in my friend, who is a jolly Briton of the true-blue order."

They went accordingly, and were received on deck by the captain—a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a bronzed countenance, and the frank, hearty manner of a sailor.

A pleasant hour was passed in viewing the magnificent ship, and in the discussion of an elegant collation, at which several friends of the captain were present.

When they left, Captain Huntly banded Mrs. West to the carriage, and, after saying farewell, returned to the ship. Robert, seated by Lucy, was thinking how perfectly he looked the monarch of that ocean palace, when another carriage drove up, and the captain crossed the plank to receive its inmates. Robert, still idly gazing, saw a gentleman alight, then a group of ladies, and heard cordial greetings, and an introduction, in which his ear caught the name of "Fairfax," twice repeated, and then they all went on board. First, a gentleman and two middle-aged ladies; next, a young one, in a hat, with a profusion of fair ringlets falling behind it; lastly—what is it that makes his heart beat wildly, and his cheek grow pale? There is but one such form, but one such step as that, in the world.

"Glorious fellow, isn't he? and glorious ship!"

said John, mounting to his seat, and touching the horses.

Next morning, Robert read in the passenger-list of the India the name of Miss Fairfax.

At Rome, by a fortunate chance, the American party met Lady Sarah Clifford, a not very distant relative of Mrs. Laurence, and the wife of a distinguished member of Parliament. She was happy to make the acquaintance of her American cousins, and rather proud of exhibiting them to her friends.

On learning that they meant to pass the next season in London, she did not wait to be asked, but offered, in the most gracious manner, to present the whole party at Court, on which the shadow of the good Prince Consort's death had not then fallen.

"Those two girls will marry brilliantly," said Lady Sarah. "They are new, you see, besides being undeniably charming. Miss Fairfax is the very image of Lady Edith Fitzcarr, who came out last year. She had next to nothing, for the the estates are frightfully incumbered; but she married a marquis, with a fabulous fortune, and your daughter is quite as handsome, in a different style. They set each other off to a marvel, and your taste in dressing them is, I must say, perfection. You might have been born a Parisienne."

Mrs. Laurence smiled. The flattery was pleasing.

Lady Sarah traveled with the Laurence party, and saw them installed in a prettily furnished house, near her own residence.

London was unusually full that Spring, and, once introduced by her ladyship, invitations flowed in upon her friends. The girls, as she had predicted, became the belles of the season. Wherever they moved, murmurs of admiration followed them.

"Have you seen the lovely Laurence?" "Have you met the superb Fairfax?" were questions constantly asked.

Mrs. Laurence, however, knew what she was about, and she never allowed Julia and Virginia to be seen at more than one party on the same evening, no matter what the inducement. This served three purposes. It saved the health and beauty of her charge; it made them the more sought after; and it pleased the *chaperones* of less attractive metal, who thus found a clear field oftener than they expected.

Their wealth and aristocratic connection, together with their acknowledged culture and good-breeding, secured the popularity of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence.

The London world accepted them.

"Really unexceptionable people, those Laurences! Dinners quite faultless, and one seldom tastes such claret!"

Thus the gentlemen.

"What perfect taste Mrs. Laurence has, to be sure! and receives admirably! I really never expected such good *ton* in Americans!"

Thus the ladies.

"Good situation?—I believe you. Nothing to do, and paid handsome for doing of it. Them American gents thinks no more of their money than nothink. Waits on themselves a deal, too. Excellent situation!"

Thus John Thomas, a representative man of his class.

As to the rhapsodies of the younger men, of which the two lovely Americans were subject matter, I forbear to put them on paper.

The enthusiasm they excited reached its height the day they were presented at the Drawing-room. Both were attired in white—the richest and softest of satin—but Julia's dress was trimmed with clusters of purple and white violets, while Vir-

ginia's was adorned with sprays of hawthorn, alternate pink and white. It would be hard to say which of the two was the loveliest; and as to self-possession, one might have thought they had been born and bred in the atmosphere of courts; Virginia, especially, had the air of a young queen.

As she bent over the extended hand of the sovereign, a glance of admiration, felt rather than seen, passed round the circle surrounding her; and it was afterward said that Majesty herself had remarked on the exceeding loveliness of the young lady with dark hair and hawthorn-blossoms.

Yet, even in that hour of conscious triumph, memory wandered back to Deepwood; to the bright September evening; to the bridge over the river; to the lost ring; and, ah! the lost love. Was there anything in all this to compensate for it? and a secret voice whispered—No!

Before the season drew to a close, Julia brought down her bird. She was engaged to Lord St. Ives—young, rich, handsome; all that could be desired as a man and a husband.

Her parents were delighted, and Virginia heartily rejoiced in her friend's happiness.

"Our girl has been very fortunate," said Mr. Laurence to his wife. "St. Ives is a thoroughly fine fellow, and I have perfect confidence in giving her to him. But what is Miss Fairfax about? Has she said anything to you?"

"No; why do you ask?"

"Because, only yesterday, the Marquis of Hampshire asked my permission to address her."

"Indeed! Ah, that accounts! He called today, and was admitted; but as Julia and I were both engaged with the dressmaker, Virginia received him alone. When I came down-stairs, I thought she looked very pale, and that Lord Hampshire's manner was remarkably hurried and confused. He left almost immediately, and declined my invitation to dinner."

"Strange!" said Mr. Laurence. "It would be a splendid position for her, and she would fill it well. But it is not your fault, dear." And the subject dropped.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax and their younger daughter Ada came over in time for the wedding. After that the rest of the party turned their faces Northward.

First the lovely English lakes, and then the grander ones of Scotland, the Northern capital, with its historic and romantic interest, and the lands of Burns and of Scott, were successively visited and enjoyed with the zest and appreciation always met with in cultured Americans, and which the Scotch are ever so ready to acknowledge and admire.

September is, in Scotland, one of the finest months in the year, with a clearness of atmosphere all the more enjoyable because so rare; but October is drear and gloomy beyond expression, and our travelers fled from it to the sunny South.

Rome was again their destination.

Virginia felt happier this Winter than the last. She was deeply attached to her parents, and enjoyed the fresh delight of her young sister in all she saw. She withdrew from a great deal of general society to keep Ada company.

In fact, Virginia did not contemplate the prospect of another season with particular satisfaction. She felt as if she had had enough of the whirl of fashionable life; and she had an instinctive idea that she was expected to do credit to her opportunities by making a brilliant marriage. She somehow divined that her refusal of Lord Hampshire was known to her mother, and, of course, disapproved; though as yet she had not spoken on the subject.

There were many Americans in Rome; some sojourning there for pleasure, some for health. Amongst the latter were a mother and daughter

of the name of Colville, who had been introduced by her physician to Mrs. Fairfax. The mother was dying of a slow decline, the fragile daughter worn out with watching and anxiety.

"They are perfect gentlewomen," said the good doctor; "but they are timid and retiring, and, I fear, in very reduced circumstances."

This was enough for Mrs. Fairfax. To be sick and a stranger, was to enlist her kindest sympathies. The poor American ladies were visited, and her delicate tact soon discovered many ways of increasing their comforts without giving them offense.

Virginia took them under her especial care. Every day, for two or three hours, she took Mary's place by her mother's couch, while the poor girl enjoyed the fresh air she so much needed in a drive with Mrs. Fairfax or Ada, and then rested, listening to her new friend as she read aloud.

Mrs. Colville became very fond of her.

"You come into my room like a ray of home sunshine, my dear," she would say.

"I cannot tell, Miss Fairfax," she said another time, "of whom you remind me. It must be of some one I knew in my youth. I have been puzzling all night about it."

Virginia was standing at the table, arranging some flowers she had brought—fragrant jonquils, roses, and delicious Roman violets. She turned toward Mrs. Colville.

"Ah!" continued the sick lady. "I know now. You are the image of my dear friend Emily Harvey. Not when you laugh, but when you look at me with that pensive air, you have her very expression."

"Was she married?" asked Virginia, not really feeling any curiosity, but to seem interested in what pleased the invalid.

"Oh, yes! She married Robert Maxwell—the handsomest man I ever saw."

Virginia's face flushed with a sudden emotion. "I was bridesmaid at her wedding," continued Mrs. Colville, "more than thirty years ago. Then she went to a distant part of the country—Deepwood the place was called—and I crossed the sea, and we lost sight of each other. 'I don't know if she be living or dead. I only know I never saw such a likeness as you bear to her.'"

"Ah! Mrs. Colville, she has been dead many years."

Virginia had not meant to say this. It came out before she was aware; but the invalid took no notice. "Dear Emily!" was all she said; but often after that, she would say to Virginia, as she sat by her, "You look like Emily to-day."

She never asked how her young friend had known of Emily's death, and Virginia was glad of it. She could not have borne to speak of Robert—Robert whom she had rejected, ill-used, forgotten. Ah, no! not forgotten. She knew now what a treasure she had thrown away.

The London season opened brilliantly. Ada was much admired. Less beautiful than her sister, she was livelier, and not so retiring, and many who had been repelled by the hauteur of the magnificent Virginia found consolation in the more liberal smiles of the younger Miss Fairfax. But Virginia was as much followed as ever. More eligibles were at her feet than she could count on her ten white fingers.

The Marquis of Hampshire haunted Mrs. Fairfax's drawing-room. His horses and groom formed an equestrian group daily in front of her house. He was constantly in her box at the opera. And Mrs. Fairfax was satisfied. She had no hope that her eldest daughter would change her mind, and what a match the marquis would be for Ada, for Ada was certainly the attraction now. And if she married a marquis, why should not Virginia have a duke? Thus she built her Spanish castle.

Half of it was destined to come down with a run; the other half grew up, and stood a stately structure.

Lord Hampshire did not go to the elders this time. He proposed to Ada in the conservatory, on the evening of one of Lady St. Ives's receptions. Ada, blushing and delighted, referred him to her father, and before she went to bed that night she was a marchioness-elect; and Virginia, who really liked him for his many noble qualities, felt rejoiced that Lord Hampshire was to be her brother-in-law.

Mr. Fairfax, however, would not consent that the wedding should take place in London. It should be celebrated, he said, amidst his own friends, and at his own house.

Lord Hampshire was too much in love to dispute the matter. He was ready to follow Ada to Australia or Japan, if only she would not make him wait too long. So, it was settled that he should join them in America early in August, and be made happy as soon thereafter as circumstances would allow.

Virginia was glad to go home. She had enjoyed her travels, but her heart was over the sea. As to Mrs. Fairfax, she was too full of exultation on Ada's account to feel much disappointment on the subject of her eldest daughter. She said to herself that Virginia was handsomer than Ada, and as she would, of course, be much with her sister, what might not the future seasons have in store? So she sat on the deck wrapped in velvet and sealskin and pleasant meditations, and the good ship India flew westward over the Summer waves.

And what of Robert Maxwell all this time? Home was not home to him any longer. He had left it, and established himself in New York. Thus it came that, strolling down Broadway one hot Summer evening, he stepped into a restaurant to refresh himself with an ice. He was sitting apart, when his ear was suddenly caught by the conversation of two gentlemen at another table. The words that pierced him like a dagger's point were these, "Fairfax," "Baltimore," "magnificent marriage."

"I dare say the old folks are mightily pleased," said the other gentleman.

"I believe you," was the reply. "A marquis, and as rich as a crocus, as Mrs. Partington would say."

They moved away, but Robert had heard enough. And yet, what was this news to him? Had not "lost" been written on his heart years ago? and could there ever be for him such a word as found?

The wedding over, the bride and bridegroom off on their honeymoon trip, the Fairfax mansion gradually subsided into comparative quiet.

"You look pale and fagged, Virginia," said Mrs. Ramsay, her mother's eldest sister, one day, after the other guests had all dispersed. "I am going down to Rooky Beach to-morrow, and shall carry you off with me."

Virginia assented. She was at home where she longed to be; but she felt restless still, and she felt ashamed of herself for being glad to be off again. Yet it was still her own, her native land, and she loved the sea.

On a bright September evening she was walking on the shore with her aunt. The latter feeling tired, sat down, and Virginia walked on alone. Her mind wandered, as it often did, to far-off days at Deepwood, and to Robert Maxwell. Two years since she parted from him in anger. Where was he now? Had he forgotten her, and married some one worthier of his love?

Just then a wave larger than its fellows came leaping to her feet. Virginia stepped back. It kissed the shining sand, and then retreated, leav-

ing behind it a tuft of seaweed. Something glistening in the tangles of the weed. Virginia started, looked, stooped to examine it. It was her long-lost ring!

The company at Rocky Beach was select and refined rather than fashionable. Amongst it, with an excited flush on her cheek, a brilliant light in her dark eye, moved Virginia, observed and admired of all.

They asked her to sing, and she complied at once.

"It was not worth refusing," she said.

She forgot her audience, and poured her whole soul into the beautiful old song—

"Would you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old semblance that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

"Never a scornful word should grieve you,
I'd smile sweet as the angels do,
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

"I was not worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy of such as you,
Now all men besides are to me but shadows,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

As the strain proceeded, passionate, remorseful, imploring, all held their breath, and thought they had never heard such singing.

"I did not like it," said an old lady afterward. "It sounds too real."

Just as the song closed with its last beseeching wail of "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!" Virginia looked up, and saw reflected in a mirror on the opposite wall the dark eyes fixed reproachfully on her—the face of Robert Maxwell!

She started, half rose, and then there was a loud crash of the piano-keys. She had fallen forward, with her face resting on her arms.

There was the usual commotion, but a fatherly old gentleman came forward, lifted her up, and placed her on a sofa. She soon revived, and went up-stairs with her aunt.

"Who is that lady?" asked one gentleman of another, out on the piazza.

"Miss Fairfax, of Baltimore. Beautiful creature, is she not? Her sister is the Marchioness of Hampshire."

"Her sister?" Robert's heart leaped into the seventh heaven. Could it be possible that *he* was the Douglas of that tender, impassioned strain?

Late in the afternoon of the next day, Virginia came down stairs. To her great relief, the parlors were empty, and she sat down by a window to read. But the book fell on her knee, and her eyes looked dreamily out on the ocean, while her voice unconsciously murmured the words of her song, "Would you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas."

There was a rapid step, and Robert Maxwell was at her side.

"Virginia, I have come back. Will you forgive me, for the sake of all I have suffered since we parted?"

She held out her hands—his arms were round her in a moment—a passionate embrace reunited them.

"Ah, Robert, I too have suffered! Look at this," and she showed her ring. "It came back to me yesterday, and I felt sure you would come next." And then she told how she had found it.

"Your hand is as slender as ever, darling," said Robert. "This ring must be my care for the present." He took out his pocketbook, and from its depths produced a pale, faded rose. "Do you remember this?"

"Oh, Robert, forgive me! I have hated passion-flowers ever since that evening."

Two months later, Robert placed a circlet of plain gold on Virginia's finger. And beneath it, carefully fitted, was the lost ring, to be its faithful guardian for evermore.

A Singular Presentiment.

A CORRESPONDENT of a New York journal, who was on board the steamer *Oceanus* when she exploded, on the Mississippi, and was himself much scalded and burnt, and was finally rescued in an insensible condition, after floating, with a piece of plank clasped in his arms, a distance of three miles, thinks that not only he and some of the other passengers had a foreshadowing apprehension of this calamity, but that a similar nervous feeling was experienced by a cage of lions on board. He says:

"At about eleven o'clock most of the passengers had gone to bed or were in the cabin, and but three or four persons, including myself, remained on deck. I don't know how it was, but before long we were all sitting together, and our conversation drifted toward explosions and disasters of the sort which had taken place within the last few years on the Mississippi; and before long I, at least, had become somewhat nervous. At about half-past twelve I went to my room, undressed, and tried to get asleep; but I merely lay there and tossed, and though I had traveled over this route many and many a time, had never felt so before. I could not rest, and after tumbling and kicking about till about two o'clock, I got up, dressed myself, and went out on the deck again. Then I went down to see the lions asleep in their cage, which was in a wagon on the fore-castle deck. There were seven of them, two, as I remember, being full-grown, and five cubs, which were a part of Robinson's circus. The cubs were all curled up in a corner fast asleep; but the old ones were walking restlessly up and down in their cage, and occasionally giving vent to that horrible roar, that snarling growl and cry, which is enough to strike terror to the soul of even man. Their eyes gleamed through the half-darkness; and now that I think of it, the lions seemed to have the same presentiment of coming evil with which I was impressed. Any man who has had anything to do with menageries will say that lions are always ready to eat, no matter when or how fully they may have been fed; and yet, when I threw into the cage some beef, not one of the beasts touched it, although they had not recently tasted food. They came up to it in their restless walk, sniffed at it, and then turned away to resume their uneasy march. Finally, at about a quarter past four o'clock, I returned to my berth, determined to sleep, if possibly I could. The next thing I knew was a horrible and deafening noise. I said to myself, 'The time has come.' The whole passage through the state-rooms was filled with boiling steam and flying wood, and in the insanity of the moment I rushed at the other doors near me and tried to wrench them open, yelling like a madman, and crying, 'Get up! Awake! The boiler has burst!'"

He gives the following vivid picture of these terrified wild beasts, as he last saw them:

"In running wildly about the boat, I found myself brought suddenly up by the caged lions, toward which the fire—for the boat had already begun to burn—was creeping on steadily and surely. The lions howled and shrieked with terror; they tore at the bars of their cage, standing on their hind legs and taking the wires between their teeth, munching and clawing them in the intensity of their brute fear and horror. The cubs whined and screamed, running about their cage with the most distressed cries, and creeping up to the old ones, who would occasionally turn

round to bite or to lick them. I stopped by them a minute, and tried to find some way of opening their cage; and they ceased their yells for the moment, as though they thought that I was to free them, and they would wait. I tugged at the bars, but it was of no use. I heard somebody calling, 'Williams, Williams, give me the keys; don't let the beasts be roasted to death!' but the fire came on hotter and hotter, and I ran to a place where some temporary safety seemed to be offered. The whole cage of lions yelled and roared as I ran away, as if they knew I was leaving them to the most horrible of deaths."

Earth as a Disinfectant.—The value of earth as a disinfectant and deodorizer is well known; and the treatment of ulcerated sores and gangrenous wounds with it is becoming very general. A new application of this system has lately been described, namely, the use of clay as a dressing for the face in two cases of confluent smallpox—dusting it, in fine powder, over the faces of the patients as the pustules become fairly developed. This, it is stated, formed a clean, dry, wholesome scalp, absorbing the infectious material, scaling off during convalescence, and leaving the underlying skin in its natural and normal state. The painful and persistent itching which is well known as one of the worst characteristics of the disease was by this simple means entirely abated. The earth used was fine pipe-clay.

Curious Telegraphic Facts.—In the working of the telegraph, some curious facts have been observed. A message sent through land lines and an undersea cable travels quicker to the place which has the long land line than to the shorter. From Amsterdam to London, a signal is transmitted at greater speed than in the reverse direction; the reason being, that on the English side is a wire of one hundred and thirty miles, then a cable of one hundred and twenty, and on the Dutch side a wire of twenty miles. This difference, however, can be rectified by a scientific contrivance. Another fact arrived at by observation is, that on wires stretched east and west, the speed is decreased every day about noon. The cause, we are informed, is not clear; but it is supposed to be due to the diurnal variation in earth-currents. It is a fact worth knowing that gutta percha decays rapidly, and becomes brittle and porous when dry and exposed to the light, but under water appears to undergo no change whatever. Gutta percha sunk in the sea for twenty years shows no sign of decay, which must be regarded as a condition in which nature comes to the aid of mechanical and electrical science. Many attempts have been made to devise a tell-tale to show whether a watcher has gone his rounds faithfully during the night; but not many have succeeded. Among the latest and best is the one now in use at the penitentiary, Lausanne, invented by M. Cauderoy, which effects its object by electricity. A disk of paper, divided into twelve hours, is set in movement by clock-work. A number of electric magnets are fixed in front of the disk, and these are connected in the usual way with buttons or keys placed in different parts of the building. These buttons indicate stations on the watchman's round, and he is expected to push each one as he passes it. The push excites the electro-magnet, and releases a prickler, which starts forward, and makes a hole in the paper disk. This disk may be placed in any part of the building—in the inspector's office or governor's room; consequently, any neglect or evasion on the part of the watchman is immediately detected.

On the Track.

In the long white nights of Winter,
In my dreams, it scares my soul;
My shut eyes see the snow-white pines,
And I hear the wolves' keen howl;
And never, asleep or waking,
Seem I to be free again
From the famished gleam of those eyeballs
That I saw in that far-off night.

The snow, through the day, had fallen,
And had frozen where it fell;
'Twas biting cold that Winter,
That all remember well;
But my sleigh and horse were stabled,
And I in the inn sat warm,
Biding my time to journey on
At the ceasing of the storm.

It ceased as came the evening;
As I looked across the snow,
I shivered to think of the keen miles
My horse and I must go—
That my horse and I must travel
Fast through the waning light,
Of the forest ways I must traverse
On through the darksome night.

We were off; through the cold white stillness
Rang the bells of my speeding sleigh;
'Twas the only sound, I mind well,
That cheered the silent day;
And the glooming way was lonely,
White snow and thick gray sky,
Till at last through the lone pine-forest
Speeded my steed and I.

The boughs creaked with their snow-weight,
As we sped on and on;
Speed on! dear home we're nearing!
Our journey soon is done;
But hark! through the bells' keen jangle,
What is that sound of fear?
That distant sound that, freezing
My heart, I seem to hear.

Well might my scared horse shiver!
How he shuddered! I mind it well;
God have mercy on horse and driver
That sped from that nearing yell!
How I groaned to God for succor,
As, near and more near, behind
Down my track it swept! Oh, shelter
From those following fiends to find!

On, on! there smokes our chimney!
Oh, such a death to die,
With those fire-lit, dear home-windows,
With that dear home-door so nigh!
They hear my shrieks! Oh, wretches,
Almost I feel your breath!
Oh, brothers, brothers, save me!
Oh, snatch me from this death!

But moments—moments but to gain
My pistols—it must die!
My horse, my horse must stay the pack
While those few yards I fly;
Five yards, but five of frozen snow—
A bound—my danger ends;
Wide flies the door; blest God, I know
I'm safe! Oh, brothers! friends!

Fire—fire, boys! ah, that's music!
Roll over every one!
Carl—Casper, Franz—you Friedrich,
Fire—fire! well done—well done!
And am I saved? Oh, wretches!
Oh, eyes filled with fierce light!
When shall I cease to see and hear
The fiends I 'scaped to-night?

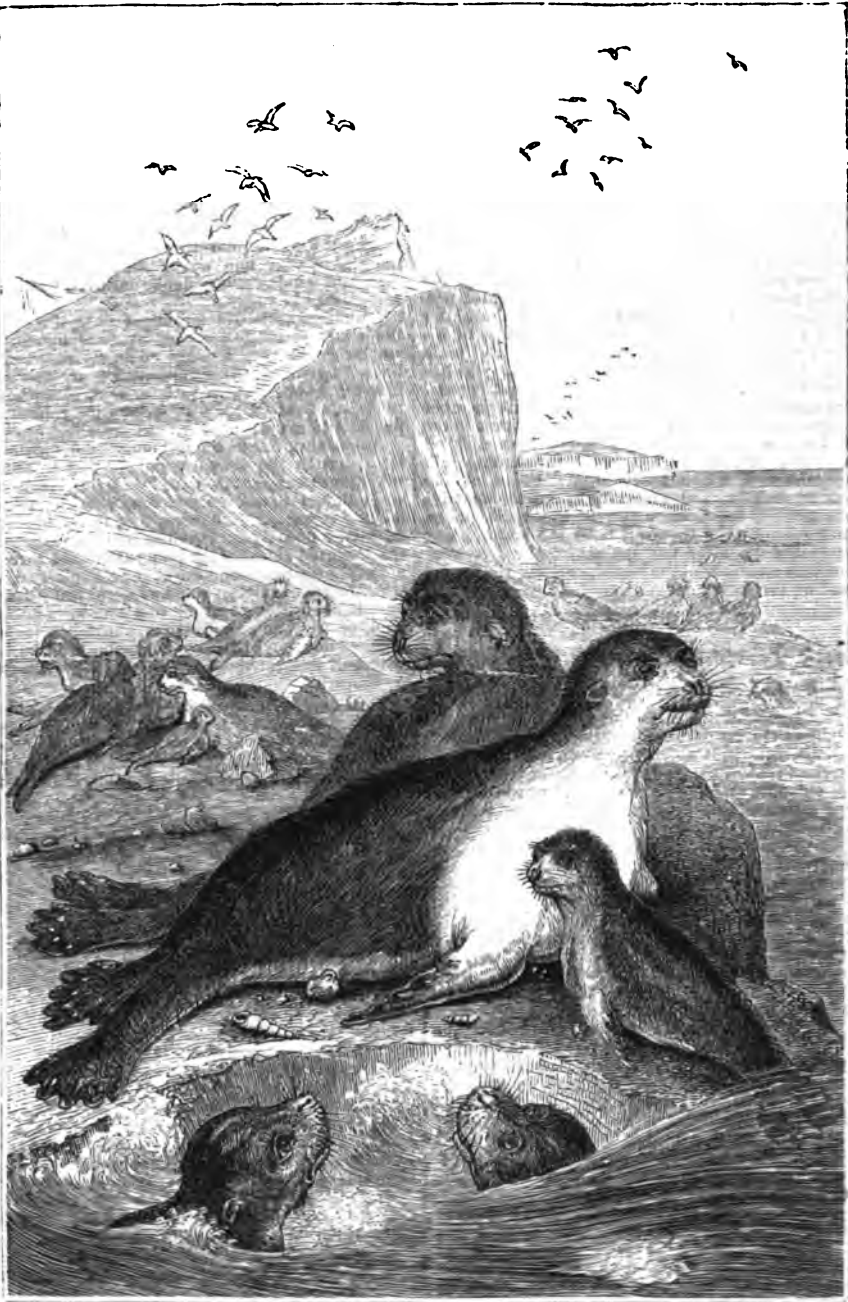
About a mile southeast of Brandon, Vermont, there is situated a well forty-one feet deep, the water of which has the peculiarity of remaining frozen all the year round. In 1859 the owner of the property began the usual excavations for water. After passing through four feet of clay and ten feet of soil, a bed of frozen gravel, sixteen feet in thickness, was encountered; then another bed of clay, and finally, a layer of clean gravel, in which water was found. As the Winter months approached, ice began to form in the well at the rate of from two to four inches over

night, while during the succeeding Summer, though the well remained open, an occasional skim of ice would appear on the surface. If the Winter ice is not removed when the weather is quite warm, the water remains frozen through the hottest months.

A House without pictures is like a stem shorn of its fair flowers. If you would make a room look neat, cheerful, and homelike, first, and above all else, rob it of its staring, naked walls, by covering them up with modest and refined pictures.



ON THE TRACK.



AUSTRALIAN SEA-BEARS.

Australian Sea Bears.

THE group of Australian sea-bears is taken from the "Zoology of the Voyage of H.M.S. Erebus and Terror." This animal, *Arctocephalus lobatus*, is among the largest of the seal family. It is

occasionally found congregating in vast numbers upon various portions of the coast of Australia. It is the most important and valuable of all the seal tribe.

The fine-haired, black, curly skin of the younger animals of the *Arctocephalus ursinus*, of from

four months to one year old, are particularly esteemed, so as to be classed among the finer furs which find a ready sale in the Chinese market. The Russian American Fur Company became more chary of the lives of the sea-bears, from whom it derived the best part of its revenue, and allowed only a limited number to be killed every year on the Island of St. Paul, one of the Pribilof group, their favorite Summer haunt. The chase was pursued by a certain number of Aleuts, located there under Russian superintendence. It began in the latter part of September, on a cold, foggy day, when the wind blows from the side where the animals are assembled on the rocky shore. The boldest hunters, accustomed to clamber over stones and cliffs, open the way; then follow the older people and the children, and the chief personage of the band comes last, to be the better able to direct and survey the movements of his men, who are all armed with clubs. The main object is to cut off the herd as quickly as possible from the sea. All the grown-up males and females are spared and allowed to escape, but the younger animals are all driven landward, sometimes to the distance of a couple of miles, and then clubbed to death. Those which are only four months old are doomed without exception; while of the others, only the males are killed, and the females are politely led back again to the coast, when they soon betake themselves to the water. For several days after the massacre, the bereaved mothers swim about the island, seeking and loudly wailing for their young.

The House in Gem Crescent.

A ROMANCE OF THE BURNT DISTRICT.

THURSDAY, the 16th day of March, 1844, was a wild and stormy day, ushered in with one of those furious east winds which, upon our Atlantic coast, herald a fearful list of marine disasters, involving not only loss of valuable property, but some other less merchantable articles, such as human lives, widows' hearts, orphans' hopes, and the like.

This especial east wind was so powerful and so penetrating, that, not satisfied with ravaging the coast, tearing away beaches, and hurling torrents of surf and spray over the quays and wharves, it tore through the city streets, whistled down the blind alleys, swept wildly across the open spaces, and even made eddies and whirlpools in such sheltered nooks as Gem Crescent—the very most protected, shut-in, buried-alive collection of houses in the whole city.

"Hang the wind!" remarked the first of the Gem Crescenters who put his nose into the open air, in the bleak gray of that March morning, and then, as people will, he put his head on one side, nearly shut the lower eye, and with the upper one scrutinized the strip of cloudy sky left visible between the lines of tottering roofs, as if, by actually seeing the wind, to better judge of its force. But, surely, never wind, sky, clouds, or roof-line, could have affected observer as did this weather-wise equit Jehu Holcom, the observer in question.

And here it may be as well to introduce our friend a little more formally, he being not only the oldest, but the soundest and most respectable, inhabitant of Gem Crescent.

Jehu kept a corner grocery, but he did not vend liquor therein, excepting always certain harmless compounds of roots, herbs, molasses and water. Jehu was old, but not broken either in body or mind; he was passing rich for his neighborhood, but not, after all, so very uncharitable or tyrannical, although the miserable tenants, who hired, in flats or detached rooms, the three houses in

the Crescent belonging to him, sometimes lamented loudly over certain methods adopted by their landlord for obtaining his rent. To end all, Jehu was acquainted with as much of the private affairs and characters of not only his tenants, but of every one else in the court, as they knew themselves; and, except for the end house, might have, at his pleasure, revealed the most cherished secrets of every dwelling there.

But the end house!

Ah, there was a mystery for even Jehu Holcom! and, probably, on account of this mystery, both he and every one else in the place united in calling it the Haunted House, and in gazing with mingled dislike and terror upon its boarded-up door and windows, its blank, dark-red walls, and smokeless chimneys.

Standing as it did directly across the end of the court, it really seemed, as Jehu himself remarked, "to take a pleasure in aggravating of folks" by constantly stimulating a curiosity and interest impossible to satisfy, and, Sphinx-like, to sit in all men's path propounding riddles impossible to guess.

Once Jehu, borne on not only by his own desires, but by the taunting suggestions of certain rebellious Crescenters, that, "after all, there was some things that even Holcom couldn't tackle," made a voyage of discovery, first to the tax-gatherer, who politely assured him that the taxes upon the Haunted House were punctually paid through a certain eminent solicitor of the Suffolk Bar, but whether such solicitor acted as agent or principal, and, if agent, whether for one man or a body of men, or for one or a body of ghosts, or for neither, or for anybody, or anything, he, the tax-gatherer, was unable to determine, and, in fact, felt no curiosity.

"As well be hung for a sheep's a lamb," muttered Jehu, as he came out of the tax-gatherer's office, and so wended his way to the stately offices of the solicitor, who happened to be disengaged, and granted a five-minutes' interview to his visitor.

In a trembling and somewhat hang-dog style, Jehu began upon his errand, and was interrupted at the first period.

The house at the end of Gem Crescent? Yes. Mr. Greenhague was the person with whom to speak in relation to that house. What had Mr.—a—a—Holcom to say in relation to it?

"You are the owner, then, Mr. Greenhague?"

"I am the party with whom you are to treat, Mr. Holcom, and my time is valuable. Will you state your business?"

"Well, sir, I didn't know but you might like to let, or even sell, the premises, as it seems a pity so much room should stand idle while—"

"The house is neither for sale or to let, Mr. Holcom. Anything more?"

"And you are the owner, sir?"

"I asked you to state your business, Mr. Holcom, not to ask questions which are none of your business. Peter, show this gentleman out, and bring me those papers."

And this was all that was known in Gem Crescent with regard to the Haunted House, until the morning of this windy day in March, when Jehu Holcom, stepping out of his door for a mouthful of fresh air before breakfast, cast his eye up to look at the weather, and, bringing it back from the clouds, suffered his inquiring gaze just to slide over the façade of the Haunted House, as he usually did whenever he looked out of doors. Not always with such results, however, for the sliding glance suddenly changed to a full stare, first of incredulity, then of horror and amazement so overpowering as to send Mr. Holcom staggering back against his own door, which, giving way behind him, allowed him to fall clattering upon

the floor of his little entry, with a noise that speedily brought Nanny Holcom, his daughter and sole family, to the rescue.

"Father! Good gracious, what's come over you, father? and who's been a knocking of you down?" exclaimed she, dutifully, raising her parent from his ungraceful position.

For sole answer to both questions, Mr. Holcom glared vacantly for a moment into his daughter's face, and then grappling her by the arm with convulsive force, he led her to the door, and, pointing toward the Haunted House, gasped:

"Look! See him!—see him, yourself!"

"Lor, father, what is it?" began the damsel, carelessly casting her eyes in the implied direction; but the careless inquiry ended in a dismal shriek, and Miss Holcom fled backward into the house as eagerly as she had run out, for this was the sight that she had seen:

Suspended from one of the upper windows of the Haunted House, the only window unboarded and unshuttered in the whole grim façade, swung the body of an old man, his head fallen upon his shoulder, his face purpled by strangulation, his limbs dangling in the horrible, flaccid manner that only dead limbs can hang, his long white hair drifting hither and thither as the fierce March wind toyed with its ghastly prey, now swinging it to the full length of the rope, now twirling it around, now fluttering the loose garments, as if the poor owner were still alive and capable of motion; while from the empty house behind, or from the surrounding houses, or from the powers of the air themselves, came such a chorus of sighs, and wails, and groans, and strange, unearthly sounds, as surely wind never made before, and which, joined to the wild March dawning and the gruesome object flaunting from the window of the Haunted House, created a scene that Dore alone could picture, or Edgar Poe describe.

Even the small and vulgar souls of Jehu Holcom and his daughter felt the influence, and the father, as, with shaking hands and ashen face, he dressed himself for the street, said to his daughter, sobbing noisily among her forgotten culinary effects:

"Tell you what, Nanny, there's something more than ordinary to pay out there; and if I was you, I wouldn't go out into the court till I come back with the p'lice. There's no knowing what might ketch hold of a body if they was too venturesome."

"Be you going for the p'lice, father?" exclaimed the damsel, drying her tears, wiping her nose, and covering her head with one dextrous movement of her apron. "Then I'm bound to come along, too, for I wouldn't stop alone, not for no money. I'll foller along."

"We'll pass out through the store, so's not to have to go into the court," replied Jehu, leading the way; and in a few moments two white, scared faces and shivering forms presented themselves at that modern refuge for all troubled and perplexed souls, the police station.

And, in parenthesis, do stop and figure to yourselves the lost and rudderless condition of mankind in great cities before the days of police stations!

Cheerful, calm, and unastonished, two members of the force received the orders of their chief, and accompanied the Holcoms back to Gem Crescent, while a third was dispatched to the private residence of Mr. Greenhague, whose name Jehu had given as owner or agent of the Haunted House.

Arrived at the head of the court, Jehu stopped, peeped timidly round the corner, started back, and whispered:

"There! Look yourself, and see if I didn't tell true. My gracious, it's give me such a turn!

Step into the store, mister, and take a little something to give you a stomach for your work."

But Policemen X and Y "never took anything," and, leaving Jehu to imbibe a hasty draught of Dutch courage (kept secluded beneath the counter, whereon the ginger-beer boldly displayed itself), tramped at once down the court, their square footfalls and ringing heels contrasting with the shuffling tread and stealthy motions of the knot of Cresceners, rapidly collecting from the frowny houses, awakened by the terrible tidings.

"Door boarded up. Must be a rear entrance," remarked X to Y, and then seizing upon the nearest bystander, "fixed him with his glittering eye," and proceeded to question him concerning said entrance, with such sternness that the unfortunate man, feeling himself in some manner charged with the crime whose proof swung above his head, could only stammer out an assurance that he "didn't know nothing wotever about it; he didn't even know 'twas there till Ben Parbior come in and told him; and as for back-entrances, none of the houses in the court had them, so far as he knew; but the Haunted House wasn't like other houses, and—"

But here the bystander was cut short by a contemptuous wave of the hand, and X, leaving Y on guard, went off by himself on an exploring expedition through the neighborhood, ending in the discovery of a narrow alley, made for the convenience of the houses of a street apparently entirely disconnected with Gem Crescent, but upon whose dirty depths, nevertheless, opened a certain door, of rough dark boards, before which Policeman X came to a halt, surveyed it pleasantly, shook it slightly, tapped upon it with his staff, peeped into its keyhole, and then, nodding still pleasantly to himself, picked his way up through the dirty alley to the street, and back to Gem Crescent.

"Back entrance all right—lock oiled, no cobwebs, stout door, iron-lined like enough; some one been going in and out every day, I should say," muttered he, to Y, who still stood on guard; and then both men waited a few moments longer, until the messenger arrived from Mr. Greenhague's with the key of the Haunted House, and orders to tear away the boarding from the front entrance, and unlock the door.

Eager yet trembling volunteers were not waiting for the work, and in ten minutes, boards and timbers were ripped away, and the grim old door, with its gangrened brass knocker, handle, and number, stood revealed, for the first time within the memory of any man present—even Jehu Holcom, who claimed a residence of "twenty year or more," as he shiveringly assured the officer who had quietly joined the group, and at sight of whom even X and Y grew humble, deferential, and altogether modified.

In company with this officer came also Mr. Greenhague, and the few among the crowd who had the honor of knowing the great lawyer's face, perceived that it was many shades paler than its wont, and wore a very anxious appearance.

The boarding was down, the key was placed in the lock, and after several efforts made to turn, the door was thrown open, with that grating, rending sound only made by the forcing asunder of wood and iron welded together by years of undisturbed contact, and then the crowd fell back, treading upon each other's toes, as remorselessly as a moment before they had trod upon each other's heels, for as in the latter case they were driven back by superstitious fear, so in the former they were pushed forward by curiosity—and we all know what such engines as fear and curiosity can do with a vulgar crowd.

While everybody still hesitated, and X and Y, standing at either side the door, seemed waiting for orders, the quiet authority, who had just

joined the crowd, stepped forward, followed by Mr. Greenhague and two or three other persons, official and non-official, and entered the house, leaving X and Y still standing at either side the door, like the angels guarding the gates of paradise.

The favored few noiselessly mounted the stairs, over a carpet so corrupted with moth and dampness that it crumbled beneath each footfall, so that while the leader of the party saw before him a rich arabesque of velvet pile, the last one left behind him only a loathsome mass of fragments.

Three flights, and then the chief paused, and, turning to Mr. Greenhague, said, in a low voice: "It is on this floor—front room."

"Yes; but what is this odor?" replied the lawyer, in the same awe-hushed voice.

"Charcoal and—something else. We'll see."

And with a sharp movement, the chief threw open the door of the front chamber, and the whole party entered.

It was a large, low room, solidly furnished in the style of fifty years ago, but covered everywhere with dust, mold, corruption, desolation. Of its two windows, one was still shuttered closely, both within and without, while from the other, hastily unclosed, as it seemed, swung the fearful object at which the crowd below still stood gaping, in whispering horror.

The chief made a sign to two of the men who had followed him up, and they, with white, stern faces, stepped forward, leaned from the window for a moment, and presently drew in the poor broken and bruised effigy of man, made in the image of his Creator, and carried it across the room to the crumbling bed, whence started as they laid it down a great gray rat, who had quietly nestled there with more than one brood of her foul progeny.

Most of the spectators drew back as the two men thus did their duty, but the lawyer pressed eagerly forward, and as soon as the body was laid upon the bed, leaned anxiously over the swollen and distorted features, as if trying to recognize them. The chief watched him, as only such men can watch, and Greenhague, looking suddenly up, caught his eye, and—blushed—yes, actually blushed, veteran though he was.

"Do you recognize him, Mr. Greenhague?" asked one of the company, unofficial of course, or he would not have asked.

"Not at all, sir; do you?" retorted Greenhague, and the chief grimly smiled approval of the snub.

"But this smell of charcoal?" resumed the lawyer, turning away from the bed, as if its dreadful burden had no longer any interest for him.

"It comes from this direction;" and the chief motioned one of the men to open the door behind him.

He did so, and would have put his head inside, but was forced to draw back, coughing and choking violently, while out from the open door rolled a dense mephitic cloud, driving every one before it, as if it were visible Death. Windows and doors were thrown open as rapidly as their heavy and elaborate fastenings would allow, and the crowd below surged impatiently forward and back, with a murmur of angry curiosity, as it saw these symptoms of new horrors, to which they were denied admittance.

To add to the confusion, one of these spectators, seeing the smoke pour out at the windows, and catching sight of the hurrying figures, raised a cry of "Fire!" and dashed up the court to spread the alarm in the neighboring streets, an effort in which he would no doubt have succeeded had not the chief leaned out of the window, and shouted to Policeman X an order to "Catch that fool, and

choke him, or take him to the station—one or the other!"

X obediently started, and so did a barefooted urchin, brother of the delinquent, whose shouts of "Look out for yerself, Mike! The peeler's after yees!" were so successful, that the policeman only reached the head of the court before a dozen voices informed him that it was "all right, and Mike out of harm's way, so there's no use of botherin' the p'lice."

Up in the dim, ghostly chamber meanwhile the deadly cloud and miasma had so far cleared that the chief and one or two of his attendants could pass through the opened door into a large closet, dividing the front from the back chamber, and apparently intended for a dressing-room, although without an outside window. In the middle of this place stood a clay furnace, half filled with the ashes of charcoal, hardly yet burnt out, and upon a couch close by it lay an old woman, quite dead, but lying peacefully and decently, as if she had not struggled against her fate by so much as the movement of a finger.

"Is it suicide?" asked Greenhague, softly.

The chief shook his head, looked about him, and scented the heavy air.

"I told you as we came up-stairs that there was a smell of charcoal, and of something else, which I could not then name. Now I think it is—aha?"

And the chief pounced like a hawk upon a folded handkerchief, lying beside the couch, and still vaguely molded into the form of a human face.

"See! It was soaked with chloroform, pressed while wet upon the woman's face, held until she was insensible, left until it dried by evaporation into the mask that you see, and the charcoal prevented her ever reviving. It is all in a nutshell—a beautiful case."

And the chief looked for a moment as contented as if his theory could bring back life to the two murdered fellow-creatures within reach of his hand.

Greenhague, albeit a lawyer, shuddered and turned away, and, indeed, the air of the closet was still almost intolerable, although every window upon the flat had been thrown open.

"I am going to inspect the rest of the house—do you want to come?" asked the chief, at his ear, and the two went quietly out, leaving their companions still wondering over the mysteries before them.

Going first up the one remaining flight of stairs, they found themselves in a darkness so intense as to be oppressive to the brain, and were obliged to summon one of the men from below to bring his lantern, and to uncover one of the windows, all of which were closed by stout boards, solidly nailed together.

No discoveries rewarded the effort, however, as the whole space was divided into two great bare chambers, perhaps intended for servants' use, and showing by their dusty floors and tapestries of spiders' webs that they had not been entered in a long while.

"Nothing here. Put up the boarding, Reynolds, and follow us to the lower stories," commanded the chief, after a brief survey; and then the two passed down, glanced into the room behind that where the body of the old man lay, and down another flight to the best chambers of the house.

These had once been furnished with elegance and taste; but everything now was moldered, crumbling, and ready to fall to pieces at a touch. Rats peered from what had once been luxurious couches; black loathsome insects glided across the hearths, where once the generous fires of olden times had blazed; the ghostly moth-miller flew blindly toward the light, that neither he nor his

ancestors had seen in fifty years; while upon the floor lay, in a tattered heap, the draperies that they, in all those silent years, had gnawed from the cornices where dead hands had nailed them up.

It was dreary, comfortless work, this peering into rooms as dead and lifeless as those other dwellings stretched in broken ruin upon the beds up-stairs, and as they descended to the principal floor, Mr. Greenhague said, hurriedly:

"I believe I will not wait to look through the rest of the house. Perhaps you will come into my office, by-and-by, and tell me the result of your search."

"Just as well, Mr. Greenhague," assented the chief, in whom the professional instinct was now so thoroughly dominant, that nothing else could fairly engage his attention; "I'll come round and tell you."

And so the lawyer went out through the crowd that respectfully opened to give him passage, and along the bleak stormy streets, toward his office, his head drooping upon his breast, his brows knitted, his lips moving slightly, as if he whispered to himself.

"Greenhague's got a knotty case in hand," laughed one fellow-lawyer to another, as he passed them unheedingly.

And so he had, a very knotty case.

Late that afternoon, the chief dropped in, as he often did, and, smoking a cigar beside the lawyer's grate, told the sequel of his morning's search.

"Queer ghostly old place," said he; "but really nothing suspicious, except as to the sanity of the poor old man and woman themselves. It is evident enough that the passage out through the sheds, and the door opening upon the alley, has been carefully arranged to avoid suspicion, and though it evidently has been in daily use, I doubt if we find man, woman or child who has ever seen it used."

"You searched the cellars?" asked Greenhague, briefly.

"Of course; nothing wrong there."

"And how do you leave matters to-night?"

"Oh, a couple of fellows in charge in the lower part of the house. You will be summoned before the coroner to-morrow, to testify about the ownership of the house."

"Yes, I suppose so."

And Mr. Greenhague fell into so deep a reverie, that the chief was making his adieu when he next recognized his presence.

Half an hour later, the lawyer left his office, and was walking briskly through the darkened streets toward the lodgings he called his home, when a voice at his elbow addressed him in low and hurried tones:

"Mr. Greenhague, a word with you."

Mr. Greenhague turned and stared at the speaker.

He was a youngish man, whose pale face, black hair and eyes, and generally disordered and careless appearance, gave him, even in the deep twilight, the look of one whom a prosperous and respectable man like Richard Greenhague would rather not own as an acquaintance in the public street.

No one, then, can wonder if his "Well, sir!" was rather coldly spoken, and his look before and behind him rather a suggestive one.

"Let us walk along as we talk. I am not anxious to be seen any more than you, Mr. Greenhague. All I have to say is this: it is urgently necessary that I enter and leave that house to-night."

"What house?"

"The house in Gem Crescent, where a double murder was committed last night."

The lawyer looked again at his companion, with growing distrust and aversion in his face.

"I have no charge of that house at present; it is in the hands of the police. Go to them," said he, coldly.

"It would not answer. I do not wish to relate my whole life, past, present, and future, and those are the conditions of calling in the aid of the law, as no one should know better than yourself. It is you who must help me—"

"Must, sir! And why, pray?" interposed Greenhague, imperiously.

His strange companion stopped short, and, laying a hand upon his arm, peered closely into his face, while he whispered, hoarsely:

"Because I know whose son you are, Richard Marlett, and because, if you will not help me to save a human life to-night, I will call in the officers of the law, and I will tell them your story, as well as my own."

The lawyer turned deadly pale as he listened to these words, but his steady eye did not blench.

"You know whose son I am? Then, can you tell me in what part of the world my father is living?" asked he.

The other smiled contemptuously.

"Do you think to trap me so? Your father lies dead in the old house in Gem Crescent, where you were born fifty-eight years ago last August."

"And the old woman who also lies dead there?"

"Was his second wife, and not your mother."

And you—who are you, let me ask?"

"I? Well, I will tell you as much as that, since we are without witnesses. I am grandson of that dead woman."

"The dead woman in Gem Crescent?"

"Yes. Your father's second wife; but no relative, mind you, of him or his descendants."

The two men had by this time walked on until they now stood in the quiet and lonely street where the lawyer held his bachelor establishment. He turned suddenly, and seized the stranger strongly by the arm.

"And if that old man were my father, as you say, do you suppose I will let his murderer go free through any paltry fear of exposure? Yield yourself my prisoner until I can give you into the hands of the law."

"Pshaw! Do you suppose I go unarmed, or that you could detain me a moment, if I chose to go? Besides, I give you my word that I am not their murderer—"

"Your word!"

"Yes. There is no need of going into heroics, talking big, and swearing great oaths about it. We stand here man to man, and I have my eye on the street corner as well as you, and shall be far enough out of reach before you can summon officer or layman to your assistance. I am not a bit afraid of you, and you could not prove a word of my confession if I should make one; so, after all, why isn't it more likely than not that I am speaking the truth, when I assure you that I did not kill those old people, and have no idea who did? But there is a life in question, compared with which a thousand like those that are gone would not weigh one feather's weight, and that life, if not yet gone, is in jeopardy, and must be saved this night, and none but myself can save it, and none but you can help me."

"And whose is this life?"

"It is my whim not to explain, except to assure you that it is one nearer to your own than any other on this earth, and that if through your negligence it is lost to-night, not only you, but the whole world, shall know that the guilt of innocent blood, and that blood your own, lies for ever at your door."

"Come into my house—here it is—and explain. I—I feel the need of a little rest."

"No trap—no attempt at an ambush, eh? I promise you it would be a most fatal mistake."

"I give you my word of honor," gasped Greenhague, who seemed, in fact, perfectly prostrated by the succession of blows so suddenly and so cunningly inflicted.

"Very well; I will come in, and I will trust to your word of honor, on condition that you return the compliment."

The lawyer mutely bowed his head, and not another word was exchanged until he had conducted his guest into the house, and the door of his private study was closed and locked behind them.

Going to a little closet, he poured out, and drank in rapid succession, three glasses of wine, and then turned to his guest.

"There is wine and spirit," said he, coldly. "If you choose to take them, do so. I do not offer it, for I will not show hospitality to a man whom I may give in charge within the hour, and may help to hang within the year."

"Thanks for your grudging offer, and also for the polite angury; but I will have none of your wine, nor will you either give me in charge, or see me hung. Now I will tell you what I require."

"Do so, and I will tell you in turn how far I consider it best to meet your requirements."

"You will meet them, never fear, my dear sir. In the first place, I wish you to see the chief of police, whom I know to be a friend of yours, and not likely to refuse any request you may make. You will tell him that, for private reasons, you wish to remain secretly in the house in Gem Crescent to-night, and that you shall bring a person with you to act as assistant. Give him to understand there are papers secreted, for which you wish to look, or make any other excuse you may choose. He knows that you are the agent of the property, and it will not strike him as strange. If he insists upon leaving a man in charge, arrange that he shall confine himself to the first floor of the building, and not interfere with your movements."

"The chief will not consent," muttered the lawyer, wiping the cold moisture from his forehead.

"Oh, yes, he will, either for love of you, or love of money. You may bribe him in whichever way you find best; but you will not fail—I am sure of it."

"And why sure?"

"Because, since you will have it plainly—because I know your family secret, I know the shameful crime for which your father fled his country fifty years ago, leaving you, a child, to bear the burden of his disgrace. I know the whole story of the friend who adopted you, gave you his own name, hushed up the story of your father's villainy, preserved his property—this very house in Gem Crescent, among the rest—educated you, and established you in your present position. I know that when he died he made you agent of your father's property, and warned you to keep yourself informed of his movements, and his conduct, that you might know when, from agent, you became heir. More than this, I know just when and how your father evaded the surveillance you established over him, and, returning to this country, hid himself in the old house whose haunted chambers your guardian had religiously closed from that day until the death of their owner should leave him free to demolish them. I know, and you do not, what mysteries and iniquities have been practiced in that old house since Thomas Marlett and the fiend he last married came back to inhabit it, and I know, and you do not, the story of last night's work. And now, Mr. Richard Greenhague, would you like to have this story told in open court, printed in the scandal-loving

papers of the day, bruited from mouth to mouth of those who have admired and envied you? Will you do my bidding, or will you brave my revenge, and risk the life of one whom you of all men should hold dear?"

A long and solemn silence followed the last word; a silence so deep, that the ticking of the lawyer's watch became almost oppressively audible, and the clear tinkle of a coal falling from the grate to the hearth below made both men start, and look toward it.

At length Greenhague spoke moodily.

"If, as you say, there is life in question, and you refuse to warn the authorities or to enable me to do so—"

"I do refuse, and, furthermore, I warn you that it is highly improbable that any one but myself can save this life, so do not attempt to compromise with your conscience by entrapping me, and then placing some one else on the scent. No one can rescue her but me, believe that."

"I am planning no trick. I have given you my word to keep faith with you, and I will do it. Where shall I find you after I have seen the chief of police?"

"I will join you in the street soon after you leave his house, for, I presume, you will look for him there at this hour."

"I suppose so," groaned the lawyer, clinching his hand.

"Don't get out of temper," remonstrated his guest, with a mocking smile. "You can't help yourself, you know, and it's as well to 'pay and look pleasant' when you have lost the game. I advise you to eat something, and try to get up your strength a little before you start for Mr. Chief's house, for the dead of night is better for our errand than earlier, and you have plenty of time. I should say about nine o'clock would be early enough for you to start; but, early or late, you may feel sure that I shall know all your movements until we meet again, and that any scheme of treachery on your part will only turn to your own disadvantage."

"If you were a gentleman, you would understand that when I have once passed my word of honor it is enough."

"If I were a gentleman, I should hope not to be the son of a—"

"Silence! Not one word against the man whose murdered corpse still lies unburied. He was my father."

"Then don't taunt me upon matters of which you know nothing."

And with a scowl of mingled derision and anger, the stranger quietly left the room and the house.

At about ten o'clock the two men met again, and, with hardly a word of greeting, walked side by side toward Gem Crescent. When nearly arrived there, the stranger turned down a side street, saying, as he did so:

"I have the key of that back door, and we shall get in more quietly there. If we meet the officer in charge, you will show the order which I suppose the chief has given you."

"I have it—yes."

"This way, then," and threading the dim and narrow street, the stranger presently turned into the alley already explored by Policeman X, and stopped at the door selected by that astute officer as likely to give upon the premises in Gem Crescent.

Applying his key, which turned with noiseless ease, the stranger threw open the door, and motioned his companion to enter, at the same time throwing a brief light upon the cavernous passage from a dark-lantern at his belt. Without remark, the lawyer obeyed, and the door was closed and locked behind them.

"You and the chief explored the upper part of

the house this morning, did you not?" whispered the stranger, as, grasping Greenhague by the arm, he led him along a narrow and tortuous passage.

"Yes," replied the other, in the same tone. "But you were not there!"

"I know one who was; and since you have seen the upper chambers, I will now show you the cellars; and here we are."

As he spoke the last words, the stranger unlocked and opened another door, and the lawyer at once perceived, from the sense of space about him, and the greater freedom of air, that they had emerged from the passage into what might well be the cellar of an old house. A few moments were passed in breathless silence, through which both men listened intently, Greenhague for he knew not what, his companion for he alone knew what.

The sound of a chain moved upon the floor above their heads, a cautious footstep, passing up and down the room, was distinctly heard through the quiet house, and the stranger breathed in audible relief.

"The officers are on watch in the front room of the first floor. So much gained," muttered he. "Now, let me see if I have lost my power over one sweet soul."

As he spoke, he cautiously allowed a faint ray to escape the bull's-eye at his belt, and looked about him. Richard Greenhague eagerly did the same, but found little to reassure him in the thick darkness surrounding him like walls upon every side, with here and there a stone pillar dripping with slimy moisture, and the vague forms of great butts ranged in tiers beyond. The air, if less confined than that of the passage, was heavy, and full of deadly gases, and the chill struck like death to the blood of the shivering man.

"Surely you are not going to remain here," whispered he, as his companion folded his arms, and leaned against one of the pillars, while a strange and fixed expression began to steal over his features.

"I have the chief's order permitting us to visit this house. Come up-stairs, and I will show it to the officer in charge, who will of necessity help you in this search. Why should we lurk here like thieves?"

The stranger roused himself with a visible effort, laid a heavy hand upon the lawyer's arm, and replied, in a cautious but menacing whisper:

"You came here because you are in my power, and you will do my bidding for the same reason. One whom I seek is in this house, and it may be in this cellar. If she is near, I can make her feel my presence, and at the same time I shall see her; but this will only be for a moment, and I shall remember nothing when I return to my normal condition. I depend upon you to see all that I do, listen to all that I say, help me in whatever you see me trying to do, and protect me from any outside danger that may assail me. Do you understand, and will you be faithful?"

"What are you about to do? I do not comprehend what you require of me," murmured the lawyer, glancing uneasily about him.

"You have only to stand there, and watch me closely until I speak to you again. I do not believe you will try to play me false; but if you are tempted to do so, remember that with mine is linked the life of the only living relative whom you possess. Don't speak again; watch and wait."

Again he leaned heavily against the pillar, folded his arms, bowed his head upon his breast, closed his eyes, and knit his brows, as if forcibly concentrating his thoughts upon some vital topic. The feeble light of the partially uncovered lantern shot upward upon this downcast face, throwing

it into strange lights and sombre shadows until it looked more like some time-blackened painting by one of the earliest masters, glimmering upon the wall of a mediæval church, than the face of living and breathing man.

The slow moments succeeded one another, and still the lawyer stood, annoyance, terror, curiosity by turns dominant in his mind, and still the shadows fell upon the Rembrandt picture before him, and still the only sound in the great house was the quiet footfall of the watcher above, as he paced to and fro upon his lonely watch.

Suddenly a heavy sigh parted the lips of the young man, his features worked convulsively, his head rose slowly and reluctantly to an upright position, his eyes opened in the fixed and unmeaning stare of the sleep-walker, and his arms dropped rigidly at his sides.

Then his pale lips began to move, whispering rapidly, and repeating over and over one name, "Trudchen! Trudchen!" with many an added phrase of endearment, sometimes in English, but more often in German, the latter language dropping from his lips with the unconscious fluency of his native tongue.

The lawyer listened intently, gazing with the interest of a student of human nature upon the livid and convulsed face now upraised to his view, and meeting with no more than a passing shudder the blank stare of the dilated eyes, that wandered aimlessly hither and thither, yet seeing nothing of what lay visibly before them.

"This is what they call a magnetic trance, I suppose; clairvoyance, oddic force, biology, mesmerism, and a dozen other names—all humbug alike; and yet, this is no humbug. This man believes in himself, and is in desperate earnest. This is worth the annoyance and trouble——"

But the half-formed thoughts of the lawyer went no further, for the man he watched began to move, raising himself from the support of the pillar with difficulty, and operating each joint and muscle with a visible and painful effort, more like the working of an automaton than the unconscious power of mind over matter exhibited in the ordinary action of living creatures. But the movement, although slow and painful, was steady, and so direct that, unless Greenhague, who followed step by step, had interposed his arm, and skillfully directed, without detaining, the sleep-walker, he would more than once have dashed himself against the heavy pillars, or fallen over some of the mouldering rubbish, lying in every direction.

Thus, strangely moving on together, ghost and body, shadow and substance, as they seemed, the two reached the corner of the cellar remotest from the spot where they had entered, and paused before a tier of empty barrels, piled with their open ends outward, as if demonstrating to any explorer that they were, in fact, nothing more than they professed. Here the somnambulist paused, making no effort to remove the obstacle, but still muttering over and over, "*Trudchen! liebe Trudchen! mein Trudchen!*" Then, in the pause that ensued, hardly broken as it was by the whisperings of those pallid lips, the listener heard another sound, so strange and ominous that a cold tremor ran through all his veins, and the hair erected itself upon his scalp. It was the plaintive and muffled sound of a woman's voice, issuing as it seemed from the floor of the subterranean—a veritable voice from the grave, for, what place for breathing and moving life could remain below the deadly atmosphere in which they stood? To the plaintive murmur of the voice succeeded other sounds, a feeble scratching, a faint blow, and then a wild, wailing cry of powerless despair, a sound so strange and terrible, so heartrending and so hopeless, that Dante might have imaged it as



THE SCHOOLMASTER'S FAITH.—"HERMAN CAREFULLY REMOVED HIS SPECTACLES AND HAT, THEN, DROPPING UPON HIS KNEES, CRAWLED INTO THE APERTURE."—SEE PAGE 140.



MY POSTSCRIPT.—SEE PAGE 143.

floating from the pale lips of Francesca di Rimini, drifting to her unending doom.

Richard Greenbague was no coward, and he was a man singularly devoid of all those sympathies with the marvelous and the unknown that make men superstitious and timid; but in hearing this wail, these sounds, in seeing before him only the corpse-like face of the sleep-walker, and the gloomy surroundings of the spot, his strength of mind gave way, and, snatching at the arm of his

companion, he dragged him backward, gasping, hoarsely:

"Wake, man, wake! Let us get out of this accursed place, or give me the lantern, and let me go!"

But without appearing to either feel or hear this action and address, the entranced man began to tear down the barrier before him, with the frantic action of a hound seeking for his prey, uttering, at the same time, strong, hoarse cries, amid which

(Greenhague could only distinguish the name "*Trudchen! Trudchen!*") repeated again and again.

The noise of the falling barrels, and the cries of the maniac, for such he seemed, resounded through the empty house with a sudden din, breaking with terrific effect upon the supernatural stillness that had prevailed there for so long, and the lawyer heard, with mingled relief and fear, the sound of hurrying feet above, as the officer left in charge came rushing to the spot. With a curious feeling of shame at his position, he stepped aside, as the light in the hand of the officer began to make itself visible, and stood silently in the shadow of one of the great pillars, leaving no one to be seen as the man approached but the unconscious somnambulist, still tearing away at the heap of barrels, still uttering his wild and maniacal cries.

"Who is there?" shouted the officer, sternly.

No reply, unless a hoarse shout of "*Trudchen! mein Trudchen!*" might be taken as such.

"Speak, or I shall fire!" again shouted the officer.

Again no answer, and through the din surrounding him, Greenhague heard the ominous click of a pistol-hammer.

"Speak this moment, or I shall fire!" reiterated the officer, and Greenhague, feeling that he must choose between his own dignity and another's life, stepped forward, uttering an inarticulate sound, intended for the word "Wait!"

But, unhappily, the officer failed to distinguish either the meaning of the cry, or the identity of the lawyer, and, merely perceiving that there were two men instead of one to be attended to, he fired, somewhat hastily, upon the first of his opponents, who fell forward at the shot, with a loud cry of mingled pain and terror.

Greenhague, shocked at the sight, and feeling a sudden pang of shame at his own cowardice, sprang toward the officer, holding up his unarmed hands, and shouting, wildly:

"Hold on there! hold on, man! He's asleep—he's not responsible! Have you killed him?"

"And who may you be, I'd like to know; and what are you and the feller that's asleep and ain't responsible doing here, if you please?" inquired our old friend X, cautiously approaching the lawyer, with his revolver steadily aimed upon him.

"I'm Richard Greenhague, owner of this house, and I am in it now under permit of your chief," replied Greenhague, struggling back into his ordinary manner. "And now see what has become of this unhappy man."

Muttering a brief apology, not unmixed with indignation, X set down his lantern, and carefully placed his pistol in his belt, in such a manner that he could instantly make it available; then, laying a strong hold upon the stranger, he dragged him from among the ruins, and extended him upon the floor of the cellar.

"He's done for, I'm afraid. Why didn't you come up and give me the order from the chief before you set to work?" said X, tearing open the clothes of the wounded man, and showing the ghastly stream welling from his side.

Before the lawyer could reply, another feeble wail made itself audible from the vault beneath, and the officer started to his feet, staring wildly about him.

"Hullo! Where's that child?" exclaimed he, and Greenhague hastened to tell him what he knew of the subterranean sounds, which, indeed, was very little, and so peculiar even in its littleness, that Policeman X may, perhaps, be pardoned his exclamation of "Blowed, Mr. Greenhague, if I don't believe you're asleep, and not responsible yourself, whether t'other chap was or worn't! But, come, let's see."

And the man of action, thrusting aside the mass of theories, applied himself to the task in hand with such diligence that, in a few moments, the pile of barrels was thrown to one side, leaving disclosed a rude partition, closing off the depth of the arch in which they had been piled. A heavy door, closed by a padlock, offered the next obstacle, but was soon forced, exposing a flight of stone steps, dark, slimy, and glistening with the foul moisture of such spots.

"Down here—come along, if you like," said X, holding his lantern over the topmost step, and Greenhague half reluctantly obeyed, and followed the officer down the steps, to a small vaulted subterranean, perhaps intended for the concealment of treasure, perhaps as a place of hiding, perhaps only for the storage of wines.

At any rate, if the medieval term of *dungeon* may safely be applied to any structure of the Nineteenth Century, here was the reality of that suggestive term.

But neither of the men now exploring its depths paused to examine or comment upon the purpose of the place, their whole attention being absorbed in the examination of an object lying half upon the slimy steps, half upon the still more noisome floor—a strange and dismal object, a heap of huddled clothes, a white arm and hand clinging in its death-grasp to the ragged stones, a mass of shining hair scattered over all and trailing down upon the noisome floor.

"It's a woman!" hoarsely whispered X, raising the head upon his knee, and throwing the light of his lantern upon a face so cold and white that he added, in even a lower voice, as he laid his hand upon the cheek, "and dead, too, poor thing!"

"Trudchen," murmured Richard Greenhague, recoiling a little, as X raised the lifeless form in his arms, and tried to pass him upon the stairs.

"That's what the fellow up-stairs said, isn't it?" asked X, breathing a little heavily under his load. "Come along, and see if he's gone up. I'd like to comfort them, and get at the real story, if it could be done before it's too late."

Greenhague made no reply, but, mechanically following the officer up the stairs, he muttered to himself:

"Too late!—yes, too late! And he said she was the nearest kin left me upon this earth."

Arrived in the cellar, X laid his burden tenderly down, resting her fair head upon his own coat, hastily tore off for the purpose, and then he flashed the light upon the face of the wounded man close by.

The gray and ghastly hue of death was creeping over it, and the restless dark eyes were heavy and dull with that fatal languor in which the tried soul so often departs.

"He's going!" muttered the officer, and Greenhague fell upon his knees beside him, and grasped his icy fingers in his own—almost as cold.

"Trudchen is here!" whispered he, with almost an agony of meaning in his voice. "Trudchen! Trudchen!"

The effect was that of an electric shock upon the torpid perceptions of the dying man. A vivid streak of color flashed into his sallow cheek, a wild light into his sunken eyes. He even tried to raise himself upon one elbow, but fell back with a groan, while the blood gushed furiously from his wound.

"Trudchen! Ach mein Trudchen! wo bist du?" cried he; and, as if his voice had power over even her departing soul, the girl opened her eyes, smiled faintly, then closed them with the long, quivering sigh of a weary child, and slept, or seemed to sleep.

"Lay her close beside him. We dare not stir him an inch," said Greenhague; and gently raising the slender figure of the girl, they placed it

so that the eyes of the dying man could rest upon her face, and his hand clasp that which the lawyer placed within it.

"Cold—so cold!" murmured the stranger, anxiously gazing upon the white, still face, and pressing the lifeless fingers that returned no pressure and no warmth; then, looking around him more cautiously than he yet had done, his eyes rested upon Greenhague's face with a glance of recognition, and he beckoned him to stoop.

"Is she dead?" whispered he.

"I fear so, my poor fellow."

"And I—am I dying?"

"Do not you feel that it is true?"

"So! Well, we shall be together here or there—what matter which. I am content."

And he closed his eyes, as if life were done, and he would close it out from view.

But Greenhague was far from satisfied, and, grasping the arm of the moribund, he eagerly exclaimed:

"Tell me—tell me, before it is too late, who are you? and who is she? and who was the murderer of—the old man who died last night?"

"Of your father?" asked the stranger, with a faint smile of malice upon his white lips.

"Yes, if you will have it so—of my father."

"Send away that man, and if you can be told in a dozen breaths, you shall have the story," whispered the dying man; and, with an imploring sign and a muttered word, the lawyer begged X to withdraw for a little space.

"We are alone. Speak, for God's sake!" said he; and, without further parley, the other began:

"My name is Otto von—but no matter for that, after all. Your father fled from his country while you were a child, leaving you, as you know, in the hands of Richard Greenhague, who made a son of you, giving you his name, his fortune, and his devoted care, besides preserving this house, the remnant of your father's property, for his and your benefit, when the time should come to make it available.

"He loved your mother, and she him, and for her sake he preserved the home she loved just as she fled from, it hoping always—but I have neither time nor breath to go over a forgotten romance, so let it pass with these brief hints.

"Your mother followed her disgraced and guilty husband to his foreign home, devoting herself, as women will, to a man she had never loved; and, in course of time, she died of a broken heart, leaving an infant daughter.

"Pass over twenty years, and you find this daughter also married, and also dead, leaving in turn a child, my Trudchen, who lies here as you see her, lovely, loving, true, good, and—dead! Would not one say the curse of their father's sin and their mother's misery had fallen somewhat heavily upon the daughters of this house?"

"Go on! go on!" groaned the lawyer, bitterly.

"By this time your father had—I will not shame you by saying how—accumulated another fortune equal to that which he had forfeited by the crimes of his youth, and, by a not unusual change, from a spendthrift he had become a miser.

"During this period, also, he had married my grandmother, who accepted him, partly for his money, partly for the need of an accomplice in sundry schemes she wished to carry out, for I will comfort you with the assurance that my blood has no right to reproach yours with villainy. Although a young and handsome woman, she was already a widow, with two children—a son and daughter. The son became, in course of time, my father.

"My breath comes short, and I feel that life itself is ebbing through this wound. I must pass at once to the end. Trudchen and I grew up together; we loved each other, not with the love of

kindred, for we were no kin, but as lovers. My grandmother had schemed to marry her to a rich old profligate—her own former lover, I suspect—while I was to inherit your father's whole property, and marry my own cousin—a girl so ugly and so bad that my grandmother despaired of marrying her to any one besides. We rebelled; we met in secret; we loved each other, and we already felt ourselves one in the eyes of God.

"Our secret was discovered, and your father and my grandmother were furious at the failure of their schemes. We quarreled, and I left the house, threatening to bring officers to arrest the old man for crimes committed both there in Germany and here in his youth; for I had made myself familiar with every event both of his life and that of my grandmother, hoping to acquire power over both. I frightened them so effectually that, when I returned at night, they were already fled, and it was months before I came upon their trace. At last I found them here.

"Remorse, terror, and avarice, had unsettled the old man's mind, and he was hiding in this old house as assiduously as if the pursuit was really hot and close upon him. He knew the secret of the entrance and of this subterranean, even better than you, who had charge of the building. I watched and followed him when he prowled out in the night for food.

"I confronted him, and, dreading a public exposure, he let me in with him to the house; but Trudchen, he said, was dead—dead and buried. She—my grandmother—said so, too; but I caught a look that passed from one to the other, and I knew that they lied.

"I threatened; I swore that I would have vengeance; I vowed that I would expose him to all the terrors of the law; in fact, I frightened the poor, wicked, broken old man to his death; for, when he begged me to leave him for a few hours and then come back and receive full satisfaction, I now know that he meant to kill himself and her, and to leave Trudchen to die in the dungeon where we found her.

"His wife was not so bold as he, I suppose, and it was he who killed her; and the strange horror of his own death we must lay to the account of his disordered brain.

"I cannot guess whether he had kept my poor girl here for long, or whether he thrust her into this living grave after my visit had frightened him. It is no matter now; we are together, and God will not be so cruel as man. We shall be together, and what matter whether in heaven or hell! Oh, this cold!—this dark!—this horror!—is it death?—is it—"

"He is dead!" said Richard Greenhague, solemnly, as he rose to his feet, and, wiping the cold moisture from his own brow, looked down with pity not unmixed with horror at the two figures stretched at his feet, so cold, and white, and motionless, so calm after all the fury and violence of his life—so restless and so holy after the sin and sorrow of hers.

"You look sick, Mr. Greenhague," said X, curiously, as he threw the light of his lantern upon the lawyer's face. "Did he confess the murder?"

"No, no; it was suicide—only suicide. Yes, I am sick. Give me some brandy, if you have it, and let me get out of this horrible place," muttered the lawyer; and X, looking thoughtfully after him, as a few moments later he hastened from the house, nodded several times, and said to himself:

"Yes, you're a deep one—a deep one, I tell you. He knows the story of last night and this night both; and I'll give judge, or jury, or coroner either, the best hat that's to be got for money if they worm it out of him."

And X proved a true prophet. The real story of those two nights—the real mystery of the house in Gem Crescent—remained locked in Richard Greenhague's own heart, until, as such secrets will, it gnawed and fretted an opening to the light, and he wrote it down in all its minutest details, leaving the papers securely hidden in his private desk, and always meaning to destroy them in the future, and never doing it, until one day, in the midst of a brilliant argument, the great lawyer was smitten down with paralysis, and died within the hour.

The man is dead, the house has long been destroyed, and the granite pile erected upon its site lies at this moment in ashes, as do so many of the noblest structures of Boston; but the sheets traced over with Richard Greenhague's crabbed handwriting remain, a visible embodiment of sin, and shame, and sorrow, such as no earthly fire can burn away; and from those yellow papers this true story is drawn by one who knew their author well.

The Schoolmaster's Faith;

OR,

After the Manner of the Ancients.

Nothing would do but that the schoolmaster must see a boar-hunt before he returned to Berlin. He was on a visit to his cousin Pooftensthal, who lived at Speitz, a little hamlet near the great Black Forest, and as the time for his departure drew near, Herman Spoehr gave his relation no peace until the latter ascertained upon what day the king would hold his next hunt.

Jacob Pooftensthal kept a beerhouse, and was known far and wide as "Jacob-the-red-cap," on account of his wearing a red worsted headress year in and year out. He was a solid, phlegmatic individual, who always spoke of himself in the third person, and, having been sent to school, and removed from it too soon, like most illiterate people, cherished a great amount of veneration for those who were better educated than himself.

Herman was a good type of the German schoolmaster, tall, thin, nervous, argumentative, prying, and irritable. He had reasoned everything down to such a fine point as to be a complete skeptic, and worried Jacob by demonstrating, as plainly as the latter could understand through the haze of beer which always surrounded his brain, that everything was a fraud, and ought to be so considered.

After one of Herman's periodical visits, Jacob would be unusually quiet for a month or two, as though ruminating over the various isms with which his more brilliant cousin had dazzled and confounded him; but, when he had thought it all out, Pooftensthal would vote Spoehr a lunatic, and return to his old belief in the creditability of his own senses.

Upon this occasion the schoolmaster was particularly annoying, having, by a chain of adroit arguments, proven to his bewildered cousin that he wasn't himself.

"Do you mean to tell Jacob that he is some other man?" demanded the puzzled beerhouse-keeper.

"Yes," answered Herman. "I'll prove that you were never born, have never lived, and will never die—that, in fact, you are merely an abstract idea."

"Don't!" gurgled Jacob, purple in the face.

"Have some more beer, and quit talking philosophy, for Gott's sake. I feel quite ill when you speak in that fashion. On Jacob's word, Herman, he'd rather be Jacob-the-red-cap, poor as he is, than be Herman Spoehr with all his learning."

"Then, find out when his most gracious majesty

King William next hunts the boar," said the schoolmaster, "and I will no longer confuse thy hide-bound brains with metaphysics. Thou art a dull creature, after all, Jacob, and hast little of the Spoehr blood in thy veins."

This being about the seventieth "gentle hint" Jacob had received from his cousin with regard to the boar-hunt, he was compelled to give in, or suffer more mental harpooning. He chose the former course, and ascertained from his friend and customer, Fritz von Gerstenschlaeger, the time and place of the expected hunt.

As they plodded through the snow, Herman, with his usual ability, not only proved to his companions that boars, when properly treated, were comparatively gentle beasts, but also fully demonstrated that there were now no such animals in existence.

"You may see a beast resembling in general form the wild boar of the ancients," he pompously explained; "but it is a degenerate, mild, and impotent beast, compared to Livy's animal."

"He is quite wild enough for me," said Fritz. "Why, professor, you have no idea how savage the creatures are; has he, Jacob-the-red-cap?"

"Jacob has never seen a live one," replied that cautious individual, "and if you ask his true opinion, he never wishes to set eyes on one of the savage brutes."

"Savage! pshaw!" cried Herman, jerking the ferule of his umbrella into the hard snow, and leaving the article as a sort of "liberty-pole" before which he could ventilate his facts. After delivering a long discourse upon the superiority of ancient times, "when all things were what they seemed," he hurled a fierce denunciation against the degeneracy of the present, "when everything is something else," then, tightening the ends of his long woolen comforter, pulled up his umbrella, and walked on in silence.

"Wonderful man!" grunted Jacob, who, not being used to any exercise but beer-drawing, soon became blown.

"A perfect—dragon!" replied his companion, using the term for want of a better. "A fiery dragon, Neighbor Pooftensthal!"

As they neared the place from whence it was expected they might obtain a glimpse of the hunt, the schoolmaster suddenly halted, and, having carefully replanted his giugham, delivered himself as follows:

"This is all wrong—this craving on your part to see the royal dogs destroy a swine! It is a good proof of your inferiority that you should wish to witness such puerile sport. This is miserable work, and I know not why I have accompanied you. To see the ancients measuring their strength against that of the wild boar would be a sight which would thrill every nerve in my body, and call forth the loudest approbation; but these animals are—psaw! It almost makes one inclined to weep over the degeneracy of man and beast! Why, even thou, Jacob-the-red-cap, would feel excited over such a scene—thou would, as it were, receive some portion of bravery from the example; what would you like—?"

Jacob interrupted the schoolmaster at this point, and huskily ejaculated:

"Zwei bier!"

"There's no such thing as beer!" testily rejoined the orator of the day, going off upon another topic. "I have written a book upon the subject, proving that what we call beer isn't beer at all!"

"I agree with you there," slowly observed Jacob, "and begin to think you must be right in all your objections to the reality of things. I know that there is none now brewed like the beer

of my father's days; but I don't think that the German boar has degenerated."

"Look at the sausages!" continued the professor, replanting his umbrella as though advancing upon his enemies' works.

"Oh, ah, sausages!" laughed Fritz. "Now I am with you, sir. Sausage for home consumption may or may not be made of meat, according to the digestive capabilities of the people of the place in which the maker carries on his business; but sausage for exportation to England and the great United States of America—ha, ha, ha!"

The last "ha!" ended in a wail, and in another moment Fritz von Gerstenschlæger was upon his knees, crawling into a hole at the foot of an aged oak, while the schoolmaster, with an agility for which no one would have given him credit, was climbing a sapling that bent and creaked like an overstrained spar.

Jacob-the-red-cap, after vainly endeavoring to find a place into which to thrust his head, braced his back against the tree, in the trunk of which Fritz had sought refuge, and, with straining eyes and congested face, awaited the appearance of the cause of their fright.

On it came, a savage old boar, with tusks as white as milk. Jacob grasped the ragged edge of the hole in the tree with his right hand, and a small projection on the other part of the trunk with his left, and then held his breath, as children do when, in playing at hide-and-seek, one of their companions approaches them too closely.

On rushed the beast, and over went one of the dogs, neatly ripped by the infuriated creature, while the other flew at its ear, hanging on with savage tenacity, and was thus carried for several yards.

The schoolmaster was clinging to the sapling, gazing fixedly at the approaching animal. His hat had dropped during the ascent, and he feared that the boar would destroy it.

"Jacob!" he gasped—"Jacob, pick up mine hat!"

"Not if Jacob is wise, he won't!" replied the cautious individual.

The appearance of Fritz at that moment was most indelicate. His head and the upper part of his person were sheltered by the trunk of the tree, but his lower extremities, although covered by his long coat, were exposed to any assault from without—in fact, were a complete target. Unfortunately, he had sought shelter in the boar's retreat.

Shaking off its antagonist as it neared its lair the animal wheeled to the left, and darted straight for the hole at the foot of the tree.

The shock was tremendous, and the opposite side of the tree being thin, Fritz's head was driven completely through, protruding upon the other side in a most comical manner.

"Ach Gott!" cried Jacob, who had felt the shock of the encounter, although unaware of the result; "another blow like that will destroy Fritz von Gerstenschlæger's mind!"

The schoolmaster hardly breathed, and held on to the sapling like a Central American sloth does to a young guava-tree.

The boar wheeled completely round, and again brought his long snout and heavy head to bear upon his human target.

"Wonderful precision!" murmured the treed one. "I am astonished at Fritz's endurance; he is positively as firm as a rock! Jacob!"

No answer. Jacob was like one petrified.

With a wicked charge, the beast rushed once more upon the battered form, then bounded away in a circular direction. Soon after he left, one of the royal huntsmen came up, and, seeing the position of the trio, laughingly demanded what ailed them. Without replying to his question, Herman said:

"That was a boar!"

"Oh, yes," answered the man, "that was one! Who was ignorant enough to say it wasn't?"

"Jacob-the-red-cap and I differed upon that head!" replied the schoolmaster; "but, upon mature reflection, and after witnessing the performance of the animal, I am of opinion that it is a worthy and powerful descendant of the ancient boar of A. C. 1869!"

"What, you there, Jacob-the-red-cap?" cried the huntsman.

"Is the—beautiful—infernal—beast—gone?"

gasped the beerhouse-keeper.

"Yaw!" laughed the man.

"Lift Jacob up into a tree, then," he nervously pleaded.

Herman, who had bravely descended when the animal departed, joined with the huntsmen in ridiculing his cousin.

"Be thou as brave as I!" pompously remarked the schoolmaster.

"That is just what Jacob intends being! Brave up a tree! I'm always brave when—I'm out of danger," he puffed. "I'll swear the beast has frightened me out of two years' growth!"

With many witty remarks, they contrived to hoist the burly Jacob on to one of the lower limbs of the tree, and then turned their attention to Fritz. Battering his already over-battered extremity proving ineffectual, the huntsman walked round the tree, when, to his astonishment, he saw the man's head protruding from the trunk.

"Gott im himmel!" said the man, "he is fast!"

"Fast!" echoed Herman, readjusting his spectacles, and picking up his hat and umbrella—"fast!"

Fritz slowly turned his head, and, fixing his eyes upon them, said:

"Is it the last-day-judgment?"

The schoolmaster was about to enter into a long argument, in order to demolish Fritz's religious ideas upon the subject of final retribution, when the huntsman informed the imprisoned one that he had been attacked by a boar, but that, now the animal was gone, he might as well come out of his hiding-place.

Fritz slowly wriggled from the tree, and, when he had assumed a perpendicular position, Jacob called from aloft:

"Fritz von Gerstenschlæger, art thou hurt?"

Raising his boiled-fish's eyes toward the place from whence the sound proceeded, Fritz slowly replied:

"Jacob-the-red-cap, thou knewest my father?"

"Yaw!" solemnly replied Pooffenthal.

"What was his business?" demanded Fritz, looking at Herman, as though desirous of calling his special attention to the reply.

"He made leathern breeches!" said Jacob, in the same tone as he would have responded in church.

"Gentlemen," cried Fritz, raising the tails of his coat, and exhibiting his nether garments, which were still whole, though somewhat scratched by the boar's tusks—"gentlemen, I am proud to say that I am unhurt, for my father made this garment—and nature did the rest!"

The huntsman grinned, and then left them, saying:

"I must go and inform the party where they will be able to find the boar!"

"Where will that be?" demanded Herman.

"Here!" answered the man.

"Impossible!" argued the schoolmaster. "I will prove to you, by mathematical calculation, that a shot fired from a gun never hits the same spot once in five hundred and twenty-three times!"

"That's his way of putting things!" exclaimed Jacob, from the tree.

"Your argument won't hold in this case!" laughed the man. "A shot may not strike twice in the same place, but a beast will return to its lair a hundred times running!"

"I don't believe it," said Spoehrer.

The man smiled and left them.

"You followed the course pursued by the ancients when the animal rushed at you!" remarked the professor.

"Did the ancients wear leathern breeches?" inquired Fritz.

"No; but they were taught to contract their bodies when struck, just as you did yours when the beast charged upon you!"

"How do you know they did?" somewhat angrily rejoined the assaulted one. "I believe that you make up your stories about the ancients out of your head!"

"What!" screamed Herman; "doubt one who has graduated at Heidelberg? Jacob-the-red-cap, do you hear your cousin thus insulted?"

"Yaw," he replied. "Jacob hears, but he would like some beer."

"Look thou, ignorant one, Strabo says of the people of his time, 'When struck upon their persons—'"

"But people seldom get struck as I was," put in Fritz.

"Silence!" said the schoolmaster, getting more excited every moment. "Strabo says that, when struck upon their persons, they contracted their bodies, being so taught, in a peculiar manner when exercised, and the force of the blows were spent upon the air."

"They were not in my case, by a long way," answered Fritz.

"Oh, nonsense!" snapped the professor. "Now look thou, ignorant one, I will enter the aperture, and, when I have gained the position thou assumed when the animal attacked thee, I will demonstrate how the ancients did those things."

Herman carefully removed his spectacles and hat, then, dropping upon his knees, crawled into the aperture, and would doubtless have exhibited "the ancient mode of contraction," had not the boar just then made its reappearance upon the scene.

The beast had evidently been speared, and was furious.

Fritz sought refuge in the sapling.

Dash went the animal's head against the professor's antipodes.

"Ough, ough!" he groaned, and Fritz looked calmly down in a very German fashion, while Jacob-the-red-cap grew purple in the face with suppressed laughter.

Drawing back with savage grunt, tottering gait, and red eye, the boar once more charged, and this time entirely disappeared within the trunk of the tree.

"Ach Gott, he's killed!" coolly observed Fritz.

"I shall have to be at the expense of his funeral," ruefully replied Jacob.

The huntsman came up, hot and out of temper.

"Where is the boar?" he demanded.

"In the hole," said both men, in a breath.

Seizing his horn, he blew a signal, which was answered from a distant part of the wood, and shortly afterward the king, accompanied by the crown-prince and several guests, rode up to the spot.

The huntsman had much difficulty in preventing the boar from tearing the dogs to pieces, but the beast was finally driven out and speared by the king.

When the affair was over, the dogs refused to leave the tree, whereupon Fritz humbly informed his majesty that one of their party was inside the trunk, and another among the branches.

"Perhaps the man is dead," said the king. "Whip off the hounds, huntsman."

When the dogs had been driven to a considerable distance, the schoolmaster slowly emerged from his concealment.

Battered and shaken as he was, he still hugged his hobby.

"Why, man," laughed the king, "however did you contrive to escape?"

Falling upon his knees, Herman respectfully replied:

"Most gracious majesty, I contracted myself after the manner of the ancients."

"In what way?" demanded the king.

"By climbing the trunk, most gracious majesty."

The king gave them some drink-money, and rode away, much amused by their adventure.

On their way home, the schoolmaster limped so badly, that Fritz and Jacob were finally compelled to carry him.

They deposited him upon his bed, and, when he had somewhat recovered, Fritz von Gerstenschlaeger inquired:

"Dost thou believe in the degeneracy of the German wild boar, good Master Herman?"

Spoehrer ground his teeth.

"Cousin, thou wilt put less faith in ancient things for the future, wilt thou not?" demanded Jacob-the-red-cap.

"No!" snarled Herman, trying to assume a sitting posture, but suddenly abandoning the attempt; "I believe in the ancients more firmly than ever, for, had my nether garments been made forty years ago by the father of Fritz, I should have withstood the assault as successfully as Von Gerstenschlaeger, did."

Marriageable Women.—One of the great social problems of the day is to explain why there are so many marriageable women who never get married. Some say that it is owing to an excess in numbers of women over men, in consequence of which there are not husbands enough to go round. This, however, is disproved by statistics. Take the world through, and the figures show that there are as many men in it as there are women. Others attribute it to the expensiveness of modern life. Men do not marry because, it is said, they cannot afford to. But the fact is, that no man who truly loved a woman ever hesitated to become engaged to her and eventually marry her because of poverty. There are cold-blooded men, with no idea of any feeling for a woman stronger than a languid admiration, who may be deterred from assuming what they regard as a burden in the shape of a wife, unless assured of a liberal income; but most are not so calculating. Others, again, attribute the evil to women's fastidiousness. They expect too much in a husband, and, while waiting for an impossible shadow, let the possible substance slip through their fingers. This is a libel on the sex. As a rule, they are no more fastidious than men are, and are just as susceptible as men to that enchantment of love which invests its object with every perfection, and covers up every fault. So far as men and women themselves are concerned, they are as prone to marriage now as in any period of the world's history. Nevertheless, there the women are waiting for husbands, and not getting them. Every social circle is full of them. They are pretty, they are accomplished, they are sensible, and under proper training they would make excellent wives and mothers; but they never get a chance. What seems to be needed is a more thorough method of bringing men and women into social contact with each other.

My Postscript.

My true love, my brave love,
While you are far on the sea,
Haply keeping a night-watch,
Haply dreaming of me,
I, in my quiet chamber,
Where none can look on and smile
If I press a kiss on my paper,
Or am pausing to weep a while,
Write you a loving letter
To follow you over the main,
Whispering the words I may not speak
Till my sailor comes home again.

My true love, my brave love,
Filled closely are pages three,
And the fourth to an end is drawing;
But what shall my postscript be?
Can I have aught forgotten
That absent ones like to hear—
Some pleasant news or a message
From friends that are far or near?
Or pledge that my lips refused you
When love was too new and shy,
In spite of its secret triumph,
To be spoken while you were nigh?

Ah! no, love, my own love,
I nothing have left unsaid.
Then take not *words* for my postscript,
But a lock of my hair instead.
To twine itself round your fingers—
Of myself, though severed, a part;
To woo your tenderest kisses,
And lie, perchance, at your heart;
To keep my image before you,
And the hour when first we knew
How much of joy there dwelleth
In love that is strong and true!

Thus, dear love, my own love,
I sever the tress of hair
That, happier far than I can be,
Shall go with you everywhere—
The lock that may oft remind you,
When this my letter you ope,
That I, in my home so far off
Must wait and pray and hope—
Pray for your safe returning,
Wait till that hour may be,
And hope that, second to heaven,
Your thoughts will be ever of me!

Polite Falsehoods.

ALL nations count all other nations whose vocabulary is more florid, and whose professions of friendship are more profuse than their own, insincere in proportion to the difference they make in the mode of saying the same thing. If an Eastern says, "I am your sacrifice," and a Spaniard puts all he has under your feet, and a Frenchman swears he is enchanted at the honor of seeing you, and an Irishman calls you his dear friend, and protests by his soul that he is more glad of your company than if he had got a fortune, they all mean exactly the same thing as the Englishman's "My dear, Smith is coming to dine here to-morrow. He's an awful bore, I know, but I was obliged to ask him, so let's have a decent dinner for the old curmudgeon." And when Smith comes, and is received with distinction by both host and hostess, they enact their falsehood to such perfection, that he has not the least idea he was the occasion of a conjugal quarrel just twenty-four hours ago, and that both had lamented the hard social necessity they were under of asking him to dinner at all; though the lady, perhaps, had been the more angry and outrageous of

the two. To make up for it, she is probably the smoother and more gracious when the unwelcome guest does arrive, that being the way with women in general.

The Death of Foorsut—A Tale of Tiger-hunting.

WHILE encamped below the hills, near the village of Tanda, in India (says Gordon Cumming), about ten A.M. Dhokul came in, having left some of his men on sentry over a very large tiger, which he had come upon suddenly that morning. I was not long in turning out, and on arriving near the spot, we arranged the plan of attack. I was accompanied by Lieutenant MacTier, who had joined me that morning from Sirdarpore.

The only tree which we could find in any way suited as a position was one standing near the head of a slope, some fifty yards in length. This tree had, at about eight feet from the ground, strong shoots growing from the stem. On these I took my stand, accompanied by my gun-bearer, named Foorsut. At the foot of the slope a dry nullah crossed from left to right, and beyond it was a level jungle, thinly covered with trees and bushes. The tiger was to be driven from our left down the nullah. Having seen me to my place, Dhokul went off to bring on the beat, and soon after the tiger came trotting down on the far side of the nullah. Unfortunately, my shot struck him too far back, and, turning sharp to the left, he went off at a great pace, while I fired my remaining three shots at random, in the hope of doing further damage. Seeing the tiger go off, I did not at once reload, intending to do so when I descended to follow him up on the elephant. Suddenly a man on a tree cried out that the tiger was coming back, and on looking up, I saw him coming toward us at a sharp trot. On reaching the nullah, he crossed it, and slowly ascending the hill, stood immediately below our tree. With a breech-loading rifle, I might have shot him ten times over, and possibly, as he was coming on, I might have reloaded that which I had, but I knew that any movement on our part would probably make him charge, and we were too near the ground to make such a contingency desirable.

All might have yet gone well had the man kept quiet. In an evil moment he spoke, saying that the tiger was below us. The beast looked up, caught sight of us, and at once sprang up the tree. Getting a momentary hold for his claws on the trunk, he seized Foorsut by the waistband with his teeth, and dragged him down, and as he fell, bit him three times through the back of the thigh, inflicting twelve deep wounds. I shouted loudly, and hurled my hunting-cap at the tiger, on which he slunk off, and went down the hill. Presently the men came up, and we made a litter of boughs, and sent the wounded man off to the camp, where he was attended to by the native apothecary, who always accompanied my office. I mounted the elephant along with Mr. MacTier, and we presently came on the tiger, at which I fired, and on going up, found him dead. I believe he had died from the first shot. He was a full-grown male, very large and heavy.

The wounded man progressed favorably, and the bone of the leg seemed uninjured. He was doing well on the following day; but on the morning of the second we observed a slight twitching of the points of the fingers. Toward three P.M. he fell off suddenly, and by four o'clock he was dead. This was a sad termination to what had been a brief but successful "chasse"—my bag, during the trip, consisting of seven tigers, a panther, and a bear.

The island of Ceylon is very beautiful, the scenery lovely, and the soil productive in spices and many kinds of fruit; indeed, it is said that it alone might produce sufficient coffee for the consumption of the entire world. The natives, however, are far from pleasing. They are generally of short stature, very effeminate-looking, apathetic, and such liars that it is impossible to depend upon their word. If they may but repose for hour after hour under a tree, with a piece of bread-fruit beside them, they seem to care for little else. The men wear their hair turned up behind with a comb, the height of the comb denoting the rank of the wearer. This, and the small features, gives them altogether such an

effeminate appearance, that it is difficult for a European to distinguish them from the females. A visitor lately entered one of the schools, and, seeing a row of boys sitting with their backs toward him, and each with a comb in his head, unconsciously asked if boys and girls were educated together. One of the natives of high rank was lately called on to give evidence at a trial, and swore such complete falsehoods, that he was imprisoned for perjury. He applied to the English Government, and, with surprise, asked why he should be punished for what his people did. "My father," he said, "was a liar, and my grandfather was a liar, and we are all liars. It is the custom of my country. Why should I be punished?"



THE DEATH OF FOORSUT—A TALE OF TIGER-HUNTING.



A PICTURE FROM EGYPT—THE FEAST OF KHALIG.

The Feast of Khalig.

EVERY one has heard of the annual ceremony by which the Doge of Venice in olden times gracefully wedded the Adriatic with a ring. Egypt

used annually to wed the Nile, more horribly, by throwing into its turbulent and turbid waters, when rushing with force into the Khalig Canal, a young and beautiful virgin. This poor girl of fourteen or fifteen, chosen for her perfection of

grace and form, was decorated as a bride—richly, elaborately decorated—and at the moment when the rising waters of the Nile were let into the Khalig Canal, to give life and fertility to well-nigh half of the delta, this poor girl, torn from her friends and family for the purpose, was precipitated into the world of waters, boiling, foaming, rushing madly in miniature waves from the overflowing river into the dry bed of the canal. The Nile was her bridegroom, and his embrace was death. A hundred have heard of the Doge's throwing the ring into the Adriatic, for one who has heard of the barbarous wedding of Egypt and the Nile.

The Feast of Khalig, which now annually takes place, as it did in days of yore, when the waters of the overflowing river are let tumultuously into the dry bed of the Khalig Canal, usually in August, is the modern reproduction of the old horrible ceremony, in which the shrieking girl, in her bridal attire, was offered up as a sacrifice to conciliate old Father Nile. The difference is that an earthen image of a girl, the best that the artists of Egypt can construct, is now substituted for the living, shuddering, palpitating, shrieking victim that was formerly immolated, as I have described. And for this change from cruel barbarism to merciful symbolism, Egypt is indebted to her Mussulman conquerors. Christian Egypt is said to have continued the horrid custom that had descended from antiquity, until Amrow, the General of the Caliph Omar, in the seventh century, put an end to it. The Nile did not rise as high as usual next year, and Amrow wrote in great anxiety to Omar, fearing a revolt if the old and horrid custom were not restored. Omar's reply ought to be remembered. He inclosed in his dispatch a solemn form of invocation to the one true God, drawn out by his high priest, and he ordered Amrow to throw that invocation into the Nile instead of the girl, as of yore. Amrow did so, and the waters that year rose to the usual level. Gradually, however, the old feast was restored, all except the human sacrifice, for which the earthen figure was substituted, and this now constitutes the Feast of Khalig.

So much, then, for the past; and now for the Feast of Khalig, as it is in this year of grace, eighteen hundred and seventy-three.

The Khalig Canal gets its waters from the Nile in the immediate vicinity of Cairo, and spreads the fertilizing stream throughout the western delta, as far as Damietta.

The Nile, represented as a god in the old temples of Egypt, is a fine old man with a white beard, the statue usually of black marble, probably to indicate his Abyssinian origin, his head crowned with emblematical fertility. He was supported by a sphinx, and a crocodile and a hippopotamus reposed at his feet. He was surrounded by sixteen sons, representing the sixteen cubits to which it was necessary the waters should rise in order to give its full share of fertility to Egypt. He is no longer worshiped as a god, but his waters are treasured as carefully as ever, and the annual inundation is watched and measured as anxiously as it was when the young girl, in her bridal attire, was thrown into it to propitiate old Father Nilus.

A barrier keeps the waters of the river from the bed of the canal until the stream has sufficiently risen to permit of its being divided, and the cutting of the bund, or barrier, with its attendant ceremonies, constitutes the Feast of Khalig. It is in itself a sufficiently important matter, for the irrigation and fertilization of nearly half the delta depends upon it, and it is therefore no wonder that it should be made a time of holiday-making and rejoicing. Said Pasha, the predecessor of the present Viceroy, always attended the Feast of Khalig. Ismail Pasha has attended it but is "to one thing constant never."

From the time of the approach of evening, an hour or two before sunset, the crowd begins to accumulate in the neighborhood of the bund, or dam. The assembled Arabs sing and play on musical instruments, and shout and dance. The poor come in crowds from Cairo on foot, and the rich in their comfortable boats, called dahabiers. The whole river is alive with boats of all kinds, and as the twilight deepens into night, thousands of lights illumine its waters, whilst fireworks are let off in Cairo, illuminations appear on the surrounding buildings, nay, even the very huts are lighted up. Musicians and singers and dancing girls swarm on the barrier itself, and little extemporaneous booths and pavilions are dotted all over the banks, as well of the river as of the canal. Shouts of laughter resound on the water as well as on the shore, and are heard every now and then, loud and dissonant, above the din of the music and the singing.

The torches, waving amongst the crowds on shore, and the lights in the booths, and the gleaming lamps on the river, the water of which reflects on its black bosom the twinkling dots of flame, and the laughter, and the singing, and the discordant music, and the shouting crowds in their holiday attire, all make up as strange and fantastical a scene as one could see anywhere. "It is like a ball on the Styx and its banks," said a brilliant Frenchwoman; and truly the wild Arab figures, and the black Nubians, and the extraordinary mass of varied humanity, intermingled with the lights, and the blackness of the water and the night, made the simile not so inappropriate. The feast continues all night. Bengal lights and rockets, and blue, red, and green flames, and flashing fireworks, are let off at intervals in Cairo all the night; and at intervals, as they appear and die away again, the crowds shout and dance, and exhibit the wildest demonstrations of joy.

At length, at daydawn, the barrier is cleared, and the troops appear in military order, with the Viceroy himself, or his representative, at their head. The cannon are placed in position, and the earthen image of the bride of the Nile is elevated, and great is the excitement. All are waiting for the decisive moment. It comes at last! The signal is given, the cannon thunder forth, the image of the girl is hurled into the seething waters, the barrier is broken up, and large, and ever more large, is the volume of water that rushes and leaps and crashes and dances into the bed of the canal, as the last opposing remnants of the barrier are swept away by the impetuous tide.

And such is the Feast of Khalig, as it is now celebrated!

A Christmas Tale.

"CHRISTMAS EVE, Aunt Ellen. Our first Christmas at home for ten long years. Ten long, lonely years. Only you and I to wish each other a Merry Christmas, with hearts far removed from merriment. No little children to greet Santa Claus with ringing shouts of joy. No family to gather round the Christmas Tree. We will give to each other trinkets to mark our love, we will eat turkey and mince pies, and in the afternoon I will go over to the church, and distribute the books and toys I have promised to the Sunday-school children. And so the day will glide by, as it has year after year, in Paris, in Italy, in London, in St. Petersburg—where have we not spent a Christmas?"

"But we are at home now, 'dear,' was the reply.

"True. There is some comfort in that. I have longed so for home, thinking, hoping that we

might find in New York some trace of our lost one. Surely she will come home! Yet, it is ten years that the house has been in the hands of strangers. Who can tell that she has not been turned away from the door? It breaks my heart, Aunt Ellen—it breaks my heart!"

The woman who spoke was pacing slowly up and down a long, handsomely furnished drawing-room, her small jeweled hands clasped tightly together, and her eyes misty with unshed tears. She was richly dressed in heavy silk of a deep wine-color, soft fine lace, and tasteful jewelry, and she was very beautiful.

She was not very young, past thirty, but her soft fair complexion and delicate features made her appear younger than her actual age. Her eyes, of deep violet, were large and expressive, and her hair, worn in close curls round her shapely head, was of the richest brown, throwing back golden lights in the bright glare from the chandelier. She was tall and slender, yet gracefully proportioned, and her movements were easy and dignified.

Her companion, who was half hidden in the depths of a velvet armchair, was small and very pretty, but old enough to have her snowy hair folded away under a soft lace cap, and to wear the old-lady dress of black silk and white muslin, with a shawl of Shetland wool around her shoulders.

She looked with loving, tender eyes at the restless woman pacing the floor, and when she spoke, there was sympathy in every tone.

"Remember, darling," she said, "that it is less than a year since we returned here. It is too early to be discouraged."

"I am not discouraged, but it is so hard to wait. Think of the happy family that gathered year after year in this room, of our father, Uncle Harry, and Mabel! All gone. Nothing left me but your precious love, and the good I can do the poor."

"And, Mira, speaking of that, did you not tell me you had still some purchases to make for your class to-morrow?"

"True. Mr. Morrison's call drove it from my mind. There were more toys needed. I can go now. It is not seven o'clock. I will order the carriage, and be back before nine."

She rang the bell as she spoke, ordered the carriage, and sent for her maid and wraps.

The old lady waited until they were once more alone, and then said, wistfully:

"You would have told me if Mr. Morrison brought any news?"

"Indeed I would!" was the earnest reply, and the old lady felt a caressing hand upon her own.

"There was only the old story of failure. Oh, Aunt Ellen, I would spend every dollar I own if it would bring her once more into my arms, bring her face against my own again! Where is she this cold Christmas Eve? How do we know she is not cold or hungry, while we have luxury! How do we know what sorrow she may endure! Oh, Mabel, Mabel! where are you?"

"She may be dead," the old lady said, very sadly.

A heavenly smile lit the face of Mira Cresswell, as she answered:

"No. She could not die, and I not know it. You forget we are twins, Aunt Ellen. She has suffered deeply, has known illness and sorrow—bitter sorrow—but she is not dead. When I feel keen pain, I know she is ill and suffering. When my heart sinks with some unknown grief, I know she weeps in sorrow. But she could not die, and I live on. Do you know she seems strangely near to me to-night, and she is sad, very sad!"

"Nearer than she seemed six months ago, dear, when you were so sure she was coming home?"

"Yes; even nearer than she seemed then. But here is Mary with my wraps."

"Are you going alone? Take Mary with you."

"It is not worth while. I shall only drive to the toy-shop and back."

She pressed a loving kiss upon the sweet face raised for the caress, and left the room.

A few words of explanation here will make clear the conversation quoted above, and tell the reason why Mira Cresswell, rich, lovely and talented, was single at thirty, lonely and sad.

Mabel and Mira Cresswell, twin daughters and only children of Godfrey Cresswell, one of the leading merchants of New York, were at twenty acknowledged belles in their own circle of society, and brighter, happier fate never seemed offered to girlhood than theirs. Their mother had been dead many years, but their father's sister, Ellen Cresswell, had so faithfully filled her place, that the twins never felt the loss of mother love or mother care.

During their first season in society, for the first time in their short, happy lives, the sisters welcomed to the knowledge that there was another love even more absorbing than that they felt for each other.

Mira became the betrothed bride of her father's junior partner, George Sewell, and her family approved heartily of her choice. But Mabel gave her heart to a man in every way unworthy of the gift. A man handsome, talented, and brilliant, but wholly unprincipled—one of whom society more than whispered disgraceful tales, yet tolerated for the sake of his old family name and position.

Gordon Blanchard was so far pardonable, that he had lost his parents at an early age, had had the control of ample means, and been free from all restraint since boyhood.

Mr. Cresswell, alarmed for the happiness of his child, opposed her choice as soon as he became aware of her attachment, forbidding all intercourse between the lovers, and using his paternal authority with rather injudicious strictness. The daughter, who had lived in an atmosphere of love and sunshine from infancy, resented the unusual severity, and, yielding to the solicitation of her lover, eloped from her father's house.

Before Mira had recovered from the bitter grief of this first violation of sisterly love and confidence, she was called upon to mourn the death of George Sewell, after a short, sudden illness.

The girl's health broke under the accumulation of sorrow, and by the advice of her physician, her father determined to retire from business, and travel in Europe. His brother and sister, with Mira, composed the party, and they sailed from New York the Fall following Mabel's elopement. For six years the father forbade the name of his erring child being spoken in his presence, but he became ill in Florence, and upon his deathbed he forgave her, giving Mira his dying words of blessing to cherish in her heart until she met her sister. Yet, his will, drawn up in New York before he sailed, left his fortune entirely to Mira.

It was the girl's earnest desire to return to her own home after her father's death, but her uncle Harry, who was also her guardian, was ailing, and fancied the air of Italy or France was necessary to his life.

So, for three more weary years, the travelers lingered abroad, till Harry Cresswell, too, died in Italy, and was buried beside his brother. But by his will, Mabel, could she be found, was left equal heiress with her sister of his handsome property, his own sister Ellen being already independent.

The first grief being over, the two women felt

return the weary homesickness they had conquered for the sake of those who were gone, and returned to New York.

As soon as they were settled in their old home, Mira instructed her lawyer to spare no money or time to find her sister; but her efforts were unavailing up to the time when she is introduced to the reader, a little more than six months having passed since her return to New York.

As she drove toward her destination, Mira Cresswell prayed silently, as she had so often prayed, that, before another New Year dawned upon her lonely life, God would restore to her the sister whose loss she mourned more than that of uncle, father, or lover.

Her dead were, she trusted, safe in the eternal home of Christians; but her sister, living, yet lost, was perhaps suffering want when plenty was her own by right—was lonely when love awaited her.

With sad thoughts for company, Mira entered the toy-shop, crowded with purchasers, and as her foot passed the threshold, a weight seemed to fall from her heart and limbs. She was dazzled by the light, she was bewildered by the strange, unexplained happiness that seemed pouring into her heart.

Unconsciously she spoke the thought that filled her brain and heart, and many in that gay crowd turned, as the sweet, clear voice spoke one word, "Mabel!"—turned to see a shabbily dressed woman, at the counter devoted to cheap toys, drop her trifling purchase, and fix her eyes upon the lady wrapped in costly raiment who had spoken.

Even in the contrast of dress, the likeness between the two could not be hidden. It was as if each faced a mirror, though one face was thinner than the other. Both were pale, deadly pale, as the shabby figure, drawn by the power of the other's dilated violet eyes, slowly crossed the store, never seeing anything of the wondering looks around them, never heeding but the smiling lips awaiting her till she was wrapped in a close clasp, drawn from the wondering group, and found herself in a carriage, with Mira sobbing and caressing her.

"Mabel, Mabel, Mabel!"

That was all Mira could say, feeling her sister's kisses on her lips, her sister's tears on her face. But after a moment of deep, intense happiness, she was recalled to this world again by the coachman demanding the next destination.

"Drive slowly forward till I pull the check-string."

Bang went the door, and the horses took up a walk.

"Darling," said Mira, "can it be true? Are you really here—here in my arms?"

"But, Mira, I thought you were in Europe?"

"We were until June. We came home, then, to find you. Tell me of yourself. I am so hungry for news of you, Mabel."

"No more so than I have been for tidings of you, Mira. My own story is soon told. I am widowed and very poor, with two little girls at home, half fed, and half clothed."

"Where is your home?" asked Mira, and shuddered as her sister named the poor locality.

Again the coachman received directions, and as he drove, Mira told her sister of her father's forgiveness, and her uncle's legacy, receiving in return the story of a wretched marriage, of children born only to die, excepting the two little girls of eight and six still living, of the gradual descent into poverty, of illness and unkindness, till death left her free from actual abuse, to fight the widow's battle against the world.

"We were in Cincinnati from the time of our marriage, Mira, and Gordon died there, two years ago. I tried to make money to come home,

wearying for you, hoping for some words of pardon; but it was not until last June I came here. I went to the house, and found a family there who said the house had been rented to various parties for ten years, and was then about to be taken by a Mr. Morrison."

"My lawyer—you know papa's old lawyer is dead, and Mr. Morrison acts for me. He was preparing for our return, when he gave the family you saw notice to vacate the premises."

"I never returned there. Indeed, I have had my hands filled, to earn bread. This is the reason I have not seen the advertisements you have had published. But, here we are at the only home I have known since my return."

But for the brightness the future promised, Mira felt as if her heart must have broken, as, after ascending three long flights of rickety stairs, the sisters stood in the dismal attic of the wretched tenement-house. In a small open grate were the embers of a scant fire, and the miserable furniture seemed as if actually falling to pieces. Upon the low bed, where their poor garments eked out the scanty covering, were two children, whose fair faces and brown curls were miniature copies of the faces bending over them. Even by the light of the miserable tallow candle, those faces looked beautiful.

Upon the bed-post hung two tiny empty stockings, and Mabel's tears rose as she whispered:

"I have just two dollars in the world, Mira, and I had told the children I was afraid Santa Claus would not come here to-night. They have never been without some toy, however poor, and, Mira, the older one, as she said her prayers, added a little petition to the saint of Christmas. When she rose from her knees, she told me, with such perfect faith, that Santa Claus would surely come now, that I could not bear to picture her disappointment. I resolved to take a trifle from my money to buy a few cheap toys, a little candy and fruit, and trust to Providence for the future. Kissing my little ones, I stole out, leaving them asleep, unconscious for the hour, at least, of cold and hunger."

"Oh, Mabel! Thank God for the child's prayer."

"To think that in answer I found you—found a home, wealth, and Christmas happiness! Mira, my heart is too full!"

There was a moment of deep silence, and then Mira spoke, with a look of merry mischief in her eyes, that they had not worn for years:

"Mabel, let me take the children home, asleep, just as they are. Wrap the covers round them, and we will carry them down-stairs. There are plenty of warm robes in the carriage. Do, do let me carry out a little surprise I have in my mind for the waking of the dear girls."

"Just as you wish."

A rapid drive home, to greet Aunt Ellen's delighted surprise, to put the little ones, still sleeping, in bed, and wrap Mabel in warm, handsome garments, and then there was a shopping expedition through the busy, crowded stores, that threatened to overflow the carriage.

Little garments of daintiest make, treasures of books, games, and toys, tempting packages of fruit and sweetmeats, and wonderful machinery of all sorts for Mira's surprise.

It was past midnight when the sisters stole from the room where the children lay sleeping, to share once more the room they had occupied in girlhood. Day was just breaking when they crept in softly again for final preparations, and then hid themselves in a large closet to watch the waking.

Christmas morning broke bright and clear, and the sun, peeping through lace curtains, lighted one room, that was in strong contrast to the attic room where Mabel's children had dropped into

childhood's deep sleep. A carpet of soft texture, covered with bright bouquets of flowers, was on the floor; handsome furniture was tastefully arranged, and a low crib, of somewhat old-fashioned shape, with warm covers, held two little figures curled cosily under the softest of blankets, while two brown heads rested lovingly together upon the pillows. Grateful warmth filled the room, and every appointment was perfect. But the crowning glory stood directly opposite the crib, where the little sleepers must see it as soon as their eyes opened.

It was a tall Christmas-tree, standing upon a large table, and surely Santa Claus, in his most generous mood, had never dressed one with more marvelous fruit. Two small white stockings, hanging from one branch, were well filled, and from every bough were suspended rare Christmas treasures, such as children love. Dolls, dressed in the latest fashions, were there, and for the use of their ladyships, furniture, carriages, and complete wardrobes. Tea-sets, in dainty boxes, were there; games, in variety; books, filled with most wonderful of fairy romance; sets of exquisite pictures, in pretty envelopes; varieties of candies, fruit, and dainties of every kind. And over all hung the brilliancy of the rising sun, touching every object with warm golden light.

Suddenly, as children often waken from deepest sleep, one curly, brown head was lifted from the pillow, and a pair of great blue eyes opened wide, in delighted surprise.

"That is Mira, your namesake," Mabel whispered low, in the closet.

Great gasping sobs of perfect happiness held the child silent a moment, then the joy became too great for solitary pleasure.

"May! May!" she cried, the sweet voice rippling with delight—"oh, May, wake up! Santa Claus! come! I told mamma he would come. May, wake up!"

Two brown heads were upraised now, two pairs of blue eyes shining with pleasure, roving from the tree to the wonderful room, the furniture, the mirrors, the little bed, and ever back again to the marvelous display of toys and treasures.

"Oh, May, it is like heaven! How warm I am; and see our nightgowns, all ruffled, and with lace on them! And, oh, May! see the lovely blue dresses on that chair, and bronze boots! They must be for us, for they will surely fit us."

But May's eyes were drooping a little, in the midst of all this happiness. She missed something, dearer than all.

"But I want mamma!" she said, in a grieved tone. "Did Santa Claus take away mamma?"

The closet-door opened, and the two ladies stepped out, dressed so nearly alike, and resembling each other so much, that May shouted:

"Two mammas!"

"One mamma and one auntie, darlings!" said Mabel, kissing the little wondering faces.

"Has Santa Claus been to see you, too?" asked Mira, the second, noting the unwonted happiness of her mother's face, and the handsome Cashmere wrapper she wore.

"Yes, darling!" her aunt answered; "Santa Claus has brought mamma home."

"Is this beautiful room to be ours?"

"Yes; and when you lie down in your crib, you can think that it is the same one where mamma and auntie slept when they were little girls. But are you not ready for breakfast? Don't you want to be dressed, and see the toys on your Christmas tree?"

"Oh!" cried Mira, as the door opened, "here is a fairy godmother coming!"

There was a merry laugh then, for Aunt Ellen was so small and pretty, that this was not a new name for her.

"I could not wait longer to see your children, Mabel," she said—"our second Mira and Mabel!" It was a day the reunited family can never forget. The children, young ladies now, thinking of society and accomplishments, have passed many happy anniversaries, but never one quite so startling and bright as the one when "Santa Claus brought mamma home."

Ancient Writing-Case and Styles used by Scribes.

"Style is everything," ladies tell you: but very few know indeed what the style really was. It came as a secondary meaning to be applied to the manner in which a writer expressed his thoughts; and then, as a more remote meaning still, to convey the idea of the manner of a painter, or other artist, and finally of the dress, carriage and tone of a lady. The style was, however, primarily a sharp-pointed instrument, with which the ancients wrote for temporary use on waxed tablets. The diminutive of stylus gives us stiletto, and all know what style that is.

The ancients used these waxen tablets for memoranda, rough draughts, etc. The writing-



ANCIENT WRITING-CASE AND STYLES USED BY SCRIBES.

table on which Zachary wrote was one of these, and the instrument a style. Where it was intended to preserve the writing, it was copied on papyrus or parchment, and thus made enduring. Things for perpetuity, as inscriptions to be inclosed in buildings, whether monuments or edifices, were out with a style on plates of lead, or on clay tablets, which were then baked. Thus Job asked that his words might be graven on plates of lead.

The case of a regular scribe was a neat and often ornamental case, in which he carried styles, tablets, and rolls of parchment for immediate use, with the reed used in writing, the ink-horn being carried at the girdle.

They were rapid writers, as we see by David's comparison: "The reed of a scribe running swiftly."

That Undertow.

WIMMOUR, radiance in a golden deluge, within, radiance in shadows. Beyond the open window a level sward, a great arcade of mighty beeches threaded with dazzling bars of fire and gold, and giving a glimpse of a flowery paradise, swaying and glowing in the rich haze of a July sunset beyond its verdant archway; within the window, a room full of that lucid shade that seems to tremble on the verge of rosiest light, an effect due here to chintz hangings lined with pink and the pale rose tinting the lofty walls. Undeniably a woman's room. As certainly the apartment of one endowed with refinement and taste. So simple, too, in its every arrangement. The casual glance of one unlearned in such matters would hardly linger an instant on any one of the details, and certainly would convey to him no hint of the lordly suites of rooms stretching beyond in solitary magnificence.

"There is nothing like a room to receive yourself in," Mrs. Percivale declared; and so, on her baying Beeswold, she had garnished the bower for herself with chintz, brilliant majolica, old *sewres* in the form of a fairy tea-service standing on a tiny table of green malachite that would have driven half the fashionable world distracted with envy, and a statuette or two; one a calm-eyed Pallas,

"Her clear and bared limbs
O'ershadowed with the brazen-headed spear,
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold;"

the other a dainty idyll of Cupid and Psyche.

The pipes of a little organ gleamed golden to the domed roof, a Summer sky, a brilliant-winged glitter of tropic birds poised amidst its blue and drifts of foamy clouds. The cunning of her old gardener had coaxed a Cape jasmine to fling its startit drapery of green round the interior of the arched window, and from the floor of purest marble rose graceful vases of a dark green stone, polished as glass and veined with crimson, full of gorgeous blossoms that rained a Summer wealth of petals on the snow of the marble floor.

A profusion of light literature—white velvet Dantes, purple-and-gold Miltons, magazines and papers—lay about on little stands, and a vast edition of Shakespeare, illustrated by Doré, lay on a reading-desk. There was plenty of music for the organ, and a guitar hung by a broad blue ribbon against the wall. There was a writing-table, with a bronze nymph holding a seashell for ink, and a saucy page, with flowing cloak and plumed cap, bearing a torch for the sealing of Mrs. Percivale's correspondence; and last, but not least, there was that funny institution of fashionable life—the *compensé*!

Mrs. Percivale enjoyed herself in private in toilets that would have scandalized her acquaint-

ances—crumpled white wrappers, Turkish, headless slippers, and a tumbled mass of dark brown curls showered over her pretty fallow little neck.

She sat in what might have been a great mass of tangled flowers, but was in reality a huge chintz-covered fauteuil, and her piquant little face absolutely glowed with delight as she listened to the companion, who, a slim, white figure, seated before the organ, drew harmonious thunder, and long, quivering rays of sweetest, faintest, dreamiest melody from the pearly keys and golden pipes. Mrs. Percivale listened luxuriously, with her dainty feet curled up on the fauteuil, and her brown fingers deliciously idle on her lap.

On the lawn beyond lay an ocean of light through which a matchless white peacock, glowing like some enchanted bird, as his snowy plumage radiated in the rosy glow, strutted monarchially, and a pet doe, with starry eyes, and a pink ribbon round its neck, lay on the velvet turf.

"Hilda," called out Mrs. Percivale, "that will do. I want you."

The melody rippled into silence, and Hilda rose obediently.

"My darling girl," said Mrs. Percivale, in a voice that fluttered a little, "here is Herbert, and Mr. Lefroy with him."

Herbert was Mr. Percivale—a courageous and estimable old creature of seventy, who had married this little brown witch, and, curiously enough, had had no cause as yet to regret what his expectant heir, Tom Lefroy, had termed his "senile madness." Tom was a handsome young fellow, strong on the education of terriers, and the terror of fashionable tailors. He kept a fast-trotting mare, and indulged his friends in the innocent delusion that he was studying law.

Hilda blushed divinely, and came slowly through the scattered vases and *fauteuils* with an airy fluttering of white drapery, and her hand stretched out whitely in the gloom; *fer, alas!* regal-headed Hilda, with the wide, pathetic eyes, and the sweet majesty of utter loveliness, was blind! though, indeed, it was hard to look at the soft radiance of those eyes and credit the fact.

"What I like about Tom is," said Mr. Percivale, plucking a blazing spray of bejaris from a vase, and trying it against his wife's bronze hair, "as I've often said, that he doesn't flirt with Hilda. I wouldn't have the poor girl rendered miserable, and Tom—the handsome dog!—must marry money."

"Then you'd never forgive him if he married her, I suppose?" said Mrs. Trixie Percivale, sighing, and giving a grape to her white cockatoo.

"No," responded Mr. Percivale, and he looked as though he meant it. "I would disown him at once and for ever, as I've always said. A blind wife is out of the question for a man in the position Tom will one day occupy;" and the old gentleman looked ridiculously like the peacock on the lawn, as he strutted to and fro amongst the flowers that wore hazily gorgeous in the mingling of soft moonlight and lamplight streaming over the marble floor of his wife's boudoir.

Mrs. Trixie bit her fine scarlet lips, and stole a look through a graceful archway, where there was a charming *tableau vivant* of Hilda resting, like a Naïad, in a drift of white drapery, against the lofty frame of a softly gleaming harp, the strings of which vibrated faintly as her fingers touched them absently, and a heavenly rapture in her starry face, as Tom bent over her, explaining some inspiring point of law, doubtless, in his clear way, for her amusement, but, oh, decidedly not flirting!

"I'm sure you're quite right, Herbert," re-

marked Mrs. Trixie, with angelic meekness; "but of course you know what is best."

"Of course I do, my dear," replied Mr. Percivale, serenely, and fell fast asleep, with a snowy handkerchief over his head, in the general fashion of old gentlemen after dinner.

"Nevertheless, you wicked, obstinate, flinty-hearted old darling," soliloquized Mrs. Trixie, "I'll see what I can do to make you eat your words. My saintly Queen of Beauty not a fit wife for your curly-headed scamp of a nephew! Well, we'll see what we shall see."

"Hilda, my precious darling, if you won't marry me, life won't be worth having. I know you believe me a fellow who can only think of horses and dogs; but if you would only take me in hand, you might make me quite different. If I were to talk for ever, Hilda, I couldn't exactly explain how differently I feel when I'm near you—so much better, and that kind of thing, you know."

Hilda listened to this lucid statement of Tom's sentiments with a rapture on her radiant face that was almost dazzling, and which abashed that honest young fellow not a little. Had he been permitted, figuratively, to kiss the hem of that snowy robe of hers, he would have thought himself blest indeed; but when Hilda's hand fluttered into his, and her great eyes shone on him solemn and lustrous with joy, he was silent and a little awed as he looked at her.

He suddenly remembered a picture of an angel he had seen in the cathedral at Toledo when the organ was playing and the incense rolling through the vast arches, and had Hilda risen on pearly pinions, and floated up and away through the starlight, he would not have been desperately amazed.

Then he caught her in his arms, and kissed her, and then there was a snort as of an enraged grampus, and Mr. Percivale stood in the archway, red as a peony with ire, and glaring at the pretty *tableau*, while over his shoulder peeped the arch, bright face, now a shade pallid, of Mrs. Trixie.

Before he spoke, Hilda felt the storm in the air, and tried to break from Tom's arm, but that member stiffened suddenly like a bar of steel round her lithe waist, and with dark, dilated eyes, she awaited the thunderbolt.

"You ungrateful pup!" roared Mr. Percivale, in a voice to which the bellow of an enraged buffalo was but as the zephyr that whispers to the rose; "how dare you kiss her?"

"Why should I not, uncle?" said Tom, getting a lively carmine, and looking swords and daggers at his irate relative.

"Let me see you do it again!" shouted Mr. Percivale, apoplectically.

"Certainly, sir!" said Tom, briskly, "if it will personally oblige you."

And he *did* it again, while Hilda trembled, and clung to him, and pleaded pathetically to Mr. Percivale, with her lovely, sightless eyes.

"Get out of my house, sir!" said Mr. Percivale, treading on the tail of Mrs. Trixie's little King Charles.

"Very well," said Tom, "I'll go. Hilda, don't be bullied into throwing me over, my dearest. Promise to wait for me, won't you, my darling?"

"Before my very eyes!" gasped Mr. Percivale, appealing to a dimpled Cupid, peeping at the scene from the ambush of a rose-basket. "Are you going, Mr. Jackanapes?"

"Good-by, Aunt Trixie; take care of Hilda for me," said Tom. "Uncle, you're awfully unjust. Hilda, you've promised, remember!" and Tom marched away, leaving a *tableau* behind him of Hilda leaning like a spirit of sorrow against the harp, with Mrs. Trixie's slender brown arms, shining with gems, clasped round her, her eyes

flaming indignant fires at her husband, and her scarlet lips quivering in a fine subdued tempest of wrath.

"Hilda!" gasped Mr. Percivale, "you can't marry Tom; but that shan't make any difference in your living here, on my part; only, there must be no more of this nonsense. Do you hear?"

"Yes," said Hilda, very softly. "I will never marry Tom until you yourself wish it, Mr. Percivale."

"Very well, my dear," said Mr. Percivale, magnanimously; "consider yourself forgiven, Hilda."

"Very well, my fine old gentleman!" said Mrs. Trixie, shaking her little hand after him, as he stalked majestically away, without meeting her great, fiery black eyes; "we'll see whose wit is the nimblest. Just wait, sir, and you shall be enlightened, as sure as my name is Trixie Percivale!"

A romantic little bathing-place, just discovered by a very few of the *élite* of New York, and jealously guarded by them from comfort-destroying notoriety. The beach of the same at rosy morn; a flashing of golden sands; a ruby dyeing of the lapping tide; a dipping of pearl-winged gulls into the diamond foam.

On the beach, Mr. Percivale, in a graceful costume, compounded of that of a city gentleman and a pirate, beside him, stately Hilda, the rising sun glowing over her drifting golden hair, and white dress stirring in the fresh breeze; fluttering roses rising and dying in her lucid cheeks; fresh, fair, and beautiful as Aurora herself.

Mounted on a pedestal of rock, shining like alabaster, and kissed by the diamond tide, Mrs. Trixie, in a piquant bathing-dress of scarlet, and her masses of bronze hair, flecked with red gold, round her like a veil; her arms bare, her eyes radiant as stars, her coral lips parted and smiling.

Behind the group, the quaint brown village, sleeping still, diamond-latticed in the blaze of sunrise.

"Be careful, Trixie, my dear," says Mr. Percivale. "There's a strong undertow somewhere about here."

A flash like a falling meteor, and a splash and jubilant laugh answers him, and Mrs. Trixie is sporting like a dolphin in the glittering water.

Presently, like a crimson blossom she floats away, and then suddenly a fearful shriek comes pealing across the diamond tide between her and the two on shore.

Hilda starts like a frightened steed, with fine dilated nostrils and wide eyes of terror, and Mr. Percivale bounds as though shot.

Another and another wild cry, and the brown slender arms are seen wildly battling with some unseen foe, that would drag the feeble swimmer into the depths below.

"Hilda!" shrieks Mr. Percivale, dropping on his knees in the sand, "save her! She's drowning! Oh, heavens! is there no aid for my darling!"

"Hush!" says Hilda, and for a second she measures the space between her and her friend, by the shrieks of the latter.

Mr. Percivale precipitates himself toward the surf, breaking in a line of pearl on the sand; but, like a gleam of radiance, the white form of Hilda is before him, and he stands spellbound to watch her.

Her golden hair floats out like a track of light on the sea, as her white, strong arms cleave the tide, her hearing guiding her to her friend, her face gleaming like ivory, her great eyes shining.

Mr. Percivale watches her. He sees her grasp the tiny form in one hand, and turn her face toward the shore, just as all energy seems gone

from the swimmer, and she is about to succumb to the treacherous undertow. Then there is a moment of intolerable suspense.

Mr. Percivale shouts in a voice that is strange to him, as one never heard before, and she comes slowly on, her shining locks mingling with those of Trixie, whose dark face rests against her shoulder. She struggles to the sand, and lays Trixie at Mr. Percivale's feet.

"I have saved her!" she says, and then falls, or would have fallen, had not a tall young fellow rushed frantically across the sand, and caught her in his arms.

"Hilda!" he cries out; "what is this?"

"Is that you, Tom?" says Mr. Percivale, who is on his knees beside his wife.

"Yes," says Tom. "What is the meaning of all this, Uncle Percivale?"

"It means," says Mr. Percivale, slowly, "that that angel has risked her life to save your aunt Trixie's; and that the sooner you marry her, the better I shall be pleased. My soul, are you better?"

"Yes, my love," says Mrs. Trixie, whose black

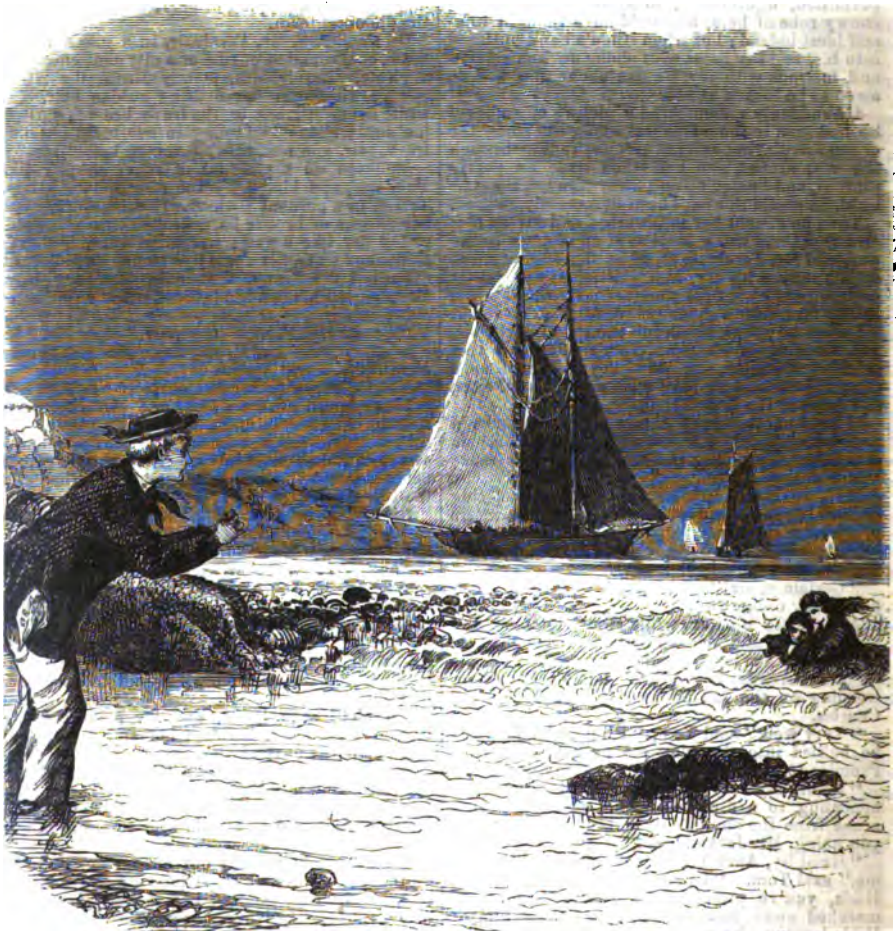
eyes have opened during this speech, and she sits up on the sand, and looks at the group, defined against the rose and azure of the sky.

"Hilda, my love, how can I ever repay you?" she says. "Is that the breakfast-bell I hear? Tom, and Hilda, my darling preserver, I congratulate you!"

About an hour afterward, Mrs. Trixie, in a cloud of white muslin and lace, is relating her adventures to a group of interested friends, and dropping many hints as to an approaching ceremony to take place in the family, in which Tom and Hilda, who are loitering on a rose-covered veranda outside, are to bear principal parts.

Mr. Percivale often wonders *why* his wife smiles so curiously whenever he refers to "that awful undertow;" but she is quite capable of keeping a secret.

Hilda went to Germany with Tom, recovered her sight, and discovered a rich uncle; and Trixie is beginning to find the secret of that undertow almost too enjoyable to keep to herself much longer.



THAT UNDERTOW.—"MR. PERCIVALE SHOUTS IN A VOICE THAT IS STRANGE TO HIM, AS ONE WHO NEVER HEARD BEFORE, AND SHE COMES SLOWLY ON, HER SHINING LOCKS MINGLING WITH THOSE OF TRIXIE, WHOSE DARK FACE RESTS AGAINST HER SHOULDER."



THE LOTTERY OF RAILWAYS.

BROWN.—"You'd better come with me. Our road is always safe and sure."

Mrs. JONES.—"What! and lose my chances on my husband's Accident Insurance ticket! Not Much!"

A New Chill Cure.—A writer in the *Terre Haute (Ind.) Journal* has discovered a new cure for the ague. He says to those afflicted with this provoking malady, crawl down-stairs headforemost. Laugh at the idea if you please, but do your crawling first; you can then afford to laugh. Just as the chill is coming on, start at the top of a long flight of stairs, and crawl down on your hands and feet headforemost. You never did harder work in your life, and when you arrive at the bottom, instead of shaking, you will find yourself puffing, red in the face, and perspiring freely, from the strong exertions made in the effort to support yourself. Try it. It won't cost you near as much as quinine or patent medicines, and if it fails it will only do what they do every day.

A Pennsylvania clergyman has made a bit by introducing "personals" in his prayers; for instance:

"Lord, have mercy on John Shanshan, who keeps a saloon near the old red bridge. Either lay him on a bed of sickness, or have him removed from this town."

Doctor Chapin told my uncle Consider this story the other day, to illustrate the opinion some men have concerning the effect of religion:

"A pious old Kentucky deacon—Deacon Shelby—was famous as a shrewd horse-dealer. One day Farmer Jones went over to Bourbon County, taking his black boy Jim with him, to trade horses with brother Shelby. After a good deal of dickering they finally made the trade, and Jim rode the new horse home.

"Wasn't your master afraid the deacon would get the best of him in the trade?" asked some of the deacon's neighbors, as Jim rode past.

"Oh, no," replied Jim, as his eyes glistened with a new intelligence; "massa knowed how Deacon Shelby has dun got kinder pious lately, and he was on his guard."

An attorney, about to finish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as he could."

"Ah!" replied the attorney, "that's what you may say to your foreman, but it is not the way I make my bread."

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.**1.—A PALINDROMIC PUZZLE.**

1. A **VERY** secluded and weak-minded dame,
That, backward or forward, is always the same.
2. The name of the woman who brought about shame,
That, backward or forward, is always the same.
3. What children do often their fathers nickname,
Spell it backward or forward, you'll find it the same.
4. The rainbow curtailed, then what will remain,
Spell it backward or forward, you'll find it the same.
5. Next find a feminine Christian name,
That, backward or forward, will spell the same.
6. A title that all married ladies may claim,
That, backward or forward, will spell the same.
7. Find out another feminine name,
That, backward or forward, will be the same.
8. At a note in music next try your aim,
That, backward or forward, will be the same.
9. A Scriptural word that does Father proclaim,
That, backward or forward, will read the same.
10. At the end of most books is a word written plain;
Behold and curtail it, then what will remain,
If spelt backward or forward it will be the same.
11. An act or writing on parchment next name,
That, backward or forward, is spelt the same.
12. What a sportsman uses when taking his aim,
That, backward or forward, is spelt the same.
13. A part of a day is the last I shall name,
That, backward or forward, is always the same.

The initials of each of these words please to take,
And connect them together, a sentence they'll make;

In fact, in reply to a question one day
I put to Aunt Fanny, though only in play.
The question was this: "Pray, tell me, Aunt Fan,
Is it true that you've married an ugly old man?"
Though only in jest, as before I have said,
You should just have seen how she tossed up her head.

When she made the reply, which I wish you to name,
Spell it backward or forward, you'll find it the same.

2.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in cold but not in warm;
My next in home, but not in farm;
My third in child, but not in youth;
My fourth in honesty, but not in truth;
My fifth in four, but not in one;
My sixth in mirth, but not in fun;
My seventh in bird, but not in wren;
My eighth in cage, but not in pen;
My ninth in jester, but not in clown;
My whole an author of renown.

3.—SQUARE WORDS.

The Turkish hierarchy 'tis;
A kind of basin choose for this;
The latter part of all the days;
In music 'tis an oft-used phrase;
A crime that evil heart displays.

4.—CHARADE.

My first's part of to be;
This you may tell your brother,
For sure that next is he,
Will quickly say your mother.
A senseless suicide,
Third in her fiery death,
By whole are beasts implied,
If truly Scripture saith.

5.—CHARADE.

First, mightiest power in the land
Is reckoned;
The last you'll plainly understand,
My second;
And, lo! the twain when once combined—
Strange fiction!—
Not even one word complete you'll find
In diction.

6.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Long may first live,
And still dispense
To innocence;
And youth joys last doth give.
A dread disease.
Bird strong of wing.
Named and it flees.
A saline spring.
A Scottish isle.
Saves hard-earned pile.

7.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. My first's a consonant in station.
2. My next's a word of exultation.
3. A record is my number three.
4. A town in Minnesota see.
5. This is the whole, but not of this.
6. This, a great writer, you cannot miss.
7. My next is in gunpowder found.
8. And where this is, death does abound.
9. Criminals by this are punished.
10. A mineral by the earth is furnished.
11. My last a vowel will be seen.

The centrals an author's name, I ween.
In my whole a diamond see.
Now please find this out for me.

8.—CHARADE.

While sitting at work with my first one day,
My second game, and thus did say:
"On what day, sir, can you tell me, pray,
Will my third be likely to leave for Bombay?"
I replied, "I don't know, as I have not yet heard.
But by the aid of my whole I will send you word."

9.—ENIGMA.

Kind friends, now listen to my story,
Thousands of beings wait for me;
They look for me again and again,
But, alas! their waiting is all in vain.
Time rolls on, yet I do not appear—
How many have waited in vain, oh, dear!
Though I never existed, it's certainly rum,
My name is familiar to every one.
Centuries have passed, yet come I never,
And those who wait for me, may wait for ever.

10.—SQUARE WORDS.

This is a girl with a pretty face;
And I believe will mean surface;
My third's a word that means behind;
This sailors and grannies spin, I find.

11.—SQUARE WORDS.

A kind of vessel you'll find this;
While next write down to flow, I wis;
Forming a base this means, I trust;
To make it law, this Congress must;
An ancient race pray here adjust.

12.—CHARADE.

My first is my love, I declare.
Her second me watches with care.
If rival I had, he would my fourth surely do
With the aid of my third, if it would prove true.
My whole is a dish of food,
When well made, tastes very good.

13.—TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

Death is a reaper; his harvest ever rich;
He spares not the lowly, nor those known to fame;
And in his course has ta'en the three which
My primals, thirds, and finals name.

1. The class of people who practice this with you
Are shunned and avoided as they come in view.
2. To know this acrostic, this you'll have to be—
A careful one, too, the meaning to see.
3. Affirmative and negative are here combined;
Quite simple and easy are they to find.
4. This is but a trifle; no difference should it
make;
And yet what troubles are encountered for its
sake.
5. This showed, before it was curtailed,
How the lawyer pleaded, yet, alas! failed.
6. This is a good thing when moderately used;
But heaven preserve me from it when abused!
7. This you have with you, friend; 'tis your time.
Do what you must, to-morrow is not thine.

These words, read down in the order named,
will give you the names of three deceased journal-
ists.

14.—SQUARE WORDS.

A man's name; to decree; watery; the blood
of the gods; Redigious transposed.

15.—SQUARE WORDS.

A kind of book; forerunners; a poisonous
plum; a famous speculator; to hire (transposed);
an Egyptian deity.

16.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Time and again.
Heard names of men.

1. Isle fertile, bright.
2. A charming sprite.
3. On graves oft seen.
4. Girl's name I ween.
5. High in his church.
6. Here oft dwell perch.

17.—DECAPTATIONS.

1. Whole, I am a great power; behead, a greater.
2. Whole, a great power; behead, and find a
smaller. 3. Whole, I'm a range; beheaded I
strive; again, I open.

18.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Take eleven times five,
One hundred more,
Then please add to it
A fifth of a score.
The first of all figures,
Then place them aright,
And an English general
You'll bring into sight.

19.—ENIGMA.

Daughter of Eve, just listen and wonder,
Never more grieve, you of forty and under,
If beauty and you should be torn asunder,
And loveliness fade from your cheek.
When you have much you always abuse me,
When you have little you try to amuse me;
When it's curtailed, you cannot but choose me,
For then you will get what you seek.

20.—CHARADE.

My first is a place of frequent resort
For the travelling public of every sort.
My second's a buntress of great renown,
Having held her lodge in an ancient town.
My whole you will find as you westward roam
To the spot that the Indian calls his home.

21.—CHARADE.

My first, transposed, a weapon will state;
Value my second will indicate.
If you the twain will correctly bind,
A famous poet you then will find.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC., IN
FEBRUARY NUMBER.

1. Skate, Keats, steak, stake, take, teak, Kate,
task, ask, as. 2. Peppermint. 3. May Queen,
Tennyson, thus—Moat, Antoinette, YearN,
Queen, Urbanity, ElveS, Echo, NaivN. 4. War-
fare. 5. Ecst, clove, loser, averse, terse,
6. Omagh, maple, April, glide, Helen. 7. Ideas,
drama, eager, amend, sardie. 8. Bladder, ladder,
adder. 9. Great-aunt, millineRy, puBlicAns,
sacRifice, dramAtist, pulluLate, reGuLaTor,
bAcchanAl, RoquelauR. 10. Brickdust. 11. Ket-
tie-drum. 12. Care-less (careless).

13.

Once more I take my pen in hand,
To show my love to you, my dear;
Because I promised when we parted—
Leaving me all broken-hearted—
That when you had gone across the sea,
I would not forget to write to ye.
When will you come home to Molly, your
treasure?
'Tis a long while you're absent. 'Twould fill
me with pleasure
Could I once more but see your dear face,
my boy—
'Twould make me too happy, I would be
dying of joy.

14. Car-pet (carpet). 15.

TOE
YACHT
LEATHER
HYDROLITE
DISCORDANCE
PERIPOLYGONAL
IMPLAUSIBLENESS
DOCTORLIVINGSTONE
DISCONTINUATION
COTTONATURAL
COSMOGRAPHY
TRANSFORM
MASTIFF
TOOTH
END

16. Tabascoth. 17. Frank, robin, abate, nitre,
kneal. 18. Adieu, darns, Irish, ensue, usher.
19. Blend, lure, erase, nests, dress. 20. Murmur.
21. Dining-room for ladies. 22. Cockroach.
23. Pink. 24. General Wolfe. "The day is ours!"
thus—GurreT, EpocH, NoaE, Ennobled, RheA,
AtrophY, Lodi, WindS, OHIO, LieU, FuR, EweS.
25. Codillo. 26. Beau-tie-ful (beautiful). 27. A
base player. 28. Chew, hear, ease, wren.
29. Coot, Ouse, Ossa, teal. 30. Zebra, bear, bare,
day by day. 31. Landseer, painters, Reynolds,
thus—LePeR, AdAgE, NolaY, DomiNicaN, SoT-
to, EvangElical, EdReD, RoSeS. 32. Strength,
ideality; disproportionableness; ere, are, era,
Rae, aer, rea; abstemiously. 33. Blight, alight,
fight, plight, alight.

A Wall in a German city recently was found ornamented with a magnificent drawing, representing a vast cathedral with a rope around it, at which Bismarck was pulling with all his might, and a figure of the Devil standing at his side, and regarding his efforts with great curiosity. The following interesting dialogue was appended in explanation:

His Satanic Majesty: "What the deuce are you doing there?"

Bismarck: "I am going to pull down the church."

Mis Satanic Majesty: "Indeed, you are going to pull down the church! And how long do you think it will take you?"

Bismarck: "About three or four years."

His Satanic Majesty: "Indeed! Well, I have been at the same job these eighteen hundred years, and have not accomplished it yet. If you do it in three or four years, I will resign my office in your favor."

Pat's Idea of America.—The following strong figure of speech was used to illustrate the great size of America to a Pat, who could not make up his mind about emigrating:

"Where did the 'baccey come from? Why, from 'Meriky; where else? that sent us the first petaty. Long life to it for both, says I!"

"What sort of a place is that, I wonder?"

"'Meriky? They tell me it's mighty sizable. I'm tould you might roll England through it, an' it would hardly make a dint in the ground. There's a fresh-water ocean inside of it that you might drown Ireland in, an' save Father Matthew a wonderful sight of trouble; an' as for Scotland, you might stick it in a corner of one of their forests, and you'd never be able to find it, except it might be by the smell of whisky."



LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY.

*"With graceful droop and softly bending head.
She whispered low her love."*

Doctors and a Patient.—Some time ago an eminent Scotch physician requested an equally eminent surgeon to accompany him to see a distinguished but slippery patient, which he readily acceded to. The patient was extremely polite to both the medical gentlemen, shaking hands with them, and bowing them out of the room in the most affable manner. Soon after this professional visit, the same physician called again on the surgeon, requesting him to see another patient. On their way thither, the surgeon observed:

"I hope this patient will behave more liberally than the last did."

"Why," said the M.D., "did he not give you a fee?"

"Not a shilling," was the answer.

"Excellent," said our Scotch Galen.

"Why, he borrowed two guineas of me to give to you!"

A Few weeks ago a baby was taken into a church to be baptized, and his little brother was present during the rite. On the following Sunday, when the baby was undergoing his ablutions and dressing, the little brother asked mamma if she intended to carry Willie to be christened.

"Why, no," replied his mother; "don't you know, my son, that people are not baptized twice?"

"What?" returned the young reasoner, with the utmost astonishment; "not if it don't take the first time?"

What positive proof is there that King David and his son Solomon were tailors? "And Solomon mended the breeches which David his father had made."

The burglar's jimmy is a curious boy; he is always prying into other people's business.



MARIGOLD.

*"Tell me, Mary
How to woo thee."*



THE PANSY, OR "TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD."
"How happy could I be with either."

It turns out, after all, that the meanest man is not the man we referred to the other day, who split his first wife's tombstone. Burrows is even meaner than he. Burrows was an inveterate tobacco-chewer, but, as his wife detested the practice, and made home tempestuous and stormy for him when he indulged in the habit there, he always chewed away during the day, and declared to his wife that he had stopped permanently. But one evening, upon entering the front door and drawing out his handkerchief, he accidentally pulled out his paper of tobacco, and, without noticing it, left it lying on the floor. When Burrows sat down to tea, his wife walked in with the tobacco in her hand, and, looking Burrows firmly in the eye, said, "Do you know who that belongs to?"

With great presence of mind Burrows turned scowling to his eldest boy, and said, with a severe voice, "Immortal Mars! Is it possible that you have begun to chew tobacco, you young reprobate? Where'd you get that nasty stuff? What d'you mean by such conduct, you villain? Haven't I told you often enough to let tobacco alone? Come here to me, or I'll tear the jacket off of you."

And as he spoke the stern father made a grab at the boy and dragged him out in the entry, where he chastised him with a cane. Then Burrows threw the tobacco over the fence, where he went out and got it in the morning, and enjoyed it during the day.

"Great Jupiter!" he exclaimed, when he told us about it, "what would I have done if my children had all been girls? It makes an old father's heart glad when he feels he has a boy he can depend on in such emergencies."

We are told that nothing is made in vain—but how about a pretty girl? Isn't she maiden vain?

A Dutchman and his wife had traveled West, and arrived at Salt Lake, where they halted for a few weeks. The Mormons got round the old Dutchman, and coaxed him to join their ranks. After retiring one night in their canvas-covered wagon-bed, the good Dutchman broke the matter to his better half, hinting to her that the Mormons told him he had better "Stay, settle among dem, and take some more wives."

"How many wives you tinks you wants?" asked Kathrina.

The Dutchman thought—"Fife more would make a half-dozen already;" whereupon the old wife got down her bodice, and slipping from it what the Dutchman called the "prestboard, vich vas made from Visconsin hickory, and vas very tough," she laid the hickory fierce and fast on the old man, who shuffled out of the wagon, and fell in a ditch. The old man got up, said his "stomach it vas very cold, but his back it was very varm." His wife cried out:

"How many wives you tinks you wants now, old fool?"

But the Dutchman felt and expressed that one was enough.

An ingenious Frenchman has calculated that the space which a young Parisian belle, who is fond of dancing, traverses in the saloons of Paris, in one season, to four hundred miles! He has also estimated that a French lady, fond of walking, will spin round in one week as often as the wheels of a steamboat revolve in going from Calais to Dover.

Five Thousand persons in North Carolina, who had assembled to witness a hanging scene, expressed themselves to the effect that they had been shamefully "imposed upon," by the timely commutation of the condemned man's sentence.



ROSE.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

"I say, Sambo," said one Virginian darkey to another, "can you answer this coununderfrum: S'posin' I gib you a bottle ob whisky, corked-shut with a cork, how would you get de whisky out without pullin' de cork or breakin' de bottle?"

"I gibs dat up."

"Why, push de cork in."

Not long ago died the Colonel Russell known in the Southwest as "Owl Russell," who was once Henry Clay's private secretary. He was a man of intense egotism, whose chief object in life was to be admired and notorious. Years and years ago, while in the Missouri Legislature, he got the sobriquet which clung to him all the rest of his life, and actually carried him out of his political career. It was during a violent debate, in which he had shown an absurd pomposity, that one of his political comrades rose, and quietly told a little story. He said that one night Russell, while traveling through the woods, lost his way, and being a stranger in that part of the country, became rather nervous. While in this sorry plight, he suddenly heard a voice not far away, calling out:

"Who, who, who are you?"

The answer was loud and prompt:

"I am Colonel William H. Russell, for many years a prominent member of the Kentucky Legislature, was School Commissioner for the southern district of Kentucky, am now the Representative of Calloway County in the Missouri Legislature, am spoken of as the Whig candidate for next Congress, and I am lost. Who are you?"

Of course the question was repeated, and the answer was again returned with all its linked dignity until the audience screamed with laughter, and greeted poor Russell whenever he dared to rise with "Who, who, who are you?" And so he got his name of "Owl Russell."

Little George's Trouble.—Aunt Libby patted me on the head the other day, and said:

"George, my boy, this is the happiest part of your life."

I guess Aunt Libby don't know much. I guess she never worked a week to make a kite, and the first time she went to fly it got the tail hitched in a tall tree, whose owner wouldn't let her climb up to disentangle it. I guess she never broke one of the runners of her sleigh some Saturday afternoon when it was prime coasting. I guess she never had to give her biggest marbles to a great, lubberly boy, because he would thrash her if she didn't. I guess she never had him twitch off her best cap, and toss it into a mud-puddle. I guess she never had to give up her humming-top to quiet the baby, and have the paint all sucked off. I guess she never saved all her pennies a whole Winter to buy a trumpet, and then was told she must not blow it, because it would make a noise! No; Aunt Libby don't know much. How could she? She never was a boy!

Surely an Artist.—"Can you draw at all, young man?" asked Uncle Raphael of an applicant for private instruction.

"Oh, yes, considerable!" replied the candidate.

"At ten years of age I could draw beer, cider, or a sleigh up the hill; at twelve, a truck loaded with cabbage; at fifteen, a prize in a lottery; at seventeen, an inference; and at twenty, a bill of exchange. If I were an actor, I reckon I could draw the largest kind of a house; but I'm going to be a teacher, and shall have to be content with drawing a salary—the bigger the better."

"Well, you may draw up your chair and sit down," said Uncle Raphael; "you'll do for a beginner."

A Witty Woman down in Old Town says that as Death is reported to love a shining mark, she is continually in dread of a shaft being aimed at her husband's nose.

The queerest object in nature is a Spanish beggar, for these beggars beg on horseback; and it is an odd thing to see a man riding up to a poor foot-passenger asking alms. A gentleman in Valparaiso, being stopped by one of these mounted beggars, replied:

"Why, sir, you come to beg of me who have to go on foot, while you ride on horseback!"

"Very true, sir," said the beggar, "and I have the more need to beg, as I have to support my horse as well as myself."

A Wife of the most unsentimental and ingenious turn of mind dwells in Pensance with her husband, who possesses a very jealous, misanthropic, and withal romantic temperament. The other day this gentleman, George Jones, felt that life was too much for him, and gave his wife sixpence to go to the druggist's for a bottle of cold poison. The excellent woman had a bottle filled with licorice-water, and labeled "Poison." Returning with this, the poetic master of her heart melodramatically filled a wine-glass in her presence, and prepared to drink. She screamed, and rushed into the next room, where she watched him through the keyhole, and saw him pour the deadly dose out of the window. She rushed back to him, apparently overwhelmed with grief, and begged him not to kill himself. Mr. Jones, filled with poetry, merely pointed to the empty glass, and, throwing himself on the floor, squirmed. She fondly observed that she would share his fate, and swallowed the rest of the licorice-water, whereupon he became really frightened, confessed his deception before all the neighbors, and said, if she'd only get well, he'd never do so any more. The world seems brighter to Mr. Jones now.

A Tired Millionaire.—An elderly millionaire, being pestered with all manner of applications for money, says:

"I was good-natured once, but I beg to state in the most positive terms that I am now old, tired, very ill-natured, and want that fact generally known."

A Prisoner at Guildhall, when called upon by the alderman for defense, said:

"I've ordered a lawyer for to-morrow, and I hope your worship will be so good as to put it off till he comes."

"Why, what can your lawyer say about it?"

"That's what I want to know, your worship," said the prisoner.

Biddy's Diary.—Monday—Washing-day. (Can't be bothered with meals.)

Tuesday—My own washing to be done.

Wednesday—Sweeping-day. (The gentlemen must take their meals down-town.)

Thursday—Afternoon and evening out.

Friday—Evening call from "Tim."

Saturday—Baking-day. (A cold lunch must do for the family.)

Sunday—Church in the morning. (An early breakfast.)

An American farmer sent to an orphan asylum for a boy that was smart, active, brave, tractable, prompt, industrious, clean, pious, intelligent, good-looking, reserved and modest. The superintendent wrote back that, unfortunately, they had only human boys in that institution.

"How old is your mamma?" asked a love-smitten old bachelor of the daughter of the widow who had enchanted him.

"I don't know, sir; ma's age varies from about forty-three to twenty-five," was the artless reply, and the bachelor was disenchanting.

An editor's pistol having been stolen, he advertises that if the thief will return it he will give him the contents and no questions asked.

Startling Intelligence.—We understand that in a certain village Down East there is a new society about to be established, which is to bear the name of the "Celerity of Matrimony Society," the members to consist exclusively of ladies. We have been informed that one of the rules—a principal one—for the regulation of the society is to run thus:

"That the men do forfeit the privilege hitherto enjoyed by them of 'propoging' for the ladies, inasmuch as it has been so long allowed to remain a dead letter; and that it be conferred exclusively on the ladies, who, without the least feeling of vanity, flatter themselves that they will make at least a better use of it. And the ladies hereby pledge themselves to put their privilege into operation on every available occasion."

This is truly startling intelligence.

Marrying for Money.—An extremely sharp and intelligent American gentleman from the West once walked into the office of Doctor C. T. Jackson, the chemist.

"Doctor Jackson, I presume," said he.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I look the door?"

And he did so; then, having looked behind the sofa, and satisfied himself that no one else was in the room, he placed a large bundle, done up in a yellow handkerchief, on the table, and opened it.

"There, doctor, look at that."

"Well," said the doctor, "I see it."

"What do you call that, doctor?"

"I call it iron pyrites."

"What?" said the man; "isn't that stuff gold?"

"No," said the doctor, "it's good for nothing; it's pyrites."

And putting some over the fire in a shovel, it soon evaporated up the chimney.

"Well," said the gentlemanly man, with a woe-begone look, "there's a widdler up in our town has a whole hill full of that, and I've been and married her."

Good News for Curates.—"The Rev. J. Winter, probably"—we should hope so—"the oldest curate in the church, has died at the ripe age of ninety-one." Their path of life is certainly a long lane, and seems to have no turning; but then had Mr. Winter—ominously descriptive name—but lived long enough, he might have become "ripe" for preferment at last—so let them think of "Winter in their discontent."

One of the wittiest and also one of the wisest things said at the recent meeting of the Women's Congress, in New York, was that contained in a letter from Mrs. Stewart Phelps, who remarked that "if Congress could induce two women to abandon corsets, it would do more good than the Forty-second Congress or the Evangelical Alliance."

Shortly after the illness of John Hickman, Washington Townsend called on him, and wishing to encourage him, remarked:

"Well, Hickman, I can't see that your appearance need trouble you."

"No, Townsend," replied the invalid, "it doesn't; it is my disappearance that troubles me."

Fast Asleep.—A henpecked gentleman determined to sup with a party of friends against the will of his wife. He was resolved that he would, and she that he should not, go. He did not go. His friends missed him, and, just for a lark, invaded his residence, where they found him and his wife sitting in their chairs fast asleep. He had given her an opiate that he might slip away, and she had given him one that he might not.

There never was a more accommodating clergyman than one in Evansville, Ill. Lately, as he was laying the corner-stone of a new church, he remarked: "If boys and girls do their sparring at church, I say Amen to it. I have a daughter whom I cherish as the apple of my eye. When she is of suitable age, I had rather she should be courted in the house of God than in a theatre." We wouldn't for a moment insinuate that this St. Valentine of a pastor in the least had an eye to the marriage-fee, but we confidently predict that there will be a great deal of taking "for better or for worse" in his congregation.

A Little Boy, who appeared to be very much excited, ran across the room to where his mother was busily engaged in sewing, exclaiming:

"Ma, ma! are they going to sell my pa?"

"No, no, my dear," said the mother. "Why do you think so?"

"Because, ma, I saw a large Government stamp on his back."

"You poor little goosey," said his mother, "it's only a strengthening plaster."

A Famous Prussian general was inspecting some military stables.

"What do I see there?" he said, in tones of thunder, to the sergeant; "cobwebs?"

"Yes, sir," was the respectful reply; "we keep them there to catch the flies and prevent their teasing the horses."

La Roque once edited the *Paris Mercure*. One day an actress called with a diamond-backed watch, which La Roque much admired, and which she promised to send him when she returned home. She did so, and La Roque wrote in the next *Mercure*:

"Mademoiselle Normeilles is an actress full of promise; it is a pity that her memory should be so defective."

Of course the lady returned to ask the meaning of this strange sentence, and to protest against it as a breach of contract.

"Pardon me," replied La Roque, "you sent me the watch, but you forgot to send me the chain."

"Now, Willie, do have a little courage. When I have a powder to take I don't like it any more than you; but I make up my mind that I will take it, and I do."

"And when I have a powder to take," replied Willie, "I make up my mind that I won't take it, and I don't."

During the examination of witnesses in the recent liquor prosecutions at Montpelier, before the grand jury, Colonel Boutwell, the former well-known landlord of the Pavilion Hotel, was called to the stand, and interrogated as follows:

"Do you know of any liquor being sold in Montpelier, of your own personal knowledge?"

"Yes," bluffly responded the colonel. "I have sold liquor to eight of that jury that sit before you!"

The prosecution considered him a too "willing witness," and told him that he could go, although he was ready to answer further on the subject.

A Cool Hand.—At an examination of the College of Surgeons a candidate was asked by Abernethy:

"What would you do if a man was blown up by powder?"

"Wait till he came down," he coolly replied.

"True," replied Abernethy; "and suppose I should kick you for such an impertinent reply, what muscles would I put in motion?"

"The flexors and extensors of my arm, for I should knock you down immediately."

The candidate received his diploma.



A DELICATE HINT.

MR. FITZ-POPEINS.—“Bless me, Miss Smithers! It’s past twelve—how Time goes!”
MISS SMITHERS.—“I wish you would go too!”

Even.—Piron, the French author, having been taken up by the watchman of the night in the streets of Paris, was carried, on the following morning, before the lieutenant of police, who haughtily interrogated him concerning his business or profession.

“I am a poet, sir,” said Piron.

“Oh, oh! a poet, are you?” said the magistrate.

“I have a brother who is a poet.”

“Then we are even,” said Piron; “for I have a brother who is a fool.”

Curran, being at a party at the seat of an Irish nobleman, one of the company, who was a physician, strolled out before dinner into the churchyard. Dinner being served up, and the doctor not returned, some of the company were expressing their surprise where he could be gone to.

“Oh,” says Curran, “he has just stepped out to pay a visit to some of his old patients.”

Love’s Delight.—Love delighteth in small things; it is best shown in those little acts of kindness that form the joy of life.

A Hot-tempered citizen of Arkansas, fancying that a Methodist revival preacher “meant him” in one of his pointed sermons, sent him a challenge. The minister accepted it, stating that the weapons would be “Bibles and Prayer-books.” This nonplussed the challenger, and he procured a “court of honor” to “sit” on the matter. The “court,” which consisted of six experienced duelists, decided that the clergyman was at fault, as no gentleman, when challenged, has a right to select weapons to which the challenger is totally unaccustomed!

Pane without the Putty.—An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom, who was standing by, began joking him, telling him to mind and put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last succumbed his tormentor with:

“Arrah, now, be off wid ye, or else I’ll put a pane in your head without any putty.”

Some people say that dark-haired women marry first. On the contrary, it’s the light-headed ones.



HALF A MINUTE.—“HE DID NOT FOLLOW HER, OR URGE HER TO REMAIN.”

Half a Minute.

THE silver wands of the poplar-trees all about the garden were stirring in the fresh wind. The lawns, sloping away in sheeted greenery, sparkled with June dew; and in the garden, under the poplars among the lawns, stood Bloom Fenton, with a knot of purple-black pansies in her hand.

There is no use in my trying to describe her. That small, radiant face of hers was a law unto itself, and eluded and defied all criticism. But I think I may safely say that she was a bit spoiled, and so you may infer that she had been, from her birth, imperiously pretty and charming.

She was not alone in the garden. Paul Liston

was there. If it had not been Paul Liston, it would probably have been Duke Farrington or Rowley Dash. Bloom was rarely accessible and alone.

“I ask no promises of you—none, Bloom. We have the whole Summer before us,” he was saying; “but I want you to know that I love you.”

She silently pulled to pieces a velvety king-of-the-blacks. There was a faint little quiver of scorn running over her red lips. Her lids were down—the only signs that this wooing did not suit my lady.

“The air is cold. Shall I bring your shawl?” he next said.

“If you please,” icily.

He went up the terraces, and took it from the rustic chair where she had left it.

Was it the contrast of the crimson cashmere that made him look a little pale coming down?

"Shall we walk around to the fountain?" he asked.

"No, it is too chilly; I must go in. You are engaged for a game of billiards, I believe, and will not miss me."

She turned carelessly away.

He did not follow her or urge her to remain. Instead, he bowed acquiescence, and seating himself upon a bench, watched her going away.

She went up to her chamber, and stamped her dainty feet.

"Insufferable!"

That was the one word which escaped her. If she had tried to tell the story, she could not.

She went down on her knees by the cushioned window-seat, and listened to the click of the balls coming from the billiard-room.

It was Colonel Dash's favorite game. She could hear him laughing. She wondered if Paul had joined them.

"Proud! Why, he's poor as a beggar!" she murmured.

Then she took a man's buckskin riding-glove out of her pocket, found the initials "P. L.," and *kissed them.*

Pretty soon the dressing-bell rang.

Bloom got up slowly, and looked at herself across the room in the long mirror.

"Shall I wear rose-color for the colonel, or white and Paul's lilies?"

The day-lilies trembled, sweet and cool, in a vase on the dressing-table.

She breathed them, trembled with delight, tossed her head.

"I shall wear rose-color."

She rang for Nanette.

Colonel Dash, hearing Bloom's step on the stair, threw away his cigar, and came in from the piazza.

The rose-colored silk skirt was looped up with blush-roses. There were pendants of pink coral at the pretty ears; a pink coral heart gleaming among the throat's white laces as it swung on its chain of gold.

"I vow, Miss Fenton," cried the colonel, "you are enough to surprise your own father!"

She laughed, taking his arm down to dinner.

Paul was talking with Professor Learned. She heard them in eager discussion as they came down the stair. Her red lips sprang apart with a quick breath, then she turned her back on the open door.

"And who won the billiard-game this morning, colone?"

She did not even hear the colonel's reply. The old professor, gouty, rich as Croesus, and privileged everywhere, had drawn Paul to a seat at his side (quite ousting that pretty dandy, Duke Farthingford, who usually languished there), and was talking in his peculiar autocratic style; for, when the professor chose to talk, everybody was silent, and listened respectfully.

Professor Learned's speech was like apples of gold; yet he never opened his lips unless he found somebody who just suited him; then the rest of a company were quiet.

A rose tinge, pinker than the dress of silk, sweeter than the tinted coral, came into the cheeks of Bloom as she heard the old *savant's* discussion with Paul, and saw all the circle of proud people attentively listening.

The professor had never deigned another one of them hardly a civil word. Now he fairly scintillated with brilliancy. His funny little gray eyes danced, and he pounced upon Paul's words, and

nodded approval, and emphasized his own sayings with fierce little blows upon the table, and the company looked, and put sugar in their soup, and laughed, and ate pepper with the mustard, and generally quite lost their heads.

But it was only a brief triumph; for the next day the professor went away, and the circle assumed their usual way of silly pride and mediocre intelligence, and Paul pursued his work of arranging Mr. Fenton's library, and no one noticed him. He was the son of a gentleman, or he would hardly have been admitted to their society at all.

Mrs. Fenton had lifted her eyebrows when Mr. Fenton requested that a place should be made for him among the Summer's guests.

"Who is Paul Liston?" she drawled, superciliously.

"He is a gentleman, and come of a line of scholars," was Mr. Fenton's prompt reply.

The Summer wore away. Bloom wore the colonel's favorite color, and saw very little of Paul. He was generally very busy. He was making a catalogue of the great library, and sending for valuable foreign books to fill up the empty niches, and doing such literary labor as only one man in a thousand could do. Bloom heard her father say so. She was wearing a red rose, the colonel had given her, at her belt. She pulled it out, and dropped it under her feet.

Well, it *was* a little hard for her. She had been taught that she must make a brilliant marriage.

Here was Colonel Dash—thick-skulled, impudent, vulgar, rich, and well-connected. There was the young poet, with his brow of light, his dark, magnetic eyes, his poverty. What ruin they would all think it if she chose him!

September came. The guests were departing. Paul, too, was going away.

Bloom was summoned to her father's study. The colonel had asked her hand in marriage.

"Father, not now!" she cried. "I am only nineteen. Don't send me away from you yet."

"You're young, my dear, I know, but it's a very desirable opportunity. Colonel Dash is Governor Dunning's nephew, also a younger brother of Judge Daniel Dash, and—"

"Oh, but, father! he can wait!—he can wait!"

"I suppose so—a little while," dubiously. And Bloom slipped from the paternal presence. She glided along the dim, rich halls. Some one caught her hand.

"Bloom, I am going. One word—shall I write to you?"

Oh, the magnetic touch!—the dark, splendid face!

It was her own delight that frightened her. She drew back.

He retreated as quickly. She saw him go swiftly down the stair.

She caught her breath—clasped together her cold hands.

Below, the hall-door stood wide. Mr. Fenton was bidding his young assistant a kind adieu.

"You'll need to drive briskly, John"—to the coachman.

The carriage whirled away.

A sharp little moan broke from Bloom's white lips.

Yes, he had gone—and for ever—out of her life. Only her own quivering heart knew how she loved him! She was so wretched that she broke into a peal of insane laughter, locked in her room.

The white silk draperies of the luxurious chamber, the jewels dazzling upon her wrists, the vaulted roof of fresco above her head—what were they all worth, compared to the dear light of his eyes when he looked upon her? It was terrible to face such suffering as was hers.

She stood rigid and white, unconscious of her reflection in the long mirror. At last she saw the motionless figure's pallid face. She started with fright. That was the way dead people looked.

Nanette knocked at the door.

"If you please, *madame*, there are callers in the drawing-room."

A blind instinct of self-preservation kept her silent. She caught up a toilet-bottle, drenched her temples in cologne, and turned to the door.

She went soundlessly over the velvet roses of the hall. There was the grinding of wheels upon the drive.

What made her spring to the door, wrenching the silver knob with her slim fingers, and look breathlessly out?

A slight, alert figure sprang from the carriage. Paul Liston came up the steps.

"I was half a minute too late," he said. "The train left me."

Oh, glad eyes! radiant cheeks! She sprang into his arms, with a cry of happiness.

A dimpled Love in marble laughed down on them from a niche of the silent hall.

"Bloom, are you mine?"

"I am yours!"

To her terror, he led her straight to her father, in his study.

"Mr. Fenton, we love each other; and Professor Learned, who died last week, has left me a million of dollars. Do you consent?"

Of course he did.

The Mason.

It was toward the close of the first Napoleon's disastrous invasion of Russia, that a party of French officers were assembled in a rude tent, refreshing themselves after the fatigues of a hard day's march. Moscow had already been abandoned, and the hitherto victorious armies of France were in full retreat, amid all the horrors of a Russian Winter.

The ground was covered with a deep snow, which yielded crisply beneath the tread; the men, in clearing the space for the erection of the tent, had piled it in form of a circular embankment, into which the outward stakes were driven.

The night was intensely cold; not a cloud obscured the heavens; the stars, shining with that peculiar brilliancy which distinguishes them in a northern latitude, lit up the distant plain, that, trenched by the drifting winds into billowy forms, appeared like a sea of foam, relieved only with the red glare from the watch-fires of the neighboring picket.

Wrapped in fur-cloaks and pelisses, the spoil of the abandoned city, they were seated on the ground, enjoying their repast with that true zest which only hunger gives.

The party consisted of Count Lauriston, Major Guillet, Captain Adolphe Lesseau, Lieutenant Florent, who, with several inferior officers, had attended their chief in his unsuccessful interview with the Russian general, Prince Kutusoff, when, commissioned by Bonaparte, he went to propose an armistice, and treat for peace.

The supercilious manner in which he had been received by the prince, who refused either to grant a cessation of hostilities or forward Napoleon's letter to the Emperor, chafed the fiery spirit of the count, and, during their long day's march, he had scarcely exchanged a word with any of his officers. Even a sullen disposition must yield at last to the contagion of good humor and a desire to please.

A Frenchman's is not the most obstinate in the world, and Lauriston, roused by the cheerful

gayety of the party, and their peals of laughter at each fresh sally, gradually forgot his spleen, and joined in the conversation.

"I wonder," exclaimed Adolphe, gayly, "what the fair dames of Paris would say could they behold us in our Winter bivouac—the snow our carpet, and the bare canvas our only shelter from the keen frost? Many a fair bosom would commiserate our fortune."

"Ay," interrupted Florent, "and envy us our furs. These subtles would distract the heads of half our *belles*—the Empress herself cannot boast of such. Should I ever see our dear country again, I will preserve mine in lavender till I become a peer of France, and then line my robes with them."

"Take care that it does not first become your winding-sheet. That soldier will have something to tell of who again sets foot upon his native soil. We are encompassed with dangers—not only the enemy, but their accursed climate to contend with. Even I," continued the major, "veteran as I am, begin to feel its influence. How, then, will the dainty limbs of youth resist it?"

"Faith, major, you are severe on Florent; he stands not only fire, but frost, like a hero. I have seen him expose his uniform to the snow rather than derange the graceful folds of his cloak."

"And I, count," added Adolphe, "within the last month, have twice seen his ungloved hand—"

"It must have been when he was bathing it with *eau de cologne*, then," interrupted the major, with a slight sneer.

"You may behold it, gentlemen," hastily exclaimed the lieutenant, nettled at the observation of the last speaker, grasping the hilt of his sword, "if either of you presume to question the spirit of its master."

The mischievous major seemed more amused with the anger of the young man than disposed to take up the quarrel, while Lauriston elevated his eyebrows with the *hauteur* of a conscious superior.

"My foolish observation has occasioned this," said Adolphe, after a pause; "but, in truth, I meant not to offend—come, give me your hand." Florent still looked gloomy.

"What, man!" he continued—"resent a jest?—so slight a one—and from me, too! You can't be serious. Come, give me your hand, friend—*Brother!*"

A smile of peculiar meaning passed between the young soldiers, and each instantly grasped the other's hand.

"Humph! Brothers," said Guillet, after a pause; "this comes of Freemasonry. I have known many a pretty quarrel spoiled in a similar manner. There was Marlet, of our regiment; he, I remember, had a dispute with an Austrian colonel, just after the battle of Austerlitz. They were to have met the next morning, and I should have been his second, had not the fool gone to a lodge the same night, where he encountered his man. What passed, heaven and the Brotherhood alone can tell. All I know is, that instead of meeting like soldiers, they entered the *café*, arm-in-arm, like priests. Bah! don't talk to me of Masonry; it only tends to make men—"

"What?" passionately demanded Florent, anticipating some reflections upon his courage.

"*Brothers!*" coolly answered the old soldier; "it has done so in the present instance."

"Faith," said the count, laughing, "he has you there. The major is too old a campaigner to be caught by youngsters. But, tell me, since you think so highly of Masonry, what are its peculiar claims to the consideration of mankind?"

"It is universal," replied the young soldier; "travel where you will, there Masonry has spread its branches, diffusing in its progress a knowledge

of the useful arts; it is equally cultivated in the tents of the wandering Arab and the palaces of the more enlightened European. Even here," he continued, "in this cold and inhospitable region, despite the jealous prohibition of a despotic government, the craft still flourishes."

"Does it?" exclaimed the major. "It must be a sturdy plant, then, for this infernal frost would destroy vitality in anything less hardy than a bear; we only have escaped, I suspect, from having robbed him of his skin."

"You are in error, major," replied Lauriston, shrugging his shoulders in contempt; "you forget the natives—they surely live here."

"Exist, you mean, count," grumbled the old soldier; "besides, they are too nearly allied to the species to require a distinct classification. Look at your Don Cossack, now—he is your bear on horseback, and, in truth, a most determined savage, who scorns all civilized modes of warfare, and fights after the manner of a wild Indian, appearing when you least expect him, and, like the whirlwind, sweeping all before him. It was only in our last affair old General Bellont, that prince of tacticians, was completely baffled. He had formed his regiment in fine order; his position was unimpeachable, his right being protected by a heavy battery, which, according to all rule, the enemy should not have attempted. While waiting patiently for the attack, a junior officer observed a party of Cossacks defile toward the wood which flanked the battery, in order, as he justly imagined, to effect a surprise. Bellont, knowing how apt boys are to imagine themselves wiser than their elders, paid slight regard, unfortunately, to his suggestions. Well, the action commenced, the regiment manoeuvred till it had drawn the enemy under the battery, when, to their astonishment, it commenced its deadly fire upon them. Bellont found that, contrary to all tactics, a party of those flying devils had turned his strong point of defense into the certain means of his defeat."

"Well, major," said Adolphe, half asleep, "Brothers though some of them may be, heaven defend us from a visiting party of these bearded gentlemen. The sentinels have replenished the fires, I perceive; so, without fear of either wolf or Cossack, I have taken up my position for the night. It will soon be daybreak, and a few hours' sleep will leave us all the better for to-morrow's march."

"You are wise, youngster," replied the veteran; "nothing like rest. Lauriston has already taken your advice. God-night—good-night!" and in a few minutes the little party were buried in sleep.

The last star was fading in the heavens when Lauriston awoke. He was still a day's march from the army, and well knew that the Emperor would be impatient to learn the success of his mission.

"Come, gentlemen," he exclaimed, waking his companions, who, wrapped in their cloaks, still enjoyed their slumbers, "we have played the sluggard; to horse, and away! Florent, call in the men."

All was soon bustle and confusion in the little encampment. The horses were led from the rude tent, where they had passed the night with the men, and waited, ready caparisoned, while the poles of their late resting-place were being struck.

Just as they were preparing to mount, a party of Cossacks were perceived, crossing the plain at full speed toward them.

"Fall in!" exclaimed the major, in that steady tone of command which the old soldier hears and obeys with confidence. "Count," he continued, "your life is of value to the Emperor—to our country; you must fly, and leave us to make good your retreat."

"But will that be honorable?" demanded Lauriston, half anxious to be gone, and yet ashamed to desert his brave companions.

"Under any other circumstances, perhaps not," replied the major; "but you are in possession of information necessary for the safety of the army; at all risks, your life must be preserved, whatever may become of ours. Florent, with Corporals Jacques and Prerinet, will accompany you. I cannot spare more—they are the only two married men of our party, and deserve the chance. Farewell!—no time is to be lost!"

Lauriston instantly followed the advice of his companions, and, accompanied by the young lieutenant and the two men, commenced his retreat.

The old soldier formed his little party in the hollow, lately occupied by the tent, which was protected on three sides by the embankment of snow, thrown up in clearing the ground. His number amounted to eighteen men, besides Adolphe and himself.

"How many do you count?" inquired the veteran, of his companion, as the enemy gained upon them; "my eyes are so dazzled by the snow, I can scarce see ten yards before me."

"About thirty," replied Adolphe, coolly; "we shall have warm work of it—they are here."

"Steady, men," cried the major; "level high." As he spoke, the party, headed by their commander, reached the ground.

The Cossacks were advancing with their usual impetuosity, when the first six were thrown into some slight confusion by the giving way of the embankment, which yielded beneath their weight, and plunged them up to their horses' bellies in snow.

The Frenchman saw their advantage, and fired. Two fell; the others, by a desperate exertion of strength, backed till they gained firm ground.

The attacking party, now divided into two separate bodies, commenced wheeling round their enemy, each in a different direction.

The effect of this manoeuvre was to distract their attention, for, at the same instant, one party peeped in a line through the entrance of their little citadel, while the other, leaping the embankment in the rear, attacked them at a disadvantage.

The struggle was now hand-to-hand; men encountered each other with all the bitterness of national hate and personal feud.

"Our only chance," said the major to Adolphe, who was fighting near him, "is to gain the open ground; we are cramped here."

And spurring his horse, he dashed past the enemy in gallant style, followed by the young officer and several men.

The Cossacks were too much accustomed to this desultory mode of warfare to be easily taken by surprise. The party who had leaped the embankment in the rear, headed by their officer, immediately followed, leaving their companions to dispatch the few who still struggled desperately within the frozen arena.

The old major was the first who fell, but not before he had slain the soldier who had intercepted his flight.

Adolphe was pursued by three of the enemy, who, with their long lances poised in air, yelled in anticipation of their victim.

One, whose horse was of finer metal than his companion's, was gaining rapidly upon him, when, as a last resource, he drew a pistol from his saddle and fired.

The arm of his pursuer fell powerless at his side; at this moment the officer and two men, who, by a detour, had gained upon his path, dashed before him.

Adolphe, his sword broken, his path beset, perceiving that all further attempt at flight or resist-

ance would be useless, calmly and silently awaited his fate.

One of his pursuers was on the point of transfixing him with his lance, when a gleam of hope flashed across his mind.

Turning toward the officer, he made that peculiar sign which, throughout the world, designates a *Master Mason*.

Swift as an arrow, the commander rushed between the Cossack and his destined victim, striking up his lance with his sabre, just as it reached the young Frenchman's breast.

The disappointed savage rode grumbling away.

"I may not offer you my hand!" exclaimed the Russian, in excellent French; "it is stained with the blood of your countrymen; but you have made a claim upon my mercy which, even here in the red moment of victory, with my spirit chafed with my country's wrongs, I must—at all hazards, will respect. Your parole—"

"Is given," answered Adolphe, scarcely believing his good fortune, for the Cossacks were seldom known to give quarter.

"Enough!" replied his captor. "Follow me."

On reaching the scene of the late action, he beheld the enemy busy stripping the bodies of his former companions, not one of whom had been fortunate enough to escape.

Lauriston's baggage was already rifled, and scattered about the snow. A small casket, which he knew contained the count's Orders in diamonds, lay at his horse's feet.

His conqueror observed the direction of his eye, and commanded one of the men to reach it him from the ground.

Without examining its contents, he placed it in the pocket of his huge pelisse.

"So!" he exclaimed, after looking round, "my work is done. Follow me, Frenchman."

After giving some directions to his men in Russian, he clapped spurs to his horse, and proceeded at a rapid pace, till he had cleared the plain and entered a deep wood, when, reining his steed, he motioned to his companion to ride beside him.

"I watched your eye, stranger, as it fell just now upon this trifle; is it yours?"

"No," replied Adolphe; "it was the property of the chief of our party, and may be considered lawful spoil; it contains the different Orders conferred upon him by Napoleon."

"Take them!" exclaimed the Russian, with disgust; "you may, without shame, accept them; but for me, there is not an icicle upon these trees that is not more precious than the richest gem your monarch could bestow. They are mine," he continued, observing that Adolphe hesitated to take them—"mine by right of conquest, and I give them to you freely. Once more receive my assurance—a *Brother's* assurance—you are safe."

After four hours' hard riding through the wood, the intricacies of which seemed well known to his conductor, they arrived at an inclosure surrounding a low stone building of considerable magnitude.

Not a window appeared on the outside; the smoke, rising from the high pile of chimneys, alone gave indication that it was inhabited.

"You are welcome!" exclaimed the Russian, "to my home—to the bosom of my family, the hospitality of my hearth. You will not find the luxuries of Paris, but safety may reconcile you to its inconveniences."

Taking a rudely carved horn, which hung suspended by a chain from the portal, he gave three distinct blasts.

After being carefully reconnoitred by an armed domestic, the gates were opened for their ingress.

If the exterior of the building presented a desolate aspect, the courtyard, into which they were admitted, was scarcely less so.

Large piles of wood, for Winter fuel, nearly filled the area, and the windows of the principal rooms were disfigured by rough outward casements, rendered necessary by the inclemency of the season.

Adolphe followed his guide into a large hall, cheerfully lighted by a pine log fire, around which some dozen serfs were sleeping.

An old man, who, from his dress, appeared the chief person of the household, approached, and was directed to conduct the stranger to the principal apartment.

The young soldier followed his conductor in silence, till he entered a room furnished with a degree of comfort, if not elegance, which surprised him.

The floor was covered with warm skins, neatly sewn together as a carpet, while the chairs and couches of dark wood, curiously carved, were furnished with down cushions, affording a luxurious seat to the weary traveler. The walls were hung with thick brown cloth, relieved only by a picture of some patron saint in an antique frame. Opposite the draped window two book-cases were placed, one on each side of the fireplace, whence the stove diffused a genial heat. Tables, cabinets, and a silver lamp, suspended from the ceiling, completed the furniture of the apartment.

Scarcely had Adolphe finished his survey, when a lady entered the room.

Her manners, even more than the richness of her dress and jewels, indicated her rank. She was the mistress of the mansion into which he had been so unexpectedly introduced.

"My son, monsieur, will return as soon as he has given directions to my household. In his absence, permit me to assure you that you are in safety, and welcome to our humble roof."

The young soldier could only bow his thanks; everything tended to increase his surprise—his own language so purely spoken, the evident rank of his hostess, the unexpected humanity of his conqueror when hopeless of mercy; she called him her son, too.

Was it possible that the rough Cossack, who had preserved his life, was the son of the elegant woman before him?

His doubts, however, were soon ended; for, in a few moments, a handsome young man entered the apartment, and cordially bade him welcome.

From his voice Adolphe recognized his preserver, but so changed since his hostile encounter, that otherwise it would have been impossible to recognize him.

The high jack-boots and horseman's cloak had given place to fur-lined slippers and a light embroidered vest; the hair, which had been carefully gathered behind the bear-skin cap which disguised him, now fell in thick curls round his open, manly countenance; at the most, he appeared three-and-twenty.

"You appear surprised!" he exclaimed, observing his prisoner's countenance. "War gives an appearance of age, even to the youngest of us. A party of Cossacks bivouacked near our home last night, and informed me of your encampment. Fearing your vicinity might bode us no good, I determined to conduct their attack; you know the rest. And now permit me to present you to my mother, the Countess Dantsoff, who, compelled by your victorious armies to fly from her palace at Moscow, has found shelter upon this remote estate, where, surrounded by faithful serfs, she has lived during the horrors of war in safety."

"Could anything reconcile me to the stain which has fallen upon the armies of France, it would be the opportunity it has afforded me of judging rightly of a noble enemy. Your time, I fear, madame, must have passed heavily, shut out from that society which you adorn. Your son, I

have already proved, is too good a soldier to be ever by your side."

"My campaigns," replied the Russian, "have not been many, and, thank heaven, are likely to be soon over. But, tell me, how are we to address our guest?"

"As Adolphe Lesseau, a younger son of the noble house of De la Tour."

"And mine," replied his young host, "is Ivan of Dantzoff. And now that we know each other, I will accompany you to your room, where you may remove all traces of this morning's work. As a Frenchman, you are too gallant a cavalier to appear before ladies without due attention to the mysteries of the toilet."

His guest, bowing to the countess, followed Ivan to an apartment, where everything necessary had been prepared for his accommodation.

"It is natural," said Ivan, "for us to feel interested for those whom we have in any way served—nay, no thanks; perhaps I may one day ask a richer reward—your friendship; but I am strangely situated. Educated by my mother in a manner different from the generality of our youths, I have in vain sought for that companion with whom I could exchange confidence and feeling. Like yourself, I am a *Freemason*; but in Russia the craft is so jealously watched by the Government, that it is only in secret we can assemble; yet, have I, as far as opportunity would allow, practiced its mysteries, and cultivated its divine precepts. You are the first Brother, except the Masons of Moscow, whom I have ever encountered; and I feel as if Providence had bestowed upon me a new tie. You are of my own age; you have deep feeling, for I marked you when the bodies of your companions were being stripped before your eyes. While you sojourn here, I may learn much of that world I can never hope to visit. You must be my instructor, and endeavor to forget that, even for a moment, we have been enemies. Should peace be made, or opportunity offer, you shall return to your native country; but many months must elapse ere you can pass the vast empires which divide you from France; meanwhile, be happy here with us."

Adolphe grasped his hand, and warmly expressed his gratitude.

"I make no professions of friendship, dear Ivan; but time will show that I am not ungrateful."

"Farewell," replied his host; "sleep and refresh yourself—you must require it after last night's hard bivouac. You will meet at dinner my cousin Catharine, and Ann of Crandstein, the daughter of a distinguished noble; her father leaves her under the protection of my mother while he is absent with the army. Adieu, and once more remember—we are *Brothers*."

The rescued soldier closed the door as his host departed, and, falling upon his knees, returned thanks to heaven for his almost miraculous escape.

"Poor major!" sighed Adolphe, as he threw himself upon the couch; "all thy bantering has found an end at last."

The events of the day passed in rapid succession through his brain, till, gradually becoming less distinct, his over-excited spirit found refuge in sleep.

After a short repose, he was roused from his slumber by a slight pressure of the hand, and found, on starting from his couch, Ivan standing by his side.

"I regret to disturb you!" exclaimed the host; "but the hour of dinner has arrived, and the ladies expect our presence."

The young soldier followed him to the apartment where he had left the countess. Catharine and her companion, the Lady Ann, were with her.

Never had a more beautiful being met his gaze than Catharine Zerinski. Her form—just merging into womanhood—was cast in the full, voluptuous mold of perfect beauty; her blue eyes lit up a countenance of the most amiable expression; while a profusion of light-brown curls, whose luxuriance the small fur cap she wore could not restrain, fell upon her shoulders, and gave a graceful contour to the head and neck.

"How!" exclaimed Ivan, gayly, observing his evident admiration; "a soldier, and taken by surprise? What reparation can you offer for having driven our divinities to seek refuge in these deserts? But here," he continued, "is one, whose anger you will find more difficult to propitiate—not that you have been an enemy, but that you have hitherto suffered her to remain unnoticed."

The Lady Ann, whose age and appearance served as foils to her more juvenile friend, received Adolphe's apology and advances with that careless good humor which at once restored him to himself.

The ceremony of introduction being over, their conversation became general; and if, at times, the polished Frenchman smiled at his preserver's ignorance of the world and romantic enthusiasm, the elevation of his sentiment and goodness of heart became more and more apparent.

To Ivan, the young and ardent child of nature, the accomplishments of Adolphe were subjects of admiration. He gazed with respect upon the man who had visited the glorious capital of Europe—whose steps had wandered amid the gardens of Italy.

His classic descriptions excited his imagination, and every hour he deemed himself more fortunate in the possession of such a companion, while the mysterious bond of fraternal union by which they were bound sanctioned the rapid growth of their mutual friendship.

Frequently would the lovely Catharine desert her female companions to listen to their conversations, and hang, with attentive ear, upon every word the young soldier uttered.

Sometimes he would sing to them the airs of his native land, descriptive of her vine-clad hills and old romance, or of those victories which had rendered her at once the terror and astonishment of Europe.

The fair Russian possessed a rich, natural voice, and was slightly skilled in music. At Ivan's request, Adolphe became her instructor. Together they practiced those lays whose passion-breathing strains (before either dreamt of danger) imparted the fatal sentiment they too well described—Adolphe and Catharine loved. The unsuspecting girl knew not the nature of her feelings—she fancied her interest for the stranger proceeded from friendship, and gratitude for his instruction; but he, more practiced in the feelings of the heart, saw his danger, without resolution or inclination to avoid it.

The young Frenchman had been the guest, rather than the prisoner, of Ivan, about two months, when, one morning, his host entered his apartment, with a letter in his hand.

"Bad news, dear Adolphe!" he exclaimed. "Some enemy to our happiness has informed the governor of Moscow that a French officer of high rank has found refuge here. He writes to thank me for my services, and commands me to give you up to the general of the district."

"Mine was a lot too fortunate to last," replied his friend; "but it is the fate of war, and I submit. If, in the dungeons of Moscow, I feel the privations of your hospitable home, the recollection of your generous friendship shall console me. When must I depart?"

"Depart!" exclaimed Ivan. "Can you, then,

think so meanly of me, to desert you in the moment of danger? Are you not my friend—my Brother? Consign you to the dungeons of Moscow! Not if the Emperor himself commanded it! You are my guest—a name sacred to the poorest peasant; you never have been my prisoner. I resign all claim upon your honor. I here restore your parole. I had not named this unfortunate affair, but prudence may compel us to adopt precautions for your safety, which, had you not been aware of the motive, must have appeared strange to you."

"Generous Ivan! how shall I express my gratitude? Yet, let not your zeal in my behalf compromise you with your Government; you have a mother—"

"Who would blush for me," interrupted his friend, "were I capable of violating the rights of hospitality. I will meet the general; he was my father's friend; I will appeal to his generosity. Should that fail, we must descend to artifice. Meanwhile, you must lay aside your uniform, and be content to disguise yourself in habiliments of mine. The ladies are already aware of the necessity of concealment, and will not be surprised at the exchange."

"Unfortunate that I am!" exclaimed Adolphe, "to disturb the happiness and tranquillity of your family. Should I be discovered, the vengeance of the Emperor would fall on them; and your domestics, they—"

"Have neither eyes nor ears but as we direct. At the worst, too, we have a chamber so curiously concealed, that Suspicion's self might pass it in her search. It was provided as a place of refuge for the females against an enemy—it may now preserve a friend. There we can conceal you till the arrival of Aran—a Jew merchant, who annually visits these wilds to purchase furs. Disguised as his servant, you may securely reach the frontier. Farewell! I must to horse, and remember that,

'By the mystic word and sign;
By our secret art divine;
By each point of fellowship;
By the grasp and by the slip;
By the rite we dare not name;
By a Brother's sacred claim;
—GERMAN MASONIC SONG.

these walls are your home—your safety is my duty and peculiar care."

While speaking the above lines, Ivan grasped the hand of his companion; at the conclusion, he shook it warmly, and quitted the apartment.

Ivan had left his house about two days, when Aran, the long-expected Jew merchant, arrived in the neighborhood, to purchase skins of the serfs and neighboring boors. His caravan consisted of six sledges, which were well laden with the fruits of his long journey.

To Adolphe's offers he turned a deaf ear. "The danger was too great—it would interfere with his trade."

The scruples were eventually removed by a sight of Lauriston's casket. The eyes of the avaricious Israelite sparkled as he beheld the gems, and he consented, on condition that he received a considerable portion of the treasure, to allow the young soldier to accompany him, in the disguise of one of his drivers, and even promised to shorten a portion of his route, in order to facilitate his escape. It was finally arranged that they should depart in four days.

Aware of his own feelings, and more than suspecting the nature of Catharine's, Adolphe was considering how he could best impart to her the intelligence of his departure. The countess, being indisposed, had kept her chamber, and it was not till late in the evening that an opportunity presented itself.

He was seated at his guitar, playing a Russian air from memory, when Catharine entered the apartment.

"Is it possible," she exclaimed, smiling, "that so accomplished a troubadour can descend to the savage strains of the frozen North? Can anything Russian dwell upon your memory?"

"It must, indeed, be cold, Catharine," he replied, "ere I forget the generosity of Ivan, or the beauty of his fair—countrywoman," he added, checking himself, lest his too-pointed meaning should bring on the declaration he deemed it most honorable to avoid.

"A compliment," replied Catharine, "at the expense of poor sincerity. You are detected; I can read the heart. As a punishment, you shall sing some lay of your own dear country."

"Willingly," he replied; and, striking a slight prelude on the instrument, he sang the following words, not inapplicable to his own feelings:

"Farewell! farewell! I would not fling
Around thy brow the veil of sorrow;
Brightly for thee the morn may spring,
And mirth and pleasure wait thy morrow.

"The words of love thy lips have spoken,
Each burning thought alike forget,
Keep not of me one parting token
To wake the strain of vain regret.

"Strike not the lute, whose chords for me
Breathed music's strain or passion's spell;
Each note would breathe again in these
The memory of this sad farewell.

"Gay hours of bliss—long happy years—
And Love's best joys, fair maid, be thine;
His broken heart, his burning tears,
And sighs of vain regret, are mine."

The deep manly voice of the young soldier trembled at the concluding stanzas. From his emotion, even more than the words of his strain, Catharine felt he was about to depart.

"You are going to leave us!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears, "and I shall see you no more."

The undisguised feeling with which these few words were uttered betrayed too plainly the state of her feelings. Adolphe threw himself upon his knees before her, and declared his love.

"Honor," he exclaimed, "has hitherto bound my tongue in silence. As a captive and enemy, I dared not ask your heart; but these cruel wars must end. I will return—I can rely on Ivan's friendship. I shall demand your hand—"

"You will find me his wife!" passionately interrupted the agitated girl. "Know you not I am betrothed to him?"

"God!" exclaimed Adolphe, "what have I done! There wanted but this, wretch that I am! Is this my return for his generous friendship? Forget me, Catharine," he continued, "Better we had never met. Think not for me. I were a monster, unworthy of the name of man, could I gratify my own passion at the expense of his happiness. He is gentle, affectionate, formed to be loved. You will soon recall your heart from this wandering, wayward choice, and learn to look upon him as your husband."

"Never, never," replied Catharine, "can I love Ivan but with a sister's love. You never felt the passion, or you could not coolly resign me to another. But go," she continued, more calmly. "In your own land, doubtless, you will find one worthier of your heart than the deserted Catharine—"

"Never loved! You wrong me. Witness these tears that shame my manhood—the pangs that rend my soul. Nothing but the powerful call of gratitude and imperious honor could tear me from you. My heart may break with the effort, but it must be accomplished. One embrace—the first and last of happiness I may ever know."

At this moment, Ivan, who had unexpectedly returned, entered the apartment, but started as if a serpent had stung him on beholding Catharine in the arms of his friend. Unperceived, he quitted them.

"Farewell for ever!" exclaimed Adolphe, as he disengaged his arm from the trembling form of Catharine. "Think of me but as a dream."

He inprinted upon her brow a single kiss, and rushed from her presence.

"Tis over, thank heaven!" he murmured. "The struggle's past;" as, sinking upon a couch in his own room, he began to reflect upon his future course.

"Here I must not remain another hour—we must never meet again. I owe it to her peace—to Ivan's friendship—to my own honor."

Hastily writing a letter, which he left upon his table, he threw his cloak around him, and placing Lauriston's casket in his bosom, he, silently and unobserved, quitted the hospitable mansion which had so long concealed and sheltered him.

The night-fires guided him to Aran's tent, who, won by the gift of the jewels, consented to depart instantly. The arrangements were soon made.

While his people were striking their tents, Adolphe changed his dress for the meaner habiliments of a sledge-driver. An hour before midnight everything was prepared, and the party silently commenced their journey.

"Thus ends my dream of friendship," said Ivan, as, starting from his feverish slumber, he prepared the next morning to visit the deserted chamber of Adolphe. "I have read it is the nature of woman to be false, and man to deceive. Hitherto I have deemed it the philosopher's truth. Yet, the false mistress and treacherous friend should not have been Catharine and Adolphe Lesseau.

"How, gone!" he exclaimed, as looking round the apartment, he searched in vain for its late inmate. Can Catharine be the partner of his flight?"

His eye fell upon the letter. He trembled as he broke the seal. It ran thus:

"DEAR IVAN—Condemn me not that I have withdrawn from your hospitable home without bidding you farewell; but my honor and your happiness demand that I should act as I have.

Till a few moments preceding the writing of this, I knew not of my danger. May you and Catharine be happy! Farewell.
ADOLPHE."

"He is true—he is true!" said Ivan, rapidly glancing over the paper. "Human nature forgive me that I doubted thee! He loved, but knew not of my engagement to Catharine. I was to blame—he should have been forewarned."

Ivan took no notice of the scene he had witnessed to Catharine or his mother, trusting that time would lessen her grief, and her heart gradually appreciate his devoted affection. By a tacit agreement, the name of Adolphe was never mentioned between them.

As the Spring advanced, the countless removed to St. Petersburg, her palace at Moscow being destroyed. Here they visited, and gradually plunged into the fashionable dissipation of the court.

But although Catharine moved amid the brilliant throng, her buoyancy of spirit was gone—she appeared to endure rather than enjoy, and Ivan found that the shaft had pierced deeper than he at first imagined.

Two years rolled on, and the once blooming Catharine had become a delicate invalid. Apathy and languor, the forerunners of consumption, had gradually tainted the springs of health, and frequently obliged her to keep her chamber.

She was reclining upon a sofa, listening to a romance that Ivan was reading. It turned on France and her minstrel knights. A deep sigh from his auditor drew his attention. She lay pale and gasping, a tear upon her cheek. His generous nature could endure it no longer.

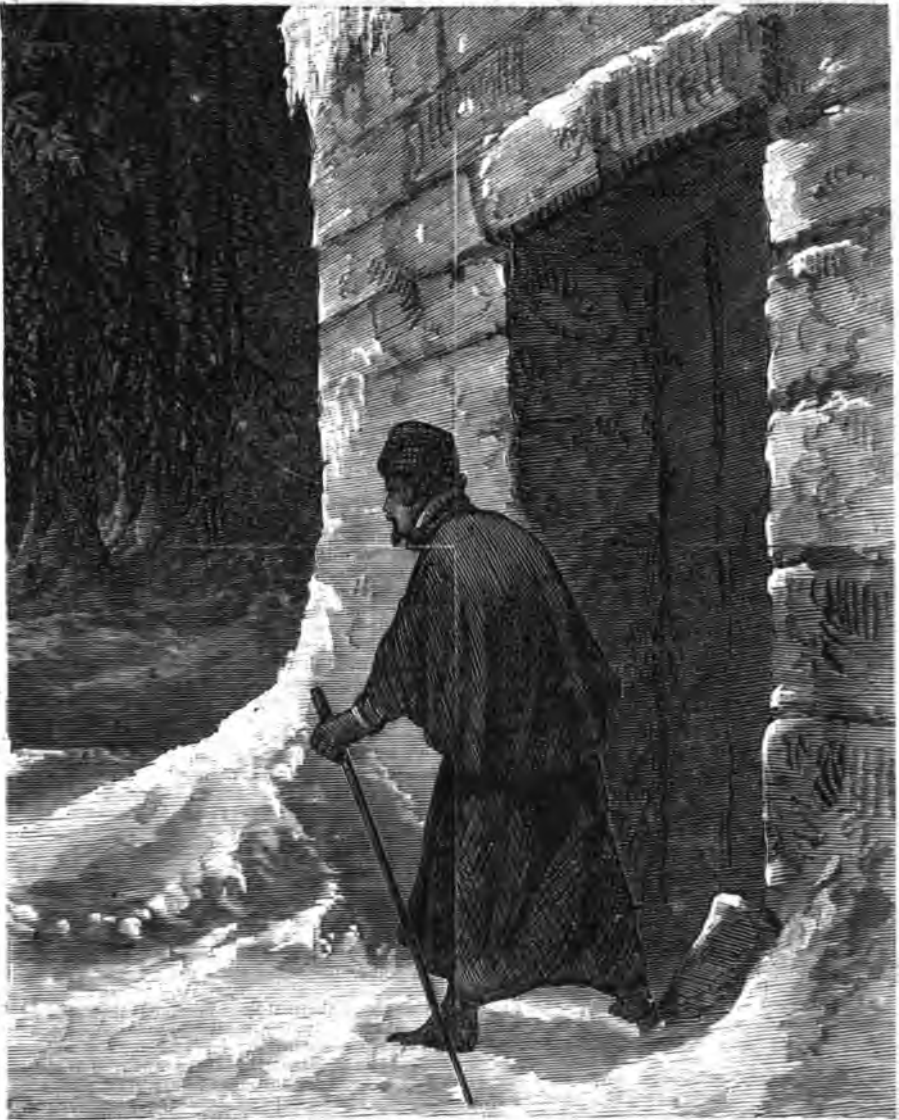
"Catharine!" he exclaimed, "we must change the scene. Your health is too delicate for this cold northern climate. You shall travel. The genial airs of France will restore you."

"France!" cried Catharine, half springing from the couch. "Can you be serious? Should we meet—"

"Adolphe, you would say. Why you must punish him for his desertion. Yes, dear Catharine," continued Ivan, "I now look upon you but as a sister. My friend is worthy of your love. Honor and gratitude alone prevented your union. They shall be rewarded. Nay, no words. I shall be repaid the sacrifice in your happiness, and again embracing my friend. Summon your



THE MASON.—"THE NIGHT-FIRES GUIDED HIM TO ARAN'S TENT."



THE MASON.—“SILENTLY AND UNOBSERVED, HE QUITTED THE HOSPITABLE MANSION WHICH HAD SO LONG CONCEALED AND SHELTERED HIM.”

spirits. In a few days we will set out for France.”

In the Summer of the same year the military Lodge of — was assembled in Paris. The room was crowded with officers, and foreign Brothers of distinction. Count Lauriston, as Master, was in the chair. The usual signal for silence being given, he thus addressed the assembly:

“Brothers, it is my pleasurable task to record another instance of the advantages resulting from Masonry. A Brother here present, while escorting me, during the late war in Russia, from an interview with Prince Kutusoff, was attacked by a party of Cossacks. I had barely time to escape with my dispatches. His men were slain, and one

of the enemy about to dispatch him, when it became apparent to the commander of the party that the Frenchman was a *Brother*. He saved his life—concealed him in his own house, and finally enabled him to reach his native land. I find, by the list of this night’s visitors, that, unknown to each other, the two Brothers are present at this meeting.”

“How!” exclaimed Adolphe, rushing forward; “my friend here?”

A group of foreign officers at the same moment opened their circle, and Ivan was clasped in the embrace of his friend.

Accompanied by Catharine, he that very day had arrived in Paris, and hearing that a lodge was

held in the hotel where he was staying, he sent in his name and certificate to the Master.

We will not detain our readers by dwelling upon the happiness of Catharine, or the gratitude of Adolphe. The following announcement, from the journals of the same month, will conclude our tale:

"Married, at the chapel of his Excellency the Russian Ambassador, Count Adolphe Lesseau to Lady Catharine Zerinski. Count Ivan of Dantzoff gave away the bride."

About Echoes.

Not only is sound in all respects reflected and refracted like light, but it may, like light, be condensed by suitable lenses. For instance, a bell placed on an eminence in Heligoland, failed, on account of its distance, to be heard in the town. A parabolic reflector, placed behind the bell, so as to reflect the sound-waves in the direction of the long, sloping street, caused the strokes of the bell to be distinctly heard at all times. It is found, too, that curved roofs and ceilings act as mirrors upon sound, a fact of interest to the architect. In some apartments the singing of a kettle seems, in certain positions, to come, not from the fire on which it is placed, but from the ceiling, and so with the ticking of a clock. A rather remarkable instance of the same thing is cited by Sir John Herachel. In one of the cathedrals in Sicily the confessional was so placed that the whispers of the penitents were reflected by the curved roof, and brought to a focus at a distant part of the edifice. The focus was discovered by accident, and for some time the person who discovered it took pleasure in hearing, and bringing his friends to hear, utterances intended for the priest alone.

The whispering gallery at St. Paul's is another well-known instance. Here the faintest sound is conveyed from one side to the other of the dome, but it is not heard at any intermediate point. In Gloucester Cathedral, a gallery of an octagonal form conveys a whisper seventy-five feet across the nave, while the ticks of a watch may be heard from one end of the abbey church of St. Albans to the other.

Misson, in his description of Italy, mentions an echo in the vineyard of Simonetta, about twenty miles from Milan, which reflects a word twenty times over. Casendi tells of another, near the tomb of Celicia Metella, at Rome, which repeated the first verse of the *Æneid* eight times; and a third near Coblenz, which repeats seventeen times. There is a deep *cul-de-sac*, called the Oob-sen-thal, formed of the great cliffs of the Engel-horner, near Rossenlaur, in Switzerland, where the echoes warble in a wonderful manner. The sound of the Alpine horn also, rebounding from the rocks of the Wetterhorn or the Jungfrau, is in the first instance heard roughly. But by successive reflections, the notes are rendered more soft and flute-like, the general diminution of intensity giving the impression that the source of sound is retreating further and further into the solitude of ice and snow.

A very famous echo is that of Lurlei. It is thus described by the author of the "Rhine and its Picturesque Scenery": "An old soldier blows a tannoy on his huge French hunting-horn. No sooner have the brassy notes ceased, than you hear them repeated on the opposite shores, so distinctly, too, that, though you know it is but an echo, you can hardly persuade yourself that there is not some one concealed on the top of Lurlei imitating the sounds. The next portion of the entertainment is with the musket; and for this the old guard waits till the air is perfectly still. Then, directly a lull ensues in the breeze, click goes the trigger, and the report rattles against the wall of

the opposite rock as if the crags were tumbling down in a shower; and no sooner has it burst upon the ear than you hear a second explosion, almost as loud as the first, clattering beyond the summit of Lurlei. This time, however, the echo does not end here, for the moment after, the sound seems to be ascending the river in a kind of small thunder-peal, muttering along the opposite cliffs; then comes a pause as it leaps across the stream, after which you catch it again on the same side of the Rhine as yourself, ascending along the rocks in fainter and faster peals, till it reaches the vineyard adjoining the Falsenbank by St. Goar; and the next instant, after another pause, the ear detects it across the river once more, where it ultimately expires with a faint puff, just above the ruins of Katz."

Beauty in the Far West.

FROM the days of blessed Eve in the garden of Eden down to this present writing, the charms and beauties of womankind have occupied the time and attention of us grosser mortals to the exclusion of matters of greater weight and moment.

Presumption is greatly current in these later times. The writer may be at the very outset charged with too much of that current article. Hence he will proceed at once to give his "authorities."

Providence has permitted him to enjoy a residence of many years in the great West. Providence likewise kindly permitted him to remain in single blessedness all through an extended life; and that condition of singleness enabled him to see and admire beauties on every hand. In the same manner the little bee is said to sip its sweets from every flower.

Your married man is limited in his vision. For, if by chance he sees and admires beauties outside his own domestic sphere, trouble ensues. This singleness of life also enabled the writer to cultivate the gentle amenities of life in great numbers of those dear homes for the homeless, vulgarly called boarding-houses.

Here most of all are developed and exhibited those graces of the female mind and person so charming in American genteel society. Here beauty as a thing of high art is taught and practiced. Having thus given *in extenso* his "authorities," this boarder is prepared to enter with some confidence upon the treatment of his subject.

Certain isothermal lines mark out that favored region where beauty most abounds, and those lines correspond to the legal boundaries of the great State of Missouri. The snows and Wintry blasts of Iowa are not conducive to great personal beauty. The swamps of Arkansas are so suggestive of fever and ague that citizens of that State affirm—a wild kind of oath—that the very corks of bottles containing the distilled dew of the corn-plant shake out in unison with animated nature.

The same isothermal lines include the blue-grass region of Kentucky. Far beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant, the females of that country have been known to be "the loveliest women in the world, sir."

Numbers of these lovely women emigrated at an early day to Missouri, and to that emigration is due in part the matchless beauty of the present time.

The march of intellect has not kept pace with the march of beauty. With the exception of Mark Twain, whose "innocence abroad" made him conspicuous—and that effort was said to be the result of a prolonged fish-diet in the Sandwich

Islands—Missouri has not produced anything to be compared with the beauty of her women.

Personalities have at times been considered improper in Missouri, but generalities are often too vague. When General Bob Smith—"the only old Virginia family of the name in the State, sir"—mentioned his lovely offspring, Sallie, to her admiring young friends, it was in the glowing language of that favored region.

"My daughter Sallie, sir, is allowed to be the finest gal in these parts. She is a mighty peert gal, too. You ought to hear her on the front porch in the gloaming of the evening, when her fellers is round, sir. She can talk jest like Tom Benton, sir."

But the oratorical and linguistic accomplishments of the fair Sallie sink into insignificance beside her matchless beauty and "make-up."

Invidious persons have charged that the fair daughters of the West have too little complexion. The charge is a slander, and deserves all condemnation. The daughters of Missouri have no lack of complexion; on the contrary, they do sometimes gild refined gold and paint the lily.

One of Kentucky's famous belles was often counseled by her maternal relative to be judicious in this matter. She would say, "Sallie, dear, you do use too much complexion," and who so capable as a mother to give her child advice?"

Nature in Missouri, as in Holland, has not been niggardly in the matter of hands and feet; but there the similarity ceases. Your daughter of Missouri, when raised on "hog and hominy"—her natural food—becomes "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

But beauty in Missouri has its trials as well as in less favored regions.

There was a dance at Old Jumps's. All the beauty and the obivality of Pike County were there present.

"The kerosene shone o'er fair women and brave men;
And when music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again."

In fact, it was all poetry.

Saidy Jumps was a belle of twenty and upward. She had a true lover, as all young ladies have, or ought to have, and that true lover was Eli Skaggs. He was a genuine son of old Pike. What he knew about the Bible he never told, and what he didn't know about "the history of the four kings" wasn't worth knowing. Like Mr. Richard Swiveller, Mr. Skaggs delighted in treading the measures of the mazy, and also in sipping the roar. Miss Saidy had been, and was to be again, his partner, that night, in the joys of the mazy; but while Old Jumps drank only the best of bourbon, his bottle was strictly private.

In the backyard of Old Jumps's was a stately gum-tree, and that gum was hollow. The scarcity of closets and cupboards in that land of poetry suggests the use of other convenient localities. Old Jumps used the hollow of that gum for his bottle of bourbon. His daughter used the same cavity for her bottle of "Eternal Peach Bloom." The rights of property were strictly respected on his part, and we have no account of any aggravated instance of trespass on hers. The exertions of the mazy are productive of fine complexions, in certain instances; in certain other instances, destructive results ensue.

The frequent visits of Old Jumps and his daughter to the vicinity of that gum suggested a chain of argument to the inquiring mind of Mr. Skaggs, which caused him to drop, without apparent cause, the plump hand of his partner, Miss Toady Pettibone, which he had squeezed so tenderly but a moment before. A minute later the final gush of Uncle Zeb's fiddle announced the end of that dance, and Mr. Skaggs rushed into the backyard.

To search for, to discover, and to enjoy, was but

the work of a moment. To return to the presence of beauty and love was but the work of another moment.

Old Jumps and Saidy in turn sought the rejuvenating influence of that hollow in the gum.

The fiddle gave the signal of preparation; the dancers were in their places; the fair Saidy was waiting for her partner; but where was Eli Skaggs?

A dismal wail from the back yard brought dismay to the hearts of the festive Pikers. In a moment Uncle Zeb was deserted, and his fiddle was silent. On the ground beneath that gum-tree lay Eli Skaggs, writhing in mortal agony. A flickering tallow dip showed the unhappy man convulsively pressing the region of his pain with one hand, while he held aloft an empty bottle with the other.

Troubles never come singly. The unhappy Saidy mourned a double loss—her complexion and her lover. The unfortunate Skaggs, after hours of lingering torment, finally recovered to marry Toady Pettibone. Saidy Jumps, after months of sorrow, patience and courtship, married another fellow, and retains her beauty to this day.

Beauty, as a thing of high art, is still recognized in the classic precincts of Pike.

The Mistake of my Life.

WHAT was the mistake? Why, in plain words, it was for me (me, poor Jack Johnson, with only fifteen hundred dollars a year out of my fagging, toilsome clerkship) not to succeed in marrying Mrs. Horatio Mackenzie, as she still liked to call herself, a widow of, perhaps, forty, and with fully forty thousand for her yearly income. That was the mistake.

Oh! Luck, Fate, Fortune, whatever be the name of that mysterious power that "shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will," how I have vituperated, anathematized, scorned you since that most miserable of events!

But lamentation was wholly useless. I had to bear it. I have been trying to bear it ever since.

I met Mrs. Mackenzie at the Elixir Springs, during the two final weeks of August. Everybody was rushing to the Elixir Springs that year; why, it would need an Oedipus correctly to answer, except that they tasted like eggs whose first freshness is a memory of the past, and that three glasses of their water was enough to demoralize the most well-behaved of livers.

I had two weeks of vacation, and followed the general rush to these springs. At first it was rather stupid. Plenty of vulgarity, plenty of pretension, and a little refinement.

There was no use of my trying to mix with people, however, for I knew nobody, and nobody seemed even to observe the presence of humble me.

At last it happened that I encountered, one morning, upon the piazza of the mammoth hotel, an exceedingly jolly-looking fellow, with an exceedingly ugly-looking girl on his arm.

The jolly-looking fellow and I instantly grasped each other's hand, and showed many mutual signs of being delighted at the meeting.

"My dear Jack!" exclaims Harry Tallmann, "you're the last person I expected to see. Your bright face does me good. Let me present Mr. Johnson, Euphemia, my old friend, of whom I am sure you have often heard me speak. Jack, this is my sister Euphemia."

Whereupon Harry disengages himself from the altogether unpleasant Miss Tallmann, who simpers profusely, and looks very much as though she would like to be talked to.

Of course I am compelled to launch myself into a little current of small talk, to which Miss Euphemia makes responses, now and then, that deserve at least to be called amiable. And I have just made the ungratifying discovery that she is about as stupid as she is homely, when I am rapidly called upon to make the second discovery that her brother Harry has rambled away from us.

Well, any society I philosophically conclude, is better than none. Presently, Euphemia and I are strolling up and down the piazza, side by side.

Conversation drags horribly. The ill-favored Euphemia can giggle "Yes," and titter "No," and simper, "Do you really think so?" but she isn't capable of doing much else.

I begin to have very rancorous feelings, indeed, toward the absent Harry.

Suddenly I am rather surprised to see him in converse, at a short distance from ourselves, with a stately, imposing, stout female, of certainly forty, dressed in a sort of showy second-mourning.

The lady wears upon her august aquiline face a look of unconcealed satisfaction; Harry is talking with evident earnestness and volubility.

Euphemia gives a marked giggle, whilst her eyes follow mine. I look interrogative.

"Who is Harry's majestic charmer?" I presently ask.

"Mrs. Mackenzie," I am promptly informed; "Mrs. Horatio Mackenzie she likes to have people call her, I believe."

"Harry seems to be enjoying himself," I state.

Another giggle.

"Yes. They've been quite intimate for several days past."

And now I suddenly recollect that I have not known Mr. Harry Tallmann for the past ten years or so without also knowing some of his pet theories, too. Among these there is one of a very pronounced character. If ever Mr. Tallmann marries, he has more than once confided to me that he means to marry for money, and (provided he can be so successful) for a great deal of money as well.

"Oh, yes," I immediately make haste to fib; "I have heard this Mrs. Mackenzie spoken of before now. She is—ahem!—rather rich, is she not, and"—this last is a somewhat audacious venture—"a widow?"

"Her husband died about two years ago, I think," announces Euphemia, "and everybody agrees in saying that he left her an income of forty thousand dollars a year."

"Indeed!" I try to look wholly uninterested.

"Do you know her?"

"Oh, yes!"

Then follows more tiresome talk about nothing. At last, I make a daring pause not three feet from where Harry and Mrs. Mackenzie are standing. Then I take the bull by the horns, and address a direct appeal—so to phrase it—toward Euphemia's common politeness.

"By-the-by, Miss Tallmann, if it isn't too much trouble, will you have the kindness, at some time during the day, to—present me to this Mrs. Mackenzie? I like her looks extremely."

Amiable Euphemia!"

"Why, certainly, Mr. Johnson," is the prompt answer; "I shall be most happy to present you now. I know her quite well."

Harry just saves himself from the impertinence of an out-and-out crown as, a few moments later, he sees me formally presented to his companion.

Mrs. Mackenzie acknowledges the introduction with great graciousness. I strain every nerve to be agreeable, and completely ignore (like the wretch I am) the benevolent Euphemia, who still stands at my side.

Harry is evidently nonplussed at my cool as-

urance. Presently he finds the concealment of his chagrin altogether too hard a task, and, offering his arm to the complacent, sheep-like Euphemia, moves away with her.

A good hour passes after that, during which I level upon Mrs. Mackenzie the fullest broadsides of affability. It seems to me that the more I exert myself the more gracious she becomes. I have not talked with her ten minutes before I discover that she has one pet foible. She wishes to be thought girlish, and soft-mannered, and gentle; she shudders at the idea of being called masculine or impressive.

Of course I cannot help marveling at her willingness to believe that she could ever, under any circumstances, appear anything *except* masculine and impressive. But, notwithstanding this firm conviction of mine, I behave like the most hypocritical of cats, and murmur something to the following mendacious effect:

"Whatever can have made you imagine, Mrs. Mackenzie, that your style was anything of that ridiculous sort? Indeed, where can greater sweetness and womanliness of manner be found, if—?"

"Oh, I fear you are a dreadful compliment-monger," she interrupts, with a laugh, doubtless meant to be low and musical, but having, in reality, a hard, Amazonian effect—like everything about the woman.

The next time I see Harry Tallmann, I cannot fail to observe his evident self-struggle in the matter of treating me with common civility. Harry has set himself to win the widow, if such a thing is remotely feasible. My sudden successful interference is, no doubt, giving him sensations toward me that are little else than cannibalistic. Never mind; I will persevere. What is Harry Tallmann's personal enmity when weighed against forty thousand a year?

During the next week or so, we run a nearly even race, Harry and I, in our pursuit of the prosperous Mrs. Mackenzie's preference. Nor at the end of that time is the race yet decided, as regards who has proved winner.

Mrs. Mackenzie beams upon me, but she also beams upon Harry. There are moments when I almost feel my pockets bulging with bank-notes, so encouraging are her smiles and words; but hope leaps into such active life only to fade into something much less pronounced; for to-day, I seem the preferred one; to-morrow, it is Harry.

At last, the period of my departure from Elixir Springs has drawn noticeably near. I shall be needed most imperatively by my employers in New York, on the first of September; and it is now the twenty-ninth of August. Can nothing be done to conduct—if one might so phrase it—events to an immediate, yet telling crisis?

On the evening of the thirtieth I secure Mrs. Mackenzie for a moonlight stroll, and without daring to tread upon the sacred ground of an absolute proposal, it must, nevertheless, be admitted that I positively wallow in sentimentality.

That night I part with her, feeling certain that Harry Tallmann's chance is slim, indeed, compared with my own. Was not her behavior the soul of indulgence when I murmured so-and-so? Did she not look down and actually simper (in her bungling imitation of girlishness), when I ventured upon thus-and-thus? Heavens! I can almost feel the wheels of my own carriage rolling beneath me. What an emancipation—what an amelioration—for poor Jack Johnson!

The thirty-first is my final day of effort. On the thirty-first I must either speak, and speak boldly, or for ever after hold my peace. To leave the field in Harry Tallmann's possession, with no decisive understanding between myself and Mrs.

Mackenzie, will be openly to court an inevitable defeat.

As a special favor, owing to my approaching departure, I have been able, on the previous night, to engage Mrs. Mackenzie's exclusive companionship for the night following.

And never, as it turns out, was night more propitious for such an occupation as that to which I design dedicating it.

A full moon holds the great unclouded heaven; a light breeze wanders murmurously through the silvered foliage; the air has not a touch of chilliness, and yet is fresh as that of some early May evening.

I do it. No matter exactly how it is done, but I do it. There is no doubt at all that I make Mrs. Mackenzie a proposal of marriage.

She accepts me without much humming or hawing, to speak in a businesslike way of so hallowed a subject.

After feeling certain that I am unchangeably and irrevocably accepted, I seem to take the rest of that walk on a succession of exceedingly comfortable thrones.

Just before we say good-by that night, for what is to be at least a week of separation (since my business imperatively demands that I shall leave early on the following morning), I ask my new *fiancée* a tender question regarding some token

of remembrance which I propose sending up to her from the city.

"The ring I shall bring myself next Saturday," I softly whisper; "but I want to send you something between now and then. Pray suggest to me what the gift shall be."

An immense affection of timid bashfulness on the part of my affianced.

"Anything you please," she ripples; "only let it be something quite simple and inexpensive."

Suddenly it crosses my mind that a few days ago she greatly admired a certain shawl worn by a certain very young lady in the hotel—a gossamer-like, voluminous garment, extremely youthful in character.

"Very well," I answer. "I will send you something that you are to wear, and that whilst you wear you are to think of me—something that is just suited to your style. I hope that you *will* have it on, my love, when we next meet."

Oh, unlucky words! I shiver to my very marrow as I recall and write them!

Arriving in town the next day, I immediately make search for a shawl similar to that which Mrs. Mackenzie has admired.

I at last succeed in finding such a shawl, purchase it, and give orders that it shall be sent to my boarding-place.

When I reach home that night, I find the bundle



THE MISTAKE OF MY LIFE.—"MRS. MACKENZIE ACKNOWLEDGED THE INTRODUCTION WITH GREAT GRACIOUSNESS."

containing the shawl lying on my table. There is also another bundle, at which I glance, and as I do so, I discover that an envelope, addressed to myself, accompanies this latter package.

I open the envelope, and find its contents to be a bill; whereupon I look at the bundle, and mutter, annoyed:

"Impertinent fellow! he promised to send them the day I started for the Springs. I shan't take them now; it's the only way to punish his bad faith."

That night I am so happy that I burn to celebrate my happiness in some fine, convivial way. My friend Peterkins has not yet heard the joyful tidings.

I pay Peterkins a visit, and quietly permit my bombshell of news to explode during our conversation. Poor Peterkins is monstrously amazed. He stares at me with great saucer-like eyes for quite a while, and is speechless.

"Let us stroll to Delmonico's, Peterkins," I propose, "and eat some supper."

Whereupon my friend sighs a short jealous little sigh. My future is to dine and sup *à la Delmonico*, he is probably thinking, as long as I live; whilst his must be connected with *cuisines* of a very inferior order. But presently he bursts forth in a very torrent of congratulations, and assures me that I am the luckiest fellow of his acquaintance.

Whilst he gives my hand a congratulatory wring, I make up my mind that we shall sup sumptuously, Peterkins and I. True, I have overdrawn my account more than a little of late; but how can that possibly matter to a man whom forty thousand a year are waiting to beatify?

Indeed, as it turns out, Peterkins and I sup "not wisely, but too well." It is nearly two o'clock when I must record that I stumbled upstairs horribly—befogged. "Befogged" in the sense in which I employ it, has a gentle originality that I think my least acute readers will not fail to discover.

The next morning I awoke with a frightful headache, and in all the depths of physical (if not precisely moral) wretchedness. But I do not forget the bundle that is to be sent per express to Elixir Springs. Oh, no; I do not forget that. Would to heaven I had forgotten it!

Three days later I am appalled at receiving the following note:

"ELIXIR SPRINGS, September, 187-.

"SIR—Your insult has been received, and is duly appreciated. You will please address any further communication which you may care about making me, to Mr. Henry Tallmann, a gentleman with whom I have just contracted an engagement of marriage, and whose wife I hope to become in the course of a few weeks. Yours, etc.,

"KATHARINE MACKENZIE."

For fully five minutes after reading this extraordinary letter I sit in my room staring at it, turned into stone by sheer amazement.

Presently a horrible light breaks in upon me. I stagger to my closet, and search about for a certain bundle. Where is it? Ah! I have it, here on the top shelf; doubtless it has been put there by the chambermaid, and so forgotten by me.

With quivering fingers I open that bundle, having brought it forth from the closet. And presently I give a great cry as Mrs. Mackenzie's shawl meets my sight!

I have sent the wrong bundle.

What did the other bundle contain? It contained a pair of *pantaloon*s.

Ah, if only I had not taken that bacchanalian supper with Peterkins! That was the cause of it all; or, rather, the headache and bewilderment

and wretchedness that followed it the next morning, these were the causes!

Mrs. Horatio Mackenzie has been Mrs. Henry Tallmann for years and years. I am so horrified by the turn which events have taken, and so convinced that Harry has, all in a moment, as it were, found such an impregnable fortress of defense against me, that I yield to a sense of overwhelming defeat, and resign myself to the dreary realization of having committed—the mistake of my life.

A Valley of Desolation.

A spot almost as terrible as the prophet's valley of dry bones lies just north of the old Mormon road to California, a region thirty-six miles long, by thirty broad, and surrounded, except at two points, by inaccessible mountains. It is totally devoid of water and vegetation, and the shadow of bird or wild beast never darkens its white glaring sands. The Kansas Pacific Railroad engineers discovered it, and also some papers which show the fate of the lost Montgomery train, which came south from Salt Lake in 1850, guided by a Mormon. When near Death's Valley, they came to the conclusion that the Mormons knew nothing about the country, so they appointed one of their number a leader, and broke off from the party. The leader turned due west; so with the people and wagons and flocks he traveled three days, and then descended into the broad valley, whose treacherous mirage promised water. They reached the centre, but only the white sands, bounded by scorching peaks, met their gaze. Around the valley they wandered, and one by one the men died, and the panting flocks stretched themselves in death under the hot sun. The children, crying for water, died at their mother's breasts, and with swollen tongues and burning vitals the mothers followed. Wagon after wagon was abandoned, and strong men tottered and raved and died.

After a week's wandering, a dozen survivors found some water in the hollow of a rock in the mountain. It lasted but a short time, when all perished but two, who escaped out of the valley, and followed the trail of their former companions. Eighty-seven families, with hundreds of animals, perished there; and now, after twenty-two years, the wondrous still stand complete, and iron-work and tires are bright, and the shriveled skeletons lay side by side.

The Strength of the Horse.

A curious proof of the courage and strength of the horse is given by Mr. Knighton, an Englishman, in the service of the King of Oude, in 1835.

The king, "a sensual, cruel savage," kept wild beasts, which he sometimes set to fight with each other, as in the Roman games.

One day, Mr. Knighton was driving from the River Goomtee to one of the palaces in a sort of little gig. As they passed along, not a creature was to be seen; if any one came in sight, it was rushing hurriedly off. Presently he saw in the middle of the road a trampled, bloody heap. He stopped; it was the corpse of a woman, terribly lacerated and torn, the face crushed by teeth into a shapeless mass, the long matted hair clotted with blood.

Such was the capricious tyranny of the king, that Mr. Knighton was hardly surprised.

"It was probably some execution," he whispered to his companion.

On they drove—there were still no signs of any inhabitants; the houses were everywhere closed, breathless terror seemed to reign. Presently they came to the body of a lad similarly mangled, ly-

ing by the side of the road, and they stopped once more. On the top of an adjoining house they saw a trooper, looking intently up the street.

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Knighton.

"The man-eater is loose, wallah! Look out, Sahib, he is quite wild to-day."

I had heard (continues Mr. Knighton) of a savage horse belonging to one of the troopers, who was called Kunewallah, because he had destroyed many men.

"He is coming, he is coming!" shouted the man, suddenly, from the house-top, "take care—take care!"

Far down the road we could see the wild brute, a large bay horse, savagely shaking a child which he had seized in his jaws, and coming our way.

In another moment he had seen the carriage, thrown the child on the road, dead no doubt, and rushed forward furiously to attack us. We turned our horse, almost unmanageable with terror, and drove on at a mad gallop toward a sort of yard which was closed in by strong gates. We could hear the iron hoofs of the man-eater clattering over the road in the silent street, as he pursued us at breakneck speed.

We gained the inclosure, and drove within the doors, which were luckily open. I jumped out and threw back the gate, which fortunately shut with a heavy iron bolt into a socket. As it fell in, the man-eater came thundering up, his head and cheeks covered with blood, his jaws steaming with the recent slaughter of his victims.

He stood looking savagely through the rails, with cocked ears, distended nostrils, and glaring eyeballs, a ferocious-looking monster. Our horse trembled from head to foot; the man-eater glared at us through the bars, walked round to try and find an opening, but it was all hard iron railing. Satisfied that he was baffled, he turned round, rattled his iron heels against the bars, and with head and tail erect, and cocked ears, galloped off down the road. Later in the day we heard that the trooper had contrived to let fall a noose over his head; he had been upset, muzzled, and taken back to his stable.

I mentioned what I had seen to the king.

"He is as savage a wild beast as a tiger," said I. The king laughed. "Then he shall fight the tiger Burrhea," so called after the name of a village at the foot of the Himalayas, from which the animal had been brought.

There was a courtyard in the palace, about sixty yards square, surrounded by thick bamboo railings on two sides. On the third was a gallery in which the king sat, surrounded by male and female slaves, fanning him with peacock fans. The man-eater was lured on into the yard after a little mare, of whom he was fond; and the tiger, who was without food or drink, was let loose into the inclosure.

The horse stood in an easy attitude, with one foot advanced, awaiting the attack, moving as Burrhea moved, with his eyes fixed on the eyes of his enemy. Suddenly, with a light bound, Burrhea was upon the mare. With one blow of his paw he threw her over, his teeth fastened in her neck. He drank her blood, enjoying his draught, but his eyes fixed meantime all the while on the man-eater, who, his neck protruded, cocked ears, glaring eyeballs, and twitching tail, watched his enemy intently in an easy attitude of attention.

At length the tiger began to move stealthily round the courtyard, like a cat, quite noiselessly, the soft balls of the large paws put slowly down, the long, lithe back working as he went.

In the middle stood the horse, slowly turning as the tiger turned, the head, ears, and neck bent forward, while on stole the tiger; not a sound was heard, every one was in mute expectation. At last the tiger bounded like lightning, intending

to seize his enemy by the head, but the horse dived aside a little, and received his antagonist on the haunches; the claws sank deep into the flesh, while the hind feet of the tiger made a grasp at the fore legs of the horse. Suddenly the man-eater lashed out with his iron heels, and in a moment Burrhea was sprawling on his back; he was up again, however, immediately, and stealing round once more, as if nothing were the matter. Noiselessly round and round he went, his broad head always turned to his wary foe, while the horse, though his haunches were bleeding and lacerated, with an indignant snort, resumed his former position, his head and neck still lowered and protruding, one foot still out to admit of that rapid drive and thrust by which he turned his enemy's flank.

This monotonous circling went on for eight or ten minutes, or even more, the man-eater ever facing him, and snorting angrily from time to time. Once the tiger paused by the dead mare, as if to eat it; then, suddenly, without the smallest growl or preparation, he sprang again.

Kunewallah was, however, not taken by surprise; his head ducked, and again he received the tiger on his haunches. We could see the broad, round head for an instant near the tail of the horse, while his hind claws reached to the breast; his body was quivering uneasily, with the belly nearly on the horse's back; it was only for an instant, however. Again the ferocious beast lashed out with his hind legs, almost as if he would throw himself on his side, and his iron heels came against the tiger's jaws, as he fell sprawling on his back. He soon rose again, but now only to try and escape; his jaw was broken, and, with his tail between his legs, he cried out loudly with pain, like a whipped spaniel.

The man-eater watched him narrowly, thinking it might only be a ruse. Now the king ordered the door of the cage to be opened, and Burrhea rushed into its shelter, evidently having had quite enough.

Proudly, then, the man-eater snorted and pawed. He scampered up to the mare, spurned her with his foot, then, with his head aloft and tail arched, he trotted round, trying to get at the attendant servants. His blood was up, and, tiger or man, it was evident that he did not mind any of them.

"Let another tiger be set at him!" cried the king. "I will have my revenge for Burrhea."

The keeper of the tigers was summoned, and came in salaaming in fear.

"May it please your majesty's greatness, the tigers were fed two hours ago."

"And why were they fed two hours ago, you scoundrel?" shouted the king.

"May it please the royal greatness of your majesty, it was the usual time," said the poor man, salaaming again, and trembling in every limb.

"You shall go to the man-eater yourself, if the tiger won't attack him!" cried the king, furiously.

The court was oppressively hot. The king sat, fanned by the great peacocks' tails, and surrounded by his female slaves, watching. The tiger's cage was brought up; he came leisurely out, only when poked by spears, and then quietly surveyed his antagonist. He was larger than Burrhea, but not so high bred, or so beautifully streaked, neither was he so light and graceful in his motions. He squatted himself down on the dead mare, and tore it leisurely in pieces with a strength of claw, and limb, and jaw—very unpleasant, one would think, for the man-eater to watch, who remained on the defensive upon the other side of the court.

"Remove the carcass, you fools!" shouted the king, angry at the delay.

This could only be done by driving away the tiger with red-hot bars. A noose was then flung

over the dead mare, which was at length drawn out. The tiger, much annoyed, stretched himself at full length, and lay growling in the middle of the court, where he could not be reached.

At last they contrived to strike him with a spear of immense length. He seized it in his mouth, ran along its length, and began to shake the bamboo rails, but nothing would induce him to assail the horse, who went on as before, facing the tiger as he turned. He showed his glittering teeth at the men, but refused to move in the direction of Kunewallah.

We began to fear for the poor keeper of the wild beasts; but the king had now forgotten his threat, and shouted that the man-eater was a brave fellow, and he would see what he could do with three buffaloes.

There is no animal so fierce when thoroughly roused. He will put a good-sized elephant to flight, goring him terribly with those tremendous weapons, his horns.

When the beasts came in, the man-eater seemed much disconcerted at the sight of the uncouth monsters, and he retreated snorting, almost with fear; but as they remained in the corner, where they came in, huddled together, and never dreaming of an attack, he took courage, pawed the

ground, snuffed at them with distended nostrils, and came slowly nearer and nearer, step by step.

Still they paid no heed to him, but crowded stupidly on each other. At last the horse's head almost touched the side of one of the buffaloes. He sniffed and smelled at the hide, and, at last, seeing that the unwieldy brute took no notice whatever of him, he wheeled round, and lashed up furiously against the ribs of the meditating buffalo, who seemed stunned by so sudden and unlooked-for an attack, and then they all three shook their heads, but prudently abstained from any reply.

The king laughed outrageously.

"The man-eater deserves his life," said he.

"Let him escape."

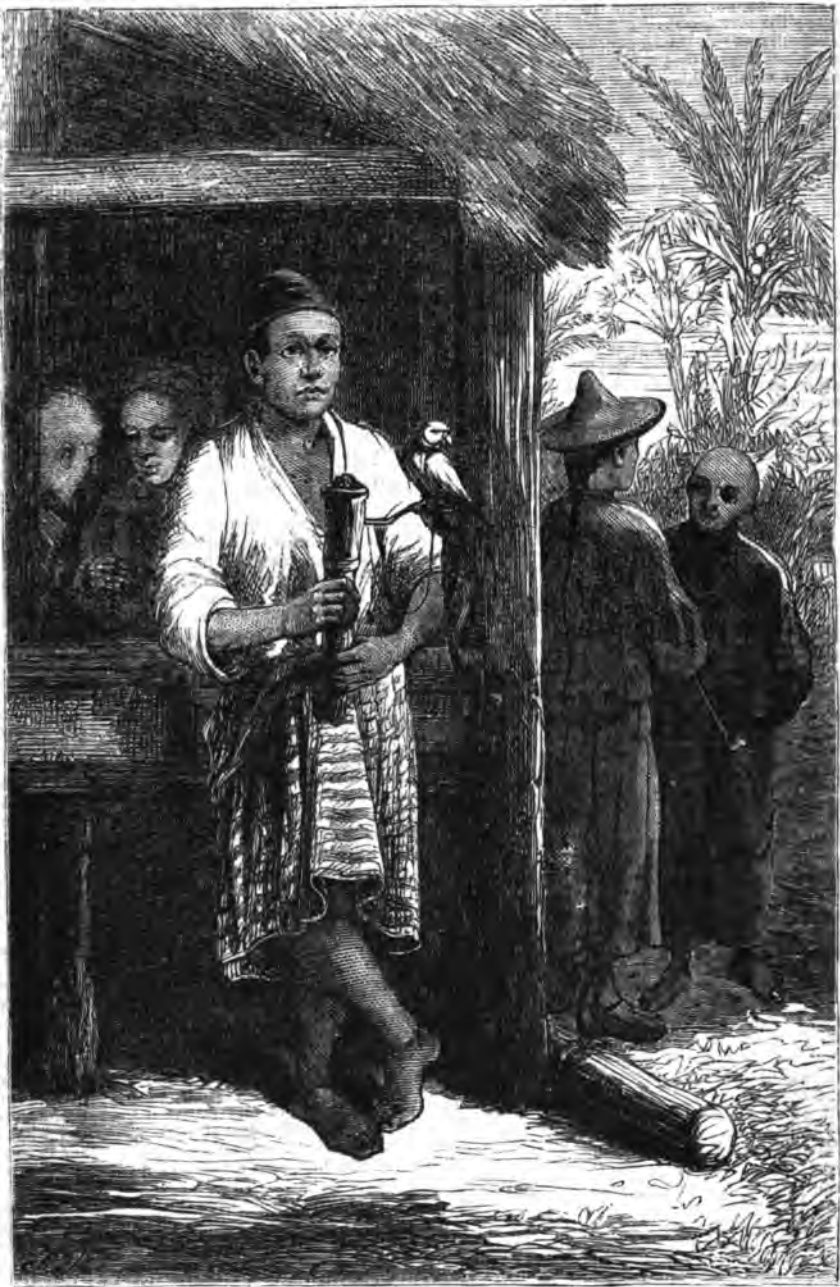
The beast was then adroitly muzzled, and led forth to his stable a victor.

"By my father's head, he is a brave fellow! He shall have a cage to live in, and be taken care of for his life."

He had an iron cage made for him, twice as big as many London drawing-rooms, where he snapped his teeth, and lashed out with his legs, at admiring visitors. "And when I left Lucknow," says Mr. Knighton, "the man-eater was still one of its sights."



THE STRENGTH OF THE HORSE.—"IN THE MIDDLE STOOD THE HORSE, SLOWLY TURNING AS THE TIGER TURNED, THE HEAD, EARS, AND NECK BENT FORWARD."



A MALAY BIRDSPELLER AT SINGAPORE.

A Malay Birdseller at Singapore.

With regard to the Malay birdsellers at Singapore, we may make the following note:

"The Malay peninsula and the islands around it are celebrated for their fauna. Cockatoos and parrots of every size and color are to be found; and Singapore is one of the best places for buying

birds of that kind. When a P. and O. steamer arrives there are generally one or two of these birdsellers to be seen near the landing. The perch on which he holds the bird is a piece of bamboo; the hollow place at the top holds food, and a bit of wood is stuck in at the side, upon which the bird sits. The Malays simply wear a piece of cloth, which covers the lower portion of their

bodies—somewhat similar to that of the Cingalese; the tortoise-shell comb is wanting, and they generally wear a round cap, somewhat resembling a fez. It is said that it is common for a boy, when he has finished his career as a diver, to make a new start, and become a birdseller. Another business of the same people is stick-selling: 'Penang lawyers,' Malacca canes, and walking-sticks of all kinds are incessantly pushed into your hands."

Whipped Out.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was one raid that Leon Murena and his band had contemplated for a long time. It was somewhat distant, and quite out of their ordinary range, but it was so perfectly safe, and promised such fine returns! Not that the worst band of outthroats in all New Mexico cared much for either danger or distance, but, then, they had generally been too busy in their own peculiar line to be very anxious for new work.

Now, however, that Uncle Sam's cavalry had made things temporarily a trifle hot for them, they readily acceded to the proposal of their renowned leader to "go over into Kansas, and clear out old Franz von Hesse."

This was in the "good old days before the war"—years before it; and the Kansas frontier was a country by itself.

Von Hesse's trading-station was well located and well built, and his ordinary stock on hand was unsurpassed in all that region. He made money, too, and he knew how to keep it; but his trade came with the waves of the overland travel, by "fits and starts," and the intervals of utter solitude and unprofitable flatness were not only frequent, but sometimes protracted.

A strange fellow was old Franz, to have wandered away off there in the wilderness. His form was still erect and somewhat "soldierly," in spite of his age; his deep-lined face was keen and energetic; but whatever of wisdom was garnered under his white hair was compelled to find other expression than speech, for old Franz von Hesse was dumb as a church-door. He had not always been so, it was said, and his son Louis, and his daughter Gertrude, could handle English in a way that indicated it as at least "their mother tongue."

Somewhat contrary to the usual custom of that period, the trading-station had been built a little distance away from the direct line of the Santa Fé trail, and all around it the groves of oak-trees lay like islands in the green sea of the rolling prairie. Perhaps the wild beauty of the region had a good deal to do with the seeming content with which Louis and Gertrude had accommodated themselves to the loneliness, and even the peril, of so singular a life. Be that as it may, they were a rare pair to find in such a place.

Taller, broader than his father was Louis, and every inch a man, from his Saxon curls downward; but the good looks of the family had been concentrated in his sister.

Not yet twenty, Gertrude's dark auburn curls and darker eyes told of some other blood mingled with that of her dumb German father. Beyond all doubt, she possessed quite enough of beauty to warrant the jealous watchfulness with which her welfare was guarded by her stalwart male protectors. Nor were these her only safeguard, for it was well known that many a daring horseman on that range would be ready to ride fast and far in revenge of any rudeness to "the flower of the Kansas border."

It happened that just at the present time—in June, too—when the trail should have been thick

with trains, there had been a brief dull season, and old Franz had for some days fretted, and fumed, and watched in vain for customers. He was ready to have welcomed almost anybody; but his quiet was destined to be broken by those who little cared for the manner of their reception.

It was a bright forenoon, and only the members of the Von Hesse family were "at home" at the station, when more than a dozen men rode rapidly up, and threw themselves from their gaudily caparisoned horses at the very door.

Rough and dangerous-looking as they were, there was nothing in even their brigandish, half-Mexican dress, or their profusely ornamented weapons, to excite any special astonishment in that time and place; and neither Louis nor his father thought, at first, of any other thing than a probable chance for trade. As for Gertrude, she had been the first to notice the approach of the horsemen, and had retired out of sight, as a matter of course.

The back of the house had seemed safety enough at first, but, as the chorus of loud, rude voices, full of uncouth oaths, began to arise around the door, she had said to herself:

"No, indeed; I'd rather stay out in the grove till they get away. They'll be prowling all over the place."

So said, so done; and she quickly slipped out into the forest, putting more than one barrier of dense shade between her and the rude gaze of her father's customers. Not that she had any thought or fear of actual danger; and when she had amused herself as best she could for an hour or so, she thought she would cautiously go back and "see if they had gone."

Her approach was guarded enough, nor had any living eyes caught sight of her as she stood in the thick covert of the sumach-bushes, on the edge of the grove, at no great distance from the house.

"There are the horses," she said—"some of them, anyhow. Oh, dear! have I got to stay out here all-day? But what has become of Louis, and where is father? In the house, I suppose; but, seems to me, there's something very queer about it."

There is, in fact, an inscrutable atmosphere of its own that hangs above an evil deed, like a bad odor. Well was it for Gertrude von Hesse that she had instinctively fled to the shelter of the forest.

Hardly had the wild-looking strangers made their way into the house, before the reckless air of desperado-sawyer with which they conducted themselves convinced Franz and his son that they had an ugly set of customers.

The foremost, who seemed to be the leader of the band, was a swarthy, Spanish-looking fellow, of medium height, and heavily built, who addressed his motley following with apparently equal fluency in any of more than half-a-dozen languages, native and foreign. Much of what he said was, therefore, unintelligible, either to Franz or Louis, but the meaning of a part was only too plain.

"Never mind blowing so much about your plunder," he said to the old man. "We won't trouble you to show us anything much—the boys will just go through and help themselves. All we really need is transportation."

"What do you mean?" half-angrily rejoined Louis.

"Mean?—what do I mean? Come, now, don't be a fool. The boys'll pick out a good deal, no doubt, and you wouldn't have us pack it on our saddle-horses, would you? That there big wagon, out there, is well enough, but where are your mules? We shall want four of them, at least."

"Mules—wagons?" half stammered Louis, for the grim, mocking coolness of the stranger's ad-

dress was something beyond what he had ever heard or met before.

"Yes, mules," emphatically responded the swarthy ruffian. "The boys 'll be ready by the time the wagon's hitched up. Don't you see they are at work?"

At work they certainly were in all directions, but as yet they had committed no act of special violence, seeming rather to be "prospecting" in a half-jolly, impudent, and altogether reckless way. Just then one of them was trying the door of the back room, which Gertrude had fastened behind her in her first retreat, and Louis sprang forward to arrest him, supposing his sister still there.

"Off!" he exclaimed. "Out of that! You've no business there."

For a moment the fellow persisted; but Louis's blood had risen too fast and high for prudence, and the rash intruder was hurled half way across the room, prone upon the floor.

"What do you mean?" roared Louis. "What do you want?"

"Mean?" coolly responded his former interlocutor. "I mean that I am Leon Murena, and we've come for supplies, that's all. We never do any hurt we can help."

Old Franz had hitherto stood an undemonstrative and necessarily silent looker-on; but he comprehended better than Louis the awful possibilities implied in Murena's announcement, and his voiceless jaws ground together in helpless agony as he thought of his daughter. His son replied:

"I think I understand you, and no doubt we are helpless. As for any mules of ours, you may find them if you can. They're out on the range somewhere, feeding. I don't know just where myself."

"Well, then," said Murena, "if you're disposed to be peaceable, just open that door. We'll look out for our own cattle; they won't be hard to find. Stand aside, man; let's see what's in yonder."

"Never! I'll die first!" exclaimed Louis, as he drew the long bowie which happened just then to be his only weapon. "Stand back, every man of you!"

"Ah! I remember—I understand," remarked Murena. "They told me about her. Of course we could not be so impolite as to leave her. Our cargo would be quite incomplete."

Even while he was speaking, he had given a quick sign to his men, and as he himself stepped forward—for Louis's threatening eye seemed to regard him only—the heavy butt of a rifle fell on the young man's head; a tangle of rope fell through the air; and in a minute more Gertrude's brother lay half stunned upon the floor, bound with cords almost beyond the power of struggling.

"Burst in the door!" shouted Murena; and they promptly did so, but the room was empty.

"Can't find a footmark of her," reported one of the men to his captain.

"Gone, eh?" growled Leon. "Well, she hasn't gone far, then, for that thickheaded fool thought she was still in there. We'll find her easy enough when we want her. Now, boys, where's the dummy?"

Another close search revealed the fact that old Franz had also disappeared. At the first movement of Louis, his father, his withered face white with anguish, had glided toward the open front doorway, and the brief but fierce excitement that followed had left his actions unnoticed.

Like a flash, he gained the rear of the house, and one glance into the vacant room had explained the truth to his swift though now half-frenzied intelligence.

There had been one second of hesitation, as he

thought of Louis alone among those men, but there could be no doubt as to his duty, and the old man sprang away like a greyhound toward the forest.

He was not missed at first, nor was any immediate pursuit made for him; but when, as has been said, Gertrude von Hesse stood in the thicket, peering out upon the danger of whose character and presence she was ignorant, she suddenly felt a gentle pull at her dress, and, as she started and looked down, she beheld the face of her father.

Brief time was required for explanation, for old Franz could make his children understand him fast enough, and then he dragged his grief-stricken daughter with him, from grove to grove, further and further from the horrid vicinity of Leon Murena's desperadoes.

They could not save Louis alone, he told her, if indeed he had not been murdered already, but they could seek for safety, and, it might be, for help.

As for the outlaws, they had proceeded as coolly as they had begun, only sending a few profane jests after the vanished "dummy," as they called old Franz, and vowing they would still add him and Gertrude to their cargo of plunder before they cleared out.

Poor Louis lay where they had found him, stiff and sore with his tight-drawn cords, and suffering more in mind than even in body, as he listened and thought and dreaded what yet might come to pass.

"Evans," at last said Murena to one of the best-looking of his band, "we must have cattle of some kind, and mules if possible. Never mind hunting Von Hesse's stock on the range. The trail is the surest place to look for what we want. Take three of the boys with you, and go for a team. If you come across dummy or his girl, bring them in safe. They're dead sure to make for the trail. I'll give you one day at the outside for the job."

Men like Leon Murena are promptly obeyed, and Evans and his bearded squad were quickly in the saddle, and off on their errand. It was meant to be one of robbery—and worse than that, it it came, would only be a matter of course.

CHAPTER II.

ABOUT a dozen miles to the eastward, that bright Summer day, there was gayly trudging along one of the neatest outfits, for a small one, that had ever traveled that prairie.

The wagon was large, and strongly, though lightly, built, and its contents, of whatever nature, were skillfully and compactly stored, as if for a long journey. It was drawn by a team of six tall, serviceable mules, to whose tough sinews its weight seemed almost nothing at all on the smooth, hard, sunbaked road.

A little distance in front of the train, toward which he now and then turned for a look and a shout, rode a single horseman, mounted on a wiry, clean-limbed "mustang," of very good size for his breed.

This was clearly the master of the outfit, and a noteworthy man was he, but one not easy to "place."

Tall, well-developed, with dark hair and keen, black eyes, his deeply sunburned face was adorned with a full beard and mustache, and his every movement betokened a man in the prime and vigor of life, full of ready self-reliance, and thoroughly at home in his present position.

"Gee-up!" he shouted to his mules, in a deep, clear, ringing voice, and added, as if talking to himself, "That's as good a team as I want; and yet I meant myself for something better than a

wagoner. Well, if this trip to the mines turns out well, I'll shut down on wandering. Think of the life I've led since they turned me out of college! Europe, Asia, South America, and here I am, on my way to the diggings. Well, I've injured nobody but myself, and I mean to do some positive good yet before I go under."

And as he spoke, he arose in his stirrups, and let out, with marvelous sleight-of-hand, the sweeping undulations of a long whip that he carried in his right hand.

Crack! It was like the report of a small pistol, and the head of a prairie-flower, with a bee on it, was cut off as if by a knife.

Such a whip that was! Woven of strands of green hide by the *Gauchos* of the Brazilian *pampas*, heavy and thick for the first two yards, but tapering perfectly from its greatest diameter, of about two inches, to its tough and plaited tip of gut and hair. The handle was short and strong, loaded with lead at the butt, and the man who held it could "touch up his leaders" at nearly thirty feet.

"They called that an awful whip, Jack Winslow," said he to himself, "even down yonder, and I don't know what they will say to it up here. Wish I could dig gold with it, and so make fun of my work. Hullo, who's that coming?"

The latter exclamation was called forth by the swift approach of a party of horsemen, who came out from behind a little grove at no great distance.

Jack Winslow, as he had called himself, seemed to have no thought of danger, and the newcomers, of whom there were four, rode straight up to him with a frank and hearty greeting—almost too hearty and friendly for so strangely dressed and wild-looking a squad.

"I say," said the foremost stranger, "yer jest the man we've been lookin' for."

"All right," replied Jack; "it's a good thing to get what you go for."

"That's just what we was a-sayin'," responded the stranger. "Now, boys, look sharp. Unhitch them mules. We can come back for the wagon if Leon wants it."

Some protest on Jack's part had evidently been expected, for, as he caught up his rifle, he suddenly found four others bearing directly upon him, at awfully short range, and was coolly informed that "no harm was meant him, but that if he cut up ugly, he'd be made a sieve of."

Jack felt that he was caught, but not the quiver of an eyelash betrayed either surprise or fear on his part.

"Do you think you'll need them all?" he quietly asked.

"Reckon we will," said the leader of the squad, whom his comrades addressed as Evans. "We're liberal with you. You keep yer wagon an' yer boss, an' all yer plunder. Well, no, not jest that. I reckon it won't be safe to let you keep yer weapons. That's an all-fired good rifle o' yours. Jest hand over that, an' yer revolvers, an' we'll call it a fair divide."

There was no help for it, and Jack Winslow silently obeyed.

It was very likely that he had met such "gentlemen of the road" before, in his many wanderings, and knew how to deal with them.

"Don't you see," mocked Evans, as the mules were being led away, "you can sit on yer mustang an' whip up yer wagon all night. 'Tain't our fault if it won't go. If anybody comes along an' asks about yer team, jest say you lent 'em for a day or two to some of Leon Murena's boys, an' yer a-waitin' to see 'em come back."

"All right," responded Jack; "maybe I'll call and get them of you one of these days. Take

good care of them. You needn't be uneasy about me."

"You're a brier, and clear-grit, anyhow," said Evans, as he rode away. "I'm glad we took yer weapons."

"They're a queer lot," muttered Jack, as he sat on his horse, glancing from the receding forms of the robbers to his helpless vehicle.

As he sat, however, mechanically quieting his restive steed, the half-merry fire in his eyes grew fiercer and deeper, and his face settled into such hard lines as no observer would have found there at first.

"Give it up so!—to a gang like that? and me left here alone on the prairie, a ruined man? Not a bit of it for Jack Winslow! I'll have back those mules, or I'll take value received for them. Come, old whip!"

As he spoke, he drew from a pocket of his buckskin overalls a small round slug of lead, attached to a thong of hide, and which may have weighed somewhat more than two ounces. There was a curiously contrived slit in the thong, and in a moment more it was firmly fastened at the end of that tremendous whip.

Such a slung-shot! if a man only knew how to swing it.

But Jack Winslow had learned how, in fierce rides on the *pampas*, with the Gaucho herdsmen of South America.

Over his head he swung the long and pliable lash, as he spurred his mustang forward, and the lead hissed and whistled as it spun through the air.

Now it had come to pass, as Evans and his men rode onward with their plunder, that, before they had gone two miles, one of their number, a fierce-looking ruffian, that seemed to be a half-breed Indian, growled out a few guttural sentences to his leader, and was answered:

"I reckon yer right, an' mebbe it's best. We won't git in to-night, nohow. Have to camp about half way, so's not to use up the mules. You kin take it easy, but you'll have to shoot that seller off-hand. Better do it first thing when you meet him. Pr'aps I ort not to have left so game a chap on so good a boss. He mought foller us up, an' do mischief."

The half-breed grinned a ferocious acquiescence, wheeled in his tracks, and spurred back in the direction of Jack Winslow and his deserted wagon.

The best cookery-books, it is said, advise to "catch your fish first," before you either cook or eat it, and Jack Winslow was hardly the person to be caught twice the same day.

He recognized at once the gaudy and glittering garb of the horseman who shortly came galloping back along the trail.

"Back after my horse, I suppose," he growled, "and maybe for my scalp with it. There won't be any nonsense this time."

And no more there was. The half-breed came headlong on, pistol in hand, as if determined to make short work.

Jack might have tried the speed of his good mustang in an effort to escape, but that resource did not seem to have occurred to him. On the contrary, he spurred forward suddenly at full speed for a moment, and then drew in with a pull that almost brought his horse upon his haunches. At the same moment that the half-breed raised his pistol, something buzzed around Jack Winslow's head, and an almost invisible thread shot quivering through the air in front of him.

There was no report, no cry—only a dull, "thudding" sound, and Jack caught the outlaw's riderless horse before it had gone a dozen yards. As for the half-breed himself, he would never ride or rob again, for the leaden missile had stricken

him through the very centre of his forehead, and the bone had given way like rotten wood.

"That's about the thing," said Jack, to himself. "Rifle, pistols, and one horse at a stroke, and all pretty good. I'll collect that mule account, with interest and costs, before I'm done with them."

In a few moments he had collected all he cared for of the fallen brigand's effects, and was once more riding onward; but this time he left the trail, and sought as much as possible the shelter of the scattered groves and the inequalities of the ground.

Even the fast-approaching night did not seem to deter him from his desperate errand.

CHAPTER III.

THE one idea of old Franz von Hesse, as he hurried his daughter forward, had been to seek for aid in his plans for the rescue of Louis, or for vengeance on his assailants, and in his excitement he traveled rapidly. At last, however, the two fugitives had gained a solitary and bush-grown clump of trees, from which all who passed along the regular road or "trail" must be clearly visible, and that seemed the very place for safe observation.

Here, thought Franz, it was well to wait and rest, and hope for help to come; but there were yet other things in store for them that day.

Before the sun had set, Gertrude called her father's attention to a party who were coming across the prairie in a somewhat singular direction—three men, with some led mules, and who might be the very assistance they were looking for.

Old Franz gazed intently at them, but he shook his head. He did not like their looks. It would be better to lie quiet, and let them pass by.

"But, father," said Gertrude, "they seem to be coming straight toward us."

Again the old man shook his head, but with an expression of terrible doubt on his face. To leave their cover would be to be surely seen, and, it might be, followed by mounted men, who would certainly and quickly overtake them. He and Gertrude had no choice but to wait.

Alas, for them! the keen eyes of Evans had selected the little grove as the place of all others for his intended encampment. The marauders had traveled fast and far that day, but the main anxiety of Evans was for the mules, that he might bring them to his dreaded leader in good condition for their next morning's work.

Great was his surprise, then, and boisterous the shouts of glee and triumph of his men, when, on riding in among the scattered oaks and thickets, they found they had so unexpectedly made a prize, not only of "old dummy," but "the gal, too."

Had old Franz von Hesse been armed, he would then and there have fought to the death, useless as the sacrifice might have been. Yet, no positive rudeness was shown to either him or Gertrude, for Leon Murena's orders had been to "bring them both in safe," and he permitted no shadow of disobedience among his men. No army discipline ever exceeded that of the successful robber chief, and therein lay one secret of his remarkable career.

Escape seemed now impossible, and it required all poor Gertrude's strength of will to "be herself," or to continue her watch for any shadow of help or hope that yet might come.

"Death did not seem so horrible. She could meet that bravely—she *would* meet it, in due time, if no other way of deliverance should be found."

As for Evans, even while debating in his own mind whether or not to tie up his captives, an idea

struck him, and he gave a few brief orders, in broken Spanish, to one of his two remaining men, who at once mounted his horse, and rode away in the direction of the Von Hesse "station."

"That'll be three of us, as soon as that half-redskin gits back," he muttered, "and that'll be enough for watch about, for one night. I'll tie 'em up, kind o' gently like, for it wouldn't do to let 'em git away, now I've sent word to Leon I've got 'em."

The darkness settled over grove and prairie, however, and still no signs appeared of the half-breed's return, and Evans deemed himself fully justified to Leon in twisting the coils of a couple of lariats pretty firmly around the limbs of both Franz von Hesse and his daughter. As for any other consideration for so doing, or not, why, he would have brained them both if such had been Leon Murena's command.

Evans gave the first watch to his subordinate, bidding him carefully patrol the outer edge of the grove, beyond the light of the campfire. The latter had been kindled more as a signal to the half-breed than for any other necessity.

Slowly, lazily, yet well and watchfully, the miscreant obeyed his instructions, examining the lariats of the mules and horses, and peering out into the fast-deepening gloom around him, with his rifle ever ready in his hand.

As he completed one of his lonely and irksome rounds, and stepped out for a moment from under the shadow of the grove, his quick ears caught the sound of a rustle in the grass, and his head turned, as if by instinct, while, at the same moment, a faint ray of light from the distant fire played over his swarthy face.

"Thud!"

There had been only a hissing sound in the air, and the robber sank noiselessly upon the grass.

"It was a doubtful stroke," muttered Jack Winslow, to himself, as he crept forward; "but that light helped me. I haven't made any mistake; only, it looks awfully like assassination."

And so it did, yet Jack had learned to put but trifling value on the lives of such fellows as made up Leon Murena's gang.

His nerves must have been of iron, for he crept rapidly on into the grove, and toward the fire in its centre, hardly pausing for a glance at the man he had stricken down.

His movements were as silent as a snake's, and he was quickly in possession of all the information he needed.

There were his own mules and two horses picketed together, and there were the bound forms of old Von Hesse and his daughter. It needed no prophet to tell him they were captives. There, too, stood the tall frame of Evans, whom he promptly recognized; and Jack was glad to know that he had but one man to deal with. A dim and doubtful feeling, for which he could not have accounted, had made Evans restless, and he was slowly pacing up and down before the fire.

"Two lives are enough," thought Jack. "I will just capture this one."

And he drew in the coils of his fatal whip for the intended stroke.

The dancing firelight and the shadows of the trees, however, betrayed the daring adventurer, and mocked his skill, for the ball of lead only drew its tight whirl of hide around the slender body of a hitherto unseen sapling, and the intended stroke was a failure.

Not for that did Jack for one instant delay his purpose, and Gertrude von Hesse opened her startled and wondering eyes to behold her captor suddenly struggling in the arms of a man as tall as himself.

At first she thought of her brother Louis; but as the two desperate wrestlers twisted and awayed

back and forth between her and the firelight, the features of another and handsomer face, though strange to her, were fixed indelibly upon her memory.

Taken by surprise as he was, Evans did his best for the reputation he had won as the best of Leon Murena's band at a rough-and-tumble, but it was all to no purpose.

The struggle was by no means a brief one, and the hopes and fears of Gertrude and her father more than once sank and rose with terrible rapidity; but at last, without one moment's opportunity to draw knife or pistol, the robber came heavily to the earth, with his enemy above him, and in a moment more he was as helpless as tightly drawn cords could make him.

For a brief space, Jack Winslow was utterly out of breath, as Evans had been no ordinary antagonist, even when taken at a disadvantage; but as soon as his quivering nerves and muscles were in a manner restored, he turned his attention to those whom he seemed to have rescued, and their bonds were quickly loosened.

Full as she was with wonder and gratitude, Gertrude very clearly and succinctly informed her deliverer as to the true state of affairs, while old Franz busied himself with a personal appropriation of the weapons of the prostrate bandit. He evidently did not intend to be again a helpless victim in the hands of any enemy.

"You've come for yer mules, have ye?" asked the rasping voice of Evans.

"Well, yes," replied Jack, "I sort o' thought I couldn't spare 'em any longer."

"Wall, you'd better have let 'em go, unless yer ready for a runnin' fight with Leon Murena's boys."

"That's so," said Jack. "It won't do to make half a job of it. My only safety is to clean 'em all out."

"Wall, all I've got to say is, if any one man livin' kin do it, why, you're the man," growled Evans, while Gertrude looked into the stern, determined countenance of her strange friend with a feeling at her heart that seconded the admiring declaration of the vanquished robber.

CHAPTER IV.

IMMEDIATELY upon the departure of Evans and his squad of mule-hunters, Murena had proceeded in the most business-like manner with the errand which had brought him and his to the Von Hesse station.

Poor Louis, bound as he was, and tormented almost beyond endurance by his deep-cutting cords and thongs, they lifted up and carried to the neighboring "smoke-house," casting him in with as little ceremony as if he had been a side of bacon. The large tilted wagon of old Franz was then brought to the door, and carefully but liberally packed with such plunder as best suited the fancy or needs of the outlaw chief, ready for what he deemed the sure arrival of the required quadrupeds.

Among other discoveries made in the general ransacking was, as a matter of course in a trader's stock, a couple of half-casks of rye whisky, and this was a windfall for which there appeared to be an immediate use. Even Leon Murena knew that the very severity of his discipline required occasional relaxation, and when would there come a safer opportunity than the present?

Two men only he reserved that a proper lookout might be maintained, but the remainder were left to their own judgment as to the extent of their potations. The outlaw chief himself was never known to be guilty of the folly of intemperance.

Now it had happened that when Louis von Hesse fell upon the hard, uneven floor of the

smoke-house, one of his sharpest pains had been caused by the broken head of a spike that protruded from the cloven logs beneath him. The longer he lay upon it, the more intolerable became the annoyance and irritation of the jagged iron in his flesh, until it even drove from his mind his agonized fears for the safety of his sister, and he began to cast about for some method of relief. A few wriggling, painful efforts convinced him that his bonds permitted a slow and uncertain motion, and with that consciousness came also another idea like a flash of light.

Hemp would yield to iron in time, he thought, and by a protracted and painful strain, he brought the cord that bound his arms to his sides directly over the rusty old spikehead.

It was hard work even then, for every motion hurt; but all that long afternoon, while without he heard the varied sounds of ruffian merriment and ribaldry, Louis patiently worked away at his blunt and one-toothed saw.

When at last the cord was parted, and the tightly drawn coil began to loosen, so numb and faint was he, that at first he was almost unconscious of the change.

It required no little exercise and rubbing before, just in the dusk of the evening, Louis could stand once more erect, and feel a little like himself.

The heavy cleaver that lay upon the cutting-block in the smoke-house was the only weapon at hand, and the young man hesitated what to do next. It must be darker yet, he thought, before he could have a hope of escape, and so he waited with what patience he might.

That waiting, however, brought in the messenger whom Evans had sent to Leon Murena, and Louis distinctly heard in his lurking-place the announcement of the capture of "old dummy and his gal." It was hard enough to lie quiet then, with the blood coursing through his veins like fire.

The messenger did but stay for a fresh horse, and the carouse of the outlaws went on faster and more furiously. Whisky will have its effect, and it was not hard to guess why but one solitary sentinel paced up and down in front of the plundered "station."

Up and down paced the sentry, watchful only of the surrounding wilderness, and soon there came one precious moment when he halted with his back to the smoke-house, and at but a few yards distant. Louis had been crouching on the very door-sill, like a tiger in ambush, and now he bounded forward.

Down came the heavy cleaver with the strength of an almost maddened arm, and as Louis darted away in the fast-deepening shadows, the robber band behind him numbered one man the less.

It was but a little while, of course, before Murena discovered his loss, and he was too good a leader not to know that the escape of a man like Louis was a serious thing.

"Why didn't I have his throat cut at once," he said to himself, "instead of leaving it for morning? I'll never make another such blunder."

And he never did.

On finding himself safe in the woods, Louis soon made up his mind what to do.

"He said they would bring the prisoners with them in the morning, and they will surely pass where I can see. Oh, my sister! oh, my father! I will strike at least one blow for you if it costs me my life."

And he grasped his heavy cleaver, clothed already with blood and brains, in a way that augured ill for the head on which it next might fall.

CHAPTER V.

WE left Jack Winslow by the campfire, deeply cogitating his singular adventure, and wondering

what he had best do, now he had recovered his mules. Never before in all his wanderings had such a feat of knight errantry fallen to the share of himself and his trusty whip.

"Oh, sir!" suddenly exclaimed the voice of the young lady whom he had untied, "we owe you so much! But will you not try and do something for my brother? Oh—"

"Well," somewhat abstractedly interrupted Jack, "the old man can help you a good deal, maybe; but I was thinking where I could put you, and keep you safe. Most likely he'd better stay with you, while I go ahead, and see what will turn up. Perhaps, after all, they may not have killed him yet—your brother, I mean."

"Go alone?—what, you?" exclaimed Gertrude, in surprise.

"Why not?" dryly asked Jack. "I can do better alone."

"Than with me to hinder?" asked Gertrude. "But I must go with you. I'll keep in the woods. I won't be in your way; but I can't stay here!"

"Hard!—yes, I suppose so," said Jack. "Well, you can be on horseback, and if anything bad happens, you can ride your best. I'll risk but what I can keep anybody back long enough to give you a good start."

And so it was decided; and, leaving Evans where he lay, the three mounted and rode away, while every step they took deepened the wondering curiosity of Gertrude and her father as to what manner of man their strange friend might be.

Before they had gone half their intended distance, the keen senses of old Franz made known to him the approach of a horseman, and Jack was duly advised.

"Only one?" asked Jack.

Old Franz held up a finger.

"Then, I'll just ride on a little," said Jack. "There's a bit of open prairie yonder, and the moon's as bright as day."

"Oh, don't get hurt!" said Gertrude.

"No, of course I won't," replied her protector; and, somehow, he felt just then that he did not want to hurt anybody else, and it was not altogether because he had got back his mules.

Gertrude saw her strange friend ride away without even drawing a pistol or unslinging his rifle, and she saw another man ride out of the opposite grove, as if their meeting had been previously agreed upon.

She held her breath as they swiftly came together. Then she saw Jack Winslow rise in his stirrups, and seem to motion with his arm, and then she shut her eyes, for at that instant the flash of a pistol was followed by its sharp report.

When she opened them again, both saddles were empty, and she and her father dashed recklessly forward.

"I've got him!" shouted a voice they recognized. "If the fall hasn't killed him, I haven't hurt him much; but I've got to unchoke him pretty quick, for I caught him around the neck."

It was easy enough for Jack to explain the nature of his exploit; and Gertrude's curiosity rose faster and faster concerning this daring juggler with whips and balls, and the necks and heads of men.

The fallen man lay stunned and helpless, and Jack merely fettered his hands and feet, secured his horse and weapons, and again led the way onward.

"We've thinned Leon Murena's band a little already," he said to Gertrude. "At this rate, we could bag them all before morning."

Gertrude was silent, for she was thinking just then of her brother.

And Louis, on his part, was dreaming of her. He had chosen his lurking-place by the road leading to the house, and about half a mile from it.

He had meant to watch, but pain, fatigue, and the reaction from his terrible excitement, so far overcame him, that after a while he fell into a light doze. He was not asleep, but just enough "lost" to dream that wild horsemen were bringing his sister back a captive, and he sprang to his feet, with his cleaver in his hand.

Not a dream—for the sound of hoofs came softly from the grass close by him, and there, in the bright, silvery moonlight, rode both his sister and his father, with but one man to guard them, and he riding by himself in advance.

"Only one?" growled Louis, as he raised his weapon. "Then they are free!"

And all his body seemed changed to spring-steel as he bounded toward his supposed enemy. So silently he went, though swiftly, that Jack never heard his coming steps, and in another moment no whip would have availed him.

The eyes of Gertrude von Hesse had been quicker, however, and, with a loud scream, she lashed her horse into a fierce bound between her brother and his intended victim, while Jack's mustang made a side spring that would have unseated most men.

At the same instant another voice, that none of them had ever heard before—not, for many years, even he who uttered it—rang out, with a strange and struggling intonation:

"Louis! my boy!"

It was old Franz von Hesse himself who had spoken; and, although his son heard him, and although Louis was soon informed of the true character of the man he was assailing, it seemed to him as if he must still be dreaming.

"Father speaking?—no longer dumb?" he exclaimed, in amazement.

Gertrude's hands were over her ears, and for a moment she had even glanced at Jack Winslow's whip, so like a miracle did the whole affair appear. And yet it was no miracle, and although old Franz struggled in vain to articulate further just then, he himself felt that the paralysis of his tongue, which had so long been a curse to him, was at least, in some measure, broken.

Louis found his own voice also, at last, and when he had completed his recital, Jack replied:

"All drunk, you think, except Leon Murena and one other?"

"So I should say," said Louis.

"Well, then, we must manage to secure them, and the job is done. We'll manage it somehow."

"Oh, sir," pleaded Gertrude, "I wish we could help killing anybody. I'd rather they'd burn down the house."

"I don't know about that," said Jack. "Those fellows need a little wholesome killing. But, if you say so, we'll let up on as many of 'em as is prudent."

But Jack Winslow was not to decide that question this time. Even as he and his friends rode up to the edge of the grove and halted to reconnoitre, three men came out of the house, almost carrying another, whom they lifted into a saddle, on which he vainly strove to sit upright. Again and again was this process repeated, until Jack exclaimed:

"Eight of them! Then that fellow, Evans, has untied himself, and got in with the news. Those three can but just keep up the others, and they've tied on two of 'em like sacks of corn. There isn't any more fight in Leon Murena's boys, this time. I wonder if they've set the house on fire."

"Wait a bit," said Louis. "We'll see about that soon enough."

Jack's surmise had been a true one, and Murena had fully appreciated the extent of his defeat. He did not even reproach Evans, so completely chopfallen was he over his ridiculous predicament.

"We might stay till the men get sober," he said; "but we don't know who may be coming on the trail, and we'd have them three cracking away at us from the brush all the while. Reckon we'd better load up these drunken bogs, and be off. It's the last time I'll ever let whisky in on a raid of mine."

And so, as we have seen, the robber chieftain gathered his helpless desperadoes, and rode away with what speed he could, "whipped out," and only hoping that he might not be pursued.

"Please do not leave us to-night," pleaded Gertrude, as Jack Winslow once more prepared to mount his horse, after they had assured themselves of the safety of everything about the house but the still-running spigot of the whisky-barrel.

"Oh," he replied, "I must go and look out for my mules and my wagon. I'll pay you a visit as I go by to-morrow."

And so saying, he rode away, leaving the Von Hesse family in a perfect whirl of wonder and gratitude. He was not surprised to find that his second captive had also been released, probably by Evans, on his way in, but he also found his precious mules and his wagon all right.

That promised visit of his at the station, as he passed by, next day?

He made it, and he staid over to help put things to rights. Then he staid longer, for fear Murena might come back to take his revenge. Then came along a great overland "train," and Jack made a splendid sale of his whole outfit, while old Franz made a clean disposal of his trading-post, houses, goods, and all.

Jack had been wondering when he should go, or even how he should get away; but, one Summer evening, as he and Gertrude walked in the shadows of the oak openings, the gold-fields, and all other far-away enchantments, faded for ever from his visions of the future—"whipped out" by a woman's faintly whispered "Yes."

The next day even old Franz found voice enough to say how pleased he was; and, although Jack took his whip with him on their return to "the settlements," no occasion ever came for its more dangerous uses in the home he made, far from any fear of visits from New Mexican outlaws.

Captain Sam's Change.

"WELL, there's nothin' to do, but to hev faith, an' keep a-tryin'."

The speaker was old Mrs. Simmons, boarding-housekeeper, and resident of a certain town on the Ohio River. The prime cause of her remark was Captain Sam Toppie, of the steamboat Queen Ann.

Captain Sam had stopped with Mrs. Simmons every time the Queen Ann laid up for repairs, and he was so genial, frank, and manly, that he had found a warm spot in the good old lady's heart.

But one thing marred the otherwise perfect happiness of Mrs. Simmons, when in Captain Sam's society, and that was what she styled his "lost condition." For Mrs. Simmons was a consistent, conscientious Methodist, while Captain Sam was—well, he was a Western steamboat captain.

This useful class of gentlemen are in high repute among shippers and barkeepers, and receive many handsome compliments from the daily papers along the line of the Western rivers; but, somehow, the religious Press is entirely silent about them, nor have we ever seen notice of any special mission having been sent to them.

Captain Sam was a good specimen of the fraternity—good-looking, good-natured, quick-witted, prompt, and faithful, as well as quick-tem-

pered, profane, and perpetually thirsty. To carry a full load, put his boat through in time, and always drink up to his peg, were his cardinal principles, and he faithfully lived up to them.

Of the fair sex he was a most devoted admirer, and if he had not possessed a great deal of modesty, for a steamboat captain, he could have named two or three score of young women who thought almost as much of him as the worthy boarding-housekeeper did.

Good Mrs. Simmons had, to use her own language, "kerried him before the Lord, and wrestled for him;" but it was very evident, from Sam's walk and conversation, that his case had not yet been adjudicated according to Mrs. Simmons's liking.

He still had occasional difficulties with the bathroom and stairway after coming home late at night; his breath, though generally odorous, seemed to grieve Mrs. Simmons's olfactories, and his conversation, as heard through his open door in Summer, was thickly seasoned with expressions far more Scriptural than reverential.

One Christmas, the old lady presented to the captain a handsome Bible, with his name stamped in large gilt letters on the cover. He was so delighted, and so proud of his present, that he straightway wrapped it in many folds of paper to prevent its being soiled, and then stowed it neatly away in the Queen Ann's safe, for secure keeping.

When he told Mrs. Simmons what he had done, she sighed deeply; but, fully alive to the importance of the case, promised him a common one, not too good to read daily.

"Daily! Bless you, Mrs. Simmons! Why, I barely have time to look in the paper, and see who's gone up, and who's gone down, and who's been beat."

"But your better part, cap'en?" pleaded the old lady.

"I—I don't know, my good woman—hard to find it, I guess—the hull lot averages purty low."

"But, cap'en," she continued, "don't you feel your need of a change?"

"Not from the Queen Ann, ma'am—she only needs bigger engines to—"

"Change of heart, I mean, cap'en," interrupted Mrs. Simmons. "Don't you feel your need of religion?"

"Ha! ha!" roared Captain Sam; "the idea of a steamboat captain with religion! Why, bless your dear, innocent old soul, the first time he wanted to wood up in a hurry, his religion would git, quicker'n lightning". The only steamboatman I ever knowed in the meetin'-house line went up for seven year for settin' fire to his own boat to git the insurance."

Mrs. Simmons could not recall at the moment the remembrance of any pious captain, as she ceased laboring with Captain Sam. But when he went out, she placed on his table a tract, entitled, "The Furnace Seven Times Heated," which tract the captain considerably handed to his engineer, supposing it to be a circular on intensified caloric.

Year after year the captain laid up for repairs, and put up with Mrs. Simmons. Year after year he was jolly, genial, chivalrous, generous, but—not what good Mrs. Simmons earnestly wanted him to be.

He would buy tickets to all the church fairs, give free passage to all preachers recommended by Mrs. Simmons, and on Sunday morning he would respectfully escort the old lady as far as the church-door.

On one occasion, when Mrs. Simmons's church building was struck by lightning, a deacon dropped in with a subscription-paper while the captain was in. The generous steamboatman immediately put himself down for fifty dollars; and

although he improved the occasion to condemn severely the meanness of certain holy people, and though his language seemed to create an atmosphere which must certainly melt the money—for those were specie days—Mrs. Simmons declared to herself that "he couldn't be fur from the kingdom, when his heart was so little set on mammon as that."

"He's too good fur Satan—the Lord *must* hev him," thought the good old lady.

Once again the Queen Ann needed repairing, and again the captain found himself at his old boarding place.

Good Mrs. Simmons surveyed him tenderly through her glasses, and instantly saw there had something unusual happened. Could it be—oh! if it only *could* be—that he had put off the old man, which is sin! She longed to ask him, yet,

with a woman's natural delicacy, she determined to find out without direct questioning.

"Good season, cap'en?" she inquired.

"A No. 1, ma'am—positively first-class," replied the captain.

"Hed good health—no ager?" she continued.

"Never was better, my dear woman—healthy right to the top notch," he answered.

"It must be," said good Mrs. Simmons, to herself—"it can't be nothin' else. Bless the Lord!"

This pious sentiment she followed up by a hymn, whose irregularities of time and tune were fully atoned for by the spirit with which she sung. A knock at the door interrupted her.

"Come in?" she cried.

Captain Sam entered, and laid a good-sized, flat flask on the table, saying:

"I've just been unpackin', an' I found thi ;



CAPTAIN SAM'S CHANGE.—"THE CAPTAIN BURST INTO A LAUGH, WHICH MADE THE MINISTER'S CHANDELIERS RATTLE, AND THE HOLY MAN, HIMSELF, SEEING THROUGH THE MISTAKE, HEARTILY JOINED THE CAPTAIN."

p'raps you ken use it fur cookin'. It's no use to me; I've sworn off drinkin'."

And before the astonished lady could say a word, he was gone.

But the good soul could endure the suspense no longer. She hurried to the door and cried:

"Cap'en!"

"That's me," answered Captain Sam, returning.

"Cap'en," said Mrs. Simmons, in a voice in which solemnity and excitement struggled for the mastery, "hez the Lord sent His angel unto you?"

"He bez," replied the captain, in a very decided tone, and abruptly turned, and hurried to his own room.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul!" almost shouted Mrs. Simmons, in her ecstasy. "We mustn't worry them that's weak in the faith, but I shan't be satisfied till I hear him tell his experience. Oh, *what* a blessed thing to relate at prayer-meetin'-to-night!"

There was, indeed, a rattling of dry bones at the prayer-meeting that night, for it was the first time in the history of the church that the conversion of a steamboat captain had been reported.

On returning home from the meeting, additional proof awaited the happy old saint. The captain was in his room—in his room at nine o'clock in the evening! She had known the captain for years, but he had never before got in so early. There could be no doubt about it, though—there he was, softly whistling.

"I'd rather hear him whistlin' Windham or Boylston," thought Mrs. Simmons; "that tune don't fit any hymn I know. P'raps, though, they sing it in some of them churches up to Cincinnati," she charitably continued.

"Cap'en," said she, at breakfast, next morning, when the other guests had departed, "is your mind at peace?"

"Peace?" echoed the captain—"peaceful as the Ohio at low water."

The captain's simile was not so Scriptural as the old lady could have desired, but she remembered that he was but a young convert, and that holy conversation was a matter of gradual attainment. So, simply and piously making the best of it, she fervently exclaimed:

"That it may ever be thus is my earnest prayer, cap'en."

"Amen to that," said Captain Sam, very heartily, upsetting the chair in his haste to get out of the room.

For several days Mrs. Simmons lived in a state of bliss unknown to boardinghousekeepers, whose joys come only from a sense of provisions purchased cheaply and paying boarders secured.

From the kitchen, the dining-room, or wherever she was, issued sounds of praise and devotion, intoned to some familiar church melody. Scrubbing the kitchen-floor dampened not her ardor, and even the fateful washing-day produced no visible effect on her spirits. From over the bread-pan she sent exultant strains to echo through the house, and her fists vigorously marked time in the yielding dough. From the third-story window, as she hung out the bed-linen to air, her holy notes fell on the ears of passing teamsters, and caused them to cast wondering glances upward. What was the heat of the kitchen-stove to her, now that Captain Sam was insured against flames eternal? What, now, was even money, since Captain Sam had laid up his treasures above?

And the captain's presence, which had always comforted her, was now a perpetual blessing. Always pleasant, kind, and courteous, as of old, but oh, so different!

All the coal-scuttles and water-pails in the house might occupy the stairway at night, but the captain could safely thread his way among them. No

longer did she hurry past his door, with her fingers ready, at the slightest alarm, to act as compressors to her ears; no, the captain's language, though not exactly religious, was eminently proper.

He was at home so much evenings, that his lamp consumed more oil in a week than it used to do in months; but the old lady cheerfully refilled it, and complained not that the captain's goodness was costly.

The captain brought home a book or two daily, and left them in his room, seeing which, his self-denying hostess carried up the two flights of stairs her own copies of "Clarke's Commentaries," "The Saint's Rest," "Joy's Exercises," and "Morning and Night Watches," and arranged them neatly on his table.

Finally, after a few days, Captain Sam seemed to have something to say—something which his usual power of speech was scarcely equal to. Mrs. Simmons gave him every opportunity.

At last, when he ejaculated, "Mrs. Simmons," just as she was carrying her beloved glass preserve-dish to its place in the parlor-closet, she was so excited that she dropped the brittle treasure, and uttered not a moan over the fragments.

"Mrs. Simmons, I've made up my mind to lead an entirely new life," said the captain, gravely.

"It's what I've ben hopin' fur years an' years, cap'en," responded the happy old lady.

"Hev you, though? God bless your motherly old soul," said the captain, warmly. "Well, I've turned over a new leaf, and it don't git turned back again."

"That's right, cap'en," said Mrs. Simmons, with a happy tear under each spectacle-glass. "Fight the good fight, cap'en."

"Just my little game," continued the captain. "Tain't ev'ry day that a man ken find an angel willin' to look out fur him, Mrs. Simmons."

"An angel! Oh, cap'en, how richly blessed you hev been!" sobbed Mrs. Simmons. "Many's the one that hez prayed all their lives long for the comin' of a good sperrit to guide 'em."

"Well, I've got one, sure pop," continued Captain Sam; "and happy ain't any kind of a name fur what I be all the time now."

"Bless you!" said the good woman, wringing the captain's hand fervidly. "But you'll hev times of trouble an' doubt, off an' on."

"Is that so?" asked the captain, thoughtfully. "Yes," continued Mrs. Simmons; "but don't be afeard; ev'ry thing'll come right in the end. I know—I've been through it all."

"That's so," said the captain, "you hev that. Well, now, would you mind interdoosin' me to your minister?"

"Mind?" said the good old lady. "I've ben a-dyin' to do it ever sence you come. I've told him about it, an' he's ez glad fur you ez I am."

"Oh!" said the captain, looking a little confused, "you suspected it, did you?"

"From the very minute you fust kem," replied Mrs. Simmons; "I know the signs."

"Well," said the captain, "might ez well see him fust as last then, I reckon."

"I'll get ready right away," said Mrs. Simmons. And away she hurried, leaving the captain looking greatly puzzled.

The old lady put on her newest bombazine dress—all this happened ten years ago, ladies—and a hat to match.

Never before had these articles of dress been seen by the irreligious light of a weekday; but, then, this was an unusual occasion; the day seemed fully as holy as an ordinary Sabbath.

They attracted considerable attention, in their good clothes and solemn faces, and finally, as they stood on the parson's doorstep, two of the captain's own deckhands saw him, and straightway

drank themselves into a state of beastly intoxication in trying to decide what the captain could want of a preacher.

The minister entered, cordially greeted Mrs. Simmons, and expressed his pleasure at forming the captain's acquaintance.

"Parson," said the captain, in trembling accents—"don't go away, Mrs. Simmons—parson, my good friend here tells me you know all about my case; now the question is, how soon can you do the business?"

The reverend gentleman shivered a little at hearing the word "business" applied to holy things, but replied, in excellent temper:

"The next opportunity will occur on the first Sabbath of the coming month, and I shall be truly delighted to gather into our fold one whose many worthy qualities have been made known to us by our dearly beloved sister Simmons. And let me further remind you that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, and that therefore—"

"Just so, parson," interrupted the captain, wincing a little, and looking exceedingly puzzled—"just so; but ain't that no day but Sunday for a man to be married?"

"Married!" ejaculated the minister, looking inquiringly at Mrs. Simmons.

"Married!" screamed the old lady, staring wildly at the captain—"married! Oh, what shall I do? I thought you'd experienced a change! And I've told everybody about it!"

The captain burst into a laugh, which made the minister's chandeliers rattle, and the holy man himself, seeing through the mistake, heartily joined the captain.

But poor Mrs. Simmons burst into an agony of tears.

"My dear, good old friend," said the captain, tenderly putting his arm about her, "I'm very sorry you have been disappointed; but one thing at a time, you know. When you see my angel, you'll think I'm in a fair way to be an angel myself some day, I guess. Annie's her name—Annie May—an' I've named the boat after her. Don't take on so, an' I'll show you the old boat, new painted, an' the name Annie May stuck on wherever there's a chance."

But the good old woman only wrung her hands, and exclaimed:

"That's a lovely experience completely spiled—completely spiled!"

At length she was quieted, and escorted home, and a few days afterward appeared, in smiles and the new bombazine, at the captain's wedding.

The bride, a motherless girl, speedily adopted Mrs. Simmons as mother, and made many happy hours for the old lady; but that venerable and pious person is frequently heard to say to herself, in periods of thoughtfulness:

"A lovely experience completely spiled!"

The Hard Drinkers of the Past.

I DARE say, in these degenerate days, we should consider the spectacle of three fashionable physicians getting very tipsy at a consultation in a judge's house, or anywhere else, a very disgraceful and lamentable spectacle. And so it would be; but the old physician whose memory supplied me with these reminiscences could recollect such an event. Nor was it looked upon in those heavy-drinking days as anything but a remarkably good joke.

I think it was the famous Doctor Cullen who told the story, but I will not be certain. He and two other physicians had an appointment for a consultation about the case of Lord —, a judge of the Court of Session in Edinburgh. On

arriving at the house they were met by the judge's clerk—a venerable old fellow, whose preternaturally grave face betokened something unusual. "How is his lordship?" was the natural inquiry. To which the clerk replied, with a peculiar expression, "I hope he's well!"

The judge was dead, but the cautious Scot was not, even under the affecting circumstances, going to commit himself to a decided opinion with regard to his late master's welfare in his present unknown place of abode! The three physicians were of course exceedingly shocked at the sad event, and after expressing some of the common-places suitable for the occasion, were about to take their departure. But, no; the old clerk had another duty to perform. "Na, gentlemen, you must na leave without takin' a little refreshment."

As the judge's cellar was as celebrated as himself, no objection was made to this hospitable invitation, and the party were ushered into the dining-room, where their host for the time being proceeded to decant one of a half-dozen of port standing on the sideboard. The port was excellent, and after a couple of glasses, they rose to leave. The clerk, however, put himself between them and the door, and quietly locking it, and putting the key in his pocket, remarked, as he filled the decanter a second time:

"Na, na, gentlemen, yer na gang awa' yet. Among the last words his lordship said to me were, 'John, I'll have slipped awa' before the doctors come, but when they dae come, jest ye see that they no gang oot of this house sober. Bring up half a dozen of my Earthquake port, and see they dae their duty to't. It'll be no said that the last guests in ma house went hame sober.' It was his last wish, gentlemen, and maun be obeyed."

"And to tell you the truth," was the doctor's remark to my friend, as he related him the anecdote, "his lordship's wish was strictly obeyed, for afore we left the table there was na ane o' us could bite oor thumb."

It was a hard-drinking time—a time of bacchanalian toasts and loyal bumpers, when "gentlemen" sat down early to, and rose up late from, the dining-table; when at certain periods of the evening a boy was introduced under the table to unloose the neckcloths of gentlemen who fell down drunk; and when a remonstrance at some one more temperate than another passing the decanter was thought to be more stringent if it was enforced by calling attention to the fact "that the night was young yet—the callant's no under the table!"

All classes of society drank, and drank freely to excess too. A jovial farmer would go into a tavern when the landlady was "setting" a hen, and would never come out again until the chickens were running about. His superiors might not carry things to such an excess, but a two days' drinking bout was thought the most common thing in the world, and the capacity for standing a certain number of bottles the test of a thorough good fellow.

These were the days of five-bottle men, and in St. Andrew's University was a student's club called the Nine-Tumbler Club, the test of fitness for entrance into which was the ability of the candidate, after drinking nine tumblers of hot whisky toddy, to pronounce articulately the words, "Biblical criticism."

A miserly old laird used to make it his boast, that, so popular a man was he, he could go to market with a sixpence in his pocket, and come home drunk with the sixpence still in his pocket.

Lord Nairne, after returning from his long exile in France, on account of his adherence to the House of Stuart, expressed himself, in the com-

pany of the friends who had gathered round him to welcome him back again, thoroughly disgusted with the sober habits of the Pariaians.

"I canna express to ye, gentlemen, the satisfaction I feel in getting men of some sense about me, after being so lang plagued wi' a set o' fules nae better than brute beasts, that winna drink mair than what serves them!"

Another gentleman, who had disinherited his son, reinstated him in his rights when he discovered, after a separation of some years, that the lad was a fair and sound drinker. Another (a baronet), observing that the family tutor—a licentiate of the church—kept his seat after all the other guests at the dinner-table had fallen beneath it, asked if he "could snuff the candle." The tutor was successful in his efforts, and then, so pleased was the baronet, that he exclaimed:

"For this I'll present you to the West Kirk of Greenock when it becomes vacant!"

The church referred to was one of the best livings in Scotland, and the tutor doubtless thought that a promise made at such a time would not be strictly respected by the patron when sober. Nevertheless, when, a few years afterward, the living fell vacant, he went to the baronet's agent and told him of the incident. The factor considered for some time, and then asked:

"Was he drunk or sober when he made the promise?"

"I fear all but quite drunk," said the young clergyman.

"Then you are sure of the living," was the factor's reply; "for while Sir — sometimes is oblivious of what he says when he is sober, he is sure to remember everything he says when drunk."

And he was right, for the reverend toper filled the pulpit, and drank at the table of the hard-drinking gentlemen of West Greenock for many years after.

A man who did not drink, and drink hard, too, was apt to be thought boorish, and had as little chance of mingling in the convivial society of the district he lived in as an Irish gentleman of the

same period who didn't "blaze." My old friend used to tell an anecdote of a clergyman of his acquaintance, who was utterly shocked, when administering consolation to a dying Highland chief, to be asked if there was "any whisky in heaven." And half apologetically, "Ye ken, sir, it's nae that I care for it, but it looks weel on the table."

Wooden and Basket Ware from a Russian Convent.

THE Russian monasteries are like self-supporting towns in themselves. All the branches of industry and trades are carried on. At one great institution of the kind visited by Mr. Dixon, he found painters and sculptors, tanning and dressing of skins, shoemaking, weaving, architects, stonecutters, brickmakers, ironworkers—in a word, men of almost every branch. In woodenware they are singularly skillful, rivaling the best Swiss work. Of the inner bark of the silver pine they weave baskets and vessels so close in texture as to hold liquids. The Indians on our northwest coast are also skillful in this same art. These vessels are very light, and easily carried. Although perfectly dry, they retain the fragrant, resinous odor of the tree, and, fitted with a close cover, are used in preference to the coarse pottery of the country by the people. These vessels are of all sizes and shapes, from a pepper-box to a large jar; they are, too, very cheap—a dozen cost only a few copecs.

Striking Manners are bad manners.—*Robert Hall.*

Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious. Much may be said in favor of adversity, but the worst of it is, it has no friends.



WOODEN AND BASKET WARE FROM A RUSSIAN CONVENT.

Morn Noon and Night.

There is a mountain, and we call the mountain Life;
And on its height there lies a table-land,
And up its eastern side rush warriors to the strife,
Till, armed and ready, on the plain they stand.

Then, while the sun rides high, the fight is fought
With mortal struggle and with deadly blows;
And brief success with hearts' best blood is bought,
And those who met as friends deal death as foes.

But when the sun has turned toward the west,
Weary and wounded, the fierce warriors stand,
Willing to let their weapons fall and rest—
Rest weary heart, and brain, and nerveless hand.

And all at once the prizes that they sought
Seem turned to dross, and chaff, and withered
flowers—
Mere wreck and rubbish, though it has been bought
At cost of heart, and brain, and life's best hours.

A while the warriors muse with bitter smile,
Then turn, and slow descend the western slope
With weary tread, and drooping crest; the while
The sun sinks low, and with him Joy and Hope

Stink to their grave; but where that grave may be,
Or if they know a Resurrection Day,
No man can say, till o'er the nameless sea
He trims his sail to find a trackless way.

Divorce in Different Countries.

Australians.—Divorces have never been sanctioned in Australia.

Jews.—In olden times the Jews had a discretionary power of divorcing their wives.

Thibetans.—Divorces are seldom allowed, unless with the consent of both parties, neither of whom can afterward re-marry.

Moors.—If a wife does not become the mother of a boy, she may be divorced with the consent of the tribe, and she can marry again.

Abyssinians.—No form of marriage is necessary; the connection may be dissolved or renewed as often as the parties think proper.

Siberians.—If a man be dissatisfied with the most trifling act of his wife, he tears the cap or veil from her head, and this constitutes a divorce.

South Sea Islands.—The connection hardly deserves the name of marriage, as it is dissolved whenever the husband desires a change.

Corean.—The husband can divorce his wife at pleasure, and leave her the charge of maintaining their children. If she prove unfaithful, he can put her to death.

Siamese.—The first wife may be divorced, but not sold, as the others may be. She then may claim the first, third, and fifth child, and the alternate children are yielded to the husband.

Arctic Regions.—When a man desires a divorce, he leaves the house in anger, and does not return for several days. The wife understands the hint, packs her clothes and leaves.

Druse and Turkomans.—Among these people, if a wife asks her husband's permission to go out, and he says, "Go," without adding, "but come back again," she is divorced. Though both parties desire it, they cannot live together without being re-married.

Cochin Chinese.—If the parties choose to separate, they break a pair of chop-sticks or copper coin in the presence of witnesses, by which action the union is dissolved. The husband must restore to the wife the property belonging to her prior to marriage.

American Indians.—Among some tribes, the pieces of stick given to the witnesses of the marriage are burned as a sign of divorce. Usually new connections are formed without the old ones being dissolved. A man never divorces his wife if she has borne him sons.

Tartars.—The husband may put away his partner and seek another whenever it pleases him, and his wife may do the same. If she be ill-treated, she complains to the magistrate, who, attended by some of the principal people, accompanies her to the house, and pronounces a formal divorce.

Chinese.—Divorces are allowed in cases of criminality, mutual dislike, incompatibility of temper, or too much loquacity on the part of the wife. The husband cannot sell his wife until she leaves him and becomes a slave to him by action of law for desertion. A son is bound to divorce his wife if she displeases his parents.

Circassia.—Two kinds of divorces are granted in Circassia, one total, the other provisional. Where the first is allowed, the parties can immediately marry again; where the second exists, the couple agree to separate for one year, and if, at the expiration of that time, the husband does not send for his wife, her relations may compel him to total divorce.

Greeks.—A settlement was usually given to a wife at marriage for her support in case of a divorce. The wife's portion was then restored to her, and the husband required to pay monthly interest for its use during the time he detained it from her. Usually the men could put their wives away on slight occasions. Even the fear of having too large a family sufficed. Divorces scarcely ever occur in modern Greece.

Hindoo.—Either party for a slight cause may leave the other and marry again. Where a man calls his wife "mother," it is considered indelicate to live with her again. Among one tribe, the Garos, if the wife be unfaithful, the husband cannot obtain a divorce, unless he gives her all the property and the children. A woman, on the contrary, may leave when she pleases, and marry another man, and convey to him the entire property of her former husband.

Romans.—In olden times, a man might divorce his wife if she were unfaithful, if she counterfeited his keys, or drank wine without his knowledge. They would divorce their wives when they pleased. Notwithstanding this, 521 years elapsed without one divorce. Afterward a law was passed allowing either sex to make the application. Divorce then became frequent on the slightest pretexts. Seneca says that some women no longer reckoned the years by the consuls, but by the number of their husbands. St. Jerome speaks of a man who buried twenty wives, and of a woman who buried twenty-two husbands. The Emperor Augustus endeavored to restrain this license by penalties.

Fate in a Tea-cup.

THE place is a country house, on the Hudson; a breakfast-parlor, warm, sunny, odorless with the fragrant plants that crowd the bay-window, gay with the frescoed walls, the lucent table-service, the rose tints of the curtains and upholstery, the parti-colored dresses of the bevy of fair girls that chattered over their coffee, splendid with their exuberant beauty and bloom.

The time is Midwinter, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and seventy—. From the window you may look past the lines of dark evergreens, frosted with the night-fallen snow, on crystalline fields, across a stretch of ice-bound vine, to the great heights that rise and melt into the blue.

The *dramatis personæ* are, first, a bright, piquant matron, of, perhaps, twenty.

It was because other people pitied "that lovely Mrs. Seaver, shut up at Riverside," that her husband urged her to invite a gay party, to cheat the

Winter of its solitude. But Lucia Seaver never sighed or wept, or bemoaned her lot.

"Fred is so fond of the country!" she said, placidly, when consoled with.

Beside this contented matron was Rosy Durant, a piquant brunette, with eyes that flashed uninterceptedly, and a steady color that burned with the splendor of crimson roses.

Three other pretty young creatures, with the usual allowance of fine complexion, exaggerated chignon, and beruffled morning-wrappers, made up this garden of girls.

It was a pity to throw away such an affluence of charms. Nobody, certainly, made much impression upon Mr. Fred Seaver, who read his newspaper, and minded them no more than if they had been a flock of birds. *As usual*, there was only George Earle, who was nobody's lover—perhaps because he was everybody's.

An incorrigibly lazy fellow, lounging about Winter parlors, haunting piazzas and the shade of trees and the cool side of sea-washed rocks in Summer; handsome, with a certain exuberance of *physique*, which anybody else would have handled awkwardly, with large white hands, a long, silky blonde beard, and short-sighted, absent blue eyes. A most provoking fellow, who would not exert himself enough to choose a wife; but a winsome, lovable soul, with a heart as pure as Sir Galahad's—whom everybody disapproved and everybody loved.

Except Rosy Durant. But, then, Rosy was privileged. If her sharp witticisms sometimes hurt, nobody minded. She was sweet as Summer at the core, and brimful of vitality. Now, as she laughed and talked, every separate tendril of her crisp, curling black hair had a being of its own. Her ribbons fluttered, her hands were restlessly eloquent, her eyes sparkled and gloomed and dilated incessantly.

George Earle watched her with amused composure.

"What are you going to do to-day, Rosy?" he asked.

Rosy twinkled, frowned, smiled.

"Do? There's nothing to do."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Durant, pitifully; "it must be dull for you. Suppose"—after a moment's thought—"you come up-stairs, and see old Esther."

"With all my heart. I can think of no way of whiling away the hours of a snow-blockade preferable to a visit to a hideous, deaf old woman."

"I am glad you like it, dear," said Mrs. Durant, smiling innocently.

Rosy laughed out.

"Take care, Rosy. You're to be old yourself some day," said George Earle, with an air of reproof.

But who could be cross with such a creature?

"And hideous, too? Thank you. True! I shall have worn out—not wasted away."

A faintest tinge of rose stained the pallor of Earle's complexion.

"Why will you always say things that vex George?" asked Mrs. Durant, as they went upstairs.

"Oh, he doesn't mind," laughed Rosy, lightly. In another minute they were at old Esther's door.

It was a south room, and for a minute it seemed as though—what with the blaze of sunlight, and the bloom and color of the girls—as though the old woman's eyes must be quite blinded. But she covered them in the sunshine, drinking it into her marrowless bones; and, as for color, the dim old eyes were vacant and undiscerning.

Such a quaint, queer, wizened skeleton of an old lady! A little pang of foreboding shot through Rosy's heart.

"Shall I, indeed, ever be like that?" she thought, the splendid carnation vanishing for an instant from her cheeks.

Meanwhile, pretty Mrs. Seaver was shouting in the ear of the spectral old woman.

"I've brought my friend to see you!" she cried.

The old creature nodded and laughed a queer, rattling ghost of a laugh.

"Oh, yes; I'm glad to see you, pretty ones," and she put out her poor shriveled hand.

"This is Rosy Durant! You remember Rosy?" cried Mrs. Seaver.

"Rosy Durant! Yes, yes! I knew her mother. A handsome girl. We were girls together. Some folks thought I was handsome," and the old woman tittered feebly.

"It was her grandmother you knew!" shouted Mrs. Seaver, growing quite flushed.

"Yes, yes, her grandmother," nodded Esther; and she stroked the young, soft fingers that lay in her withered palm. "Yes, yes, you're a pretty one"—chuckling at Rosy. "Got a lover—eh? Oh, yes."

Rosy flushed, and looked uncomfortable.

"You've been having your breakfast," she said, glancing at a service for one, which stood near by on a small round table.

A happy thought struck Mrs. Seaver.

"Won't you tell the girls their fortune, aunty? In a tea-cup? Here is Rosy dying to know whom she shall marry."

"Yes, yes, I'll tell her fortune. Only, my fortunes always come true—always come true," repeated the old woman.

"Really and truly?" said Rosy, somewhat eagerly.

"Really and truly!" said Mrs. Seaver, in a solemn tone. "They did always come true. I could tell you stories!"—with a little shake of her lovely blonde head.

"Then I should like to have my fortune told!" said Rosy, drawing a long, quivering breath, and looking quite pale.

Directly the incantations began. Aunty Esther poured a spoonful of tea in a cup, held her hand tightly on the top, muttered some curious, half-inarticulate words, and then quickly inverted the cup in the saucer. In a minute she lifted it, and examined the inside curiously.

Rosy dropped on her knees at the old woman's feet.

The old crone shook her head.

"It's a bad fortune!—good at first, bad at last. There is death in it. But the death is not dark. It's the life that would have been dark."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Lucia Seaver.

"Hush! hush!"

Rosy's lips were pale.

"I see," said old Esther, "a young man, tall, dark, and coal-black beard—oh, such a handsome lover!—and a girl like Rosy. They go away together, hand in hand. He looks down at her, smiling. There are tears in her eyes, but she smiles too. They go away together, and then, all at once, they vanish in a great darkness, and then I see—death!"

The old creature said the last words in a sort of wailing sob. Rosy was as white as the ruffles at her throat.

Mrs. Seaver began to repent. She, too, was frightened.

"Oh, you take it too seriously!" she cried.

"After all, it may not come true."

"Never mind if it does," said Rosy, in a sharp, hysterical voice. "It won't come any the more for our knowing it."

After this, nothing would induce any of the others to tempt their fate, and they all went away. The rest of the day Rosy Durant was in such ex-

uberant spirits that Mrs. Seaver began to be at ease.

"She didn't mind it much, after all," she said, recounting the incident to her husband; "though, when I heard the ugly word death, I was frightened. How could I think that would come?"

They were sitting by her dressing-room fire.

"Oh, by-the-way, dear, did I mention that Captain Wentworth was coming up to see us?"

"No! Is he?"—with eager interest.

"Yes. Arrives to-morrow. There will be a cavalier for you that will throw George Earle into the shade!"

"Poor George! Did it ever strike you, Fred, that George was fond of Rosy?"

"No, indeed! How should it?"

"Nor that Rosy is fond of George?"

"Now, Lucia," with mild severity, "you are letting your imagination carry you too far. But she and Captain Wentworth would just suit."

"Not at all!" said the little lady, with decision. "They are both dark."

"Oh, how like a woman! Captain Wentworth is of an old English family, and has a fine fortune."

There was no stopping Fred Seaver when Rupert Wentworth was his theme.

"Met him at Saratoga, and actually fell in love with him," Lucia said, in telling the story.

Mrs. Seaver was not so much fascinated, but, then, she supposed Fred was a judge of men.

George Earle lifted his eyebrows when this information was given him.

"What makes you suppose so?" he asked, in a manner a little different from his usual indolent one.

"What queer questions you do ask, George!" said Lucia, good-naturedly. George was such a prime favorite, he could hardly offend.

"Wait till he comes, and see if you don't adore him!"

Captain Wentworth came that evening, and George Earle did not adore him; though, of course, that must have been his bad taste. For Alice and Maud Estcott, and Floy Montgomery, declared he was a hero right out of a novel or a poem. What a magnificent mustache he had! and what beautiful white hands! His voice, how fine it was, full of a melancholy music! His manner, too, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar," courtly to the last degree. "A perfect Spanish cavalier!" said little Mrs. Seaver. "But he doesn't say much."

"There's a good deal in him, though!" said Fred Seaver, who had been much impressed by this self-contained reticence.

George Earle was the only skeptic.

"He's a precious humbug!" he said, contemptuously.

"But he's very amiable, and he isn't a bit envious!" said Rosy, with that innocent air that always accompanied her stings.

George turned white and red. He got up.

"Say you are sorry for that, Rosy!" he pleaded, a quiver in his voice.

"Why should I be sorry?"

The *hauteur* of her manner was unbearable. He turned to leave the room.

She took a step toward him.

"George!" she faltered.

He did not stop—perhaps he did not hear her. Rosy came back, stood trembling a minute, and then burst into tears.

"He always hates everybody who likes me!" she said, passionately.

"Then, dear," said Mrs. Seaver, gently, "he must love you."

A tide of crimson surged up over Rosy's face.

"Oh, Lucia!" she cried, and ran hastily out of the room.

The next morning at breakfast there was a place unoccupied.

"Isn't George down yet?" asked Lucia, coming to her chair with a sweet, fresh morning face.

"George was down two hours ago," replied Fred, "and off for the train. He has to go to England on unexpected business."

A shade of disappointment passed over the fair faces at the table.

Glancing at Rosy, Mrs. Seaver saw that she was white as death. Captain Wentworth looked serenely indifferent. He made no remark, but after breakfast confided his opinion to Rosy.

"Don't you think now Earle is—well, a snob?"

"A snob! Indeed, that is original, Captain Wentworth. Lucia"—laughing in a curious, odd fashion—"Captain Wentworth thinks George Earle is a snob. How strange nobody ever thought of it before!"

Mrs. Seaver looked offended, and wondered what Rosy meant. How crimson her cheeks were, and her eyes were bright as stars!

Captain Wentworth was charmed, and it soon became evident that, if Rosy was flirting, she was playing a rash game. The captain dogged her persistently, and was as *distrail* as a man in love generally is.

And yet Lucia Seaver had her doubts.

"Does Captain Wentworth know that Rosy is an heiress?" she asked Fred.

"I dare say. Yes, now I think of it, I told him. But he is above the need of marrying wealth."

"I hope so," sighed Lucia; and then her heart cried, "Oh, if George would but come! He might save Rosy from this stranger," whom the little lady distrusted in spite of herself.

But no George came, nor did he write.

Meanwhile Rosy drifted on.

It was toward the last of April that she came into Lucia's room and told her, without preface, that she was engaged to Captain Wentworth, and was to be married almost immediately.

"Oh, Rosy!" in pain and amaze.

Rosy's white cheek grew red.

"Haven't I a right to choose for myself?" she said, with some anger.

"Oh, yes!"

Mrs. Seaver drew the brush through her long, golden hair absently.

"What will George say?"

The words came almost involuntarily, and she would hardly have been aware that she had spoken but for a quick, hysterical sob from Rosy.

In a minute she had her in her arms.

"Oh, Rosy, don't do this; your heart isn't in it."

The girl sobbed like a child for five minutes. Then, with the suddenness belonging to her musical nature, she checked her tears.

"Don't say that, if you love me; it's too late. Let's talk about the *trousseau*."

A month later, a balmy May day had melted into a purple twilight; the library windows were open, and the scent of Fred's cigar mingled with that of the lilacs. Lucia was nestled on a hassock at his feet.

"I do hope the dear girl will be happy," she was saying.

A step sounded on the veranda; a dark figure came into the light.

"George Earle!"

Yes, it was George, travel-stained, and showing signs of excitement. He shook hands hurriedly, while his eyes wandered around in search of another.

"You are just too late for Rosy's wedding," said Lucia, half trembling.

"My God! it's too late, then! She is lost!"

He sank into a chair, and groaned aloud.

"Lost! lost!" they echoed.

"He is no Wentworth! He is the natural son of a dissipated nobleman—an adventurer—a fortune-hunter! Oh, my poor Rosy!"

"You were to blame," burst out Lucia, in a blaze of wrath. "You loved her, she loved you. You should have staid."

George Earle's head fell upon his breast, and he said not a word.

The next morning, when he came down, Fred met him with a blanched face.

"For better or worse, it is all over. She can never be shamed or maltreated any more."

He pointed to a column in the morning paper. The train had run off the track, and a wreck of

happy, hopeful lives clamored for pity. More than one shed kindly tears over the story of the bride whose wedding-tour ended so swiftly and awfully.

But Death is sometimes the truest friend. She was placid and beautiful in her last sleep. But she could never know who hung over her in a transport of tenderness, whose tears rained on her senseless face, who prayed for pity and forgiveness when remorse was too late.

"And so Esther's fortune came true, after all," said Maud Estcott, holding her breath. "Poor Rosy! her fate was in that tea-cup. How strange and awful it is!"



FATE IN A TEA-CUP.—" 'SAY YOU ARE SORRY FOR THAT, ROSY!' HE PLEADED, A QUIVER IN HIS VOICE."



NANNY'S SACRIFICE.—“HEARING FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS COMING FROM THE BARN, I HASTENED TO LIGHT A LAMP.”

Nanny's Sacrifice.

THE night was the darkest that I had ever seen—so dark, indeed, that old Robin stumbled many times over the rough places in the road, as, with the check-rein lying loose on his neck, he plodded slowly along the familiar way. Our hearts were as dark as the night, for we were returning from a long journey to a desolate home—how desolate you will understand when I tell you that we had left mother's new-made grave in the place we had quitted two days before.

“We shall soon be there, Nanny,” said my father.

“Yes, father.”

“I have been thinking, Nanny, very seriously about the future. I think I shall let you take Pet with you to your new home. She needs care such as I couldn't give her.”

“And what would you do, father, without her?”

“The best I can, child. The house will be very dreary without either of you; but I mustn't expect anything. If your mother—”

Here father broke down, and we rode for ten minutes in silence.

“I am not going to a new home, father.”

“But, Tom—”

“Tom must wait.”

“Nanny, do you think I shall allow this? You are all ready, and the day of your marriage fixed.

You certainly must go on as if nothing had happened."

"I can't do that, father. I can't leave you alone, as I should by taking Pet; and I can't leave her to grow up untrained. I have decided. There is but one way."

"Tom will never consent."

"He must consent."

"But suppose he is not willing to wait, Nanny?"

"Then, let him marry some one else. If he does not appreciate my action, then I will take it as a test that he isn't worthy."

"My child, that is easy to say. But are you equal to all that this test may involve?"

"I am equal to the beginning of all; and you have taught me, father, not to look into the future. How often have you told me to take up every burden that duty imposed, without asking how I am to carry it?"

"You are right, Nanny. I have always taught you this. But to-night my faith is weak for you. And yet, if the sacrifice were for another, I should approve."

"Of course you would. I have heard you say again and again that love, pure love, is always ready to sacrifice. If Tom's love is unselfish and noble, he will rejoice in my decision. I don't say it won't cost him great pain; but I do say that genuine love desires rather the worthiness than the possession of its object."

Father said no more. He knew I was resolved, and we rode on in silence till we reached the lonely farmhouse, where we were still to live together—father and Pet, with me to take care of them. Thank God! in their loss they were not to be deserted.

Ah, I loved one too well to desert others in their need.

If Tom loved me as I loved, his heart would be far too tender to take me away from this desolate home—from my father in his grief and loneliness, from my little sister in her unguarded youth.

These thoughts were in my mind as I stepped from the wagon, and went up the narrow walk to the front door.

When father took my hand to assist me from the high step of the old-fashioned vehicle, he pressed it affectionately; and as he left me, leading old Robin to the barn, he said, "God bless you, dear," in tones that made my heart thrill.

It was late—almost twelve o'clock—and the house was utterly still. The hired woman and the man and boy were asleep, and Pet we had left at grandmother's, where mother died. I went into the kitchen, and, opening the door, looked out over the dewy meadows, lying so quiet and fragrant under the twinkling stars, and thought of Tom, who had so often sat with me in the same doorway on sweet Summer nights. What if Tom should not bear the test? What if—I went no further in my doubting; for, hearing father's footsteps coming from the barn, I hastened to light a lamp, so that he might not miss as cheerful a welcome home as I could give him.

"Well, Nanny, it seems good to be back once more. Mother seems nearer to us here in the old familiar scenes."

"Yes, it's good to be back. We must have Pet home as soon as possible, and then we shall feel like ourselves again."

"Of course, Pet must come home. The dear child! how could I live without her? And I am to have you both. Oh, Nanny, God has been good to give me such a daughter."

With this benediction resting and comforting me, I went to sleep, and did not awake till dawn.

I dreamed that I was in a valley at the foot of a high mountain. At the summit stood an angel beckoning me, and saying, "Come," in tones that stirred my soul with longing. I was looking

about for a path by which I might begin to climb, when some one pulled my dress. I turned, and it was Tom.

"Don't leave me," he said, entreatingly.

"Come," repeated the angel, in the same silver tones.

I attempted to take Tom's hand, pointing at the same time up to the ravishing vision at the top.

But he separated himself from me with a violent motion, and with the shock I awoke.

"Is it prophetic?" I asked myself, a dull pain making itself felt at my heart.

Unable to sleep any longer, I got up and dressed, and sat down by the window. The east was just reddening with dawn, and I heard the bird man brushing through the heavy grass under my window, on his way to milking.

I got my writing-desk, and commenced a letter to Tom.

Poor Tom! How should I tell him? In a month the day would come that we had set for our wedding. Had I right to decide for him?

"Don't leave me," said a pleading voice in my heart.

"Come," said the angelic voice of duty.

It was my dream over again, and while I hesitated about the form of my letter, the birds sang in the elms so joyfully, that I hated them for their gladness when I was so miserable.

Presently I heard father's voice, and I wiped my eyes, determined that he should not see that my sacrifice was already heavy to be so. It was true, all that I had said the night before, and I meant to stand by it if it killed me—and it wouldn't—I was far too healthy for that; but it is one thing to mark out a path in one's thought, and quite another thing to walk in it through long monotonous days. It is one thing to resolve on a journey, and quite another thing to make the journey with protesting heart and bleeding feet. Nevertheless, it must be done. There was no chance to back out. I had decided.

At breakfast, father asked me if Tom couldn't make it convenient to stop for Pet on his way home.

"He comes in two weeks, doesn't he, Nanny?"

"He intended to," I replied, drinking desperately from a glass of water, and determined that I would show no emotion.

"Why, Nanny," he said, seeing very plainly what I felt, "there'll be no difference in Tom. He'll come just the same. It will only be delay—that is, if you are decided in your purpose to stay with us."

"I am decided, father."

"I will write and tell him about Pet," he continued; "then, when he comes, we can talk this matter all over. I am not going to have your happiness ruined for my sake, child, depend upon that."

And if Tom should object to my staying with you while you need me so much, I wouldn't marry him even if you should turn me out of the house."

That was a settler, and father changed the subject, and began talking with the bird man about the prospects of a good grass crop.

Well, the upshot of the matter was, that I wrote a letter to Tom, filling three sheets of commercial note, telling him of my determination, and half assuming that he wouldn't be willing to wait till I could marry him.

I already saw myself an old maid, taking care of Pet's children, snubbed by everybody, except when they wanted me, and then always receiving just enough attention to procure my services.

My letter took the tone that such a vision would naturally give it. I closed by telling Tom that I hoped he would always be happy, and by saying that duty must henceforth be to me in the place

of a lover. I folded the letter, and shed a good many tears over it—tears with an element of complacency in them, nevertheless; for, was I not heroic? had I not sacrificed my lover? I was a feminine Abraham. The date of this abnegating epistle was July 20th.

It was time that both father and myself should hear from Tom. A week had passed, and there had been ample time for our letters to reach him, and for the answers to come to us. Not a word. Ah, what a heart I carried about the house!—a heart so full of pain, of regret, of anger, of passionate love, that I wonder I bore the long days so well.

Father went to the post-office every night, and every night I walked down the road to meet him, and hear him say, as he looked at me with sorrowful eyes:

"No letter."

It was plain, I said, that Tom was tired of me, and eagerly snatched at this shadow of an excuse to break off the engagement. But he might write a few words for old times' sake—the dear old times when we had been so happy. Yes, so happy, the last time we met. Mother was living then, and we were daily expecting her home from her visit to grandmother's. What changes in these few weeks! Summer had come to the world, but Winter to me.

"I think I will go after Pet," said father, one morning, after we had quite ceased expecting a letter.

"It would be pleasant to have her back," I replied; "and, besides, she must be getting homesick. When shall you start?"

"To-morrow, unless you know of some reason why I should wait. I can get to mother's Saturday night, and stay over Sunday."

"You won't be back before Tuesday night?"

"No. Shall you be very lonely? I suppose I might get one of the neighbors to go for Pet, if you are going to feel too dreary here by yourself."

"Oh, don't do that. I can get along well enough. Don't worry about me."

"Well," said father, "I don't worry about you, but not so much as I might, if I didn't believe that Tom's all right, after all. You can't make me believe, on such slight circumstantial evidence, that he is a scoundrel."

"Not necessarily a scoundrel because he doesn't write to us," I replied. "Necessarily a scoundrel, because he doesn't keep tabs—in case it is proved he doesn't. But I believe there is some mistake, and I'm bound to believe it till I'm convinced to the contrary."

"How can there be a mistake?"

"Oh, a thousand ways! Don't you know how the romancers stretch one mistake through two volumes, and only bring the forlorn lovers together on the last page, after unheard-of sufferings?"

Father went away the next day, as he proposed, and I was left to superintend the dairy, and cook for the help. It was very inconvenient to take my hands from the dough I was kneading, and wipe my eyes; but I did it so many times, that I acquired a good deal of skill in that direction. I went through all the household routine—washed the dishes, and fed the chickens, and swept and dusted; and so three days passed. The third brought a letter from father.

I read a half-dozen lines, and then I jumped from my chair, and fairly screamed with excitement.

My poor Tom! My blessed boy! Suffering, perhaps dead; and I doubting him, finding fault with him, angry, and hateful. I wasn't worthy of him; that was plain. And he would be taken

from me; that was plain. It was good enough for me; that was plainer than all.

Father wrote this:

"The wholesale house of Brown & Day was burned to the ground a week ago. Tom, in trying to rescue one of the employes, was severely injured, and his life is despaired of. Meet me at M—— Station to-morrow, at ten, and we will go to him."

Tom had been in the house of Brown & Day for a dozen years; he had just been taken as junior partner, and here was the result of all his hard-earned success.

But nothing hurt so as the thought that, while he had been suffering, I had been doubting him. My brave, generous Tom!

To meet father as he proposed, necessitated a very early start. The earlier the better. I didn't go to bed that night.

After the last arrangement was made, I threw myself on the lounge in the sitting-room, and slept long enough to dream that I was in church, being married to Tom. The ceremony was finished all right; but, as I was walking down the aisle, I suddenly found myself alone. I went back to the altar, and there lay Tom in a coffin. While I stood looking at him and crying, he opened his eyes and smiled.

After such a dream, I didn't care to sleep again. The "sweet restorer" was anything but "balmy;" or the "balmy" was anything but a "sweet restorer"—put it either way you choose.

John, the hired man, brought Robin to the door, at five o'clock, and I climbed into the wagon with a sense of relief impossible to describe.

I was going to Tom.

I felt still better when I met father. He was pacing the platform at the station as we drove up, and came to me with a hopeful look in his face.

"It'll be all right, Nanny," he said, as he gave me his hand.

Everything was always going to be all right with father. But I was inclined to doubt, as you must have noticed before this time.

The train soon came up, and in two hours we were in Boston. We took a carriage, and in half an hour more were at Tom's boarding-house.

I was left alone in the parlor while father made inquiries. Any respectable country graveyard would have been far more cheerful, under the circumstances, than that parlor. It was dark, and damp, and musty, and I involuntarily looked down at the floor to find tablets, with inscriptions chronicling the departed worth of somebody or somebody's relative. Nothing worse, however, than a dilapidated carpet met my gaze, seeming to say "All that's bright must fade."

I was studying a worsted Madonna over the mantel, when father entered.

"Come!" he said; and I followed him up-stairs to Tom's room.

The poor boy was past the crisis of his sickness, but was still very weak. His left arm was splinted and bandaged.

"Be careful," father said, and left us alone.

The days that followed were the happiest of my life. Tom was out of danger. Father consented to stay a week in the city, and under his protection I was free to nurse the dear invalid. The reaction from great trouble brought great joy, and my heart was full.

Tom was forbidden to talk, and, therefore, all explanations and plans were delayed till he should be strong.

At the end of a week we thought he would be ready to go to the farm with us if we were all judicious. He improved rapidly, owing to his good nursing, he said, and on the sixth day of our stay was able to walk around the room.

"Here, Nanny," he said, going to his writing-desk, and taking out a half-written letter—"here is something that belongs to you."

I set down the vase I was dusting, and took the sheet. That very moment the landlady's daughter came in with a letter for Tom.

"What's this?" said he. "A letter from you, Nanny, dated July 20th. I wonder where it's been all this time? Mine is also dated July 20th, you see. I remember the date perfectly. It was the day before the fire."

"Oh, Tom!" I said, imploringly; "please, don't read it."

"Why not? Do you suppose I would miss one of your letters? Not if I know myself."

And he went on gravely reading the horrible, stilted thing, with a gusto heightened by my distress.

It took me but a minute to realize the contents of Tom's letter. The dear fellow had proposed of his own accord to release me from my engagement indefinitely, believing, as he said, "that it would all come right in a little while, somehow."

"Of course, you can't leave your father and Pet, after such a sudden and terrible loss," he added. "I can be with you a good deal this Summer, and the tangled threads will work themselves straight if we do our duty."

Tom grew grave as he worked his way through my three sheets of sacrifice. When he finished, he said: "And so the little girl doubted me."

There was no use in denying it, with all that evidence in black and white. So I succumbed to the very trying circumstances, and shed penitential tears.

"Nonsense," said Tom; "there's nothing to cry about," putting his handkerchief on the shoulder I had appropriated, to save his coat from the damaging effects of too much salt water. "I think we may be married on the day appointed," he continued—"that is, if you can trust me, little doubter. A year on the farm will bring me up quicker than anything else; and this fire has sent business prospects to the dogs."

I didn't reply, except by a little sob, and Tom proposed getting me a dry handkerchief. He must be economical, he said, now that he was going to have a little wife to look out for.

Just then, father came in, and laughed at me, sympathized with Tom, and between the two my destiny was soon settled.

Tom went home with us, and we were married in October. I have never doubted him since.

Dream and Fact.

A CLAIRVOYANT MYSTERY.

It is very probable that the circumstances I am about recounting may meet with less of credit than they are entitled to receive. It may possibly, therefore, be necessary to warn my readers that the deceased friend among whose papers I found them recorded was a man possessed of the soundest common sense, and characterized by the strictest veracity. Neither was he of a nervous temperament, or one of whom it was at all probable he would attach any more importance to an event in his own life than such event actually deserved.

At any rate, I myself do not doubt it.

When Henry Wilson quitted his friends on earth for a better world, he counted up more than eighty-one Summers, and during the last twenty-four of those, during which I had known him, none would have imputed to him any tendency to exaggeration.

He was the second child and only son of an English mercantile family, settled at the period of

which I am about to speak in Bremen. At the age of eighteen he had quitted the University of Göttingen, and was returning with one of his companions, also a native of it, to that city. Members of the same *Knipf-Du-bruders*, or, as we might phrase it, chums, the two young men had, with the knowledge of their parents, delayed on their way, for the purpose of making a short trip down the Rhine. Here, chance had brought them in contact with a French family, also visiting this portion of the vine-lands of Germany. This family was Alsatian.

The acquaintance had commenced in this wise.

Young Wilson, with his friend, had been passing the morning in one of those ruins of the old castles with which the *B. Rhein* is literally studded. The month of July had warmed up the river with its wealth of sunshine. Below them were the vine-terraces, piled one upon the other on the broken and rocky sides of the hill. Couched amid these fragments of crumbled stone were the mouldering ruins of the old baronial residence. No spot could have been found on the whole of the romantic stream more adapted to awaken past memories, and contrast them with present industry. For, lower down than the vineyards, were the printed roofs of a village, the conical summit of its gray tower, in the olden time, a dependent upon the ruined fortress above them; and out in the river were flat-bottomed boats, an occasional raft of timber, with the huts of the men who had hewn it, now floating it down the stream to some one of the cities on its banks. It was a picture to prompt as well as awaken reflection. The young man and his friend were sitting in a nook of the broken masonry of the castle, lost in their voluptuous enjoyment of the quaintly antique yet busy scene. While his eyes rested on it, half closed and dreamily, voices were heard above them. His friend turned his head, and raising it, gazed upward. Two young girls were standing on the very brink of the wall which rose above them. They were evidently not Germans. Parisian fashion was not then so omnipotent as it has since become. Deutschland then dressed much after its own fancy.

Henry felt his friend's hand laid upon his own arm, and was roused from the dreaming world in which his young senses had, at the moment, been rambling.

"What is it?"

"Look!"

The monosyllable of the reply was uttered in a low tone of voice, as if he who spoke feared by his utterance to dispel some vision.

Henry followed his friend's uplifted finger with his eyes, and in a moment they were almost spell-bound by a greater beauty than they had ever before looked upon.

Both of the strangers were handsome. From their singular likeness to each other, they were probably sisters. The one, however, who appeared to be the eldest of the two, and who was standing with her arm encircling the waist of the other, as it protectingly, was a *brunette*. The younger was a *blonde*, so rarely and delicately fashioned, she almost appeared some fabulous creature of the imagination. Her hair—her bonnet was removed from her head, and hung from her wrist by its knotted ribbons—fell round her neck in a shower of those golden curls which seem, as they meet and reflect the sunlight, almost to efface it with their glancing brilliance. Not the azure of the cloudless heaven could have been bluer than her round and tender eyes. The warm skin of the peach would have been ashamed by her downy and delicately molded cheeks.

"Is not the *brunette* lovely?"

"She is."

But Henry scarcely knew to what he had replied.

His whole heart was absorbed in the contemplation of the beauty of her companion.

"If my dreams were always to be such as this," murmured Karl Birgfeldt, "I could sit here and dream on for ever."

"Listen. They are speaking."

"Is not this landscape beautiful?" was the exclamation which burst from the lips of one of the two girls, as she extended her hand—how delicate were those fingers!—toward the river.

"What is she saying?" asked Karl.

He did not understand French, and she had spoken in it.

Henry motioned him peremptorily to silence.

"It is glorious, indeed, Louise!" was the reply. "Does not all the glory and wonder of the past seem awaking anew in the summer sun? Could you not fancy this old castle was telling its tale of the ancient times to the broad blue heavens which arch it in? Can you not seem to hear the murmur of its voice thrilling around us in fragmentary utterance? Do you not catch the audible tongue of the broad and tawny Rhine as it murmurs on its path? What stories might they not tell us of the walls we stand on, could we only understand their murmurs!"

Before she had spoken, Henry Wilson had been half in love with her. As he heard her words, they seemed to quiver through his soul. It was as if he had dreamed of melody, and at last, that melody had found a voice. But, even as this thought was sweeping through him, a third tongue added its sounds to those which he had heard. These were by no means so musical.

"What the deuce are you doing there, *mes enfants*? Do you wish to break your necks, and make your old father miserable for life? Come down, at once!"

"Yes, papa," said the elder of the two, as she turned.

"See! They are going, Henry!" exclaimed Karl, as in his impatience he partially arose.

The noise of a fragment of stone as it rolled from the wall, and rattled down the precipice, or haply his voice, must have startled the younger of the two girls. Turning suddenly, her eyes met the upturned glance of the young German, whom she had not before seen. With a slight cry of astonishment, she turned partially around, incautiously placing her foot on a crumbling portion of the summit of the wall. She tottered, extended her arms involuntarily, as if to save herself, and in another instant fell from the brink of the broken parapet. Had no hand been stretched out to save her, she must have been crushed on the rocks some eighty feet below them, for the descent from the base of the wall was precipitous. Karl uttered a cry of horror. For the moment, he was paralyzed. But even as her white robes were flashing before his eyes, his friend leant from the edge of the recess in which he had been seated, and had seized them. One arm was twined around an aspen sapling, rooted in a crevice of the wall. The impetus and weight of the falling figure dragged him forward, while the young ash bent and snapped from its roots in his sudden clasp. Had not Karl, who had now recovered from his momentary terror, thrown his strong and muscular arms around him, and drawn him violently back, he would have been hurried with the girl into eternity.

In another moment, the affrighted and fainting maiden was lying on the broken and chipped granite between the young men, in the recess where they had previously been sitting.

When she first fell, in the extremity of her fear, her sister had uttered a piercing cry, and stood as if she had been a statue, riveted to the spot above. Her startled black eyes were gazing down the abyss.

Scarcely had she breathed that scream of anguish than the voice of her father was heard in a yell of agony. Then followed, after a few moments, the hysterical sobs of a woman's voice, which Karl supposed must proceed from her mother. His friend was too eagerly occupied in endeavoring to recall the girl to consciousness, even to notice it.

When her sister perceived that the girl was saved, her limbs relaxed, and she sank on the wall where she had previously been standing. She was very evidently losing consciousness in the sudden reaction of her feelings. As Karl saw this, without pausing to reckon the risk of doing so, he climbed up the broken and shattered stone beneath her, and, passing his arm around her, raised her gently. It was no easy matter for him to descend on its inside, laden as he was with her scarcely conscious figure. He, however, accomplished it, and had the satisfaction of placing her in her father's arms.

The old man saw at once, or, rather, discerned—in such moments, our deductions never come from our senses—that Karl was a German, and addressed him, in that language, the most touching thanks for his service. But while doing so, tears filled his eyes, his voice broke, and he was unable to refrain from groaning aloud.

Karl laid his hand kindly upon the stranger's arm.

"Your other child, sir, is safe."

Louise was unable to speak. She could as yet only sob. Her sobs were, nevertheless, sobs of joy.

"Safe!" was the exclamation which broke from the mother's lips.

"She is, madame."

"Is this true, young man? or, do you wish to break the shock of our great affliction? If so," cried the father, impetuously, "you do us a false kindness."

"As there is a Saviour for all men, sir," answered Karl, "I tell you the simple truth."

Scarcely had he uttered these words, than Henry Wilson emerged from the passage leading to the spot on which he and his friend had previously been seated. With a gentle hand he led the trembling form of the fair girl, as yet but partly recovered from the fright occasioned by her narrow escape from death, toward her parents. Her mother fell on her neck, and, amidst the mingling tears and smiles of her passionate joy, blessed her young preserver. The father raised, in the impulse of his thankfulness, his hands to heaven, and thanked it ferrently for its abundant mercy shown him in the preservation of his youngest child.

It now became a task of no little difficulty for the two trembling girls to descend the narrow and broken road from the castle to the shore of the Rhine, which in the morning they had ascended so blithely and easily.

With the care and assistance of the two young men, this was, however, accomplished.

Then, in the same boat which had on that morning borne the Alsatian family to the walls of the crumbling tower, they crossed to Bingen, at which place the strangers had been tarrying.

Need it be said that such an incident as this was well calculated to make the young men intimate with the family, or that the love which Henry Wilson already felt awakening in him for the youngest of the two sisters grew rapidly.

For some two weeks they remained in the *Rheingau* with their new friends. It was a period pregnant to the two young men with more delight than they had yet known, and when at length they were compelled to return to Bremen, it was understood between Henry and Marie Latour that they loved each other. How could it be other-

wise? Both young and impulsive, the service he had rendered the girl drew her toward him. Her gratitude completed the fascination her beauty had begun. Indeed, a partial consent had been obtained from Monsieur Latour that their love should be considered as an engagement, subject only to the approval of the elder Mr. Wilon. Without this—so he explicitly told the young Englishman—he would not consent to their union.

This gentleman received his son, on his return, home, very coldly. He had divined from Henry's letters that he was in love, and, in addition to the distaste his countrymen entertain very generally for early marriage, he had already selected a wife for him.

Consequently he repressed every attempt the young man made to speak of it; and when at length Henry determinately made a formal avowal, not only was his disapprobation pointedly expressed, but he flatly and emphatically refused his consent to their union.

Of course, Henry Wilson was compelled to write to the parent of Marie, telling him what had passed.

At the same time he implored him not to forbid him all hope, as time, he said, must ultimately soften his father's will, and he was determined to gain his consent. At the same time he wrote to Marie.

The old man's answer did not come quickly. Nor was it one calculated to give much consolation to the young, ardent and impassioned lover. Old and young regard such matters from different standpoints. These feel, while the former reason. Until Mr. Wilson gave his positive consent, the Alsatian said he must decline allowing Marie to receive letters from or to correspond with him. He had allowed her to read the letter written by him to her, but it must be the last. She was young enough to forget him, while he himself would, in all probability, speedily reconcile himself to her loss.

This letter was shown by the young man to his friend.

For several days after its receipt, nay, for several weeks, he was deeply dejected. After this, he slowly recovered his spirits, although he was now less prone to indulge in the common amusements and gaieties of his age and stat on in life. Greatly to his father's satis action, he appeared to have gradually forgotten her.

This state of mind continued on his part for more than a year, when France began to bear with the premonitory throes of the approaching Revolution. The Bastille was taken and destroyed by the insurgent spirits of Paris. The ax of the popular will had stricken its first blow against the existent order of things.

Shortly after this, young Wilson was sitting with his friend Karl in the apartment of the latter, who noticed that he appeared unusually depressed.

"What is the matter, Henry?" he at length said, noticing that his friend wished to speak with him, although he seemed to hesitate about doing so.

"I scarcely dare tell you."

"Why?"

"You will laugh at me."

"You cannot think so, *Heber* Henry."

"Or you will think me mad."

"What on ear b can make you imagine that?"

"Because I am not unfrequently tempted to believe myself so."

"Indeed," uttered Karl, laughingly. "Your confidence must, then, be strange."

"You remember the Latours?"

As Wilson suddenly asked this, he looked full and earnestly in Karl's face, and might have noticed his sudden start.

He, however, said nothing, but waited for his answer. It came at last.

"Most certainly I do."

"The disturbances in the French capital make me uneasy upon their account," said Wilson, slowly.

"Good God, why should that be? They are in Alsace."

This reply was made with such an evident want of belief in its assertion, it would have arrested the attention of his friend, had he not been preoccupied.

"You have not forgotten Marie, then?"

"How could I?"

"And you correspond with her?"

"Yes, I correspond with her." He paused, as if in hesitation, but then continued, "Nightly, in my dreams."

"How strange!" muttered Karl.

"You do not, then, doubt what I tell you?"

"Not in the least."

"I feared you would not have credited me."

"Alas! my friend, singular as it is, I have but too much reason to listen to and believe you."

"Why?"

"I also have had a dreaming correspondence."

"With whom?"

"Louise Latour."

"Good heavens! Then you, too, know she is in Paris?"

"No; but I have dreamed it."

As he heard this answer, Henry laid his hand upon the arm of his friend with a close grasp.

"You love Louise?"

"Heaven help me, but I do."

"Yet," said Henry, reproachfully, "you would not tell me that you did so."

"It was but lately, dear friend, that I have realized it."

"What do you mean?"

"This: I love my dream now, and love it far better and far more truly than I had fancied I could love herself while I was with her in the *Rhein-gau*."

Henry buried his face in his hands, but, after a short time, looked up, and again spoke.

"I can now understand what Marie told me a few nights since—that Louise had always loved you, and that you had but gradually awakened to her love."

Karl stared at his friend as he uttered this, for, singular as the coincidence in their dreams was, he was not disposed to invest them with such a consistent reality as his friend was. However, as their speech became more confidential, and Henry told him everything which had been recently passing in his own mind, dwelling, especially, on his primary unwillingness to place any faith in the visions which had now become with him so singularly confluent and regular, hard as was the German texture of Karl's brain, he began to marvel whether his friend did not fancy he was at present in his dream-life, and whether his sleep did not seem to him his actual existence.

It seemed that it had only been a few nights after he had received the answer to his letter from Monsieur Latour that the form of Marie had appeared to him in his slumbers, and seemed to tell him, so long as he loved her, her soul should be chained to his, and visit him nightly. At first this had been believed by him only a vision, but, as the dream, varying in its details, was repeated regularly, he had imagined that it was a real and spiritual presence, until at last his real life had shrunk into dream-land, while in his dreams alone he had appeared to himself palpably to live. At first he had wished to speak of this to Karl—nay, once or twice he had attempted to do so. A natural fear of his friend's ridicule had, nevertheless, prevented him from carrying out this inten-

tion. Latterly, since he had been led to believe through his dreams that the girl was in Paris, a cloud had seemed to veil her beauty. Her blue eyes were frequently bathed in tears. He had asked her, or, rather, his phantasy, why she wept so much. This she seemed unwilling to explain. Then, through her presence, he had been informed of the taking of the Bastille some three days previous to the receipt of the intelligence through the mails.

This, when subsequently confirmed, gave him—at least so he thought—conclusive warranty of her actual presence. He had then felt compelled to mention what he believed her periodical visits to his friend. As he arrived at this point in his strange narrative, Karl gave him a fiercely inquiring look. He was inclined to doubt Henry Wilson's sanity. But as he gazed steadily into the quietly sad and wearied eyes of the young man, and saw no flush upon his cheek, nor detected any hurry in his intonation, he again relapsed into thought.

Until some six months later Karl became the constant confidant of his friend's singular experiences. Then four days elapsed without his seeing him. On the fifth, Wilson again called upon him.

His face was deadly pale, and it was with an action resembling terror that he sank into a chair at the side of Karl. His friend saw that he was strongly moved.

"Do not be astonished. To-night I start for Paris," were his first words.

"And why, in heaven's name?" ejaculated Karl.

"Four nights since I saw Marie. She was weeping. Her father was in prison. He had been placed there through the influence of a friend or instrument of Mirabeau."

"For what?" asked his friend.

He had been forced into belief by the singular air of conviction with which this intelligence was given him.

"I know not. You have heard of Mirabeau?"

"Who has not?"

"Well, since that period I have not seen her. I am miserable. I go to find her."

"How very singular!"

"What is?"

"Since that period, Henry, I have not looked on the shape of Louise."

"The shape!"

"Well, then, I have not seen her. When I last saw her, she was violently agitated, although she did not weep."

Henry looked at his friend with a mournful air of triumph, as though asking himself how so strangely correlative a coincidence in their dreams could be explained. At present it would, of course, be attributed to some one of the thousand fashions in which the mesmeric *rapport* is conceived to exist, or to one of those strange theories which have been so logically evolved by shrewd thinkers from unexplained psychical phenomena. Then, it was obvious to both of the young men that it arose from some unintelligible union between their souls and those of the two *demoiselles* with whom they had a year since become so curiously acquainted.

"Will you accompany me?"

Karl answered, "I will."

"We must mention our departure to no one."

"What money have you?"

"Almost the whole of my last year's allowance. A strange prevision seems to have been upon me. I have been economical."

"I have three hundred and—yes, three hundred and seventy thalers."

"It will be more than enough."

"But our passports?"

"They are already provided," replied Wilson.

"I have cared for and seen to them."

He then told Karl these indispensable requisites for Continental traveling were drawn up under the names of Jacques Desargue, a French *commissaire*, and Emmanuel Horn, a German merchant; and it was settled that they should not quit Bremen by the *desigence*. It started at six in the evening, and if, by any chance, their parents became aware of their departure, they might take measures to arrest them before they had passed the Prussian frontier, or even while yet in the city.

Therefore, it was determined that Henry should tell his family he intended to pass the night with Karl, who was, in most respects, a freer agent than his companion, and that they should not leave the house until the relatives of the former had retired to rest.

Accordingly, shortly before midnight, they dropped from the city walls into the dry moat; found at a cottage, a quarter of a mile off, two horses, which they had purchased and placed in charge of the peasant who lived there during the day; and were, by the gray dawn of the early morning, some five-and-thirty miles upon their road.

Traveling was in those days by no means so rapid, even on horseback, as it is now. Consequently, it was only at the termination of the moon on the fourth day—they had met with so many obstacles, it was impossible to have foreseen, and, if foreseen, to have avoided—that they found themselves entering Paris. They rode to a hotel in the neighborhood of the *barrière*, through which they had entered the city, and in half an hour after, as they sat down to the meal which had been hastily ordered, and noticed the rough and uncourteous manner of their attendants, as well as the insolent indifference of their landlord, possibly realized for the first time the actual difficulty of the quest upon which they had embarked. They possessed no address, nor had they the slightest clue to obtain one, unless it were the certainty Henry Wilson believed he had that the Alsatian was imprisoned. This, however, would be worth nothing to them until all other means to discover the family had failed.

Jacques Desargue, as Henry was now called, did not, nevertheless, despair of finding them.

He told his companion that it was unlikely they should have been guided so far upon their search unless they were destined to succeed. It was, therefore, determined, as Karl was fatigued with their long and tedious journey, while he himself had been wonderfully sustained through his continuance, that Henry should quit the hotel and commence his search immediately their dinner was terminated.

Half an hour later, having counseled his friend to lie down and take some rest, he descended into the streets of Paris alone, and a complete stranger in that, even then, vast capital.

It was in less than an hour and a half that he returned, and rushed into the chamber, where Karl, with his coat thrown off, was stretched upon the bed, sleeping. The impatient summons of his friend at once aroused him.

"Kiss, Karl! Put on your coat and hat, and come with me."

"Where to?"

"God was with me. I have found them."

No sooner had he heard these words than his friend leapt from the bed. In another instant he was ready to accompany Wilson. They descended the stairs of the hotel, crossed the court in its interior, and emerged upon the street.

It was, indeed, an extraordinary hazard, if there are any hazards in life, by which the young men had discovered the objects of his search.

He had been wandering through the streets of Paris for more than an hour, when he found him-

self in that portion of the city close to the Garden of the Tuileries, then, as it may be now, called the Rue Richelieu. A methodical inquiry or search he had not thought of making. He was under the impression that he was guided by some Power superior to human prudence or skill. This he must undoubtedly have been, unless the direction of his steps are attributed to those occult sympathies which have since been generally classed under the name of *Clairvoyance*.

As he paused near the entrance to the Garden, a dog sprang upon him, and attempted to lick his hand. It was a small black-and-tan spaniel of that breed which has been christened after King Charles. He fondled it, and seemed to remember it. All at once his memory assumed shape and form. It was a spaniel which had belonged to the mother of the two girls. Immediately he looked round. At no very great distance from him Marie Latour was walking slowly along.

As his eyes embraced that well-known figure, it seemed but to continue the loving passion of his dreams. For the instant he forgot the purpose which had brought him to Paris, and, in his waking joy, realized what had been the feeling of his slumber. When his eyes had last actually looked upon her, she had been no more than a fair child.

Now her promising life had ripened into a well-nigh matchless beauty. The trace of lately shed tears dimmed her eyes. This only foreshadowed it could not erase—her matchless loveliness.

He advanced toward her. But, when startled at his approach, she raised her head, and her look met his, there was little or no astonishment traceable in it.

She extended both her hands, which were grasped by his, and said:

"You have come at last, Henri! I expected you."

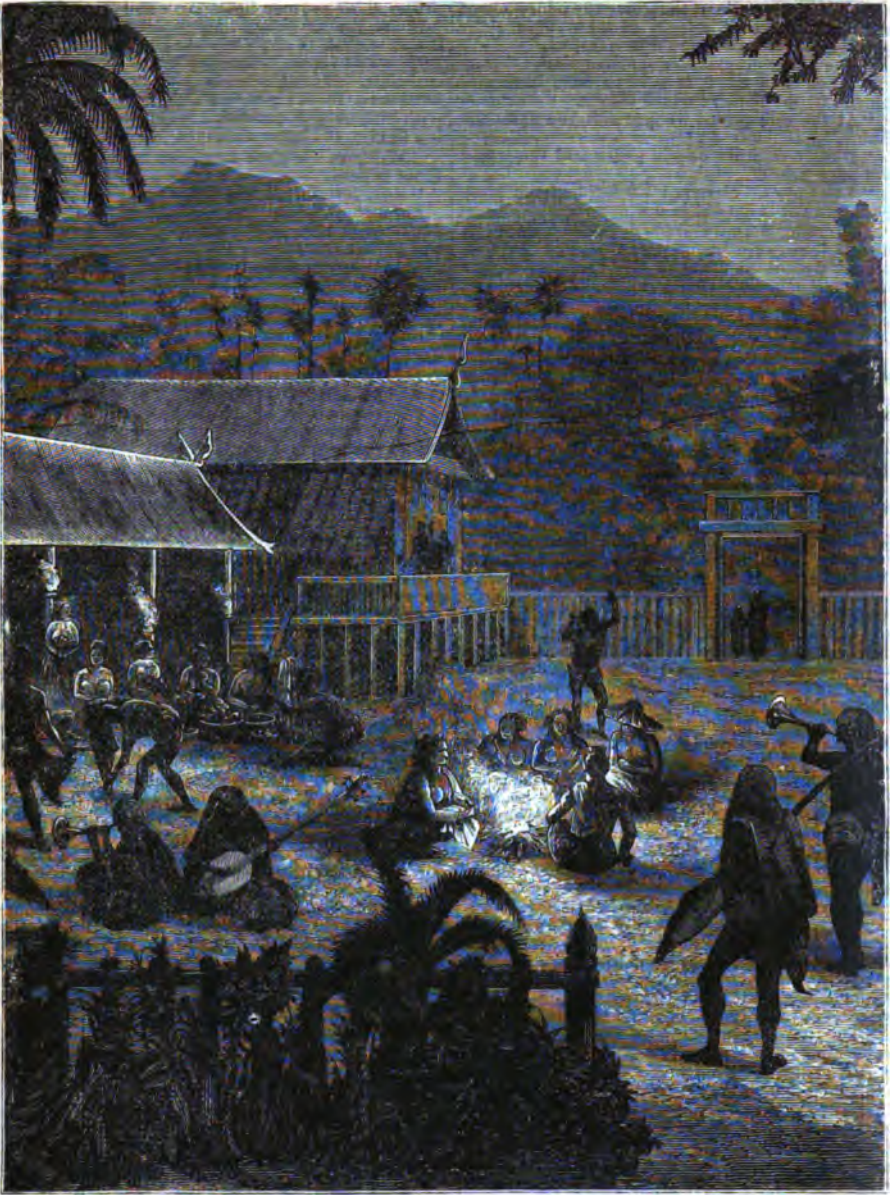
She had then conducted him to the house in which herself and sister, with Madame Latour, were dwelling, and dismissed him at the gate, bidding him return with his friend, as Louise was convinced he too would have accompanied young Wilson.

It will be unnecessary to linger long over the details of this interview.

It seemed—so at least the girls told them—their parent, who had been a wealthy merchant in Paris until some few years since, when he had retired from business, had possessed the chance of doing Louis XVI. a great service, at the time when he was the Dauphin, and had availed himself of it. Latterly, he had been filled with an ominous



LIFE AT LUANG PRABANG, IN LAOS.—THE KING'S NIECE.—SEE PAGE 308.



LIFE AT LUANG PRABANG, IN LAOS—AN EVENING ENTERTAINMENT AT A MANDARIN'S.—SEE PAGE 303.

dread, which prefigured in his mind the approaching horrors of the Revolution. Some seven months since he had, consequently, repaired to Paris with his family, for the purpose of realizing that portion of his funds which had been allowed to remain in the hands of his old partners.

The fall of the Bastille and the disturbed state of the city had prevented his affairs from being settled as speedily as he had proposed. No sufficient reason appeared to have been given for this delay by his former associates.

But one morning, some two weeks since, or

perhaps less, the officers of the police had entered the suite of apartments of which he was *ocataire*. The old man was arrested. He had been accused by a man named Verneuil, a follower of Mirabeau's, of having been employed by Louis to carry on a secret correspondence with Austria.

Marie and her sister believed this accusation, although brought by an apparent stranger, had been planned by the heads of his old house of business, for the mere purpose of gaining time in settling their indebtedness to him—perhaps of canceling it, as it had been intimated, would

either of them consent to receive the addresses of the senior partner, a man of more than sixty years, the accusation would be quashed.

"The old scoundrel!" ejaculated Karl.

"When was it he is said to have been employed by the King?" asked Henry.

"At the very period we first met you upon the Rhine," was the reply.

"If so, our evidence will prove that this could not have been."

"You forget," observed Karl, "that our passports are not made out in our names."

That night Wilson and his companion slept but little; they were resolving what had best be done. Unable to come to any decision, on the following morning Henry visited the Prussian Consul at Paris, who chanced to be, as he knew, a long-tried friend of his father's. To him he told all.

The Consul reproved him for having left Bremen, and advised the immediate return of himself and friend. Being, however, a man of warm impulses, when he found Henry determined not to quit the French capital, he made up his mind how to act. Accordingly, under his instructions, an affidavit was drawn up by Henry, in conjunction with his friend, stating how and where they had first met Monsieur Latour. The exact time was specified. An account of the manner in which each day had been spent, a complete and full detail of the contents, with the date of Henry's letter to him in Alsace, and his own letter of reply, which the young man carried in his pocket-book, were subjoined. This affidavit was left in the Consul's hand.

The young men then returned to Marie and her sister, who were already more cheerful. The sisters were possessed by the belief they would succeed in their efforts to liberate their father.

On the following day, the young men accompanied the two girls on their daily visit to the prison in which Monsieur Latour was confined.

A great change had come over the old man. Instead of that sturdy age by which he was marked when the friends first met him, he had almost lapsed into that premature childishness so often eliminated in the aged by unexpected trouble. His head was bowed; those locks, which had only been slightly grizzled, were now perfectly blanched. His keen, bright eyes were now fatigued and dull. Ruddy Autumn seemed to have merged into hoary Winter. When he saw the young men, however, a new life seemed to reanimate him. His form straightened under the sudden impulse, and the failing man seemed once again to be summoned into renewed life.

After having been told by his daughters all which the young men had done, he said, pressing Henry's hand as he did so:

"If I should be unliberated, and die in prison—the old cannot wear long when deprived of air and light—I make but one request. Bear away Marie and Louise, with their mother. My property in Alsace is left to them. So, they cannot lose all."

"But, my father!" exclaimed the youngest girl, "you will be free in a few days."

"Who can say?" sadly asked the old man. "Life and freedom are in the hands of the Almighty."

In the meantime, the Prussian Consul had reconsidered the subject, and come to the conclusion Marie and her sister intuitively arrived at. So, taking the affidavit, he waited upon Latour's former partners, and, explaining for what purpose it had been drawn up, laid it before them, stating that he himself was personally acquainted with the young men, and was prepared to substantiate its truth before the necessary tribunals.

The elder partner listened attentively. Then, pushing the unopened papers back to him, said it was useless to apply to the , as they were not responsible for the imprisonment of their former associate. Whilst he was saying this, the Consul detected a furtive glance which he interchanged with his younger partner. When he was preparing to rise, the latter motioned him not to do so.

"Will you allow me to glance for a moment at those papers?"

"Most certainly," was the reply.

For a short space, the younger of the two was occupied in reading the affidavit. His thin, pale lips curled contemptuously as he was thus occupied. When he came to the signatures, however, he suddenly raised his head, with a look of intense vexation visible in his face, which he strove in vain to conceal.

"Who is this Karl Birgfeldt?" he asked, pointing to the second signature.

The elder partner changed color as he heard this question.

"The son of a merchant in Bremen."

"Not Hans Birgfeldt?"

"The same, monsieur."

An exclamation of very unpleasant surprise made itself audible from the head of the firm, but was in tantly checked by a glance from the younger man. Herr Hans Birgfeldt was the principal in a wealthy German house in that city, with whom they transacted a great deal of business. Indeed, at this very time they were engaged in a heavy mercantile affair with it, whose gigantic proportions rendered it absolutely necessary for them to remain on good terms with him.

"You must allow us to consult together for a short time," he said, rising.

"Certainly," said the Consul, bowing.

He saw the name had seemed entirely to change the color of the affair. Taking up a journal lying on the table, he turned to peruse it, as the two partners quitted the room to confer.

After a somewhat long absence, the second of the two—who, it would appear, was the managing, although not the nominal, head of the firm—returned—alone. The Consul, who had thrown aside the journal, and was then occupied in staring out of the window, at the paving-stones of the courtyard on which it looked, turned toward him. With an air of the most profound French suavity, the latter drew up a chair toward him, and motioned the Prussian to be seated.

"My dear sir," he said, "it appears to me this affair can be arranged."

"It must, monsieur."

"The word 'must' is an ugly one."

"In this case it is necessary."

Unable to divine why it was so, the German felt he was now master of the situation.

Forgetting his politeness, the Frenchman scowled as he heard this. He evidently felt at a loss how to proceed.

"Listen to me," said the Consul. "A word from your lips would secure the release of Monsieur Latour. Would it not?"

"You, monsieur, are pleased to say so."

"But he has funds in your hands, it would at present be inconvenient for you to have removed out of your business?"

Here he paused.

"Monsieur has reason."

"How large a portion of it could you at once offer him?"

"Four hundred thousand francs in five days of time," was the hesitating response.

"And that will leave—"

"Eight hundred thousand in our hands."

"How long do you wish to retain this sum, monsieur?"

"Six years."

"It is far too long."

"I regret you should find it so," replied the merchant, smiling.

"Well, then," said the Prussian, with a drolly expressive French shrug of his shoulders, "I shall regret being compelled to write to Herr Birgfeldt that I could do nothing with you, and must take other steps."

The merchant appeared to reflect.

"If half the remainder is repaid in three years, will Monsieur Latour give us six to cancel the balance of his claim?"

"I think it is more than probable."

Consequently it was upon this understanding that an arrangement was effected, and, on the second day following this interview, Latour was released from confinement. On the fifth day from it four hundred thousand francs were paid him, and an obligation was signed by the principals of his old firm for the liquidation of the remainder at the terms agreed on. Thus, it would be needless to say, the subsequent troubles of the Revolution compelled him to receive in *assignats*, which were of little more value than waste paper. A handsome remuneration was tendered by him to the Prussian Consul for his service, which it is needless to say that official cheerfully pocketed. Prussian official salaries at that time were doled out on a small scale.

In eight days from the date of the arrival of Henry Wilson and Karl Birgfeldt in Paris, the Alsatian family had quitted it with them for Bremen, where they had agreed to proceed with the young men.

It is unnecessary to descant upon the astonishment and trouble experienced by their parents upon finding their sons had quitted this city. This was, however, greatly increased when they had traced them upon the road to Paris, and lost every vestige of the fugitives after they had crossed the French frontier.

Herr Birgfeldt had written to the Prussian Consul, imploring him to search them out. This letter had crossed them upon their road homeward. It, indeed, may be probable that when this official was opening and reading it, young Wilson and Birgfeldt were receiving two tolerably severe lectures from their respective and respected parents.

Nevertheless, in spite of this, scarcely three months had elapsed ere the two young men led Louise—we give her precedence here as the eldest—and Marie Latour to the altar. The Prussian Consul from Paris he had been luckily removed from his consulate before the younger partner in Latour's old house of business became a prominent member of the *Montagne*—danced at the ball given in honor of their wedding.

Not more than some ten years since there was still a wealthy mercantile firm in Bremen under the names of Wilson & Birgfeldt. In it the capital which had been saved for the Alsatian had more than quintupled its amount. The original partners had, however, long retired from business.

Henry Wilson had died in England, Karl Birgfeldt in a country-seat in the neighborhood of Bremen. Marie and Louise were at the time—for they were both old men—waiting for them, it is to be hoped, in Paradise.

Wellington's Strategy.

On a certain occasion during Wellington's campaign in the Pyrenees, that "Greek captain" being displeased with the dispositions General Picton had made for receiving the assault of Marshal Soult, who had menaced him in front, ordered the plan to be entirely changed. But the

difficulty was to delay the attack of the French until the change could be effected. This the "Iron Duke" accomplished in person, in the following manner:

Doffing his cocked hat, and waving it in the air, he rode usually to the head of a regiment, as if about to order a charge. The colour rose a tremendous cheer from the men, which was taken by corps after corps, until it reverberated along the whole extent of Picton's line. As the rear died away, Wellington was heard to remark, musingly, as if addressing himself, "Soult is a skillful but cautious commander, and will not attack in force until he has ascertained the meaning of these cheers. This gives time for the sixth division to come up, and we shall beat him." It turned out as he anticipated. Soult naturally enough supposed those tremendous shouts to announce the arrival of large reinforcements, and did not attack until too late. Had he struck at the right moment, he would have won an easy victory; as it was, he met with a bloody repulse.

This was strategy. Not the strategy of books, but the strategy of genius, rendered and executed in the same moment. The idea was born of the occasion and carried out on the instant.

Life at Luang Prabang, in Laos— An Evening Entertainment at a Mandarin's—The King's Niece.

A French officer attached to a recent expedition which penetrated to this little kingdom, which is jealous of its independence from Siam, sketches for us an evening entertainment at a mandarin's. The people are joyous, fond of amusement and pleasure, and have many festivals and games, in which all seem to take immense delight.

At the soiree sketched in our illustration the French guests saw, beside the reception-hall, a sort of shed under which a score of young girls were seated, tastefully arranging, on large lacquered waiters, flowers, fruit, and confectionery. Suddenly a number of young men, masked and disguised, burst in among them, each selecting a companion, but did not unmask or reveal their identity till they were seated at their partners' feet. Various games and dances, with music on the national instruments—trumpets and a sort of guitar—with chatting around a fire of fragrant wood, filled up the time.

The whites were a subject of wonder to the girls, who eagerly sought European soaps and perfumery, certain that they could thus gain the same complexion. Poor girls! many of them are afflicted with that terrible disease, the goitre, produced by the lime-water in the mountain-streams. One of these girls, who visited their quarters with all the freedom of a child, introducing her companions, is also sketched. She was a niece of the king. As she came daily with her presents of fruit and flowers, one of the Frenchmen asked her whether their lovers would not be jealous to see them so intimate with strangers. A hearty laugh was the reply. "What danger can there be, at your age?" she asked. "You are too venerable to excite any jealousy."

The simple child of nature, accustomed to the scanty beards of her own people, which never become long or thick till late in life, put down the youngest French officer as a venerable old man.

The Laotian men north of Luang Prabang tattoo their persons freely. Generally at the age of eight or ten the boy is subjected to this process, his body from the waist to the knees being covered with arabesques, animals, and flowers, in a deep violet, produced by fish-gall and soot from the oil of sesame, burnt in their lamps.

Trade is carried on in cowrie-shells, as formerly in all Southern Asia and Africa. This shell, the *Cypræa moneta*, is pieced in the middle, so as to be easily strung. The Arabian travelers, in the tenth century, mention their use; but it is even older. Twenty-two or twenty-six strings of a hundred are equal, in Laos, to a tical, which makes each shell about the fortieth part of a cent. The use of this strange money is now confined almost entirely to this inland kingdom, and will, doubtless, soon disappear.

The towns in Laos have the market open twice a day. In the morning, for cotton and silk goods, pottery, fancy goods, fruit, fish, and fowl; in the evening, there are only articles of food and flowers. Each stand pays a daily rent to the Government.

The holidays, of which there are many, call forth an immense trade in flowers, in which all seem to be great amateurs.

My Furs.

As I was sitting at my desk,
And racking my poor brain,
To write of honor and of truth,
In highest moral strain,

There came a rapping at my door,
As erst at Edgar Poe's,
Whose Raven said, "Ah! nevermore!"
As everybody knows.

"Enter!" said I, and Nora came.
"A m-m, ma'am, with some furs."
"With furs for me!" I blithely cried—
"How aptly this occurs!"

"What generous friend has seen my need—
Has marked my shabby muff—
Has touched my collar in the street,
And said, 'Oul! that is rough!'"

I ran down-stairs; I found the man,
With boxes in his hands.
"You bring," said I, "some furs for me,
And pray at whose commands?"

The man looked at me much surprised.
"Your servant, ma'am," said he;
"From Montreal I came last month,
With furs, which you shall see."

"With furs to sell!" I cried, aghast,
And thought, "'Tis I am sold!"
I was prepared to pay in smiles,
But not to pay in gold.

"A fur-seal set, ma'am; all the rage;
Just fit for madame's wear."

"Thank you; but not to-day," said I,
And turned toward the stair.

"If madame would but look at them,
She could not fail to say
That such a set, at such a price,
Is not met every day."

I placed my foot upon the stair,
Yet backward turned my eye;
"And what," said I, "may be the price?—
Although I shall not buy."

"'Twas fifty do'ars yesterday—
To-day 'tis forty-five.
You would not ask them, ma'am, for less,
For I, you know, must live."

"I could not sell them at that price
If I had had to pay
The duties at the Custom House
In quite the regular way."

"Oh! they were smuggled, then?" I cried,
In virtuous indignation;
"And do you think that I shall help
To cheat my own dear nation?"

"If madame has some half-worn furs,
Perhaps we could exchange."
The cunning varlet said, and bowed;
"I'm sure we could arrange."

The cherub sweet that sits aloft
Was listening on the stair:
"Oh, do, mamma!" she whispered, soft;
"Yours are not fit to wear!"

"Well, bring them down," I said, and turned
To look with longing eye;
While breathing on the muff, the man
Chased round "the butterfly."

The cherub came, and brought the furs;
The peddler turned them o'er.
"'Twas very long ago," said he,
"That madame bought that boa."

"What will you ask in an exchange?"
I gravely asked, and then
I reckoned, with a bitter smile,
How much I gave, and when.

"These furs and thirty do'ars more—
Well, we'll say twenty-five.
Madame will make a bargain then,
As sure as I'm alive!"

"Such seal as this you will not find,
At such a price, I mean;
If I had paid the duties now—"
Says I, "I'll give five-ten!"

"Fifteen! Oh, madame is in jest!
Why, madame, do but think
That fifteen do'ars scarce would buy
A shabby set of mink!"

"Here is the money—three new fives—
And here my sable furs;
Decide, and quickly, for I've reached
The bottom of my purse."

The peddler shrugged, the peddler smiled,
As only Frenchmen can;
"Madame shall have the furs," he said;
"But I'm a foolish man."

"Had it not been that they came free
Of customs, or of duty—"
I seized the furs, and ran up-stairs—
The muff is such a beauty!

And then I sat down at my desk,
And took my pen and wrote:
"Oh, men! oh, politicians! when
Will you let women vote?"

"When will you call their probity
To light your daroosome ways?
Their consciences cannot be bought
With gold, nor yet with praise;

"Their clear-eyed honor will not wink
At laws abused"—but, stop!
I thought of smuggled furs, and then—
Allowed the pen to drop.

Death by Lightning.

Do PEOPLE suffer when they are killed by lightning? This is a very interesting question, and one upon which there has been much speculation.

A scientific writer—Dr. John Tyndall—has published a learned essay on the subject, and his conclusion is, that death caused by lightning is not accompanied by any pain whatever. It is an instantaneous "negation of life," or cessation of consciousness, without suffering.

He says that the seat of sensation is the brain, and to it the intelligence of any impression made upon the nerves has to be transmitted before this impression can become manifest in consciousness. The transmission, moreover, requires *time*, and the consequence is that a wound inflicted on a portion of the body distant from the brain is more tardily appreciated than one inflicted adjacent to the brain. By an extremely ingenious experimental arrangement, the velocity of this transmission has been determined, and found to be about one hundred feet to the second, or less than one-tenth of the velocity of sound in the air. Taking into account this time required for the transmission of sensation, and the further time believed

to be required for the invisible particles constituting the brain to take up the motions or positions necessary for the completion of consciousness, Dr. Tyndall estimates that if a whale, fifty feet long, were wounded in the tail, one second and a tenth would elapse before it would become conscious of the injury.

From these premises the deduction is made that if an injury were inflicted which would render the nerves unfit to be the conductors of the motion which results in sensation, no matter how severe the injury might be, we should be unconscious of it. Or it may be that long before the time required by the brain to complete the arrangement necessary to consciousness, its power of arrangement might be wholly suspended. In such a case, even if the injury were fatal, death would occur without feeling of any kind.

This is the most learned scientific view of the subject. It is supported by numerous well-authenticated cases of persons who have been struck senseless by lightning, and, on their recovery, had no memory of pain.

However, clear as this reasoning is, and strong as the evidence seems to be, there is, and necessarily must be, a degree of mystery hanging over death, however occasioned, which can never be fully dispersed until we experience it ourselves. All the testimony on this subject comes from persons who have not died; none from those who have. We have no witnesses from beyond the grave. They are clothed in an impenetrable cloud, and whether they be dumb or not, they are all speechless. From them no word ever comes back to our longing hearts and listening ears.

How I Found Him Out.

It was a bright July night, in the year of our Lord 18—, as the moon, riding high in the heavens, threw a flood of silver light over the quiet village of H—.

I sat at my open window, gazing more expectantly than thoughtfully at the scene without. I could see, or could have seen, had I been less abstracted, stretching away in the clear light, the modest dwellings of the peaceful villagers dotting the narrow streets, and the tall steeple of the only church of which H— could boast, as it loomed up in dignity against the bluish-gray sky of that calm Summer night.

I could have seen, also, here and there, the lights of some late sitters-up like myself—who should have been in bed hours ago, as became respectable people, such as we professed to be—twinkling in unsuccessful rivalry of the brighter lights above.

All this I might have seen, but did not, only in a vague way, which left no impression on my preoccupied mind.

I was looking with some anxiety at the scene immediately before me—my grandmother's flower-yard. A line of cedars bordered the broad, white walk on either side, the pebbles of which sparkled like miniature wavelets in the bright moonlight; various paths ran out in devious lines from the central one—those of the left terminating in a summer-house (long since *passé*) of honeysuckle; those of the right in my favorite one of jasmine.

The odor of a thousand flowers floated upward on the air, and their subtle fragrance stole over my senses, causing a dreamy languor; or, it may be, I was just a bit sleepy.

However it was—languor or sleepiness—it was speedily dispelled by the resounding strokes of the village clock, as it counted out the hour of ten; for, as the last stroke died upon the air, a dark, manly figure glided through the front gate into my jasmine-bower, and I as quickly and

quietly sprang up, hurried down the stairway, and, with much trepidation lest I should be overheard, carefully opened the hall-door, and went out.

Dear Mrs. Grundy, do not be too much shocked at this imprudent act, or throw down this paper in disgust; you will see in the sequel that I was as severely punished as even your charitable heart could wish.

However, I will say, in extenuation of this act, that I was the petted darling of an indulgent grandmother; the sole representative of an only daughter who died in my infancy—barely sixteen, just released from school, with a head filled more with romance and false sentiment than common sense or 'ologies, the effect of an earnest and surreptitious perusal of "Children of the Abbey," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," etc.

My ideas of love and matrimony were on the exaggerated and impossible scale generally entertained by that silly class of persons, schoolgirls. I was now going to enjoy a moonlight *file-a-lie* with my lover, one on whom my grandmother wasted no smiles, but, on the contrary, whom she so cordially detested, that she had given him to understand, in the most polite manner, that his visits to her house could be discontinued without the slightest detriment to her pleasure and happiness—hence the moonlight rendezvous.

What could be more charmingly romantic?

Here was a handsome, devoted lover frowned upon by my cruel grandmother, and a repulsive one established in her favor, whose suit was urged upon all occasions by the aforesaid cruel guardian. Not Amanda Fitzallen, separated from her Mortimer by the promise made to Lord Cherbury, suffered half the pangs which tore my heart at parting from my Adonis.

We exchanged vows of eternal fidelity, declared that the seasons might reverse their course, the sun cease to shine, the earth to revolve; but time, absence or death cause any change in *our love*? Never!

You will perceive, Mrs. Grundy, I had worked myself up to a highly romantic and nonsensical pitch of devotion to a pair of black eyes, handsome mustache, graceful figure, good dancing, low voice, and tender glances, all of which combined made Herbert Demorest the most popular young gentleman in H—.

"Where," asked my grandmother one morning, after Herbert had bowed himself gracefully out of the parlor, as I entered her room, with cheeks still glowing at his tender adieu—"where did you say this young Demorest came from?"

"I do not know, but I presume from New York, as he is an intimate friend of George Lyle's, who, you know, is in business there, but is at present visiting his old home."

"It is no recommendation to be a friend of George Lyle's," curtly. "He is the last man, except this Demorest, to whom I would be willing to see a daughter or mine married."

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness on that score," I said; "there is little probability of the honor being offered me;" and as I uttered this falsehood, my conscience smote me.

"A very questionable honor," emphasizing the last word sarcastically.

"You are pre-judiced, grandma," I began, warmly. "I think your dislike of Herbert very unkind. He—"

"Herbert! humph!" The tone spoke volumes. "Matters have progressed much further than I imagined, since you speak of him so familiarly; it was not the custom in my day. As for Mr. Demorest," she said, pausing in the darning she had been vigorously executing during this conversation, and looking straight at me over her spectacles, "I have seen many a form as fair

conceal many a heart as false—for, false I am convinced he is. Trust me, child, it is so. He is no more to be compared to Mr. Wentworth—"

"Spare me," was my impolite interruption, "the repetition of the many virtues and excellences of your paragon. I dislike Mr. Wentworth more than any one in the wide world, and I would not marry him if I were drowning, and my marriage with him were made the condition of my rescue;" and I flounced angrily from the room.

As may be supposed, when, some days later, I announced my engagement to Mr. Demorest, a scene of high tragedy to us—high compared to any looker-on, had there been one—was enacted, and Herbert was, in peremptory terms, forbidden the house.

Of course I was inconsolable—tried the heroic, refused food for two consecutive days, strove with all the resolution of my nature to resist the odor of delicious viands, as it crept into my room; but on the second evening, the fragrance of Costa Rica and hot rolls came up so temptingly, that resistance was impossible, and, I regret to state to my romantic readers, I actually went down to the tea-table, and ate in such a fanished manner as to make the attendants a care, and my grandmother smile slyly behind the urn.

Then I tried melancholy, looked languidly about me, tortured the unoffending piano and my grandmother's ears with such love-lorn airs as, "I never can forget thee," "Thou canst not forget me," *ad infinitum*.

I tried to carry out my idea of what Amanda Malvina would have done in my situation; in short, tried to be as intently wretched as possible. But it was a signal failure. I felt more obstinate and resentful than unhappy at this first check placed on my own sweet will, and yet, if my grandmother had wished me to marry Herbert, I really believe in my perversity I should not have accepted him.

In a touching note, Herbert begged me, with all the tender epithets in Love's vocabulary, to meet him in my favorite arbor, where, with only the bright stars and gentle moon to witness them, we could breathe once more those vows which a cruel fate seemed determined should never be consummated.

He was going away, he said, and we would be parted perhaps for ever—could I be so unkind as to deny him the only favor he had ever asked of me? Of course I could not, and I wept copiously over his wretchedness believing him the most maligned, and myself the most persecuted, creature in existence. Ah! credulous sixteen.

How differently do our surroundings, time, place, and circumstance, affect our opinions. We scold, with the broad sunlight around us, at the idea of terror in crossing a churchyard at night; but who, put to the test, would not feel an uncomfortable fluttering of the heart, and look stealthily around for ghosts?

It seemed to me, when I replied affirmatively to this dolorous note, that it would be the height of felicity and romance, this moonlight *à la carte* with my lover in a jacinth-bower! But when I stole softly down the broad walk, how darkly frowned the cedars, and what a wild throb my heart gave when I thought, "Perhaps it is not Herbert, but some thief prowling about the premises."

I must have looked pale, for I felt so. Just at that moment, Herbert, catching the glimmer of my white dress through the tall evergreens, came forward, saying tenderly:

"Dearest, how kind you are! I feared you would not come."

"Oh, Herbert, it was a great sacrifice to deceive my dear grandmother, who thinks me in my room."

But I was thinking more of the step I had taken, the imprudence of which I began to realize to the fullest extent, than of the deception practiced on "my dear grandmother."

"Believe me, love, I appreciate it. Were it possible, this proof of your action would but increase my own. You know I shall leave H— soon. Do you know how long it will be before I return?"

"No, Herbert."

"For ever, unless you promise to go with me."

"It is so sudden—what do you mean?"

"I mean that unless you promise to go with me to B— to-morrow night, where everything will be in readiness, and we can be married without delay, I leave you to-night for ever."

Before I could reply, he threw himself kneeling before me, entreating, in pining, beseeching me not to blight his life, or sacrifice him on the altar of filial duty. Could I not leave a stern guardian for one who loved me more than his life—whose chief object through all our future would be to repay the sacrifice with the most devoted love? Tender entreaties and loving words poured forth from his lips in a perfect torrent.

I sat thinking how delightful it was to have so handsome and ardent a lover, how romantic the present scene, and, above all, what *à la mode* would attend a Gretta Green wedding.

"Say, my own darling," he murmured, passionately, "will you make me blessed?"

"Yes," I whispered, very sweetly, or tried to do so, and he was just in the act of sealing the promise on my lips (thank heaven, he did not), when I thought I felt the cold, slimy touch of a snake upon my foot. In a moment, I sprang past him, nearly upsetting him.

"In heaven's name, what is the matter?" he cried, very much disconcerted.

"Take care, it will bite you!" I screamed.

"What will bite me?"

"The snake—the snake!"

He moved back a step, and bringing his cane down with great force upon the spot I had quitted, a sharp metallic sound rang out on the night-air from a glittering object on the floor.

"Pshaw!" he said, a little angrily; "it is my watch-chain which has slipped off."

The spell was broken, and though quiet was soon restored, sentiment was not. I confess it was with a feeling of relief that I heard him bid me good night, with a promise to be at the gate punctually at seven the following night.

I stole back to my room, but not to sleep, for Conscience, stern monitor, would not let me rest, and I tossed heavily on my pillows, until "nature's sweet restorer" came to my relief.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and while I lay wondering where I should be when to-morrow's sun looked in upon this pretty room with its dainty furniture, I was suddenly called back to reality by the ring of the breakfast-bell. Punctuality being one of my grandmother's virtues, she could not tolerate a want of it in others; so, having dressing, I soon made my appearance at the table.

"Why, daughter, are you not well? You look pale," was grandmother's salutation.

"I did not sleep well. I have a slight headache,"

I replied, in a tone as touching as I could make it, and which I thought she would remember after the event which was to transpire to night; but there seemed to be nothing pathetic in the tone to her, from the reply she made.

"I think you are bilious, Annie, and must insist upon your taking blue mass."

Notwithstanding I was at that time completely carried away by a foolish sentimentality, in justice to myself I must say I felt really unhappy at the thought of grieving my grandmother by a "moon-

light flitting." I tried as hard to feel supremely happy at the prospect of the felicity awaiting me, as at others I had endeavored to be miserable, but with little success.

My grandmother's manner seemed more affectionate, the flowers more beautiful, my home more pleasant, than they ever appeared before; perhaps I was beginning to appreciate the blessings I was about to throw away so lightly.

"What a question about to do?" asked Conscience, sternly. "To leave a solitary old woman, who, apart from the ties of blood, has every claim upon your love and gratitude? Think of the care and kindness with which she has surrounded your life; and the return you propose to make, is a censurable elopement with a man of whom you know nothing but that he has a handsome face and pleasing address—for shame."

And abashed I felt, indeed, under this salutary lashing, almost regretting that I had bound myself. Then I thought of Herbert's disinterested love and devotion—did I not owe him some conclusive proof of my affection, as a return for the forbearance with which he bore my grandmother's brusqueness, all for my sake?—and, I argued, she will forgive us when we return and kneel before her, after the style of Ferdinando and Leonora.

So I vibrated between love and duty, all that long Summer day, trying vainly to interest myself with books, music, and sewing, until, quite wearied out, I fell asleep upon the sofa in the cool, spacious hall. I dreamed that I had eloped with Herbert, when, hardly was the marriage ceremony over, than he underwent a terrible transformation—he became a hideous snake, with lurid, wicked eyes—I saw the horrid undulations of his body as he approached to wrap me in an embrace—I screamed, and woke to find my grandmother quietly knitting by my side.

"Child," she said, "why don't you take blue nose."

Instead of remaining in her room after tea, as was my wont, I pleaded headache, took up my candle, and kissed her "good-night." I faltered as I did so, for I thought of the many lights that might intervene before that privilege was mine again; I suppose there was unusual warmth in my salute, for she looked at me affectionately, saying:

"Bless you, dear! how much like your mother you are growing."

This was the highest compliment that she could pay me, in her estimation, and mine.

I selected my smallest valise, remembering the universal masculine aversion to baggage; packed it; arranged my room, as the French are said to do before they commit suicide; wrote the indispensable note which was to be found the next morning, and placed it in a position sufficiently conspicuous to avoid its being overlooked by Ruth when she came to awake me, as I knew she would when the breakfast-bell failed to perform that duty. Then I sat down by the open window, and Conscience at once opened her battery full upon me, from which attack there was no shelter but action; so, taking a long lingering look at my room, then finding by my watch it was nearly eleven, I blew out the light, went noiselessly down the stair, and under the pure stars. I had not long to wait; soon the brisk roll of wheels was heard coming up the avenue. Thinking I would not annoy Herbert by any unnecessary delay, I caught up my valise and walked quickly down the broad white path to the gate, and stood leaning upon it, under the shadow of the tall cedars. My traveling dress being dark, I remained unseen during the following dialogue:

"Deuce take the thing!" exclaimed Herbert, as in springing from the carriage a trinket on his watch-chain caught in the tassel on the door.

"Patience, my boy," said a voice which I recognized as George Lyle's; "your beauty is not yet ready—there is no light in her room—it is scarcely eleven—take things coolly—your impatience only increases the difficulty."

For Herbert Demorest was tugging vigorously at the tassel.

"Once for all, George," he said, irritably, "and no fooling, are you sure her property is subject to her control upon her marriage, with or without the consent of her guardian?"

"As sure as I am that you will live in clover," returned the voice in the carriage; "and I envy you a l, except the possession of the young lady, who is a silly—"

"I retty little fool," conc'ed my disinterested lover; "but her money—"

"Will never benefit—Mr. Demorest," said I, as quietly and with as much dignity as I could command, stepping out into the moonlight. "I have unintentionally overheard your complimentary remarks, gentlemen. Permit me to wish you a speedy realization to your hopes, and a very good-night."

I shall never forget the consternation depicted on the countenance of Herbert, who had by this time freed himself, nor George's prolonged whistle, as, turning, I fled swiftly up the walk, intent upon getting to my room as quietly as possible. But the Fates ordained it otherwise. On reaching the porch, I first stumbled over Jowler, then stepped on his toes, at which he set up a lugubrious howl which soon drew forth a chorus of sympathetic barks from his canine friends in the yard. I heard the rapid clatter of hoofs, and roll of wheels down the avenue, as I closed the hall-door, which, to add to the general confusion, slipped from my nervous grasp and swung to with a bang loud enough, it seemed to me, to wake from their repose the Seven Champions of Christendom. In a moment I heard—"Annie! Annie!" in my grandmother's shrillest tones. "James, Matilda, Mary—what's the matter? Where are you? The house is full of thieves! Help! help!"

I ran swiftly up the staircase, hoping to reach my room and reappear in a few moments in a *role à nu*, apparently as ignorant of the cause of uproar as my grandmother. But—

"The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley."

I had nearly reached the top step, when I missed my footing, and down I rolled, making a descent much more rapid than graceful. I came to a standstill on the hall-floor, when I picked my bruised self up, and as best I might made my way to my grandmother's door. She had not ceased one moment to call alternately for the servants and myself, not being in the least reassured by the noise of my fall. But, as a climax to my misfortunes, I missed the door, running full against a hat-rack just beyond, nearly breaking my nose. Human nature could stand it no longer; pain, anger and mortification on completely broke down the barrier of my self-control, and I wept piteously.

At that moment my grandmother appeared at her door with a light.

"Mercy on us!" she exclaimed. "What is the matter, Annie? My child, your nose is bleeding. What are you doing with your traveling-dress on this warm night? I declare—"

"Please hush, dear grandma, and I will tell you all," I said, between my sobs.

She drew me gently into her room, and there, with real penitence, I told her the whole story of my folly and Herbert's worthlessness.

The snows of many Winters have fallen over the low mound where, in sweet repose, sleeps my

grandmother; but never until I am laid by her side shall I forget the love and kindness which she showed me that night. Instead of the severe reprimand I fully expected and richly deserved, she kissed me tenderly, saying:

"My dear child, you should be more thankful than you can express for your escape from the misery of being the wife of that dishonorable man. Never again keep a secret from me; I am the best and truest friend you can have; distrust any man who would seek to induce you to deceive me. You are sobbing more from wounded vanity than disappointed love; you are capable of a deeper affection than such a man as Herbert Demorest can inspire. And since good often comes of evil, I think this affair will destroy the romantic tendency in the otherwise perfect character of my darling."

And it did. I have been many years Mrs. Wentworth, with only one ungratified wish—that I could not possess Herbert Demorest's watch-chain as an heirloom.

The Mou Tseu, a Caucasian Tribe in Laos.

NEAR MUONG LIM, in Laos, are savages called Mou Tseu, who seem, like the Mias Tseu of China, to be descendants of Caucasian tribes who were overcome by the Mongol invasion.

These Mou Tseu show a style of costume quite uncommon in those parts in its care and complication. The headdress of the women is composed of a series of bamboo rings covered with plaited straw, and set on top of the head. The edge of this hat is trimmed with silver balls, which cover the forehead; above this are two rows of white beads; on the left side hangs a tassel of white and red cotton with a pendant of beads. Flowers and leaves are added according to taste, the headdress varying frequently in style and decoration. The women wear a jacket with sleeves trimmed with white beads, and a short skirt just reaching to the knees. The legs are covered with tight leggings from the ankle to the knee, which are also trimmed with beads. Their toilet is completed by silver-colored earrings, bracelets, belts, collars, made of shells or Chinese aspects strung together. The men wear a turban, wide, short pantaloons, and a jacket with silver buttons. Both sexes wear a cloak made of leaves, which looks like a half-opened book. This is fastened around the neck, and drawn over the head in rainy weather. Women, when carrying burdens, use a wooden semicircular collar with an opening for the neck.

This peculiar people deserve the attention of ethnologists, to trace if possible their origin and affinities. They are now a white remnant amid the Mongols.



THE MOU TSEU, A CAUCASIAN TRIBE IN LAOS, FURTHER INDIA.



MISS HEATHERSTONE.—"SHE DROPPED HER HEAD IN MY LAP, HER WHOLE FRAME SHA'LN WITH SOBS. THERE WAS A LONG SILENCE. I WAS TOO MUCH SURPRISED TO SPEAK."

Miss Heatherstone.

"She could whisper and smile and sigh,
Feeding, flustering—no can the rest;
But, oh! the look in her roving eye
Would have wiled the babe from its mother's
breast!"

THESE lines always remind me of Ellinor Heatherstone. She was not a beauty—there were too many imperfections in her face for that; but her eyes were irresistible. No matter what she had done, one pleading look from those glorious brown eyes would constrain you to think she was right.

Then, her figure was simply perfect. Before

her marriage, she was undeniably the belle of the neighborhood.

Her toilets were exquisite—not that they were costly, for the Heatherstones were not rich; their only source of income was the office under Government which Mr. Heatherstone held. So, of course, there was no great abundance of money; but Nellie's articles of dress were all well chosen, and she had a great deal of costly old lace and handsome jewelry. She, therefore, always made a good appearance, and consequently had plenty of admirers.

The "lords of creation" would probably laugh at the idea of a woman's dress influencing them,

but it does. Not that I mean to say they notice details; but the general effect is apt to have an influence on them as well as others.

What one of them, for instance, would walk down Charles Street, on a fine day, with the prettiest girl in the world, if she were dressed in the style of our grandmothers, or wore a mixture of color—say, a blue dress, a green shawl, and yellow gloves? If asked to do it by a third party, he would probably say:

"She's a sweet girl; but, by Jove! a fellow don't like to be seen with such a dowdy figure as she makes of herself."

No, my dears; the day when the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit" was prized above the "plaiting of hair and putting on of apparel," is over. The "poor cousin" or "good sister," who stays at home to make pies and do the family mending, is *not* the one who makes "such a splendid match." If she is caught in the act of making said pies, it will not be in "dainty white cuffs and apron," but most probably in a sensible brown apron, and certainly without any cuffs at all. She never makes the "splendid match" outside of a novel. So, if you intend to pursue that course of conduct, make up your mind to accept your virtue as its own reward, for it's the only one you'll be apt to get in this world.

Then, Nellie flirted so charmingly—of course I know that, theoretically, none of the gentlemen approve of flirts, but, practically, they always run after them—and that was another reason why she was admired by the gentlemen.

As for the girls, they copied her in dress and manner, because the gentlemen admired her; yet, strange as it may seem, protested among themselves that she had not "a bit of taste," and "as to her being stylish, my dear, why, there's no more style about her than there is about a cat."

Nell and I were good friends—that is, we were a great deal together; but there was not the slightest approach to that confidential intimacy so common among girls, until we had known each other for some years.

I recollect well that it was a lovely morning in May. We had walked to a little grove, which is a favorite place of resort for the young folks of our neighborhood, and were sitting on a large stone, by the "Lovers' Spring," when she said, without the slightest preface:

"I am to be married to Colonel Leslie, on the 30th."

Now, Colonel Leslie was old enough to be her grandfather, but very wealthy.

"You are surely jesting, Nell," I said. "You can't love him."

"No," she replied, coldly; "but I respect him, and I love no one else."

"But just think!" I said. "You love no one else now; still you may some day, when you have made it too late for happiness. You know it is said that every woman loves once in her life; yet, perhaps, you don't believe that?"

"Yes, I do," was the reply; "but I have loved *me* once, and there is no danger of my doing it again. My heart is a burnt-out volcano."

There was a silence of some moments, when she suddenly spoke once more.

"The poets call Autumn the saddest time, but I think Spring is. I do not know why; but it seems as if with the resurrection of nature there comes also a resurrection of old hopes and old sorrows we had thought buried under the yellow leaves of Autumn. If you care to listen, I'll tell you my romance. It will be such a relief to speak of it."

"I was not more than sixteen when I met Lynn Carter. At first he avoided me in rather a marked manner, and I did not like him. But afterward, events, with which I will not bore you, threw us

much together, and for two years we were intimate friends.

"All this time he had never spoken a word of love to me, nor had I ever thought of such a thing in connection with him; but one day an event, which it would take too long to tell, caused him to reveal that he loved me; but, almost in the same instant, he told me that he was a married man."

"Of course you will say I resented such a declaration as an insult. So I did. Then he begged me to listen to his story before I judged him."

"When he was eighteen, he fell in love with and secretly married an actress, pretty but weak, and, as he afterward found, very ill-tempered."

"In a few weeks, the poor boy woke from his dream, to find himself tied for life to an ignorant, vulgar woman, whose naturally violent temper was irritated by disappointment at her marriage still being kept secret."

"With this fruitless source of contention, their life was miserable, indeed. His wife often threatened to declare their marriage herself, but was restrained by the fear that his father would no longer allow him an income; and at present she had what, after all, she most desired—plenty of money; for Lynn's father was very wealthy, and never limited him in his expenditure."

"Lynn, on his part, could not bring himself to acknowledge his marriage, and so separate himself entirely from his family, for he well knew his father would never consent to receive as a daughter the woman whom he had married."

"But at the end of six months he was relieved from his burden in a way he little expected."

"He went one day to his wretched home, and, instead of his wife, found a letter from her, stating that she had left him for ever with another man, whom she had always loved, and whom she had deserted for him only because of the position she had thought to gain by her marriage. But she saw that the marriage would never be acknowledged during his father's life; and she was tired of waiting for dead men's shoes, and being moped to death, with no amusement but tormenting the foolish boy she had married."

"He did not apply for a divorce, for that would have revealed the whole wretched story, and his greatest desire was to keep it secret. The loss of his liberty was of little consideration; he was disgusted with women, and never dreamed of wishing to marry again."

"Years went by. His wife sometimes extorted money from him as the price of her silence, but for the last three years he had not heard of her. He never mingled in ladies' society; his meeting with me was, as I told you, accidental. He loved me, he said, from the first moment he saw me."

"He could still get a divorce, he added, and besought me to promise that, if he did so, I would marry him."

"Now, I knew that my parents would never consent to my marrying a divorced man. The laws of our Church forbade it, and I myself thought it a deadly sin. But what will not a woman do for the man she loves? I gave him the promise he asked."

"So he left me."

"We had always corresponded regularly. I had been in the habit of showing his letters to my mother, and I still continued to do so, for the very good reason that in every envelope there were two letters—one written as usual; the other for my eye alone, telling how he progressed with the suit for divorce. After three months, he wrote that he had succeeded, and fixed the time when he would come for me with his sister."

"All this was very wrong, you will say. I knew it was, and suffered accordingly."

"All the day I expected him I was most miserable, and was on the point of confessing every-

thing a dozen times; but at length the appointed hour came and passed, and he had not arrived.

"Then I knew something dreadful had happened to him, and I could do nothing but wait, without even one soul to whom I could speak of my anxiety.

"At length it came. The second day after, I got a letter from Lynn's sister. He was dead—poisoned by his divorced wife. She had taken passage on the same steamer that he did when he left the city where the divorce had been granted, to come to me, and, gaining admission to his stateroom during his absence, had put a large quantity of morphine in a carafe of water from which she supposed he would drink, and then, retiring to her berth, took a fatal dose herself.

"Next morning, when the steamboat came to the landing, the dreadful deed was discovered; but then he was quite dead, without one word of good-by even.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" she cried, passionately. "Your memory is dearer to me than any living lover can ever be! I shiver in the Winter when I think of you lying under the snow; and in Spring, when the flowers come, I only think if any grow upon the grave I have never seen, but which is always before me."

She dropped her head in my lap, her whole frame shaken with sobs. There was a long silence. I was too much surprised to speak. Was this the proud, quiet girl I had known so long?

At length she raised her head; the old look was in her eyes.

"You see," she said, "I might as well marry Colonel Leslie. He will enable me to help them at home, besides giving me, what most women desire above all other earthly good, a handsome establishment. Forgive me for being sentimental and boring you. Let us go home; I promised to drive this afternoon."

I met her often afterward before her marriage, but she was always as calm and self-possessed as before that morning.

She was married on the 30th. It was the wedding of our neighborhood, and is still the standard by which the splendor of all weddings there is gauged. The bride looked lovely, as all brides do, and every one said, "What a splendid match!" I wonder, if they had heard her tell that dreary story, if they would think the "splendid match" worthy of envy? I think there are some who would—those, for instance, who are not troubled with such unfashionable things as hearts.

The Vailed Lady.

I do not imagine that any of my readers ever heard of the village of Stebbins, nestled down in a corner of one of the New England States, twelve miles from the nearest railway-station.

There is a boy at Stebbins, who rides his twelve miles once a week to get the mail, rests over night at the post-office, and returns the next day.

Stebbins is not a town—it can scarcely be called a village; but is a settlement, comprising a store where you can buy coal-scuttles and bonnets of the same salesman, or procure soap and boots in the same parcel. There is a blacksmith's shop, a church, and a schoolhouse, and there is a little stream running past the cluster of houses, and in this stream are such fish as are seldom seen outside of just such quiet localities.

One of my friends, walking through New England upon a sketching tour, told me of the fish and the quaint little village, one hundred years behind the age, and I resolved to spend a few weeks there to recover from a bitter, blighting disappointment that had fallen upon my life. And while the iron horse is taking me from New York

to the railway-station, where I am told a horse can be hired to take me to the little village, I will tell the story of this disappointment, though it involves some mention of myself in a light that may appear that of vanity.

I am the only son of a widowed mother, and the possessor of half of my late father's property, with the reversion of the other half upon the death of my mother. This property, amounting to nearly a million of dollars, probably accounts for the fact that I am a favorite in society, and especially so amongst the ladies.

I have passed honorably through college, spent four years in Europe and two in Eastern travel, have dabbled in literature and art, and, at thirty, returned to my mother's house, intending to settle down, take care of my property, and waste no more of my life in pleasant idleness.

I found in my mother's house two ladies, who were spending the Winter with her, and to whom she introduced me as—

"My friend, Miss Iona Willoughby," and "my companion, Miss Hester Brown."

In our first private interview, she gave me the following sketch of the young ladies:

"Miss Willoughby is the daughter of your father's partner, Herbert. You never knew him, as he was always in England, managing affairs there, but he died two years ago, and by his request, Iona makes her home with me until she marries or comes of age, although her large property is in the hands of guardians in London. She is very much admired. Do you think her handsome?"

"The handsomest woman I ever saw," I said, emphatically; "in face and figure absolutely perfect. I never saw more glorious dark eyes."

"And she is very accomplished," added my mother, evidently proud of my praise. "Her voice is remarkably fine, though not so good as Essie's."

"Who is Essie?"

"My companion, Hester Brown. She is an orphan, and without means now, though she will have a small income from some property of her father's when she comes of age, next year. She is very useful to me, and I allow her to sing in the Church choir, to add to her salary. Her father was a music-teacher, and Essie's musical training has been very thorough. Her voice is powerful and yet very sweet."

My mother did not ask me if I thought her companion handsome; and had she done so, I should not have replied as unhesitatingly and emphatically as before, for there was none of the dazzling, startling beauty of the heiress about the quiet, pale companion.

Yet, when I thought of the ladies, in my solitary musings, it was constantly Essie's face that came before me, not Iona's.

Iona's tall, Juno-like figure, her profusion of auburn hair, dazzling complexion, perfect features, and large black eyes, would have made her a belle wherever she appeared; but in the beauty of Hester's face there was no such irresistible power.

Let me recall my love as I first saw her, for she was, she is, she ever will be, the one woman who reigns supreme in my heart.

While my mother and Iona wore dresses of the richest silk, fine laces and sparkling jewelry, with coiffures of the latest fashion, the young companion had a simple dress of woollen material, with neat linen collars and cuffs, fastened by a plain gold pin and buttons. Her hair, of the golden yellow rarely seen after childhood, was short, and nestled in natural curls round her small, well-shaped head. She was pale, but her complexion was of the pure softness that could bear the loss of color. Her eyes were a deep blue, shaded by long golden lashes, and her features were very

regular. She was of medium height, and very slender, looking small beside my mother and Iona, both of whom were very tall, and full in figure.

Probably my own six feet of stature, broad shoulders, and long legs, added to the dwarfing of Essie, for we all spoke and thought of her as little.

My arrival in New York was at a time when Winter festivities were fairly inaugurated, and I was presented to my mother's world of society at a party invited for that special purpose.

When I presented myself in the drawing-room, Iona was standing beside my mother, radiantly beautiful, in a dress of blue velvet, point lace, and diamonds. Upon the glossy braids and curls of her bronze-colored hair she wore a wreath of white flowers, with diamond dewdrops nestling in their hearts.

Begging her acceptance of a bouquet I had purchased for her, I looked for Essie to present its companion.

"I suppose Miss Brown is not dressed?" I said, as carelessly as I could.

"Miss Brown!" cried my mother, in genuine astonishment. "Why, Herbert, you don't suppose I introduce my paid companion to my friends, do you?"

"Oh!" I said, "I did not think of that!" And, truly, it had not entered into my mind, having seen Essie constantly with the other ladies.

I made some excuse for leaving the room for a moment, tied my card to the bouquet in my hand, and, catching a servant, sent it to Essie's room. I had chosen it so carefully, selecting opening rosebuds, fragrant violets, delicate mignonette, and one pure lily, for the gentle girl, while Iona's was left to the florist, and was composed of camelias, and, for all I knew, of cabbage-roses.

I saw my mother's brow contract in a frown, faithfully mirrored upon Iona's lovely face, when I returned empty-handed; but I made myself agreeable to the best of my ability, and, guests arriving immediately after, we were soon too much engaged to discuss private matters.

But when I was alone with my mother, she asked me if I had sent the flowers to Essie.

"Certainly," I replied. "I purchased a bouquet for each of your guests."

"But, Herbert, do put such strange ideas out of your mind. Essie Brown is no more my *guest* than my cook or lady's-maid. She is my paid companion, does my shopping, writes my notes, and performs other services I cannot trust to uneducated servants. I beg you will not spoil her by attentions that are as absurd and uncalled-for as they are out of place. Only yesterday you left your writing to place a chair for her."

"I should place a chair for your cook or your washerwoman," I replied, "if their duties required them to be seated in your presence."

"Absurd!" said my mother, half angrily. "Don't, I beg of you, put such ideas into Essie's head. She understands her place perfectly, at present."

I made no reply. I did not wish to irritate my mother by disregarding her wishes, and certainly I did not intend to treat Essie Brown as a servant when already I was thinking what a Paradise my life would be, could I win her for my wife.

It was too soon to speak such thoughts, however, and I was a little amused also at my mother's manner toward me.

I had been away from home so long, that she had forgotten I was not the boy she had sent to college, and her somewhat peremptory commands upon many occasions rather annoyed me.

Yet, the full sense of the authority she supposed to be her right did not come home to me until about a month after my return, when she counseled me, in a tone and with a manner that were impera-

tive beyond description, to endeavor to win Iona for my wife.

"But I do not feel the slightest desire to marry Iona," I answered.

"Herbert!" she said, indignantly, "what can you ask more? She is beautiful, accomplished and wealthy. More than this, my son—she admires you."

"I am obliged to her for her good opinion."

"You need not lay that sarcastic emphasis upon your words. Iona has made no unskillfully advances. With her advantages she could marry any one!"

"I do not dispute that."

"But what fault can you find?" persisted my mother.

"I do not find any fault with your guest, mother. But while I admit all Miss Willoughby's charms, she is not the woman I would seek for a wife. She is proud to a fault——"

"She has good reason to be. Her birth, position and personal advantages fully justify her regal manner."

"Very true. But she is cold hearted."

"Not when she loves. Her affection for her father was almost idolatry. Where she loves, she will be capable of any devotion, any self-sacrifice. You do not understand such natures, Herbert, but I do. As a girl I was like Iona, cold and proud to strangers. Ask your own heart if I was cold to your father or to you."

I was silenced.

I knew what my mother said was true—that to the world she presented a mask of ice, but never was a more devoted wife and mother.

It might be that Iona's heart, too, was sound and sweet at the core, in spite of the crust of worldly pride over it.

But I doubted it. My mother was cold and proud, but never cruelly neglectful of the welfare of others—selfishly regardless of all interests excepting her own.

Iona was both. I had seen her tried more than once, and I could not believe in a warm, true heart in her bosom.

And here I must write what may seem a conceited imagining of my own vanity, but what after events proved to be the true prophetic warning of my heart.

With the volcanic, furious love that breaks out often in such cold natures, Iona Willoughby loved me, and with her senses roused to keenest perception by jealousy, she read my growing affection for Essie.

As my mother's guest, it was binding upon me to pay Iona many attentions.

I was her escort whenever she needed one, and endeavored to fill my position as host to the best of my ability.

I did not know, what I learned later, that my mother exerted her utmost ingenuity to throw us together as frequently as possible.

In self justification I must say that I never paid Iona any attention that my own conscience could interpret as love-making, nor had I ever for one moment in our friendship any desire to win either her wealth or beauty for my own.

She was simply my mother's guest, to whom I owed the courtesies of a friend and host; nothing more.

My real love making was by no means such easy work as it would have been had my heart been given to my mother's favorite.

Instigated by Iona, who yet successfully concealed her motive, my mother kept Essie busy in her own room many hours each day, and our evenings were constantly engaged, often for weeks in advance. Many times I have slipped away from opera or party, leaving the ladies in proper masculine care, and escaped to the sitting-room, to

And Essie sewing upon Iona's snery, or writing notes for my mother. And in these short delicious hours I won the sweet, shy nature to confidence and trust, till I dared ask for love, and found it mine already.

She loved me. My violet, my Nly, who was so little lower than the angels in my eyes that my love was worship, loved me.

It was an easy task, after I had won this sweet confession, to gain her promise to be my wife, and slip upon her finger a glittering betrothal ring.

I was prepared for disappointment when I told my mother, but not for the storm of contemptuous indignation I met.

If I had proposed to wed the cook, with whom she had once placed Essie on a level, my mother could not have exhibited more angry surprise. She argued and entreated in vain, finally bursting into a storm of tears, and threatening to discharge Essie within the hour.

I left her then, and Iona went to comfort her. By her entreaties she won my mother to consent to allowing Essie to remain, warning her, and truly, that she would only hasten the marriage by thrusting the gentle girl from the house.

"You may thank Iona that I have consented to allow you to be married here," my mother said.

And I, poor blind fool, did thank her earnestly and sincerely.

My reward was a heavenly smile and an assurance of her warmest sympathy, with this subtle sting:

"I have really noticed the little thing very little, Mr. Ashton; but now I will try to make her my friend. Your wife must be my friend, for your mother's sake."

And in pursuance of this magnanimous resolution, she proceeded to patronize Essie in a grand way, that fairly set me frantic, while it left me no ground for complaint.

My only refuge was to hurry on the completion of my own home, for my mother had declined sharing hers with Essie.

It was but natural that I should now insist upon Essie's sharing our parties of pleasure, and in her simple dresses she far outshone our other lady friends in their most gorgeous toilets.

With her pure, pale face, her gentle, sweet manner, always refined and high bred, and her rare musical attainments, she soon found her own place in our circle of friends, and was a favorite with many.

I was proud to tell I had won her, in spite of my mother's evident desire to conceal the fact, and our marriage was appointed for an early date.

While my love seemed prospering, and my happiness was perfect, a business complication—the details of which it is not necessary to give here—called me to Florida.

It was in April that I left home, and on the day I completed my arrangements Essie came of age. I was anxious to be married before I started, but my mother and Iona opposed this step, upon grounds I could not combat.

"Essie is not strong, and you may be detained for months. The tropical climate in the Summer season might be fatal to such a delicate constitution."

In our parting interview my mother for the first time seemed to realize the depth of my love for the pure, pale girl who nestled in my arms, sobbing bitterly, till a sudden silence warned me that she had fainted.

"Give her to me, Herbert," my mother said, "and trust me; I will be a true mother, during your absence, to your chosen wife."

"God bless you for that promise!" I cried. "Now I can feel happy about my poor little Nly."

Looking up as I spoke, I saw Iona's face set in a strange, hard expression, her eyes looking vacantly forward, her cheeks deathly white, and her lips tightly compressed. Such misery and cruel hardness I never saw in any human face.

For an instant I felt as if I must snatch Essie in my arms, and carry her with me, away from any rival. Then I looked in my mother's face, full of tender, loving pity, and left the three, comforted.

If I had only obeyed that seemingly mad impulse, how much misery and sin might have been averted!

During the first weeks of my absence, I received letters constantly, full of shy, sweet happiness, from Essie. My mother was purchasing her *trousseau*, and having it made in her own exquisite styles, and Essie wrote merrily of her magnificence in her costly dresses. Iona she seldom mentioned, but if she did so, it was with constraint.

My affairs detained me until September, and I was writing the epistle announcing my return, when the servant handed me a letter from Essie. I tore it hastily open, to read:

"MY OWN DEAR LOVE—I write to bid you farewell for ever! Before this reaches you, I shall have left your home, never to return. An incurable disease has made it impossible for me to be your wife, and has left me no refuge but to shun your eyes for ever.

"Dearest, it breaks my heart to leave you—to write what must be my last words to you. May our Heavenly Father bless your mother for her unceasing, loving kindness to me since you left me. Tell her I am not ungrateful.

"I cannot write more—my tears blind me.

"Farewell! ESSIE."

Almost insane with agony, I journeyed day and night till I reached my home, to find all my worst forebodings confirmed. Essie had left the house, alone, leaving only a little note of farewell for my mother, that was heart-breaking to read.

In the months during which my mother had taken the sweet, gentle girl into her heart, she had learned to love her; but she had allowed her to pass the months of July and August in a quiet country boarding-place with Julia, her maid, while she had accompanied Iona to Saratoga.

I had known of this arrangement at the time, and approved of it, feeling that Essie would be far happier in this seclusion than amongst the gay crowd at a fashionable watering-place.

"What does Julia know?" I asked.

"Julia has not returned here. Essie's note met me when I returned from Saratoga, expecting to find her here. She returned home for one day, and took with her when she left only the simple wardrobe I coaxed her to discard after you left. No one saw her, as she had her own passkeys for the doors. I have only one comfort, Herbert. Her income, small as it is, will secure her from want, and her musical abilities are a fortune in themselves. My dear boy, do not be discouraged. We will find her, if it costs our united means to do it."

But as the Fall and Winter wore away, this hope grew fainter and fainter. Iona seemed as eager as ourselves at first, but gradually I saw that she hoped I would forget my old love in a new one.

By a thousand womanly stratagems she secured my attendance in public, and her gentle sympathy was always ready to answer my despondent hours. Yet, she would lead the conversation away from Essie, and keep ever before my mind the possibility of recovering in time from this blow, and still finding comfort in love.

I would rise from such interviews, and try to spur my detectives to new exertions, redouble my

advertisements, and set on foot new engines for the discovery of my lost love.

The keenest sting in my weary musings was the thought of that incurable illness to which Essie had alluded. Where was she hidden, to suffer, perhaps to die, alone, when I could have borne even her death, had I been permitted to comfort her in sickness—to hold her dying hand in mine. If I slept, I dreamed of the face I loved set in the stillness of death, the golden hair matted, and the blue eyes closed for ever; and awoke only to feel, in half-maddened agony, that the dream, perhaps, was true.

Winter and Spring passed away in vain attempts to learn some tidings of Essie, and the Summer found me haggard and pale, more than half way on the road to actual illness, brought on by my sorrow and fatigue.

I had grown to fairly loathe Iona's soft voice and caressing manner. She seemed to me unwomanly in the attempts to win a heart engrossed in such sorrow as mine, and her dazzling beauty was becoming hideous in my eyes.

I cannot explain it, but certainly I mistrusted her. Some subtle instinct within me seemed to warn me from her—to associate her with my grief, though there was not a shadow of foundation apparent for such doubts. My mother assured me that Iona, in her cold, proud way, had yet been kind to Essie, though they were never very close friends.

Julia had been my mother's maid, and we were in hopes had remained with Essie, but all our advertisements for the girl were unanswered.

It was while affairs were in this state that my friend told me about the perfect seclusion and quiet of the little village of Stebbins. As he spoke, there rose in my mind an intense longing for a few weeks of the peaceful rest I could find there. I felt that disappointment and the excitement of seeking tidings that never came were fast overpowering my physical strength, and common sense told me it was better to leave my inquiries for a few weeks to the detectives, than to be prostrated by illness.

Boarding-houses were unknown in the quiet village, but I obtained a room in a pretty farmhouse, where, I was informed, there was one other boarder besides myself.

"She is a widow lady," the farmer's wife said to me, "and an odd body, indeed, sir. You'll not believe me, though it's true as gospel, but she's been here several months, and we've none of us seen her face. She eats in her own room, with the door locked, and when she goes out, she wears a thick black crape veil over her face. I'm thinking, sir, maybe she's had smallpox, or some accident; that has somewhat disfigured her poor features."

"Probably," I said, really but little interested. "We often hear her sobbin', poor thing! She pays regular, and don't give no trouble to speak of. Some of the neighbors blame me, sir, for keeping a woman I don't know anything about; but, law me! I say there's nobody but me and the old man, and nothing worth murthering us for."

I did not see the mysterious boarder until I had been nearly a week at Stebbins. She took her meals alone, and went out at hours when I was in my room, but I heard constantly of the veiled lady.

Nobody in the little village had ever seen her face, though numerous stratagems had been attempted to surprise her into un veiling.

One of her favorite recreations, I was told, was to hire a small rowboat and a boy, and float for hours upon the quiet little stream that passed the village.

The boy had never seen the face behind the

heavy veil, but he spoke warmly of the gentle manner and sweet voice of the mysterious lady.

After the first week, however, I met my fellow-boarder frequently. She wore always a dress of deep black, a mourning-bonnet, and long, thick veil. Even on the sultry days of July she never lifted this covering from her face.

Pitying the disfigurement I supposed caused this extraordinary desire to hide away from human eyes, I offered the afflicted lady the trifling courtesies warranted by our occupying the same house—holding open the gate for her to pass, offering her a chair, if she came upon the porch in the evening, and occasionally sending a few flowers I plucked by the wayside to her room.

She was in sorrow, and my own sorrowing heart felt for her.

How long she might have hidden the poor, disfigured face from me I cannot tell, but one morning, when I was lying on the grass, beside the little stream, I saw the boat, with the boy and his veiled passenger, float slowly past me.

Some awkward start of one or the other of the little boat's inmates gave it a lurch to one side, and in a moment it had upset.

There was little actual danger, for the water was not very deep; but, as I started to my feet, a well-known voice cried, in accents of terror:

"Herbert! Herbert! save me!"

Surely if ever I heard Essie's voice, I heard it then. In a second I was in the stream, had caught the slender, black-robed figure, and was wading back to land.

There was, as I said, no great danger, and I soon had the dear girl safe on shore. She was unconscious for a moment only, and the veil, evidently firmly fastened, still hid her face; but when I said, "Essie, Essie! speak to me once more," she only clung to me, sobbing and shivering.

I carried her home as rapidly as possible, and left her at the door of her own room.

"I will tell you all," she whispered.

"Meet me on the porch when you have changed your clothes," I replied.

When I went to the porch, I found a boy waiting for me, with a little note. Upon it was written, in dear Essie's handwriting:

"If, when you have read the inclosed, you still wish to see me, I will come to you."

Then, with the words burning into my brain like letters of fire, I read the internal, hideous note she sent me.

It was from Iona, and informed the gentle girl that for weeks she had been taking nitrate of silver, disguised in various articles of food; that the result was inevitable—a discoloration of the skin to a livid blue black, utterly incurable, impossible to avert. All the Summer months, in the quiet country house, Julia had continued the work commenced by Iona herself, who could not resist the desire now to taunt the helpless victim of her hellish plot. Too well she knew the generous nature of the young orphan. She was only too sure that Essie would never hold me to my engagement, when her face was a horror to herself. And, in her unmaidenly note, she quoted my favorite name for my darling, asking if my "lily" would still force herself upon a man so keen a lover of beauty as myself.

I had scarcely patience to finish the cruel, taunting note, with its insolent triumph in such careful baseness. But at the last words I called: "Essie! come to me!"

She came, my poor, disfigured darling, and let me draw the masked face into my close embrace. She came to know at last—to feel, as only a strong, mutual love could make her feel—

that the fearful change in her face could not make my love for her waver for an instant.

There was no doubt in her heart after the first hour, and she told me of her share in the long months of suffering.

"Can you imagine, Herbert," she said, "what it was to see my face, day after day, changing from its natural color to this ghastly mask? Could I burden your life with such a sight? No! we must part, happy in the love we have felt for each other."

"Part!" I answered, merrily—"part! My little lady, you will find there are two words to that. You and I part no more this side of the grave."

In vain she pleaded.

I sent the boy for a clergyman, and told him to publish the banns at once. In less than a month she was my wife, and my mother's home was opened to her.

Iona, hearing of our wedding, left New York to visit relatives in England; so there was only my mother to meet us on our return.

Society tells odd stories about the wife Herbert Ashton shuts up in such mysterious seclusion; but we live our happy, quiet life, unheeding the gossip that still refers to Essie as the *VAILED LADY*.

Extraordinary Adventure.

LOUIS XV. dispatched into Germany a confidential person on a mission of importance: on this gentleman returning post, with four servants, night surprised him in a poor hamlet, where there was not even an ale-house. He asked could he lodge at the manor one night, and was answered that it had been forsaken some time; that only a farmer was there by daylight, whose house stood apart from the manor, which was haunted by spirits that came again and beat people. The traveler said that he was not afraid of the spirits, and to show that he was not, his attendants should remain in the hamlet, and that he would go alone to the manor-house, where he would be a match for any spirits that visited there—that he heard much of the departed coming again, and he had long had curiosity to see some of them.

He established himself at the manor-house—had a good fire lighted—and as he did not intend going to bed, had pipes and tobacco brought, with wine; he also laid on the table two brace of loaded pistols. About midnight he heard a dreadful rattling of chains, and saw a man of large stature, who beckoned, and made a sign for his coming to him.

The gentleman placed two pistols in his belt, put the third in his pocket, and took the fourth in one hand, and the candle in the other. He then followed the phantom, who, going down the stairs, crossed the court into a passage. But when the gentleman was at the end of the passage, his footing failed, and he slipped down a trap-door. He observed, through an ill-jointed partition between him and a cellar, that he was in the power of several men, who were deliberating whether they should kill him. He also learned by their conversation that they were coiners. He raised his voice, and desired leave to speak to them. This was granted.

"Gentlemen," said he, "my coming hither shows my want of good sense and discretion, but must convince you that I am a man of honor, for a scoundrel is generally a coward. I promise, upon my honor, all secrecy respecting this adventure. Avoid murdering one that never intended to hurt you. Consider the consequences of putting me to death; I have upon me dispatches which I am to deliver into the King of France's hands; four of my servants are now in the neighboring hamlet. Depend upon it, such strict search

will be made to ascertain my fate, that it must be discovered."

The coiners resolved to take his word; and they swore him to tell frightful stories about his adventures in the manor. He said the next day that he had seen enough to frighten a man to death; no one could doubt of the truth, when the fact was warranted by one of his character.

This was continued for twelve years; after that period, when the gentleman was at his country-seat with some friends, he was informed that a man with two horses, that he led, waited on the bridge, and desired to speak to him—that he could not be persuaded to come nearer. When the gentleman appeared, accompanied by his friends, the stranger called out:

"Stop, sir; I have but a word with you; those to whom you promised twelve years ago not to publish what you knew regarding them are obliged to you for the observance of their secret; and now they discharge you from your promise. They have got a competency, and are no longer in the kingdom; but before they would allow me to follow them, they engaged me to beg your acceptance of two horses, and here I leave them."

The man, who had tied the two horses to a tree, setting spurs to his horse, went off so rapidly, that they instantly lost sight of him. Then the hero of the story related to his friends what had happened.

The Deathbed and Funeral of a Modern Jew.

A RECENT writer thus describes the scene as witnessed by him in Belgium:

"It was evident that the old man was fast sinking; his two nephews and various friends stood around his bed reciting prayers from their prayer-books for his eternal salvation. As soon as the watchers perceived that the patient was on the point of death, they and the bystanders ceased reading the prayers, and taking such a position as enabled them to look at the face of the dying person, they repeated, as distinctly and solemnly as they could, the following verses: 'The Eternal reigneth, the Eternal hath reigned, the Eternal shall reign 'or ever and ever.' Blessed be the name of His glorious kingdom for ever and ever. The Eternal is the only God. Hear, O Israel, the Eternal is one God, the Eternal is one.'

"The bystanders are careful that the *last word*, which contains the essence of the Jewish faith, shall be repeated at the very moment when the sufferer expires. After a few minutes had elapsed a murmur went through the room, 'He is dead!' 'He is dead!' and then some around the corpse began to tear their coats on the left side of the chest, making a rent of about three inches wide, and at the same time saying, 'Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who is kind, and shows kindness to others.'

"The last duties which the Jewish ritual enforces upon its sons were now carried out. The body was placed upon long straw laid on the floor, the head covered with a black cloth, and a lit candle placed upon it. This done, the members of the *Choborah Iedushah* (a religious society, whose special duty is to deal with the dead) entered the apartment, approached the corpse, laid it on a table, stripped and washed it thoroughly with warm water; cut off the nails on the hands and feet, and finally greased the head and face with the yolk of broken eggs. The meaning of the latter proceeding is said to be that as an egg is round, so death goes round to all men; it is, however, a custom which, except in Poland, is very commonly neglected. Ten certain measures of water (called *ibrahah*, baptism) were then

pooured over the whole body; and it was finally wrapped in a white gown, a white cap, white stockings, and the talith (or cloak used in prayer) put over its head.

"On the following day I accompanied the funeral to the Jewish cemetery. The coffin, whether for rich or poor, is a rude construction, roughly put together. During the procession to the burial-ground the coffin, according to the Jewish ritual, was put down on the road three times, and the mourners repeated verses from the 91st Psalm, to drive away all evil spirit from the dead. On arriving at the burial-ground, the coffin was placed before the grave, and the rabbi delivered a funeral sermon;

"This over, the friends of the old Jew came up, and approached the coffin; whilst some again tore their garments, as they had done around his bed. After the mourners had walked round the open grave seven times, reciting various verses from the Psalms, the coffin was let down into the grave, with no covering at the top, so that the body was exposed.

"Small fragments of earthenware were placed on the eyes and mouth of the corpse, that the deceased might not behold the misdeeds of those whom he had forgiven before death, or accuse his abusers before God. A small linen bag full of earth brought from Jerusalem, was laid under the head of the body, and then, after the coffin had been covered with a rough plank so that the clouds should not fall on the corpse, it was slowly and solemnly lowered into the grave. All the mourners now bent down, and cast three times a handful of

earth upon the remains of the departed, uttering at the same time a prayer praising the justice of God in inflicting death.

"After this the procession quitted the cemetery, each mourner tearing up from the ground three times a handful of grass, and casting it behind him, whilst repeating verses from the Psalms. On issuing from the burial-place, all washed their hands three times, recited certain verses from Deuteronomy, and then returned home.

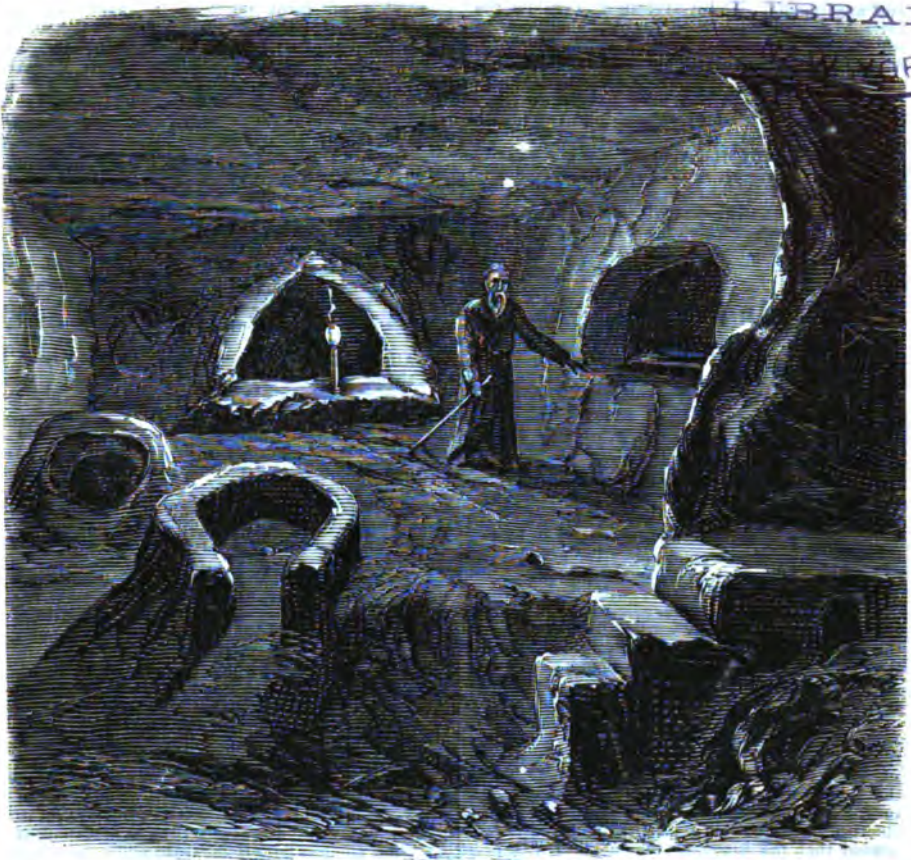
"On arriving at my lodgings, the old man's adopted sons retired to their rooms, took off their shoes, placed a cushion on the ground on which to lie down, lit a lamp which was to burn for seven days and nights without being extinguished, placed a glass of water near the lamp, and at its side hung up a towel. For the Jews hope that the Angel of Death will wash his sword, already made bloody through the killing of the deceased, in the glass of water, and dry it on the towel.

"Of all the prayers in the Jewish ritual, none is more important than the *Kaddish*, or prayer for the dead. It is the duty of every son for eleven months after the death of his father to repeat this prayer. This is one great reason why Jewish parents are so anxious for male issue, as females are not allowed to say it. Jews, who have no male children, frequently adopt a son for that purpose. Societies also exist to provide persons to say *Kaddish* for such parents."

Second thought is said to be better than first; but first childhood is better than second.



THE DEATHBED AND FUNERAL OF A MODERN JEW—PREPARING FOR THE BURIAL.



THE CATACOMBS OF ST. PAUL, IN THE ISLAND OF MALTA.

The Catacombs of St. Paul, in the Island of Malta.

FROM A NOTE-BOOK OF AN ARTIST.

THE Catacombs of St. Paul are situated about five minutes' walk from St. Paul's Church, whither the sacristan generally accompanies all travelers with a supply of tapers, which he lights before entering. The descent to the entrance is about nine feet deep, by a staircase three feet wide, leading to a kind of gallery dug under ground, with a great number of others branching off from the principal, and also from the secondaries. The sides of these passages contain many niches to receive the bodies, cut in the walls, without any regular order—some are entirely uncovered, while others are arranged with more order, in two stories, and partly closed with a layer of mortar raised up in a circular form. These sepulchres are of different sizes, some proportionably formed for infants, which generally occupy the sides, whilst in many of the larger ones it may be seen, from a couple of circular holes, sufficiently large to receive the head, that they were intended for two full-grown persons.

There are several halls among these galleries; the roof of one is supported by a group of rough fluted columns, and on the floor of the same are two circular blocks, about four feet in diameter,

flat on the top, with a low edge around the circumference. Some are of the opinion that the latter were used for washing the bodies before burial.

The area of these subterraneous excavations cannot now be determined, as many of the passages have been walled up, lest the curious visitant should lose himself in such a labyrinth, which, according to tradition and the stories of the priests who act as guides, has several times occurred. The stone of which these catacombs are formed is very soft and porous, and consumes away very fast by the dampness which, in some places, prevails so low under ground.

Besides the above, there are other similar excavations in the *Città Notabile*, numbers of which have been closed up. I was informed that from this place a party of seven travelers and guides undertook to explore one of the many passages which commence at this point and lead under ground, a distance of seven miles, to the city of Valletta. The party was never heard from after. They were most likely lost amidst the numerous and bewildering passages, and smothered by the foul gases. One of the passages, however, called by the natives *Abbatia*, in the district of Bir Kiebre, about a quarter of a mile outside of the suburbs, still remains open. The descent to the principal part of these catacombs is from a well, at a few paces distant from one of the subterranean

ous apartments. About sixteen feet below the surface of the earth is a regular doorway, in which long ago there had been a wooden door. After passing the threshold, there is a chamber about nineteen feet long, by fourteen wide, excavated in the rock, which here is rather soft, the roof being supported by an arch and two pillars formed in excavating. The chamber contains several sepulchres, and a round block similar to that which I have mentioned in the catacombs of St. Paul.

Upon the arch over the furthest sepulchre there is an inscription, of which the following is all that can be deciphered:

NOT
N ITO
BIMITINPAC
PACEMANIST ACV
ATIO POSITAE
INHCAOCO RECOR

From the tenor of what can be gathered from the above, it has been concluded that it was the work of Christians.

There is generally much extravagance in the opinions entertained concerning the original design of these, as well as other subterranean sepulchral excavations. Many will have it that they were formed by the primitive Christians, who, during times of persecution, lived and buried the bodies of their confessors and martyrs in them. This opinion prevails at Rome, and consequently a number of laborers are kept constantly at work in the catacombs, and as soon as they discover a repository with any of the marks that would indicate its being that of a saint, what is found is immediately taken care of. The principal mark of its sanctity is a small projection in the side of the gallery, a little below the repository, which sometimes contains pieces of phials, tintured with various colors, in which it is pretended that the blood of the martyrs was preserved in order to disinguish them from others. This imposition has no foundation to support it; and I would remark that the same custom, I have heard, prevails in some places of Asia Minor.

Against the above opinion, concerning the design of these catacombs, it may be justly argued that, at a time when Christians were openly persecuted, it was not at all probable that such vast undertakings could have been carried on without the knowledge of the persecutors, nor that any inimical government would have permitted the work to be prosecuted in opposition to their own proceedings. If, again, these were completed during seasons of peace, they must have been public, and, being found in such exposed situations, just without the city, would never have been useful for a place of refuge.

It is generally the opinion now, that the catacombs of Malta were originally the work of the Phœnicians, or the Romans, whose general custom it was to bury in caves; nor was the custom of interring, as we do now, in the open air, or in churches, ever made use of before Christianity introduced it. The Romans probably derived the custom of burying their dead in such subterraneous cemeteries from the Phœnicians; for, that the same was prevalent with them is very evident from the numerous catacombs to be found in Rome. At length, however, they derived from the Greeks the manner of burning their dead bodies, and as this came gradually into general use, the catacombs fell into total neglect. In this state we may suppose that the Christians took

possession of them in times of persecution, where they concealed themselves, because it was not so likely that they would be searched after in such abandoned and dangerous places. When the Empire became Christian, they again fell into that state of disuse and neglect in which they are found at present.

Persis, the Ruby.

"WHITHER away, *comarado*!" said Charlie Lynn, taking the pipe of his "hubble-bubble" from his lips to ask the question.

"Down to the slave-bazaar in search of *bits*," replied Vance, the artist, putting his soft felt hat on, and taking his sketch-book from the table. "Come with me, and don't be such a lazy squire."

"All very fine, and the thermometer ninety in the shade. But any sacrifice in the cause of friendship. Where's Kedar Hassan, known familiarly as Jacky?"

"What do you want with him? I hear him snoring on the divan outside."

"May his turban be d-d-d, and his beard never be perfumed—the lazy rascal! Do you think I'm going to risk my precious life amongst those sons of the prophet, without our dragoman, after the fracas between the English and them the other day?"

"All right. Tumble up there, Jacky!" shouted Vance, while Charlie slipped a horribly dainty revolver—all silver and mother-of-pearl mountings—into the breast-pocket of his linen coat, and took a valedictory draught of iced sherbet—with rose-leaves floating on its golden tide—from a huge goblet, on a little stand by a screen of lattice-work, starred with jasmine, and giving between the blossoms glimpses of the Bosphorus, a sapphire floor, over which darted slender cat-was and statelier ships, mystically winged, and laden with precious merchandise.

A rosiness, a perfume, a golden affluence of Summer, and sunlight, Eastern, prodigal, royal in its riotous wealth, was over all, and Vance looked out from another lattice—beneath which lay Constantinople—with vivid, artist delight, a pure light of unusual ornament, which found a spiritual beauty in every loveliness of earth his soul and eyes rejoiced in.

Minarets flashed to the sun, quaint Eastern buildings loomed darkly against the blue of the cloudless sky, and in the narrow, shadowy street twisting beneath, a newly arrived caravan paced slowly on, the laden camels like impalpable gray monsters, born of mist and twilight, the guard on fierce little black Arabs—gaudy flashes of color in the gray of the cavernous street—their flashing eyes outdazzling the sabres clanking at their sides, their bronze faces showing vivid and clear-cut under their white turbans, their scarfs floating from their lithe waists like flashes from a moving rainbow. At the head, on a huge, white dromedary, rode an Arab sheik, who was on his way with gifts to ally himself with the Sultan; and, as he sat motionless, his white burnous floating over his stately form, his grand face set firmly as that of a statue, in himself, Vance considered he was worth coming all the way from New York to see. The caravan paced and flashed out of sight, and Vance turned round.

"Come, Charlie. Jacky, are you ready?"

"May the Benefactor of the Universe live a thousand years! Kedar Hassan is ready."

Kedar Hassan looked more as though he ought to have revealed in the red sunlight which bathes the Alhambra than in the more tempered rays which fall on the Golden Horn. He was so intensely black that he seemed to darken the apart-

ment, as he stood in the archway awaiting the young Americans, a vast figure—mighty of chest and limb—draped in gorgeous-hued raiment, and crowned with a snowy turban, which caught the light until it dazzled the eye. Hideous enough to be the Afrite Solomon sealed up in the bottle, with thick, Moorish lips and dilated nostrils and tawny eyes, with red, hungry lights in them. His background ought to have been the rainbow mosaics of the Alhambra something gorgeously barbaric. He failed to "compose," as Vance's art-slang would have put it, with the airy graces of more civilized life and surroundings.

They wound their way, following Kedar, through myriad cavernous streets of shadowed and sunlit, and incompletely scavenged by yelping multitudes of mangy curs, past calm-eyed Turks, bubble-bubbling in their open shops, and so to the slave-bazaar, healded pompously by Hassan.

"Stand aside, men of no account, and let the Benefactors of the Earth have place! Let the forms of the Delights of the Universe have room!" sang Kedar Hassan, bringing a glitter of flashing eyes and a sea of dusky faces on them, as they rapidly pushed their way through the tulip-hued crowd.

"Be quiet, Jacky," said Charlie Lynn; "the fellows don't like that sort of thing."

Hassan's red eyes rolled ominously on the awaying crowd, which seemed to be beating like a great wave round a certain dusky archway of granite, with a curtain of crimson silk swaying idly against its cold gray.

Ruby shafts of sunlight plunged into the bazaar, for the day was at its zenith, and one of them smote across the head of a majestic old Turk—a descendant of the Prophet—in a green turban, and with a beard which hid the blue ing jewels of his girdle in torrents of sparkling silver, who was elbowing his way, followed by two grinning slaves, black as ebony, toward the gray arch with its crimson flutter of drapery.

Over the turbans of the crowd—parting before the old Turk like water before a stout swimmer—peered a pair of twinkling eyes, set in a face like a vulture's, and a skinny claw waved yellowly in the air, both thrown out by the gray of the arch and the vivid drapery.

"Ho, Efendi, come up hither!" shrieked a thin voice. "There is a Ruby of price at my right hand. The man who has the happiness to purchase it must give thanks to the prophet who hath permitted him such happiness ere entering Paradise. Mayest thou live a thousand years, Efendi."

"Come on, Vance," whispered Charlie, eagerly, dragging his friend on with him, while Hassan stalked ahead, scowling on the crowd. "I'd wager a cool thou and that old party is looking up a fresh ornament for his seraglio. Let's see the fun."

Charlie was nineteen, a young athlete overflowing with animal spirits, and as dare-devil a youngster as ever breathed beneath the Stars and Stripes. Prodigal in a kindly, generous fashion, the joy and the torment of his friends and relatives, there was something inexpressibly attractive in his fresh, primal beauty, and a dash of untold sweetness in his sudden glance and smile. Vance—eight-and-thirty, dark and grave as a Spanish hidalgo—fairly adored him.

"Don't be mad, Charlie!" said Vance, grimly. "It's the best policy in the present unsettled state of affairs to attract as little attention as possible."

"I'm going to b'd against the old dodger in the green turban," whispered Charlie, gleefully; "but I want a glimpse of the merchandise first."

"For heaven's sake!" hissed Vance, trying to

detain him; but Charlie burst from him, and plowed through the surging crowd toward the archway draped with crimson, following in the wake of the old Efendi and his slaves.

Vance groaned an execration at the foolhardiness of his young friend, and pushed on, beckoning Hassan after him, who, nothing loth, elbowed the crowd to and fro, bringing on them glances of loathing and muttered maledictions. Vance struggled to the front, where Charlie towered—a golden-haired young Colossus facing his fate. Vance gripped his arm savagely.

"No more nonsense!" he muttered up in his ear—he was a full head the shorter of the two. "The Turks are enraged against the foreigners. Keep quiet!"

Charlie tossed his golden mane like a young bison, and laughed down at Vance's grim face.

"What do I care?" he said. "They won't harm us."

He looked round royally on the crowd, but Vance's voice was in his ear again.

"Now, see here! You may throw away your life if you choose. Your widowed mother is not dependent on you for anything but—*love*; mine is, for bread. If you don't regard your own life, don't risk *mine*!"

Vance always said what he had to say tritely and dryly, but people always listened to him. Charlie looked sober for a moment. Then he laughed.

"I'll not risk losing our dinner at the American Minister's to-night," he said. "Rest content. But let us see what is going on!"

The two men, with Hassan grinning over their shoulders, listened and laughed for a few moments.

The vulture-faced old man stood in the archway, which opened into a little court where a fountain played, and on a brilliant mat at his feet crouched a veiled woman—a female not veiled in the ghastly shrouding of a Turkish woman, but in a glittering mist of tissue of gold, from beneath which wondrous suggestions of loveliness, the flashing of brilliant eyes, the roses of dusky cheeks, betrayed themselves in brief, uncertain snatches. A shaft of sunlight burst upon the glittering veil, and golden flies seemed to flame and leap about her as she sat patiently awaiting her fate, whatever it might be.

The vulture sang a recitative in operatic style, having the unparalleled beauties of his merchandise for its theme, and the crowd listened, while two or three grave merchants, and almond-eyed young nobles of the Sublime Porte, pushed forward, and crowded on Charlie and the old Efendi, who sturdily held their places in the front rank, while Hassan and Vance peered over their shoulders, Vance fumbling for his sketch-book, rapid to seize the little Oriental "bit" for a future picture—one of those glowing gems for which he was famous.

"Who has sequins, O Efendis! to purchase this Ruby of women?" sang the vulture, eying the crowd, with his head on one side; and, as the turbans swayed—a sea of shifting color—he lifted the golden cloud from the form of the woman at his feet, who became the focus of the thousands of eyes filling the bazaar. She shrank a little, meeting all those flashing glances, and the old Efendi pushed forward eagerly, and touched the vulture.

"The child is mine!" he said. "How many sequins, O merchant, shall I give thee?"

"May the shadow of the Efendi be like the shade of a date-tree in Par dise! May he live ten thousand years! May his bed be steeped in the breath of roses! A thousand sequins is the price of this Ruby, this rose of gulfs, this bulb of the myrtle groves."

The young nobles drew back, stroking their beards, envious of the old Effendi, and the merchants said to each other:

"Bismallah! The damsel is worth it!"

The Effendi beckoned his slaves forward, and took from one of them a scarlet silk bag, full of chinking gold, which he was about handing to the vulture, when Charlie Lynn strode forward, breaking from Vance's outstretched hand.

The mischief had been done, and one alluring, pathetic look from the radiant young slave had done it.

"Stay!" he cried, in tolerable Turkish. "I will give two thousand sequins!"

The vulture turned his back on the Effendi, and clutched the sunny-haired unbeliever by the wrist, in speechless ecstasy, while Vance plunged his fingers into his wiry black hair, and groaned softly.

"Three thousand!" hissed the Effendi, clutching his white beard, and glaring on young Hotspur, with Oriental fires in his black eyes.

"Four!" said Charlie, with a laugh, feeling Vance tugging at his coat-tails.

"Son of the prophet!" said the vulture, with a lingering wish to oblige a true Mussulman, "is the damsel to live under thy shadow?"

"Five thousand!" cried the Effendi.

"Six!" said Charlie, and the vulture flung up his arms with a yell of delight, and, pulling the girl from the mat, thrust her nearly into Charlie's arms.

"May eternal showers of bliss bathe thy head!" he screamed, expectorating slyly to counteract the aspiration, while Charlie, blushing mightily, stood looking at his purchase, who, with her rounded arms folded on her heaving breast, and her magnificent eyes bent on the earth, stood before him, the incarnation, it seemed to him, of at once his fate and all things beautiful.

The murmuring and swaying of the crowd thronging about them with significant rudeness brought his eyes from her face. The Effendi was moving off, with a backward glance at him, full of poison, and Vance pulled his sleeve.

"Come," he said, grimly; "if you've done mischief enough for to-day, perhaps we had better leave."

With a sudden, swift, new pang of jealousy of those myriad eyes, Charlie lifted the shimmering veil and flung it over the girl, and, motioning her and the vulture to follow, set his great shoulders against the crowd, and, despite its surging and maledictions, he and his party thrust their way through unharmed, and emerged, panting, in a cavernous street near by, all shadow and solitude, a camel, tethered by a fountain, its only inhabitant.

Charlie looked a little conscience-smitten, and Vance looked like a sphinx.

Here was a nice position of affairs! A young American gentleman, traveling with all the pomp and circumstance of wealth and intense respectability, buying a lovely slave, with a face like a Nourmahal, and the eyes of a Circe.

A sudden thought of what Simons would sav- rushed upon Charlie. Simons was sixty years of age, had been his father's valet, and was now his; and went about amongst the Turks in a white tie and gold spectacles, a touch of powder in his gray hair, and with a huge gold repeater, the very incarnation of intensest respectability.

"I really couldn't help it, Vance," said Charlie, apologetically; "she had tears in her eyes, poor little thing!"

Vance sniffed the air.

"Nothing can be more humane than your conduct, I'm sure," he said. "It's active benevolence which ought to place you at the head of liv-

ing philanthropists. Your mother will be delighted!"

Of course she would! A tiny little lady, who lived in an atmosphere on the mountain-tops of society, and could account for every drop of blood in her veins; and had a staid brougham, and more old point than any woman in America; and went to oratorios, and presided in dainty raiment over mammoth charities, and whose Dagon was Respectability, in whose house she bowed herself in a kind of lesser worship than she paid in another temple.

But, of the two, Charlie stood more in awe of Simons.

Mrs. Lynn had passionate possibilities in her warm little heart, which would give a faint echo to the emotions of her boy.

Simons—well, Simons was Simons, a sphinx in snowy linen, horribly and utterly emotionless and respectable.

"You've made a bitter enemy of the old Effendi," went on Vance; "and, mark my words, he'll have his revenge."

"Pshaw!" cried Charlie, all fire and defiance again. "That lovely creature to be doomed to slavery! If he were the Sultan himself, I'd—"

He clinched his hand, and shot fire from his eyes. "Oh, sits the wind in that quarter?" quoth Vance, beginning to whistle melodiously—a painter's trick; and he whistled himself home, and up to the ante-room, all marble fountains and matting, where Simons was sitting bolt upright in a divan, reading a New York paper, and looking like a male incarnation of all the virtues.

Charlie and Hassan stalked in, and Simons rose respectfully, and as he did so, his green and virtuous orb caught the glitter of the golden veil, and the rosy beauty behind it, as she paused in an attitude of exquisite grace and timidity, in the archway.

"Simons," said Charlie, loftily, but not looking at him, "you must get the women of the house to make this young lady comfortable. I—ah—yes—she is under my care for the present."

"Mr. Charles," said Simons, looking at the Turkish throwers of azure satin with horror, "I beg your pardoning, sir, but it ain't respectable. If gowns and overskirts was in question, and Christians, respectable it would not be, much less blue sating trowers, and Pagans!"

Vance grinned, and Charlie was furious.

It would have been easy enough to have rid himself of the girl, if his whole, ardent, fiery young heart had not been set upon keeping her—his own, his very own, for ever.

She read this in his face, and shrank toward him, reading coldness and dislike of her in the other eyes fastened on her.

He put out his strong hand, and took hers.

"Simons," he said, with real dignity, "have the goodness to understand that such language is uncalled-for. I intend placing this young lady under the protection of my mother."

Simons referred so sly to some dish mentioned as "a pretty kettle of fish for the missus," and Charlie, with the air of an emperor, led her to a divan, where she seated herself cross-legged, and peeped from a fold of her veil timidly.

Not very unhappy in her new position, which, like many Caucasian damsels, she had been educated to anticipate during her fourteen Summers of flord life, and reading with Oriental swiftness the tale the blue eyes of the handsome unbeliever were telling her, and drawing mental comparisons between him and the old Effendi, very much to the disparagement of the latter.

By-and-by, she was in the women's court of the house of Ben Brousa, playing, a merry child herself, with the dimpled, stag-eyed hopes of the house, her golden veil laid aside, and the full

moon shining through lattice and blossom on her rosy Caucasian beauty, as she bounded over the snowy pavement, her golden hair awaying to the perfumed breeze, the roses flung at her by the laughing children less vivid than the rich blossoms of her cheeks, her liquid eyes, black as lakes of jet, reflecting twin Sirluses, her full form, airy in its perfect grace, lithe and stately as a young palm-tree.

By-and-by, the children, flung here and there on vivid mats, slept the dimpled, happy sleep of babyhood, exquisite little bronzes in the golden moonlight, worthy of the pencil of some Turkish Murillo; and Persis stole to the fountain in the centre of the court, a mist of diamond spray rising from a cluster of glowing oleanders and orange-trees in garniture of aromatic white, gemmed with vast balls of topaz, and, slipping to the floor, laid her bright bead on the snowy margin of the tiny fountain, and, from musing on him, slipped into a golden sleep, and dreamed of Charlie, with richer roses flaming in the translucent cheeks, sweeter smiles quivering across the exquisite face.

Hers was a startling beauty. The marked grandeur of the Turkish type, softened to tenderest loveliness by the rosy, pearly bloom of the skin, the clinging gold of the luxuriant hair flowing over her as she slept, the soft lustre of the resplendent dark eyes, and, above all, the tender grace of her matchless smile.

She dreamed of Charlie, and Charlie, walking with Vance to the American Minister's, followed by Hassan, more like an Afrite than ever, as he stalked noiselessly from jetty shadows into sudden plains of gold, as the moonlight made unexpected sallies into the narrow streets, slipping down the sides of flut-roofed houses, or the abutting ladders of glittering minarets, and played upon his white turban and black face—and Charlie thought of her, Persis, the Ruby, gravely, with a delight that was new to him, secretly, and an open discomfort as Vance lectured him on the subject.

"And what are you going to do with her?" asked Vance, as they entered a court, where Turkish servants were moving about, where gem-like lanterns burned in the date-trees, and the inevitable fountains gossiped and danced in the moonlight.

"She has no friends, she tells me," said Charlie, soberly. "She is an orphan, and her uncle sold her to that abominable vulture. Mrs. Courtenay returns to New York to-morrow. I shall beg her to take her to my mother."

Vance grinned as he thought of Mrs. Lynn's astonishment and dismay, and extended what he would have called a "feeler."

"Very right. Aunt Lucia (she was his mother's sister) will marry her off, you may depend upon it. She's uncommonly lovely."

Charlie winced, but could say nothing, for they were in the bower of Oriental beauty which did duty for a drawing-room, and were bowing to the charming hostess, with whom Vance lingered, while Charlie went toward a little group showing out from a background of jasmine, flushed with rare creepers, rosy stars dropping to the ground from snowy vases, censers of exquisite perfume.

Mrs. Courtenay, the married daughter of the house, made a *piquante* contrast to her companion, an old Turk, blazing in festive garb—his green turban wreathed with diamonds, his waist-scarf stiff with broderies of seed-pearls—who was enjoying the *life-a-kite* hugely, partly because it had a *souppon* of the forbidden fruit about it. This talking with an unvalued, strange woman, with dazzling shoulders rising from billows of lace, and candid eyes that laughed up at his, as her pink-tipped fingers ran over the keys of the piano—the

almost solitary object of western civilization in the room.

For the rest, divans, flowers, mats, fountains, gilded arabesques, and mosaic pavement.

Rosy globes poured out streams of light from banks of bloom, and some score of people lounged about. The British Ambassador, his chest crossed with the blue ribbon of the Garter, his daughter, Lady Ettrida, a stately blonde, flirting with a young Turkish *diplomat* with eager, dusky eyes, and a scarlet fez, some Americans, and many prominent Turks, stately and handsome in their flowing Oriental robes.

They banqueted amidst the flowers, in a kind of embowered court, and if skeletons sat at the board, the festal roses hid their grinning chaps, and laughter and jest drowned the rattling of their dry bones.

Charlie, handsome as a young Antinous, and brilliant in his "merrie May" of life, was the pet of the party—even Mrs. Courtenay's escort, who was none other than the old Effendi of the slave-market, forgot his spite, and wagged his silver beard rejoicingly at the unbeliever's gay chatter; and when Charlie and Vance went home, still through the moonlight, Charlie was in raptures with his first dinner-party in the City of the Crescent.

He had told Mrs. Courtenay the little romance of Persis, and she had clapped her little hands over it, and cried, "Oh, delicious!" and scolded Charlie in a dainty sermonette about the proprieties, and told him that she must take Persis from him to-morrow, and keep her under her own matronly wing (she was a merry elf of nineteen) until next week, when she expected to start for New York, and would gladly take charge of lovely Persis; and Charlie felt that the air "had champagne in it," and walked upon roses which had no thorns.

Vance felt a little jealous, a little bit-ter, and very much amused, reading Charlie like an open book, and he was sincerely glad that Persis was so soon to be removed from the society of his young cousin.

"That old Effendi isn't such a bad kind of a fellow," said Charlie, as they came in sight of Hassan, who had preceded them, lounging in the shadow of the round-headed arch leading into their domicile; "he offered, when he heard how anxious I was to visit those ruins under the city, to procure us admission to them—*sub-rosa*, of course, as they're shut to the public, on account of that party which was lost in their labyrinths, some time since."

"You didn't accept, of course?" cried Vance, in dismay; he had no relish for the sudden friendship of the old Effendi.

"Of course I *did*," answered Charlie, illuminating Hassan suddenly, as he struck a light for his cigar. "I wouldn't miss the adventure for something. And you, ungrateful fellow, consider what you would lose in an artistic point of view, if I had declined!"

"When does this precious affair come off?" said Vance, resignedly.

"To-morrow, at midnight. Hallo, Jacky! How like a ghoul you look in this light!"

So he did. Wicked, vast, hideous, with a sneaking air upon him as the light discovered him, which Vance saw with disgust, and Charlie not at all.

Charlie went into the court, and passing to his own apartments, looked up at a latticed balcony, where dwelt the women of the house of Ben Brouse, and though he knew it not, two eyes, soft as those of an antelope, gazed down into his from behind the moonlit roses, two little hands, rosy and henna-tipped, folded themselves together like tiny iron vices, as he went away under the date-

trees, nodding their plumes over the dark archway, and between her teeth Persis said slyly:

"I, I alone, shall do it!"

* * * * *

What an awful and mysterious scene! Some deep-bosomed lake of Tophet, such as Dante would sing, or the weird pencil of Doré linger lovingly over. An expanse, apparently boundless, of vast pillars, carved as though by the hands of Genii, rising from a motionless flood of jet, and losing themselves, arcade after arcade, in a distance impenetrable to light or vision, following no settled symmetry of architecture, but, like some huge forest turned to stone, supporting the dim roof, sending back to the torchlight a thousand flashes of diamond and ruby, as the crimson glow flared over the drops of moisture hanging from richly carved wreath and heavy groin, sending sanguineous tracks across the motionless tide, to be beaten back by some vast pillar, stony sentry of the hideous army of shadows beyond.

A noxious air, thick and heavy and poisonous, hanging heavy over all, and a feeling of awe and horror a part of the place.

No man knew where those maddening labyrinths of gigantic pillars ended; no man knew whither that black tide would float him. Men *did* know that some had entered those stony mazes and—had not returned; but there knowledge ended, and speculation commenced.

The old Effendi had kept his promise, and on the margin of this horrid tide stood a little group.

The torchlight caught the white beard of the Effendi, the golden crisp of Charlie's curls, the Spanish blackness of Vance's silky beard, and glared in Hassan's eyes until he looked like Eblis himself, looming up darkly amid his supernatural surroundings.

A boat lay on the water, a torch affixed to prow and stern, and fathoms of rope attached to a pillar on the margin, and to an iron ring in the boat. This was the clue, without which none dared venture into that maze of stone.

Vance was delighted, and fearfully uncomfortable.

His artistic eye glistened on the awful grandeur of this subterranean Inferno—his common sense saw useless risk in this barum-scarum adventure into which Charlie had dragged him.

The old Effendi wagged his head benevolently, and Hassan grinned like a Saracen's head in an old Spanish painting, joyous that he was not chosen as one of the explorers.

"No," Charlie had said, loftily, "I don't want any other fellows to run a risk on my account!"

So Vance and he, leaving Hassan to guard the clue, were to set out alone on this funereal waste of waters.

Charlie stepped into the boat, a strange vision of joyous life and beauty in that watery Cenotaph of the past, gathering every ray of light, it seemed, about his bright head, and in his laughing eyes. He took the slender oars, and Vance, armed with his sketch-book and a dainty brandy-flask, got ruefully in after him.

"May Allah prove propitious, oh, my children!" cried the Effendi, stroking the cascade of crisp silver rolling over his grand old chest. "And delay not, lest the morning should betray our departure hence!"

"All right!" called back Charlie, dipping the light sculls into the Acheron-like tide.

"Take care of that clue!" cried Vance, as the boat glided away amid the pillars, the torchlight flaring back like crimson pennants, licking with its red light the glistening pillars, and falling on the water like snakes of flame writhing in a sea of pitch.

In a moment or two the boat disappeared, tracked by a lurid glow traveling into the black-

ness, the splash of the oars still audible, and wakening goblin echoes in the arches.

One solitary torch remained, flaring upon Hassan and the old Effendi, upon the nearer pillars, and upon the white rope gliding—a cord of pearl—into the blackness.

Then ensued a bit of ghastly pantomime.

The Effendi drew a huge purse, flaming with gold broderies in the red light, and chinking as he clutched it, from his waist-scarf.

Hassan writhed with joy, in hideous expressiveness, and looked at it with eyes like those of a *loup-garou*. The Effendi smiled, and pointed to the white glimmer of the rope at their feet, wagging his green turban humorously, and coyly restoring the silk purse to the folds of his scari. Hassan nodded his white turban, and clutched a dagger, with a filigree handle, in his belt, smacking his Moorish lips, and rolling his huge eyes.

The Effendi smiled patriarchally, and, being quite understood by Hassan, stole away to the upper air, and Hassan squatted by the tide, to wait.

As the Effendi stole away, a little shadow detached itself from a spot the torchlight did not touch—the shade of a Turkish boy with olive face and big eyes, and nervous little Oriental hands clutching something that flashed fitfully—as fitfully as the great eyes in the olive face.

This shade slipped into the black shadow of a pillar, so close behind Hassan, that an outstretched hand would touch him as he sat.

There was a dead silence.

Hassan, illumined by the torchlight, sat motionless, watching the coil of rope at his feet slip away, following the unseen boat; and the shade in the shadow, motionless, watched him.

A weird scene, full of grotesque picturesqueness, of suggestions of dread enchantments and wizard spells.

The motionless Moorish form, sitting under the glare of the solitary torch, the black, glossy, marble-motionless water, the ineffable mystery of the vast pillars stretching into the black distance, the weird eyes, lustrous and fixed as stars, burning on him from behind the pillar.

O'er all, a silence like that between two bursts of tropic thunder.

Ring by ring the line of pearl melted into the darkness.

Hassan's hand stole to the knife at his belt. The rope tightened round the pillar; it had all run out.

He crouched lower, and the knife leaped to the light, seeming to drip blood as the red light caught and ran along the keen blade of Damascus steel.

As he bent over the water, for a brief, awful flash, he saw his doom reflected in the ebony mirror.

As his knife severed the first strands of the rope, the shadow was upon him.

A fiery pang seemed to reach his heart, and, without a groan, he fell forward, a slender poniard quivering between his vast shoulders.

The Turkish boy spurred the huge body with his foot, and flung himself upon the rope, which was slowly parting under some strain at its other extremity.

Braced against the pillar, the blood pouring from his nostrils with the exertion, he held it until the strain relaxed, and he was enabled to knot the cord about the pillar.

Then, overcome, he fell forward upon the body of Hassan, and, his feet falling off, a sudden cascade of gold, the "glory of a woman," rippled in precious masses over the slender form.

* * * * *

Ben Brousa ran through his orange-court in the blushing dawn, tearing his fluttering robes, claw-

ing his ample beard, and calling upon the name of the prophet.

His charge, Persis, the Ruby, was missing, and, Allah's wrath! the festal raiment of Abdallah, his eldest, a tall, slim lad of fourteen, was missing also.

The wife of Ben Brousa rubbed her forehead in the dust under the date-trees, and Abdallah howled spasmodically, as sudden memories of the glories of his purloined raiment returned freshly upon him.

On this scene of desolation entered Charlie and Vance, ghastly in the gathering light, and unfollowed by any Hassan, and down in the dust dropped Ben Brousa.

"Ob, Lights of the Universe, Allah is great! Fate is fatal! The slave of the Lords of the World is fled! The festal raiment of Abdallah is gone in the twinkling of an eye! Consolation there is none! Our foreheads rub the dust; we sprinkle ashes on our beards! Allah is great! and Mohammed is his Prophet!"

Charlie picked up the prostrate Ben Brousa mechanically, and walked away, while Vance remained to hear explanations and give consolation.

Ben Brousa never knew what became of the Ruby of Women, who had fled in the night with Abdallah's raiment. He never knew why Kedar Hassan never returned to darken with his ebony presence the sunny courts of his dwelling; and he never knew why the old Effendi departed with such pious haste on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and gave up haunting the slave-bazaar.

The following day a steamer puffed out on the Bosphorus, and on its deck, waving her fly hand to her parents and Charlie and Vance, who stood in a group on the quay, stood Lucia Courtenay, who, in the cause of friendship, had had her trunks packed with a swiftness unparalleled in the annals of fashionable life; and beside her, a Turkish lad, her "little foot-page," in raiment like unto that purloined from the mourning Abdallah, and with eyes fixed on Charlie to the last, like to those of Persis, the Ruby; and that was why Ben Brousa never knew what became of the Ruby of Women.

Kedar Hassan never came back, because his huge carcass lay under the black waters of that pillared solitude beneath the city, with Abdallah's poniard sticking between his shoulders.

He was no one's business, and that was why, dead or alive, he never came back.

The reason the old Effendi journeyed with rheumatic groanings to Mecca, was that, when he had every reason to feel confident that Charlie and Vance were dead, or dying, lost in the horrid stony mazes and watery wastes beneath the city, he met them in the flesh in one of the cavernous streets, and Charlie, with intense feeling, had silently shaken his fist in that venerable countenance, but had been dragged away by the wiry Vance.

The Effendi went home in a hurry, ordered out his dromedaries, his Arabs, his best green turban—secure sign of hereditary holiness—and departed swiftly from the wrath of the unbelievers, toward the shrine of the prophet.

Before he went, he told his thirty-five wives that he would buy no more beautiful slaves, and he promised himself that when he wished a hated rival "attended to," he would see to the affair himself.

The Effendi never knew who it was, when he followed Hassan home from the Minister's house—who it was who heard their little plot from the latticed gallery, and swore, with Oriental fire, to save the man she loved with her own hand.

* * * * *

Some five years afterward, there was a grand wedding in the "St. George's" of New York.

Under the swinging bell of treble-roses stood a golden-haired, broad-shouldered man, and by his side a golden-haired woman.

In the marriage-train there was a little lady in old point, diamonds and tears, a wiry, Spanish-looking man, with a wild Bohemian air about him, despite his "correct" costume, and a young matron, fair and gracious as a queen-lily, leading a lordly boy of four by the hand.

Under the distant gallery an elderly man in black, with gold spectacles, a dash of powder in his hair, a white tie, and a smile of placid approval on his respectable face.

The man said, "I, Charles, take thee, Persis," etc.; and the woman—oh, rarest and loveliest!—said, with her soul in voice and eyes, "I, Persis, take thee, Charles," etc.

To the mellow thunders of the wedding-march, the procession poured down the aisle, and Mrs. Lynn, senior, whimpering a little in the shadow of the point lace, whispered to General Pendragon:

"I'm sure, general, I never expected to live to approve of Charles marrying a Turk; but Persis is the most unexceptionable creature!"

And General Pendragon answered, with old-fashioned chivalry:

"The loveliest flower owes something to the care of the gardener, madame. The protégée of Mrs. Lynn needs no other recommendation."

"Which the difference there is between a Christian dress and blue satins—not dresses, mum—you could not go to imagine," said Simons to the housekeeper, Mrs. Heavyblossom, a lady in a respectable black satin, whom he had on his arm under the gallery.

"Still," said Mrs. Heavyblossom, "morally grateful we ought to be as was born and brought up to bunnits and Christian principles. But I will say, if ever there was a darling, it's our Miss Persis!"

"Mrs. Charles Lynn, if you please, mum," said Simons.

Women as Sailors.

CANNOT women be sailors as well as soldiers? They have made the attempt, at all events. Early in the reign of George III., Hannah Whitney, an Irish woman, served five years in the royal navy, and did not reveal the secret until she re-entered what may be called private life. A few years after this a young Yorkshire woman came up from Hull to London, in search of her lover. He had enlisted on the man-of-war Oxford, at Chatham, and she did the same, putting on sailor's clothes, and assuming the name of Charles Waddell. Her fair swain deserted, and she attempted to desert likewise. This brought on detection, and the officers kindly gave the poor girl a little money, and dismissed her. The newspapers, in 1782, told of one Mrs. Cole, of Piplar, who served on board a man-of-war as a sailor, and then, having a bit of property left her, resumed her feminine position, and took a public-house. Early in the present century a country girl, aged fifteen, left her home, put on boy's clothes, and offered for service on a South Sea whaler. Being refused, she apprenticed herself to a waterman, and plied her vocation dextrously. It was not until she had been upset and nearly drowned in rowing out to the Sir Hyde Parker, West Indian, that she ceased to be a "jolly young waterman," and became a domestic servant in proper femininity of apparel. There was a girl named Rebecca Ann Johns, one, who knew what it was to have a cruel father or uncle, it was not clear which. He dressed her as a boy when she was thirteen, and apprenticed her to a collier ship. She served four years, and then ended her sea life, after receiving

a severe beating from the mate for not getting up sufficiently early. Another girl, aged fourteen, named Elizabeth Bowden, being left an orphan, came from a village in Cornwall, in 1807, to Truro, in search of employment. Destitute and unsuccessful, she went to Falmouth, put on boy's clothes, enlisted as a boy on board Her Majesty's ship *Hazard*, and did good service aloft as well as below for several weeks, after which the poor young thing, by the kindness of the chief officers, was enabled to resume her proper attire and avocations. One more instance: In 1815, when Her Majesty's ship *Queen Charlotte*, one hundred guns, was paid off, an African woman was found among the crew, who had served eleven years under the name of William Brown. She had become an able seaman, and captain of the fore-top; she had all the traits of a sailor, and no one had suspected her secret, which turned out to be a cruel husband, to escape from whom she had taken to this hard and un feminine mode of life.

Thus it is that in most cases where women have become soldiers or sailors, husbands or lovers generally had something to do in supplying a motive. Special circumstances have guided the matter in other instances. Why she did it is not narrated; but the gossiping chronicles which tell about the centenarians speak of one Mary Hall, who was sexton of Bishop's Hill, York, and who lived to the age of one hundred and five. There was a peddler, in 1793, who was taken ill at the ale-house in Worcester, and shortly before dying told her story. She had been concerned in the Gordon riots, in 1786, and fearing capture and punishment, had put on a man's dress, and traveled the country as peddler for thirteen years.

Prize-Fighting in the East—A Buffalo and a Tiger in Combat.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Standard*, writing from Hong Kong, October 12th, describes one of the entertainments supplied by the Maharajah of Singapore to the Grand Duke Alexis, in honor of the visit of the latter to the island. He says:

"After luncheon the party proceeded to witness a fight between a buffalo and a tiger. Those who had never seen a combat of this kind would have been inclined to bet freely on the latter; but the natives said that the chances were in favor of the buffalo, and, indeed, that the tiger was never known to win.

"The arena in which the animals were to fight was of an oval form, some fifty feet long by about twenty wide, in an inclosure of bamboo poles, fifteen feet high, firmly driven into the ground, and strongly fastened together. Similar poles, laid across the top, formed the roof. The whole structure had the appearance of a gigantic cage. A platform built outside enabled the more distinguished visitors to have a good view of the interior from a safe distance through the spaces between the poles, while the general public crowded round the cage as close as their respect for the claws of the tiger would allow. The buffalo was confined to one end of the cage by a canvas curtain stretched across the arena; the tiger was inclosed at the other extremity by poles placed across from one wall to the other. When the fight was to begin the curtains were withdrawn, the poles were removed, and the animals were for the first time seen by the spectators.

"The buffalo stood for some moments at his end of the cage, looking with little apparent interest toward his foe. The tiger was sitting on his haunches, seemingly unconscious of the presence of his formidable adversary, his attention being attracted by the crowd outside. After waiting for

some time, the buffalo seemed to think he might as well make a closer inspection, and slowly and deliberately walked to the other end. The tiger was now clearly aware of his presence, for he turned his head over his shoulder, and watched the approach of the bull's with evident anxiety. His eyes glared, but he did not move a muscle.

"The buffalo was almost near enough to touch him with his muzzle. But at length, and before the buffalo made any sign of attacking him, he jumped up and galloped off as fast as his legs could carry him round the cage. The buffalo followed, and jammed him against the wall with his horns. The tiger, in return, gave the buffalo one scratch on the neck and another over the eye, just as a cat might do, and then fell, apparently, dead. But his breathing betrayed him—he was only shamming.

"No one seemed to understand this better than the buffalo, who stood close by, and kept his eye on him, but disdained to touch him while he was down. For some time the two animals maintained their respective positions, till at length the public began to be impatient. They stirred up the tiger with a pole, but that was of no use. Then they tried crackers, and for some time they succeeded no better. It was not till a bundle was thrown close to the tiger's nose that he got thoroughly roused. But he had evidently no intention of fighting. He again ran round the cage, was again pursued by his relentless enemy, and was severely gored, and once more sank to the ground.

"This process was repeated several times, always with the same result—the tiger would not fight the buffalo, and the buffalo could not kill the tiger. At length the men on the roof lowered a rope with a noose in the end, in which they caught up the tiger by one of his hind legs, and, while he was hanging, the buffalo completely finished him. But the Grand Duke was spared the pain of witnessing the latter part of the spectacle, as he left when the tiger counterfeited death for the second time.

"The natives were right—the tiger fights unwillingly when he cannot surprise his enemy. But the Rajah had taken unusual pains to make the combat as equal as possible, for the tiger was a very savage one, while the buffalo, but two days before, had been quietly drawing a cart along the road."

Why the Curve is the Line of Beauty.—Professor Mueller, in a course of lectures in Berlin, offered a simple and mechanical explanation of the universal admiration bestowed on circles. The eye is moved in its socket by six muscles, of which four are respectively employed to raise, depress, turn to the right and to the left. The other two have an action contrary to each other, and roll the eye on its axis, or from the outside downward, and inside upward. When, therefore, an object is presented for inspection, the first act is that of circumvision, or going round the boundary lines, so as to bring consecutively every individual part of the circumference upon the most delicate and sensitive portion of the retina. Now, if figures bounded by straight lines be presented for inspection, it is obvious that but two of those muscles can be called into action, and it is equally evident that in curves of a circle or ellipse all must alternately be brought into action. The effect then is, that if two only be employed, as in rectilinear figures, those two have an undue share of labor; and by repeating this experiment frequently, as we do in childhood, the motion of tetism is instilled, a distaste for straight lines is gradually formed, and we are led to prefer those curves which supply a more general and equable share of work to the muscles.



Eloped in a Hack.

FRANZ HEIM was a German, with a decent quantity of good looks, with a good frame, and a good tongue; he was also a good fencer, of which art he was a professor, and had his rooms in the high garret of a four-story building, in a large city.

One of his regular customers was Karl Stuben; rich, manly, handsome, and a favorite with the ladies.

It so happened, as it sometimes will, that the two men of different degrees had weaknesses for the same girl—an elegant and refined, though poor, daughter of a music-teacher, of fair renown.

Karl came in to Franz's apartments for his daily lesson. Salutations were exchanged.

"And how did you leave the divine Seibel last night?" asked the visitor.

"As you were present when I left, you should know as well as I," was the retort.

A silence followed. Presently, Karl spoke:

"I wonder if you and I are in love with her?"

"I answer for myself, and say Yes. About you I know nothing, neither do I care."

"Hum! then, we are rivals?" said Karl.

"As you please. Rivals, then, with all my heart!"

ELOPED IN A HACK.—"THE CHURCH LOOMED UP BEFORE THEM, AND THE LIGHTS OF THE PARSONAGE GLEANED OUT BESIDE IT. THEY ENTERED AT THE GATE."

"In that case it will be dangerous to fence?"

"Certainly, if you are afraid. We are equals. I have nothing else to teach you, and you have the advantage of being left-handed."

"Then, if we cross swords, it will be a duel. If so, what is the object? I certainly do not intend to risk my chance for a wife on my skill."

Franz laughed loudly and jeeringly, clapped his hands in a way which made the other furious.

"But, still, I allow it would give me great satisfaction to give you a cut or two, to quiet your insolent tongue."

"Agreed!" shouted Franz, "I should like

nothing better than to put you to bed for a week or so."

He ran and closed the door, and locked it, and reached down a couple of foils from the wall. The buttons were gone from the ends, and they were sharpened.

Said Franz, confidently:

"Let us have a reward for the victor, as well as pain for the vanquished. The successful man shall carry Seibel to the ball to-morrow night, and the other shall stay away, even if he be able to go."

"I agree to that also!" cried Karl, as he divested himself of his coat and vest.

They took their swords. Both became calm, and were wary. They crossed.

In an instant, Karl lost his sword, but leaped back, and regained it in a flash, and put himself on guard again.

Franz laughed, and pressed forward. But Karl was warned into care, while the other, being elated, began to make blunders.

He was rash, and lunged and parried with confidence.

Karl watched his chance. Many occurred, but Franz covered himself with expertness, and forced the fighting.

At this moment, loud raps and kicks came upon the panels.

"Let us in—let us in! Open the door!"

Both were disconcerted, and Franz, recovering first, attempted to take advantage, and to close the combat. He rushed on; but Karl was quick, and pinned him in the fleshy part of his sword-arm, near the shoulder.

The other uttered a howl of pain, and dropped his weapon, and clutched his shoulder, with a look of rage.

Karl hastened to the door, and admitted a man whom he was glad to see—no less than an intimate friend, a surgeon.

Franz's wound was dressed in a few moments, and Karl stood by and saw it done.

"Then, I am at liberty to claim the wager, Franz?"

Franz said nothing, but looked downward at his boot, with a white face; and presently Karl went away with his friend.

Now, Karl had no idea whatever of waiting until to-morrow night for happiness, and he also had a very strong impression that Franz had no faith that he would.

He never knew exactly how matters stood until now, but at this moment he felt he had an enemy in his recent foe, who would fight him by hook or by crook, and whom to outwit he must act speedily and energetically.

The father of the adored girl, too, he felt was opposed to him, on the general ground that he was too rich, and too much of a gentleman to mean any particular good to Seibel.

And so, with these impressions on his mind, and his love for the beautiful girl still urging him, he determined upon a grand stroke—that of marrying her that very night.

After leaving Franz, therefore, he went straight to Seibel, and put the case before her. Of course she wept, of course she fell into his arms, and all that; but she finally did the important thing of saying:

"Y-e-e-s, I'll go anywhere with you, Karl—anywhere and any time."

At dusk she left the house. She told her father, with a trembling voice, that she was going out to the library. He got up instantly, and went with her, a thing he had never done before.

She became frightened. They traversed the streets. Suddenly they came upon Franz. He raised his hat and went with them. She felt she was being guarded and watched.

Time was flying, and she began to exercise her wits. No chance offered. Nothing appeared feasible.

They reached the library. Half an hour passed in agony for her.

Presently a little man, an attendant who knew them, came up, and asked if they would like to see some new specimens of coins in an adjoining room.

They all assented.

The room was small. Seibel's dress caught curiously upon the latch, and they passed by her. She instantly seized the door, closed it, locked it, put the key in her pocket, and fled with the speed of the wind.

She descended the long steps, passed out, and hurried along in the street. She came to a corner; she beheld Karl beside a coach. She entered.

Karl shouted to the driver to drive with all speed to a well-known Dutch church four miles in the country.

The driver started, but lashed his horses, and they rushed away.

Both were nervous. Karl laughed loudly as she recounted her trick; but, on looking behind him, he suddenly grew grave, as he saw another and a lighter carriage following them at full speed.

He again shouted to the driver. The whip was laid on merrily, and the horses plunged forward with renewed speed.

Dust flew up, and hid everything. The joints and glass rattled like bones, and the vehicle jolted as though it were afloat upon a heavy sea.

The pursuers seemed to gain, and Karl, with his head out of the window, shouted more than ever, "Go on! go on! Faster! faster!"

The stiff old legs of the shaky nags moved as they never moved since their days of colthood. The driver did his duty, if it consisted in raising long welts on their shaggy hair, and hallooing like a crazy man.

Presently both the horses and he caught the excitement, and Karl spurred them by constantly thumping on the windows.

The race was tolerably fair. They left the city, and reached the country roads with about the same distance between them as when they started.

It began to grow dark; houses and fences flew by, and Seibel began to weep with nervousness.

Suddenly the driver called out to Karl that the horses were giving out. Karl knew the road.

"Turn to the next right, and then stop."

They were in the midst of a road lined with woods. The carriage came up with a jerk. Karl leaped out, and Seibel followed. Karl thrust her veil in the crack of the door, and left it flying.

"Drive on as well as you can, and as fast as you can."

Then he seized Seibel's hand, and dragged her into the shade, and the carriage dashed off.

In a minute the other came flying along, with Franz shouting to the man, and staring ahead at the one in advance.

"They're going slower! they're giving out! drive! drive!"

In an instant they had disappeared. Karl laughed, but Seibel trembled more and more.

"Come," he said, putting his arm about her. "It is but a few steps off. My friend lives beyond this grove, and in ten minutes we will be man and wife."

They stumbled on in the darkness. The church loomed up before them, and the lights of the parsonage gleamed out beside it.

They entered at the gate. In two minutes they were before a jovial man, who looked at them tenderly. His wife and his daughter came in, a nur-

servant stood in the doorway with a baby, and the two were married in the presence of this formidable array of witnesses.

It was hardly done completely when the two pursuers demanded admittance, and received it. Franz leaped forward, and demanded if they were married, which question Karl answered at once, whereupon Franz made such a savage onslaught upon him that he was obliged to knock him down.

"Are you really married—married by law?" inquired the old musician, coming forward with tears in his eyes. "Yes? Then I am happy. All right Karl, my boy. I was afraid you were a scoundrel. Seibel, my love, hug me at once. Franz, you had better go home, and tell no more lies. You came near making trouble, you sly dog."

A Night in an African Tree.

Night is a favorite time with almost all wild animals for feeding or moving about. Especially is this the case with those African creatures which during the day pass their time in forests or caves. Elephants particularly select the night for feeding, and they will then quit their dense cover, and wander on plains where they would fear to show themselves during daylight. On more than one occasion we passed several hours of the night concealed among the branches of a tree, in order to have the opportunity of watching the habits of those animals, whose nature it was to lie hidden during the day.

On the first occasion that we ever tried this experiment, we had taken for our companion a friend, who was neither gifted with patience nor with that enthusiasm which is necessary to render a night in a tree a pleasant change. We remained in this tree some two hours, our companion, by his frequent movements and the noise he made, rendering it unlikely that we should see any animal whose hearing was acute. The bright moonlight, however, that renders everything by night almost as visible as by day, tempted us to venture on other occasions to undertake night adventures. And on more than one night we were rewarded by witnessing events that do not fall within the experience of every person.

One night in particular we recall as a very interesting one. It was after an afternoon ride near the bush down by the Imvoti River, where we had seen the fresh spoor of several elephants, that we decided upon passing a few hours in a large tree that stood apart from the main bush, and from the branches of which a good view could be obtained of the ground. For a companion, we selected our usual hunting Caffre, who was always ready for sport, and arming him with one of our guns, we started at about ten o'clock at night, reached the tree after half an hour's walk, and soon were settled amongst its branches.

A walk by night in a country where there are such animals as lions, leopards, hyenas, snakes, elephants, buffalo, and other formidable creatures, requires considerable caution; for it would be excessively awkward to run against one of these animals, or to turn a corner of a bush, and suddenly find yourself face to face with one of them. There are, too, some creatures which make a practice of following men at night—the hyena in particular, as we experienced on more than one occasion.

Having taken our stations in the tree, we waited patiently for a view of some animal. In spite of its being commonly considered "a comfortable place," we believe that there is no seat more uncomfortable for a length of time than a seat in a tree. First, it is very hard; secondly, it is im-

possible to change your position much; thirdly, there is always a risk of falling, particularly if you get sleepy and doze, and it is almost impossible to lie down, or even recline. But when it offers a secure retreat from wild animals, it has its advantages.

For fully half an hour we saw nothing, although the rustling of the bush indicated that various animals were on the move. The noises one hears at night in a wild country are very singular, and when heard during the stillness of an African night, few sounds are more striking than the weird howl or moan of the "strand wolf," or hyena. The cry, also, of the jackal is particularly wild, and can be heard from a very great distance; whilst the peculiar note of various night-birds is heard as they flit about the tree in which they discover an intruder upon their domain.

After listening to the various sounds that occasionally were heard, we suddenly discovered several animals almost under the tree in which we were concealed. We dared not move, for to move was to make a noise, and to make a noise would alarm the animals, whatever they were. It was therefore necessary to get a good view of them without moving—a proceeding of some difficulty; but we accomplished it, and found the creatures were bush-pig—a large pig that lives entirely in the bush, and is about as watchful and cunning as any animal that inhabits Africa, its powers of hearing and scent being both very acute. It knows quite well when any danger threatens it, and is not without powers of defense, for it possesses sharp tusks that will rip up a dog or a man as though a razor were used.

It was scarcely worth while to alarm any larger animals that might be near by firing at these pigs, so we were content to watch them as they turned up the ground, and fed on the roots they got.

Suddenly, without any apparent cause, two or three of these pigs gave a sharp grunt, and ran off into the bush. We thought they had, by their power of scent, discovered our proximity to them; but we shortly found their alarm was due to a much more dangerous enemy than man—an enemy whose cunning was greater than even that of the oldest boar among the party, and whose strength was such, that a full-grown pig was compared to him little more than a rat to a cat. The animal that caused the alarm was a leopard.

Whilst we were wondering what had caused the sudden departure of the pigs, we heard a rustling of leaves and branches, a sudden rush, a sound as of struggling, a sharp squeak or two, and all was quiet again. We strained our eyes to distinguish the forms of the victim and its slayer, as the two lay half concealed among the thick underwood.

At length we made out the form of the leopard, lying on the body of the pig. The ferocious animal had adopted its usual mode of seizing its prey by the back of the neck, and had succeeded in breaking the neck of the pig in a very few seconds.

Here was a creature well worthy of our lead, so we quietly changed our position to bring the gun to bear on the leopard. Although apparently fully occupied with its prey, the leopard was still on the alert, for, slight as was the noise we made in moving, he rose quickly, glanced upward, and, with a graceful bound, was out of sight before we could pull a trigger or even take aim.

The pig, we knew, was dead, so we decided that we would have a ham of it before long. The leopard had scarcely left its prey half an hour, before stealthy steps were heard approaching the dead pig, and soon two hyenas were busily employed in feasting on it. The noises we made in the tree alarmed them, but they were not to be

balked of their feast, for, seizing a huge piece of pig, they scampered off to a distance with it. After finishing this piece, they would sneak up to the carcass, lay hold of a fresh piece, and rush off with that. The hyenas between them nearly finished the pig, the remains were satisfactorily accounted for by some jackals, and what appeared in the dim light to be ichneumons. The latter fought and squabbled over the bones and scraps like so many hungry dogs, and by daylight we found scarcely a sign of the wild pig, all that remained of it being some blood on the dry grass where it had fallen.

It is surprising the amount of animal life that moves about by night in a wild country. No one would for a moment suspect that in his immediate neighborhood there were a multitude of creatures which he never saw, unless he watched for them by night. We have seen creatures that are very uncommon roaming about by night in the most reckless manner. A few years ago, we were staying at a friend's house in this country, and having seen some strange signs on his lawn, we watched one night when the moon gave a fair light in order to see what night-wanderers visited us. Before long we observed two little dark objects moving on the lawn, and on coming quickly up to them, we surprised two hedgehogs, creatures we had not seen by day anywhere near the lawn. Upon following up the trail, we found they actually lived in some cover on the borders of the lawn, and within fifty yards of the house.

At the time we saw the wild-pig killed by the leopard, there was scarcely half an hour during which several creatures did not pass our post; but the greatest excitement occurred just as day was breaking.

Several times during the night we had heard the sharp crack of a broken branch in the distant forest, and now and then a shrill sharp cry, both of which told us that elephants were not far off. To attempt to obtain a shot at them by night would have been too dangerous, and unlikely to result in success, as the underwood in the bush was so dense that, even on a bright sunny day, objects were scarcely distinguishable in the gloom. There was a probability, however, of these giants of the forest coming out into the open, and if so, we might obtain a shot at them from our tree.

It was not till just before sunrise that the herd of elephants came near the tree in which we were concealed, and then they seemed to scent danger, for, instead of coming boldly forward, they stopped, and blowing through their trunks, appeared to be carefully scenting the air. Whether they really smelt danger is impossible to say, but they would not approach nearer to the edge of the bush, and we could not obtain a view of any of them.

After passing a night in a tree without firing a shot, it was impossible to resist the temptation offered by the proximity of these elephants, so that as soon as there was sufficient daylight for us to see our way, we entered the dense forest, and endeavored to get a shot at one of them. We soon found that our presence was quite well known to these crafty animals, for they trumpeted and grumbled as we approached, and before we expected it a cow elephant, with a calf, charged through the bush toward us. We had to retreat with all speed, at one time the vicious animal being scarcely ten yards from us. A sudden dodge up a small-game path, however, gave us a fresh start, and we widened the distance between us.

So dense was the underwood in this bush, and so savage were the elephants, that, after a night passed in a tree, we felt disinclined to beard them in their own domain. We, therefore, returned to our tent, after which a bathe and breakfast, fol-

lowed by an hour or two's sleep, dispelled all the bad effects of a night in an African tree.

The Willow.

THE willow is of all trees the most celebrated in romance and romantic history. Its habit of growing by the sides of lakes and rivers, and of spreading its long branches over wells in solitary pastures, has given it a peculiar significance in poetry as the accompaniment of pastoral scenes, and renders it one of the most interesting objects in landscape. Hence there is hardly a song of nature, a rustic lay of shepherds, a Latin eclogue, or any descriptive poem, that does not make frequent mention of the willow.

The piping sounds from wet places in the Spring of the year, the songs of the earliest birds, and the hum of bees, when they first go abroad after their Winter's rest, are all delightfully associated with this tree. We breathe the perfume of its flowers before the meadows are spangled with violets, and when the crocus has just appeared in the gardens; and its early bloom makes it a conspicuous object when it comes forth under an April sky, gleaming with a drapery of golden verdure among the still naked trees of the forest and orchard.

When Spring has closed her delicate flowers, and the multitudes that crowd around the footsteps of May have yielded their places to the brightest host of June, the willow scatters the golden aments that adorn it, and appears in the deeper garniture of its own green foliage. The hum of insects is no longer heard among the boughs in quest of honey, but the notes of the phebe and the Summer yellow bird, that love to nestle in their sprays, may be heard from their green shelter on all Summer noons. The fresh and peculiar incense of the peat meadows, with their purple beds of cranberry-vines and wild strawberries, the glistening of still waters, and the sight of little fishes that gambol in their clear depths, are circumstances that accompany the willow, and magnify our pleasure on beholding it, either in a picture or real landscape. We prize the willow for its maternal quietude no more than for its poetic relations; for it is not only the beauty of a tree, but the scenes with which it is allied, and the ideas and images it awakens in the mind, that make up its attractions.

The very name of this tree brings to mind at once a swarm of images, rural, poetical, and romantic. There is a softness in the sound of willow that accords with the delicacy of its foliage and the flexibility of its slender branches. The syllables of this word must have been prompted by the mellow tones which are produced by the wind when gliding through its airy spray. Writers of romance have always assigned the willow to youthful lovers, as affording the most appropriate arbor for their rustic vows, which would seem to acquire a peculiar sacredness when spoken under the shade of the most poetical of all trees.

Paganini, the Great Violinist.

WITH the portrait of this strange, wasted man, this wonderful master of the violin, we may analyze his playing:

It has often been asked in what respects Paganini's playing differed from that of other great violinists—in what has he enriched the art—what has he discovered or invented?

These questions have been to some extent answered by the painstaking Professor of Music, Guhr, who had many opportunities of watching him closely.

He was peculiar, first, in his manner of tuning. Sometimes the first three strings were tuned half a note higher, the G string being a third lower. Sometimes he tuned his G to B; with a single turn of his peg, he would change the pitch of his G string, and never fail in his intonation. These artifices explain, no doubt, many of his extraordinary intervals.

Secondly, in his management of the bow he has had many imitators, though none have approached him in the romantic variety and "fiend-like power with which he ruled over the strings." His ordinary *staccato*, played with a very tight bow, was prodigiously loud and firm, like the strokes of a hammer, whilst his method of dashing the bow on the strings, and letting it leap through an infinity of tiny *staccato* notes with unerring precision, was wholly his own invention.

Thirdly, his *tremolo* use of the left hand exceeded anything which had been attempted up to that time. This effect has been, like every other one of his inimitable effects, driven to death by subsequent violinists.

Fourth, his use of harmonics, now universally known to violinists, was then absolutely new; formerly only the open harmonics had been used, and that very charily; but Paganini astonished the world by stopping the string with the first finger, and extracting the harmonic simultaneously with the fourth. By sliding up the first finger, together with the fourth, he played entire melodies in harmonics, and got on an average about three octaves out of each string. His use of double harmonics in rapid passages, and such trifles as four simultaneous A flats, are still problems which few, if any, hands but his have been able to solve.

Lastly, his habit of plucking the strings, sometimes with the right, sometimes with the left hand, and producing those rapid *pizzicato* runs, on an accompaniment of a harp or guitar, was absolutely new; beyond these things it was found impossible much further to analyze his playing. His secret, if he had any, died with him. His music does not reveal it. Although he wrote quartets, solos, duets, and sonatas, fragments of about twenty-four of which are in existence, only nine were found complete; of these the Rondo known as "Clochette," and often played by Monsieur Sivioli, and "Le Streghe," are perhaps the best known.

His death is thus described:

On the night of May 27th, 1840, after a protracted paroxysm, he suddenly became strangely tranquil. He sank into a quiet sleep, and woke refreshed and calm. The air was soft and warm. He desired them to open the windows wide, draw the curtains of his bed, and allow the moon, just rising in the unclouded glory of an Italian sky, to flood his apartment. He sat gazing intently upon it for some minutes, and then again sank drowsily into a fitful sleep. Rousing himself once more, his fine ear caught the sound of the rustling leaves as they were gently stirred by some breath of air outside.

In his dying moments this sound of the night-wind in the trees seemed to affect him strangely, and the Summer nights on the banks of the Arno long ago may have flashed back upon his mind, and called up fading memories. But now the Arno was exchanged for the wide Mediterranean Sea, all ablaze with light.

Mozart, in his last moments, pointed to the score in the Requiem, which lay before him on his bed, and his lips were moving, to indicate the effect of kettledrums in a particular place, as he sank back in a swoon; and it is recorded of Paganini, that, on that fair moonlight night in May, as the last dimness came over his eyes, he stretched out his hand to grasp his faithful friend and companion, his Guarnerius violin, and as he

struck its chords once more, and found that it ceased to speak with its old magic power, he himself sank back and expired, like one broken-hearted, to find that a little feeble, confused noise was all that was now left of those strains that he had created and the world had worshipped.

He left \$400,000 to his son, Baron Achille Paganini, and about \$225 a year to Antonia Bianchi, with whom he had long since quarrelled. He had previously provided for his mother. His violin he left to his native city, Genoa, with directions that no other artist should ever play upon it.

For Love or Money?

"Non di ricordar di me," sang Esta Brandt, slipping down the terrace-steps into the garden, where she was going to gather roses for the parlour-vases.

A deep, harsh voice spoke her name, close to her elbow. She looked round, with a startled, little cry. It was only Dick Hargrave. Dick was her uncle Will's factotum—valet, groom, butler, all in one.

There he stood, as if he had been waiting on purpose to intercept her—a great hulking, ungainly fellow, with his straw hat slouched low over his wicked black eyes.

"What do you want?" she asked, a trifle sharply.

He did not meet her gaze, but looked away rather sullenly, kicking the pebbles right and left out of the path with his clumsy boot.

"I had something to say to you, Miss Esta," he muttered. "Perhaps you will not care to listen?"

"Certainly I will listen," she made answer, wondering a little at his words and manner. "But you must not detain me long."

He sent a sudden, steel-like glance flashing over her face, and said:

"You know very well what a true, faithful friend I am to you, Miss Esta. I could not hide it if I would."

She interrupted him.

"Yes, yes," she said, impatiently, though a faint suspicion of what he was at sent a sudden



PAGANINI, THE GREAT VIOLINIST.

blaze of anger into her eyes. "I'm ready to take all that for granted. Now, what do you want of me?"

Her curtness abashed him not a little. He colored, hesitated, fumbled in his bosom, and finally brought out a crumpled fragment of paper.

"I found this under the house-door when I opened it this morning," he said, holding it out to her. "It looks like a letter. At any rate, there's writing on the paper. I feared it might mean something. I wish you would read it, miss, and find out."

She looked hard at the creased morsel of paper, and then back at him again. But she did not take it.

"Why don't you read it yourself, Dick, if there is no address?" she asked.

"I can't, miss"—dropping his head, as if ashamed. "I never learned to read writing."

"Humph! that is strange."

And so it was. He seemed to be a fellow of more than ordinary intelligence for one of his class. His language was generally good. It seemed odd, to say the least, that he had not learned to read and write.

He may have seen the doubt and wonder expressed in Esta's face. At any rate, he said, abruptly:

"Won't you read what is written here, miss—just to satisfy me?"

"Why don't you take it to Uncle Will?"

"To be laughed at? No, I can't do that."

He looked hurt, and began slowly to fold the letter—if letter it was. Then Esta held out her hand for it.

She was very much puzzled at his strange behavior; but surely there could be no harm in humoring him.

"Give it to me, Dick."

She took it, and spread it open in her hand. There was no address, but after having read the first line or two, she saw it was intended for her uncle Will.

It was written in a scrawling, wretched hand, some portions of it being scarcely legible. But after a little study, she succeeded in making out these words:

"You were once a friend to me. I ain't on-grateful. I know you hev money in the house. Others knows it, too. You'd better keep a sharp lookout. Don't sleep to-night, if the money is there still. If you do, you'll never wake agin; and the money will be gone up. I shouldn't betray my pals; but I won't see you robbed and killed—you who was so good to me once."

"A FRIEND."

This was all. It was enough, in all conscience. Esta nearly screamed with terror as she read on to the end. The letter fell from her trembling fingers.

Dick stooped to restore it.

"What is it, miss?" he said, staring hard at her. "Was I right?"

She nodded, not trusting herself to speak. After a brief struggle, she cried out, excitedly:

"Thank you, thank you, Dick, for bringing that paper to me! You have saved us all great trouble and sorrow, I am sure."

With a wistful light in his dark eyes, he returned:

"I'd lay down my life for you, Miss Esta."

There was no mistaking his passionate glance. He was treading on forbidden ground again. Esta broke away from him somewhat abruptly, and fled back to the house, quite forgetful of the roses and the dismantled vases.

"Uncle Will must see this letter," she thought. "It may mean a great deal."

She had reason enough to be apprehensive. Her uncle Will had been paid three thousand dol-

lars the previous day. The money was, indeed, still in the house.

Holmwood was situated at a distance from any other habitation, and there were no men about the premises save Uncle Will himself—he was an invalid—Dick Hargrave, and Phil Meredith.

Now, one word about Phil. He had been less than a week at Holmwood on this occasion. He was Esta's lover, and they were to be married in a fortnight.

It is now clear enough why Esta felt apprehensive, and why Dick Hargrave's bold admiration distressed her.

She ran directly to her uncle's study. Phil happened to be there, sitting with the invalid. In a few words, she told them all about the letter.

They read and reread the strange missive. Mr. Brandt could not understand it.

"There's something below the surface here," he said, shaking his head and looking wise. "The writer of that note is not so generous-hearted as he would make us believe. I can't remember ever having done a rogue a kindness. I know it could not have been intended."

"Perhaps he wore his sheep's clothing at the time," laughed Phil.

Esta's spirits were at a low ebb.

"What will you do?" she asked, anxiously. "You don't know but the warning was well intended. It would not be safe to disregard it."

"No," said Mr. Brandt. "I shall send the money to Waltham before nightfall, and have it deposited in bank. You will take it, Phil?"

"Of course. There is nobody else to whom you could intrust it."

"No. Dick could not be thought of for such an errand."

"Would it not be well," urged Esta, "for Phil to bring up two or three of the police from Waltham to sleep in the house to-night?"

Mr. Brandt nodded.

"It shall be done, my dear."

Then, after a moment's puzzled thought, he added:

"It is very strange how the rogues learned that money was in the house. I don't understand it."

Phil turned away, muttering:

"Bah! It's no surprise to me. Dick told them. He had a dozen means of knowing. I wouldn't trust that fellow so far as I could see him."

"You are prejudiced," said Mr. Brandt, looking annoyed. "Dick has been with me nearly six months, and I've never had just cause to complain of him."

"It's a little singular, though—the manner in which he found that letter. Why didn't he bring it to you, in the first place?"

Nobody could give a good and sufficient reason. Esta repeated the one Dick himself had offered, but it went very little way in convincing anybody.

Still, as it was not manifest in what way Dick expected to be benefited by the letter, they could not charge him with knowing more of it than he pretended.

Esta had drawn near the open window ere the close of the interview just recorded. Was it imagination, or did she really hear the soft rustling of the grass under a retreating footstep?

She looked out quickly just as a dark figure darted round the corner of the house. Who had been listening under the window—Dick Hargrave?

She said nothing of what she had seen; but thought all the more because of her silence.

When Phil was ready to set out on his journey to Waltham later in the day, with the money safely buckled in his belt, she brought him a pistol with her own hands.

"Take this," she said, looking up at him, very pale, and trembling a little. "You know what may occur. If the rogues are on the watch, they are sure to suspect your errand."

"Bah!" laughed the handsome fellow, stooping to kiss her. "I have no need of the pretty play-thing. Besides, my own trusty barkers lie here next my heart."

He slapped his hand over his breast, and Esta heard the clear ring of steel.

"You are sure they are loaded?"

"Yes. I looked to them last night. I was target-shooting, you will remember."

He vaulted into the saddle, and rode away. Looking after him with dim eyes, Esta suddenly thought of the weapon she had bought for him. It lay in the chair by her side.

Some impulse caused her to pick it up, and examine it more carefully. It was capped, and looked all right. She drove the ramrod home. It rang against the empty bottom of the barrel! Somebody had withdrawn the charge!

The discovery frightened her. A nameless dread sent the blood from her heart. Scarcely knowing what she did, she rushed down-stairs to the housekeeper's room.

"Where's Dick?" she cried.

Mrs. Bramble didn't know.

"He must have been gone a full hour," she said. "Perhaps he was squirrel-hunting—at any rate, she had seen him cleaning his pistols that morning."

Esta grew cold as death. But she said nothing more. With her own hands she rammed home a charge in the pistol she carried. Her mind was full of the horror of a strange suspicion.

"God grant I may be mistaken," she thought. "It would kill me if anything were to happen to Phil."

Tying a straw hat under her chin, she rushed to the stable. The horses were all there save two—the one Phil had ridden away and another.

Of course Dick had taken that other.

Esta seemed to be gitted with sudden strength. She flung the saddle into its place, and led out her dappled mare.

Five minutes later she was on Jenny's back, tearing down the gravelly drive like mad.

In the warm, rich glow of the Summer day, Phil Meredith was riding toward Waltham with Mr. Brandt's money hidden away in his belt.

It was ten miles to the village—a wild, lonely road with one long stretch of wood where the shadows always lay dark and deep.

Perhaps he had the start of Esta by fifteen minutes. But he rode rapidly. The banks would close at four. Besides, he was anxious to get back to Holmwood as quickly as possible.

He reached the lonely stretch of wood. It shut him in. For all the sun lay in the heaven above like a great red ball, dark, cool shadows filled the silent wood.

The bushes grew close to the road on either hand, almost meeting above it. Suddenly a sharp, rustling, crashing sound in the underbrush, and a man leaped into the narrow road, and caught the bridle-rein in a vice-like grip.

Phil drew back in sharp recoil. He sent a single sweeping glance over the ruffian at his horse's head. It was a big burly fellow, whose entire face was hidden under a mask of black crape.

Phil's purpose was taken in an instant. He tore a pistol from his pocket, and aimed straight for the villain's heart.

"Stand aside," he thundered, "or I'll put a bullet through your carcass."

"Try it," screamed the man, with a loud, sneering laugh.

Phil's finger was on the trigger. He hesitated an instant, as if to give the mocking devil a last chance. Then the hammer fell into its place. There was a sharp, cracking sound, but no explosion.

He knew the truth in an instant—his pistols had been tampered with.

The man laughed louder than before. He leaned forward quickly. A sharp report rang on the air. Phil reeled dizzily in the saddle. Clubbing his weapon, he made a last frantic effort to deal the villain a crushing blow.

In vain—all in vain. A sudden mist swung before his eyes. He staggered, groped blindly, and tumbled headlong into the dirty road.

He felt the villain's grip on his throat; cruel fingers tore into the quivering flesh; the thud of horses' hoofs sounded like sudden thunder in his ears; he gave a long, long, gasping sigh, and knew no more.

It was Esta who tore up the road like mad the next instant. She took in the terrible scene at a glance. Phil lay white and helpless in the dust, and the masked villain was bending over him, his murderous fingers at his throat.

She dropped from the saddle, and ran forward. "Good God!" she screamed; "Dick Hargrave, you have killed him!"

The villain turned. He sent one flashing glance all over her ghastly face. A knife gleamed suddenly in his hand.

"You know me?" he hissed. "No matter; you have come too late to save your lover."

He said this with his hand shaking wildly in the air. Another instant, and the knife would have descended in the heart of his would-be victim. But Esta was equal to the emergency. Like a flash, she covered Dick with a deadly rim of steel.

"Hold!" she screamed. "This pistol will not miss fire. I loaded it with my own hands. You stir from your tracks at your peril!"

He paused, and looked her straight in the eyes. I don't know what he read there, but his hand dropped to his side again. Even the wickedest of all God's creatures clings to life, loth to yield it up.

"Put down that knife," said Esta, in a low, stern voice.

He flung it from him into the underbrush. Then he faced her sullenly.

"Lower that infernal death-dealer," he said. "I didn't want master's money. I don't want it now. But that fellow," pointing to Phil, "was in my way. You loved him, and would never have looked at me while he lived."

"And so you wrote that letter?" Esta broke out, angrily. "You knew Phil would take the money to Waltham! You meant to waylay and murder him, and avert suspicion from yourself by stealing the money!"

He did not answer. A devilish glitter was coming into his bright black eyes. He glared at Esta in a way that sent the blood from her heart.

She could not hold him at bay many minutes longer. In the nick of time the loud roll of wheels echoed in the road. A wild, wild shriek rose to her lips at the welcome sound.

"Help! help!"

A fearful curse broke from the baffled villain. He made a quick bound toward her. She pulled the trigger. Dick's right arm fell limp and useless against his side.

Another curse, a moment's hesitation, and then, with a horribly baffled light in his eyes, he dashed into the thickest of the wood and disappeared.

Deliverance was coming too near for him to do aught but make his escape while escape was possible.

When a carriage, with two or three stalwart men in it, tore up to the spot a moment later, Esta

was sobbing in the road, with Phil's head drawn up and resting upon her heart.

He was not dead. He had only been stunned and slightly wounded. A brave woman's love and courage had been his safeguard.

Prices of Wild Beasts.

We once asked Mr. Jamrach, the celebrated tamer of wild animals as to their respective value in England.

"Well, sir, a lion in good condition, an Asiatic lion, is worth a hundred and fifty pounds, while the finest Bengal tiger can be bought for seventy-five pounds. Elephants have no fixed price. They are in demand, and sell for fabulous prices. A young, well-grown, gentle elephant, which has never had a mad fit, will fetch ten thousand pounds. Lions, I forgot to say, do not breed well out of the forest; their young, ten out of twelve, have hare-lips, and, consequently, cannot suck, and therefore die. That is what makes them so valuable. But," continued my valuable companion, "we have a creature in here which cannot be bought for money."

"And what may that be?" I inquired, as he opened the door.

"A Japanese salamander," showing me a sort

of huge water-newt, without scales, and slimy to the touch. "His food is fish, and hence the difficulty of keeping him alive during a long voyage. That creature started with seven of his kind, and ten tanks of live fishes. One by one the tanks were emptied, until not a fish remained, and yet the gormands made signs for more. Finally salamandrine cannibalism was resolved upon, and every salamander but this was eaten up before the voyage ended. No, sir, money could not buy that animal."

Curious and Useful Crow.

J. SUDDER, of Virginia, owns a crow which serves as a substitute for dogs, cats and all other domestic sentinels. He destroys every frog about the well; allows a mouse no chance for his life; drives hawks from the poultry, and bids fair to act as the best squirrel-dog in the country. He readily spies the squirrel, either upon the fence or on the trees, and with a natural antipathy to the squirrel tribe, his shrill, keen note is readily detected by his owner, accompanied by rapid dart up and down, and the owner is thus led to the game. The most remarkable feature about the crow is that he invariably keeps five or six days' rations ahead of time, well concealed.



CURIOUS AND USEFUL CROW.



A CLOSED UPPER.

MIKE (to recruiting sergeant)—“Well, I ain’t well off for clo’s, but I’ve got two soots!”
 SERGEANT—“Mike, ye know that’s the only suit of clothes you’ve got!”
 MIKE—“Arrah, then, isn’t there me bed-clo’s!”

“Grandma, why don’t you keep a servant any longer?”

“Well, you see, child, I’m getting old now, and can’t take care of one as I used to do, you know.”

Opie was divorced from his first wife, and Godwin was an infidel. They were walking together near St. Martin’s Church.

“Ha!” said Opie, “I was married in that church.”

“Indeed!” said Godwin; “and I was christened in it.”

“It is not a good shop,” replied Opie; “their work don’t last.”

Lord H——’s Bailiff having been ordered by Lady —— to procure a sow of a breed and size she particularly described to him, came one day into the dining-room, when full of great company, proclaiming, with a burst of joy he could not suppress:

“I have been at Royston fair, my lady, and got a sow exactly of your ladyship’s breed and size.”

Mark Twain says that in the higher latitudes of Feejee, “it’s so miserably cold that a man can’t tell the truth.”

Among the questions raised before the Supreme Court in the case of *Perteet*, the Chicago murderer, was the curious one that the State’s Attorney, Mr. Reed, had wrongfully quoted certain passages of Scripture in his closing speech. The passages in question were from the several statements by the four Evangelists of the inscription on the cross. The Appellate Court took no notice of the point.

The Vein.—“Uncle James, won’t you perform some of those juggling tricks for us, to-night, that you learned in China?”

“No, my dear, I’m not in the vein.”

“What vein, uncle?”

“Why, the juggler vein, of course.”

Aunt.—“Well, Mabel, don’t cry; if Eliza is going, you will have another.”

Mabel.—“No, I shall never have another nurse—I’ll marry young.”

When an enthusiastic editor describes a bride as bonny, and an envious compositor sets her up as bony, as was done at Jacksonville the other day, hope for a season bids the world farewell, and freedom shrieks as the compositor falls at his form, brained by the brother of the blooming bride.

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

1.—CHARADE.

To FIRST belongs the glory, theme of ancient story,
Of having leaped with Curtius adown the gulf of gloom,
That would have staid for ever, if none had dared discover
The mystic spell by courting thus a hero's noble doom.
To bring in view the second, from old lore is beckoned
A fabled monster bird to Eastern story-tellers known;
And now, if you are sprightly, read the final rightly,
And see before the sight a well-known proposition's shown.
When Winter's winds are blowing, in our garden growing,
Is whole, a hardy flower, pretty herald of the Spring.
And now the minstrel's jingle dies within the ingle;
The riddling pen is laid aside—no more the bard doth sing.

2.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

1. There are four men, A, B, C, and D, whose united ages are 180 years. If you add together A and B's ages, the result will give C's age; and if you add together B and C's age, the result will give D's age. Required their respective ages.
2. There are three persons, A, B, and C, whose united ages are 96 years. If you deduct A's age from C's, the result will give B's age; if you deduct B's age from C's, the result will give A's age; and if you add together A and B's ages, the result will give C's age. Required their respective ages.
3. There are three men, A, B, and C, whose united ages are 108 years. One-third of B's age and one-fourth of C's are equal to A's, one-half of A and C's ages are equal to B's age, and seven-eighths of A's and three-fourths of B's are equal to C's. Required the respective ages.

3.—ENIGMA.

Present ever, witnessed never, still in motion doomed to be,
Ceaseless serving, health preserving, prithee tell my name to me?
Breath of roses oft reposes on my noiseless, sultry wing,
Loudly roaring, harshly warring, colds and coughs as oft I bring.
Storms and thunder (mighty wonder!) my existence purify,
Changing, veering, light appearing, yet my weight will none deny;
Still, moreover, you'll discover I'm composed of fluids twain; (1)
Oft ye'll find me dry; yet, mind ye, clouds I send, and dew, and rain.
Succor lending without ending, fires without me cannot be,
You'll confess me, when you guess me, as a noun undoubtedly;
I assure ye, when before ye, on the grass spread out so white,
Clothes are lying, slowly drying, 'tis a verb I bring to sight.
Pride expressing, grace possessing, show I peace or temper's fumes,
All declaring in the bearing of the one who me assumes;
Yet I'm hiding, deep abiding, in some great musician's heart,
Till my sweetness, in completeness, to the world he doth impart.

4.—LETTER PUZZLE.

I am composed of 19 letters, and am always eagerly scanned: My 10, 6, 7, is sickness; my 1, 15, is to tease; my 16, 5, 5, we like to do; my 2, 17, 8, 9, is used for food; my 19, 10, 16, is a hymn; my 2, 13, 18, is a chain; my 18, 15, 1, 14, is a nuisance; my 12, 5, 5, parts of a church; my 2, 6, is a jewel; my 11, 8, is a fish; my 4, 12, are vegetables.

5.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A potentate,
Progressive great.

1. 'Tis curved or bent.
2. Quick anger's meant.
3. Brave Austrian prince.
4. 'Twill ill evince.
5. An Asian stream.
6. Shoes have't, I deem.
7. Small hole 'twill seem.

6.—CHARADE.

Beautiful, brilliant, bewildering girls!
Bepainted, bepowdered, with chignons and curls,
With marvels of Honiton, tulle, blonde, and lace,
Lovely hillocks of feathers and flowers o'er the face.

What taste, skill and talent at first we employ
In selecting a dress or a jewel-bedecked toy!
Do you think, as you bend o'er some dainty kid glove,
What "works of high art" are the damsels you love?
Do you dream that the hearts may be false like the curls—
That their whorls may be perfect, and yet not the girls?

Lovely wholes! exquisite and beautiful, charming—superb!
Grown, perhaps, on an animal, beast, or a bird;
Oft spun by a poor little groveling worm—
Is it such things as these can make human hearts burn?

Can the produce of shells, be they ever so bright,
Cause hatred and jealousy, envy and spite!
Alas! it is wholes, silks, cashmeres, and pearls,
That capture our lovers instead of us girls.

'Tis the fairest—no odds of the falsest—who win.
To look plain in the face or the whole is a sin.
Dolly Varden costumes, puffs, panier, and lace,
A coquettish smile, or a gesture of grace,
A bright, gleaming ring on a little white hand,
Outweigh all the "unbedecked" girls in the land.
What matter if lockets and brooches of gold
Flash warm over hearts that are senseless and cold?

You caress the fair, silky and glossy false curls,
And turn from the real of the plainly dressed girls.
If our wholes are becoming, how proudly you own

Us as kin or as friend, and how tender your tone!
You wonder we second our wholes so absorb.
Oh! censure us not—'tis ourselves who reward.
I have seen it—I know it—how bitter the slights
That are passed on the girls who are voted "such frights."

Whose intellect, merit and goodness should hurt
To oblivion all thoughts of the whole of a girl!

7.—PALINDROME.

Now, as I've a riddle, I'll begin it to tell.
Five letters I contain, all numbers as well,
And think you may it easily find
By thinking it over in your mind.
It is a crown, much used of old.
Now all that's necessary is plainly told.
Read backward and forward, I still am the same.
Now, surely by this you have guessed my name!

8.—CHARADE.

With my cousins Tim Doyle and Jim Brady,
An orchard I once went to break,
Belonging to Father O'Grady,
Who lived on the banks of a lake.

It was very large and well fenced;
Much excellent fruit it contained;
To enter we scarce had commenced,
When Tim got his left ankle sprained.

That was an unpleasant disaster
(Don't think I am telling a lie);
We had neither bandage nor plaster
To Tim's injured limb to apply.

We bundled him up in a heap, sir,
And laid him upon the soft grass,
And told him "a strict watch to keep, sir,
Till the priest would have done saying mass."

The priest he came up, slowly walking;
He saw a large breach in the first;
He happened to hear us a-talking,
And into the orchard he burst.

These words almost stuck in his weasand:
"Base, beggarly, bogtrotting hounds!
I'll have you all marched off to prison
For daring to come on my grounds!"

"The Scriptures to steal do not teach us;
Mavrone! by the mighty St. George!
My apples, my plums, and my peaches
I'll speedily make you disgorge!"

As silent as if plotting treason,
We breathed not so much as a prayer;
Each planning a plausible reason
To show the priest what brought us there.

Tim's lip, with a smile, kept curling—
Sure Tim was a promising youth;
None could beat him at dancing or hurling,
Or quicker invent an untruth.

Said he, "May your reverend honor
Be blest with large Christmas 'dues,'
I was bringing the last to Dan Connor
To swap for a new pair of shoes,

"But it bolted away through your garden,
Of it we are now in pursuit;
May I never be made a churchwarden
If we meant to injure your fruit.

"Sure, my poor cousin Tim's nearly killed, sir,
By striving to keep on its back;
It is very strong and self-willed, sir,
It has taken your first on its back."

While the priest was rebuking our folly,
At total Jim got a chance peep;
'Twas hid at the root of a holly,
Apparently taking a sleep.

He made a smart spring, and he caught it,
And joy sparkled out of his eyes
When he to his reverence brought it,
To prove he was not telling lies.

Said the priest, "For your candid confession,
Bawn Shemus, ma bouchal asthore,
You may go to Jerry McGlashan,
And drink of my poteen galore."

Then off to old Jerry's we started,
Where we drank a gallon at least,
And told him, before we departed,
The way we bamboozled the priest.

9.—SQUARE WORDS.

A hoax; a term in music; a brief record; a
destroyer of vermin; a famous port of Europe;
idlers (transposed).

10.—CHARADE.

My whole may be seen on the mountain-side,
Nodding its head to the landscape wide;
My first there, too, you may oft espy,
Though the moment it sees you 'tis ready to fly;
To hide in the thicket or woods below,
Where the brooklets meandering and murmuring
flow.

The many-toned voice of my second is read
By the ear, with joy or with trembling dread:
It tells of the happiest moment of life,
Or the worst that can come to a man or his wife.

11.—DECAPITATION.

I am a crustacean; behead me, and I am still
what I was when you caught me.

12.—PUNIANIA.

In olden times the heathen knelt
With first unto my second;
Charles Dickens the total of renown
Should ever be rightly reckon'd.

13.—CHARADE.

In every house my first is seen,
And if you it would find,
You certainly my next must do
To bring it to your mind.

Then if you feel in want of food,
To total you must fly;
Where you will quickly find you can
Your hungry want supply.

14.—SQUARE WORDS.

Puffed up or proud, your choice take.
From two or many one to make.
A being whom true lovers hate.
A place of sale for next we state.
Discordant on the ear they grate.

15.—CHARADE.

I leaned out of the window to see the state of
my first; I leaned pensively upon my second, and
near the gable saw my whole.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC., IN
MARCH NUMBER.

1. Nun, Eve, dad, Iri(s), Ada, madam, Anna,
minim, abba, (f)ini(s), deed, eye, noon—"Ned, I
am a maiden." 2. Coleridge. 3. Ulema, laver,
evens, menno, arson. 4. Be-he-moth (behemoth).
5. Pen-ultimate (penultimate). 6. Leslie, Weekly,
thus—Lockjaw, Eagle, Silence, Lick, Icolmkill,
Economy.

7.—S

A H A
D I A R Y
M A N K A T O
A G G R E G A T E
S H A K E S P E A R E
S A L T P E T R E
D I S E A S E
B R A N D
O R E
S

8. Pen-man-ship (penmanship). 9. To-morrow.
10. Mary, area, rear, yarn. 11. Xebec, emane,
basal, enacts, celta. 12. Salmagundi. 13. Bennett,
Raymond, Greeley, thus—BorRowinG, ExAmineR,
NaY-aYE, NaME, ELOquentL(y), ToNgUE, To-
DaY. 14. Lewis, enact, washy, ichor, styra
(rusty). 15. Quarto, ushers, abousi, Reuter,
traeni (retain), Osiris. 16. Jasper, Albert, thus—
Java, Ariel, SlaB, PenelopE, EldeR, BunleT.
17. Prussia, Russia; steam, team; scope, cope,
ope. 18. Clive. 19. Beauty. 20. InnDian (In-
dian). 21. Wordsworth (swordworth).

Blundering Bull.—An Irish lass wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money, and added in the same letter, by way of postscript:

"I am so ashamed of the request that I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

"Ah, Jemmy," said a sympathizing friend to one who was just too late for the train, "you didn't run fast enough."

"Yes, I did," said Jemmy. "I ran fast enough, but I didn't start soon enough."

"Is it a sin, *mon père*," said a belle to her confessor, "to listen to men who say I am handsome?"

"Certainly, *mon enfant*," replied the abbé; "you ought never to encourage untruth."

During the late gale at Nova Scotia, a barber took a stroll to witness the destruction in process, and, while contemplating the ravages of the storm, some one came running up to him, and exclaimed:

"You have more need to be at home; your shop's blown down!"

"Good man," coolly replied the barber, "how can that be, when I've got the key in my pocket?"

Non-disclosure.—"Small thanks to you, sir," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this cause."

"Ah, sir," said the conscientious witness; "but just think of what I didn't say."

Matrons of Husbandry.—Mothers with marriageable daughters.



HINT TO DOMESTIC.

MR. JONES—"You should not bring the sugar up in your hand, but bring up everything on a silver plate."

An old gentleman who was in the habit of prefixing "I say" to every sentence to which he gave utterance, having heard that his man-servant mimicked him, thus addressed the ill-behaved domestic when he met him:

"I say, John, they say that you say that I say 'I say'; and if I do say 'I say,' I say that is no reason why you should say I say 'I say,' John."

"Uncle Charler," said Jimmy, a six-year-old, the other day, "can you tell me why the sun sets in the west at night, and rises in the east in the morning?"

"Pshaw!" said Uncle Charles; "the first fool you meet can tell you that."

"Yes, uncle," replied the sweet boy; "that's why I asked you!"

A Liverpool Lady, hearing that silk was a preventive of cholera, has guarded against the dread scourge by a complete pattern in the new shade of green with polonaise. She doesn't intend to get sick, and be a bill of expense to her husband, if a little precaution can prevent it.

An Ohio gawkey saw, for the first time, a schoolgirl going through some of her gymnastic exercises for the amusement of the little ones at home. After gazing at her with looks of interest and commiseration for a while, he asked a boy near by, "if that gal had fits?"

"No," replied the lad, contemptuously; "that's gymnastics."

"Oh, 'tis, hey?" said the verdant; "how long has she had 'em?"

Another joke here is on stepmothers—unjust but amusing. At a Mission Sunday-school in Hudson a little pupil was seen crying bitterly. Upon inquiry the teacher learned that he had lost his mother, and remarked to the boys that no one knew, until he experienced it, how hard to bear was such loss. At this pathetic moment a wicked lad cried out:

"Oh! let him wait till he gets a stepmother—then you'll hear him cry!"

The wicked lad did not conclude with a statement of his personal experience; but, perhaps, that was because he was suddenly called to order.

A Boston Court decided a question which was long ago solved by many ladies, that when a woman lends money to her husband she cannot recover it.

An English paper tells the following story of the Rev. William Thorpe, of Bristol, England: "He was so large that in preaching an ordination sermon he had to be hoisted into the pulpit over the side, the door being too narrow to admit him. Curiously enough, his sermon was on 'The Importance of a Right Introduction into the Christian Ministry,' and he founded his discourse on the parable in which it is declared that 'he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep, while he that climbeth up some other way the same is a thief and a robber.'"

A Man in Princeton College believes in having "a place for everything and everything in its place." He nails his slippers on the wall, four feet up, then all he has to do of an evening is to wheel up his easy-chair in front of them.



HOW BIDDY TAKES IT.

BIDDY—"Here's the bootjack yer asked for, and ye see I haven't forgot what ye told me!"

A Gentleman built a wing to his house, consisting of a cellar, a library on the ground-floor, and a bedroom above. He asked the opinion of a friend about it, who replied:

"My dear fellow, I am sorry to see you have lost your senses."

"How?" exclaimed the other.

"Why, a *bon vivant* and a literary man, as you are, to read over your wine and to sleep over your books."

Shakespeare! august, resplendent name!

Rich the race that did but breed him;

His works we buy, we shout his fame—

Suppose some day we read him!

"Oh, ma," said a little girl, who had been to Barnum's, "I've seen the elephant, and he walks backward, and eats with his tail."

"Rose, my dear," said a mother to her daughter, "if you are so stiff and reserved, you will never get a husband."

"Ma," replied the young lady, "unless the poets tell fibs, a primrose is not without attraction."

A Horse ran away on Saturday afternoon, and a man on the sidewalk, with wonderful presence of mind, threw his hat at the animal, screamed fire, and immediately jumped over a fence and disappeared in a cellarway.

The friends of a wit expressing some surprise that, with his age and fondness for the bottle, he should have thought it worth while to marry, "A wife was necessary," he said: "they began to say of me that I drank too much for a single man."

An Adherence to Orders.—The traditional union of fidelity, obedience to orders, strict discipline and stupidity in the old-fashioned military servant, is wittily illustrated by a story told in the *Gazette de Paris*, at the expense of a captain of the Melun garrison. This officer, who had been invited to dine at a neighboring castle, sent his valet with a note of "regrets," adding, as the boy started, "Be sure and bring me my dinner, Auguste, when you have left the letter." The soldier took the letter to the castle, and was told, of course, "It's all right." "Yes, but I want the dinner," said the lad; "the captain ordered me to bring it back, and I always obey orders." The baroness being informed of the good fellow's blunder, carried out the joke by dispatching a splendid repast. The officer, too amused to make any explanation to his servant, merely sent him back to buy a bouquet to carry with his compliments to the baroness. Successfully accomplishing this feat, the brilliant Auguste was handed a five-franc piece from the lady. "That won't do," says the honest fellow. "I paid thirty francs for the flowers." The difference was made up to him, and he returned to the fort, quite proud of having so ably discharged his duty. We think this incident will fairly match some of the experiences which our own officers are fond of narrating regarding the way in which their servants have interpreted and executed their orders.

Agriculture would demoralize a saint. I was almost a saint when I went into it. I'm a demon now. I'm at war with everything. I fight myself out of bed at four o'clock, when all my better nature tells me to lie still till seven. I fight myself into the garden to work like a brute, when reason and instinct tell me to stay into the house and enjoy myself like a man. I fight the pigs, the chickens, the moles, the birds, the bugs, the worms—everything in which is the breath of life. I fight the docks, the burdocks, the mulleins, the thistles, the grapes, the weeds, the roots—the whole vegetable kingdom. I fight the heat, the frost, the rain, the hail—in short, I fight the universe, and get whipped in every battle. I have no more admiration to waste on the father of George Washington for forgiving the destruction of his cherry-tree. A cherry tree is only a curculio nursery, and the grandfather of his country knew it. I have half a dozen cherry-trees, and the day my young George Washington is six years old I'll give him a hatchet, and tell him to down with every cherry-tree on the place.

Swift among the Lawyers.—Dean Swift having preached an assize sermon in Ireland, was invited to dine with the judges; and having in his sermon considered the use and abuse of the law, he then pressed a little hard upon those counselors who plead causes which they knew in their hearts to be wrong. When dinner was over, and the glass began to go round, a young barrister retorted upon the dean; and after several altercations, the counselor asked him, "If the devil was to die, whether a *parson* might not be found, who, for money, would preach his funeral?" "Yes," said Swift, "I would gladly be the man, and I would then give the *devil* his due, as I have this day done his *children*."

Master Colville received a prize Friday afternoon for a composition on "Reverence," and further distinguished himself in the evening, on the occasion of the pastor's visit, by shutting the tails of the dominie's coat in the parlor-door, and impelling him to leave them there by introducing a pin in his chair. The pastor returned home with a cloud on his brow and one of Colville's coats on his back, leaving Master Colville executing a hornpipe in the woodshed under the auspices of his father.

Short Charity Sermon.—Dean Swift once preached a charity sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, the length of which disgusted many of his auditors; which, coming to his knowledge, and it falling to his lot soon after to preach another sermon of the like kind in the same place, he took special care to avoid falling into the former error. His text was, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him again." The dean, after repeating his text in a more than commonly emphatic tone, added: "Now, my beloved brethren, you hear the terms of this loan; if you like the security, down with your dust." The quaintness and brevity of the sermon produced a very large contribution.

A Birmingham Manufacturer, while in London the other day, saw in a hotel a man approaching directly toward him. At the same time he was moving toward the stranger. He stepped on one side, and found the stranger doing the same. Then he stepped in an opposite direction, but the stranger did the same. He approached nearer, and in some vexation said, "Go on, sir!" and then he saw he was exhorting an admirable reflection of himself. This is not a remarkable occurrence; in fact, it is a frequent happening; but the point we desire to make is, that in every case the victim is a man. And the reason a man is caught in that way is simply because he has so little to do with a mirror, that when he does see a reflection of himself he naturally fails to recognize it. Ahem!

"**Neal & Pray**" was the title of a house in New England, of which both members were anything but religiously inclined. "**Robb & Steel**" was another firm in which both members were noted for their honorable character—quite as much so as "**Write & Justice**," who were their neighbors. "**U. Ketcham & I. Cheatham**" is a well-known old incongruity; but the marriage of Benjamin Bird, aged sixty, to Julia Chaff, aged twenty, showing that "an old bird" may be "caught by chaff" is not so familiar; nor is the marriage of George Virtue to Susan Vice. These collections of familiar names are "odd" enough, and so it is when we find in a newspaper paragraph that John Makepeace has been arrested for instigating a riot, or when Parson Playfair is charged with cheating at cards.

Cosas de Espana.—The engineer of one of the largest dockyards in Spain (a Scotchman), some time back, ordered several wheelbarrows to be made. The vehicle, it may be mentioned, is unknown in the Peninsula. The first one made was brought into the yard for inspection, carried by four men, two holding the wheel, and one at each shaft!

Saved his Whipping.—A little urchin seven or eight years old, in a school where a Miss Blodgett was teacher, composed the following and wrote it on his slate at prayer-time, to the great amusement of the boys:

"A little mouse ran up the stairs
To hear Miss Blodgett say her prayers."

The teacher discovered the rhyme, and called out the culprit. For punishment she gave him his choice to make another rhyme in five minutes or be whipped. So, after thinking, and scratching his head till his time was nearly out, and the teacher was lifting the cane in a threatening manner, at the last moment he exclaimed:

"Here I stand before Miss Blodgett;
She's going to strike and I'm going to dodge it."

Why is a lady's riding-dress like drunkenness?
Because it is a loose habit, that hangs long about a person.

Bruce—we will call him—not long since kept a “general store” in the northern part of the State. A tall countryman stalked into the establishment one day, with his feet incased in moccasins, and planting one of them on a barrel, asked Bruce if he could fit him with a pair of boots. “Certainly!” said the latter; and after glancing at the foot proceeded to pull down a box labeled “Assorted brogans, 11 to 13.” Selecting a pair of the former size, he handed it to the countryman with the polite request, “Try that on.” The elevens were tried, but to no purpose; the combined pulling of a dozen horses wouldn’t get those boots on his feet. Twelves were next tried, but with no better success. With an air of assurance Bruce handed him the thirteens, but they shared the fate of the others. The countryman looked blank—Bruce puzzled; but he was equal to the emergency. Quietly turning the box over so as to empty its contents on the floor, he smilingly handed the empty case to the astonished customer, with the request, “Here, put on a pair of thin socks and try on the box!”

“There is one good thing about babies,” says a late traveler; “they never change. We have girls of the period, men of the world, but the baby is the same self-possessed, fearless, laughing, voracious little beathen in all ages and in all countries.”

Awful Perversion.—The title of a religious article on “Mirth as a Means of Grace,” is perverted by a rural compositor into “Mirth as a Means of Grease.” He was doubtless thinking of the proverb, “Laugh and grow fat.”

A Schoolmaster's Experiences.—A schoolboy is an animal whose main object in life is to get into mischief, and every scrape which his fertile ingenuity suggests to him may possibly be the cause of petty vexation to his master. A schoolmaster with a large house is a man who can never call half an hour his own. He cannot calculate upon finishing a meal or reading a newspaper without danger of interruption. Except in the holidays, which are not more than enough to give him a chance of recovering his strength, he is exposed to one incessant series of troublesome interruptions. If a boy has a pain in that vague but perverse organ, his “inside,” if he tumbles into a stream, or has a dispute with one of his fellows, or hurts himself at football, or runs into debt with a confectioner, or breaks windows, or gets into any of the thousand and one little troubles for which the schoolboy has a preternatural facility, he may be starting a series of annoyances which will worry the schoolmaster's life out of him. The parent will hold him responsible for anything that happens, and a temporary relaxation of watchfulness may be punished with tenfold severity. In short, the very theory of a schoolmaster's life is, that you catch the most cultivated scholar and gentleman that you can for the money, set him down to be worried by thirty or forty lads, each of whom is too troublesome to be managed at home, and require him, by perpetual vigilance, to keep them out of any serious mischief.

“Does your arm pain you?” asked a lady of a gentleman who, in a mixed assembly, had thrown his arm across the back of her chair, and touched her neck. “No, miss, it don't; but why do you ask?” “I noticed it was out of its place, sir, that's all.” The arm was removed.

A Sick Man, slightly convalescent, was asked by a pious friend who his physician was. He replied, “Doctor Jones brought me through.” “No, no,” said his friend; “God brought you out of your illness, not the doctor.” “Well, maybe He did; but you can bet the doctor will charge for it.”

A Henpecked Gentleman determined to sup with a party of friends against the will of his wife. He was resolved that he would, and she that he should not go. He did not go. His friends missed him, and, just for a lark, invaded his residence, where they found him and his wife sitting in their chairs fast asleep. He had given her an opiate that he might slip away, and she had given him one that he might not.

An American clergyman wrote to a lottery agent: “I do not approve of lotteries; I regard them as no better than gambling schemes. My son bought ticket No. 5 in your drawing, but if he drew anything don't send the money to him—send it to me.” The clergyman will probably feel relieved to learn that the ticket didn't draw anything.

Hard on Pimpkins.—Pimpkins! Don't you know Pimpkins? Then you don't know the daintiest, darlingest, most fashionable and most fastidious young self-admirer that ever lisped and languished in a drawing-room. Pimpkins was at Mrs. Bonnycastle's party last Spring. One of the company was a blooming damsel from the country—a fresh, rosy-cheeked, bright-faced girl, over whom the impressive bachelors were in ecstasies. Pimpkins saw and admired. Pimpkins determined to make an impression. He stared at her through his quizzing-glass until he had stared her out of countenance. Then he approached her. She was engaged in knitting a pair of oversocks for one of Mrs. Bonnycastle's children. “Aw,” said Pimpkins. “Knitting, 'pon bonah! Twoly industrious. Now, do you know I like to see a young lady industrious. It's a good sign. I like to encourage industry. Aw—what would you charge to knit me a pair like that?” “Socks or stockings, do you want, Mr. Pimpkins?” “Ah! deuced if I exactly understand—but, aw—I want 'em to come up over the calf, you know.” “In that case,” replied the blooming damsel, smiling a sweet, innocent smile, “I should have to estimate. I never knit a pair to cover one's whole body!” Pimpkins was observed at the sideboard shortly afterward trying to eat a half-melted ice with a fork.

Musical Robbery.—The proprietor of a strawberry-stand left it in charge of a boy for a few minutes, and when he returned he found, as he said, “a quart of it.” As he had every confidence in the boy, he didn't think he would *duet*.

At the beginning of the French Revolution a marquis, about to quit Paris, was required to give up his name at the barriers. “I am Monsieur le Marquis de Saint-Cyr,” he said. “Oh, oh, we have no *monsieurs* now!” objected the official of “the sovereign people.” “Put me down as the Marquis de Saint-Cyr, then.” “All titles of nobility are abolished,” opposed the stolid Republican. “Call me De Saint-Cyr only,” suggested the nobleman. “No person is allowed to have ‘De’ before his name in these days of equality,” explained the servant of the “one and indivisible.” “Write Saint-Cyr!” “That won't do, either—all the saints are struck out of the calendar.” “Then let my name be Cyr!” cried the marquis, in desperation. “Sire!” exclaimed the Republican (“Cyr” is so pronounced)—“that is worse than all. Sires, thank goodness, are quite done away with!”

A Conscientious Sunday-school teacher, who felt pained, upon looking through a crack in the fence, at seeing some of his scholars in attendance upon the trials of speed at the fair, asked one of them if he did not think there was a great waste of time at the races. The youngest replied, “that he thought there was a thundering sight too much time lost in scoring!”



MODERN.

SARAH.—(loq.)—"Please, Mrs. Green, an' Bridget's afraid of axin' yer, but she wants the loan of that new blue silk yees got last week, to go to a wake in to-night."

Not Bad Religion, Either.—Those who go round with the contribution-box in California churches plead and argue the case as they go along. One of these gentlemen recently extended the box to a rough-looking miller, who slowly shook his head.

"Come, William, give something," said the deacon.

"Can't do it, deak," said Bill.

"Why not? Isn't the cause a good one?"

"Yes, good 'nuff; but I ain't able to give nothin'.

"Pooh! pooh! I know better. You must give me a better reason than that."

"Well, I owe too much money."

"Well, but, William, you owe God a much larger debt than any one else."

"That's true; but he ain't a-pushin me like the rest of my creditors."

Intellectual Farming.—Harrowing a man's feelings.

A Parson and a lawyer were talking about the direction of the wind.

"We go by the court-house vane," said the lawyer, and the parson replied:

"We go by the church vane."

"Well," retorted the lawyer, "in the matter of wind, that is the best authority."

An exchange says: "A Sioux City justice of the peace said to a couple he was about to marry: 'Hold up your right hands; now, what do you know about this case?' We take it for granted that they did not know much, if anything, about the case just then. They merely wanted to know.

A Lady who, on the death of her first husband, married his brother, has a portrait of the former hanging in her dining-room. One day a visitor, remarking the painting, asked:

"Is that a member of your family?"

"Oh, that's my poor brother-in-law!" was the ingenuous reply.



AS BROAD AS IT IS LONG.—"TURNING SUDDENLY AROUND, WITH HALF HIS FACE COVERED WITH LATHER AND HALF CLEANLY SHORN, THE YOUNG HUSBAND PUT ON AS SHOCKED A LOOK AS WAS POSSIBLE TO A FACE SO OBSTRUCTED."

As Broad as It is Long.

"WHY, I *can't* go, and that's all there is of it, Bessie; I've told you so, all along, so where's the use of being in a fret about it?"

The Bessie thus to be silenced, as it were, sat by the window of her great square room, and at the moment of being adjured to be sensible, and not whine after her husband, was engaged in the nerve-wearing task of darning stockings.

"Can't go, indeed!" replied the little dame, throwing her work aside, with something that looked like "spirit." "Haddie Sheldon, you

know better—you could go, if you wanted to. Let Springer and Lewis and Garry Phenix stay at the office, and you go. Oh, Haddie"—seeing a look on "Haddie's" face as if he might relent—why don't you make an effort, for my sake? I don't know why it is I hate so to go without you!"

"Pshaw! Bessie, you act like a baby! You will not be obliged to walk the piazzas all day, nor dance all night, unless you choose. Keep your room if you like, and go to ride all by your self. Mrs. Le Baum won't mind it, I'm sure."

"Won't mind it? Of course she won't! Isn't Mrs. Le Baum herself, and nobody else, from head

to foot; and has Leila an idea beyond "figures" and her last new gown? Oh, Haddie"—her voice dropping, and her hands clasping over her head—"how is it that you don't seem to cling to me a bit? You're happy when I'm here, but you're just as happy when I'm gone. I wish to goodness I could worry you once, or give you a good big scare! You don't seem to understand that every woman needs one great love in her heart to make it worth her while; but that one love can't be a lapsed affair—all give and no get!"

"Bessie Sheldon!" exclaimed the individual addressed as "Haddie," parting his syllables tragically, and, turning suddenly around, with half his face covered with lather and half cleanly shorn, the young husband put on as shocked a look as was possible to a face so obstructed.

This disyllabic reproof, however, did not end the conversation.

"I don't take back one word, Mr. Harold Sheldon," said the young wife, most earnestly. "I know what the world says of a woman who is found in the ballrooms of watering-place hotels with that horrid off-shoot of Parsian style, a *chaperone*—quite likely more indiscreet than herself. I haven't forgotten, either, what happened at Nahant, when pretty Mrs. Van Nott was ruined by the upturned noses of her sex; and I don't think you ought to insist on my going to Saratoga to run the same risk."

"There!" said Mr. Harold Sheldon, somewhat staggered by the plain statement of his wife, "that's enough before breakfast—I'll finish with some seltzer; meantime, fiercest of mountain-makers out of mole-hills, I must say you are going out of your way to distress yourself. If you behave at Saratoga as Mrs. Van Nott did at Nahant, you must take your chances of a scrimmage with me, and a public castigation besides. Here, little moral-reform, do see what's the matter with this button hole."

Bessie takes her scissors—the button-hole is a little like herself, not equal to what is expected of it—she cuts it the tiniest bit, and writes on her memorandum-book, "Fix up Haddie before I go."

Meantime, before the conversation can be renewed, a servant at the door says, "Breakfast!" and, as everybody knows, coffee and omelets always get the best of arguments between husband and wife.

After breakfast, it is office-time, and Harold Sheldon, being a devotee to his profession, goes directly to Pine Street, where "Saratoga; propriety; study up Tomkins's case; *chaperones*; silly girl; grand jury," etc., flit through the mind of the over-busy lawyer, till the light of a waning day sends him home again.

The couple at variance, so moderately, were in the third year of their married life, and were supposed to be beyond the full-moon surf of their love experience.

Whoever supposed anything of this kind, however, would have been at fault, so far as Bessie Sheldon was concerned, for, at the end of three years of married life, she lived upon every word that proceeded out of the mouth of her husband, as she had not dreamed of doing when she first became Mrs. Sheldon.

Bessie was a round, blue-eyed woman, somewhat silent among strangers, but deep as a well that is hewn among rocks.

She was in no sense superficial; her great clear eyes looked around the angles and across the squares of whatever came before her, and she lived among motives, and learned the world of the people that were in it.

Such experimental life had written itself upon her piquant face, toned down and half shadowed with eager thinking.

Perhaps there was too little of the wildwood violet about such a woman to satisfy Harold Sheldon, who, a man among men, by no means "carried his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at."

Harold Sheldon was a man of extremest self-reliance. He had never, it is true, resolved matrimonial conditions down to the materialities of supply and demand; but if he could have read his own soul, he would have learned that in a wife he looked for the softness, pliability, and, if one may say it, the "kittenish" qualities that had no kind of parallel in himself.

Bessie was all piquancy and freshness, original and entirely unlike most of the world's women. She absorbed little from other people, and only reflected her surroundings as they might be lively or depressing.

She was a kind of woman that influenced others magnetically, however, and one that, in the right groove, was made to kin thousands, and, on the contrary, if deluded, might mislead indefinitely.

The Sheldons are living in what foreigners call "quarters"—that is, they have rooms *en suite* in an elegant house in Fifty—th Street, New York, and surrounding them are all the accessories of wealth and good-breeding.

These things, however, are rather the chance provisions of a first-class private hotel, than selections of concerted and sympathetic ideas, for, though Harold's tastes are artistic and decidedly extravagant, who could be so mistaken in a face as to suppose that Bessie Sheldon would care for ormolu and gilt?

Give her books and her music, and let Haddie's love be deep and undisturbed, and a fig for everything else!

And how is it as to Harold?

He is twelve years the senior of his wife, and is already saying farewell to his thirty-fifth year. That he is of the legal guild, anybody might see by the papers that often disorder the rooms, and by the calf-bound literature that is to be picked up, here and there, about the apartments.

He is ambitious, too, and the world, he thinks, has never done him justice. After a ten-years' struggle to come to the surface, put down every year by the big fish that eat the lesser, he has taken up a new rôle. He is working himself, he says, into a new place, and is concentrating all his forces and industries into this one groove. He will be the criminal lawyer of the age; but to do this, "all must be fish that comes to his net." He will refuse no accused man such defense as he can make out, and with a well-studied profession, an extraordinary command of language, and his magnetic presence, Harold is sanguine of success.

A counsel for estates? Never.

Associate lawyer for big companies and co-partnerships? Never.

He will be the peoples' lawyer, a defender of the masses. The single-minded wife takes fright, and asks "Haddie" if in his chosen sphere he can always stand by truth and the right side. Haddie laughs when Bessie asks this, not so much with his mouth, from which protrudes a Parrot, as with his eyes, aided by a strange sniff, and a quick little toss of the head. The eyes say, "Simple little woman!" the sniff says, "What nonsense!" and the quick toss of the head says, "Truth must take its chances!" And, as motes in the air, and red light where all is clear and uncolored, warn one of coming blindness, so sniffs at truth may be taken as symptoms of wavering manhood.

The coaxing process is finished, for these are useless appeals to Harold to accompany his wife to Saratoga instead of placing her under the care of Mrs. Le Baum and her daughter.

Imprimis, it is not to Saratoga that Bessie cares to go. She would choose a place among the "Blue-noses" of Nova Scotia, a fisherman's village near Montauk, or a smiling valley among Evangeline's people at Grand-Pré.

But Harold is deep in preparations for the Fall calendar, where, first upon the score, is the trial of a high-bred forger who has shocked high society. On the result of this case Harold has placed his stake of fame, social standing, and money, and instead of a simple defense founded on facts, what he will give to the jury is the subtlest of irrelevant logic, the Fabian policy of delay, and a dramatic coloring well-nigh irresistible in these days of the sensationalist.

Bessie is a perpetual drawback to this kind of progress, for, as the husband toils at night over notes, points to be eliminated, etc., etc., the wife will intrude such unadulterated ideas of truth and justice that Harold is wearied to death of her pellicud notions.

Among the indefinite charms which certain women have for certain men, that of reasoning seems to count for least. Men enjoy arguing with men, they only tolerate it in women, so that with major and minor premises altogether in favor of the feminine side of a theory, a man gives a verdict against her proposition because—well, women never can argue.

Then there is the coaxer—has she any firmer hold? Perhaps while she is young and piquant, a little defiant, and more than half saucy, the coaxer is a success. But how is it in the gray vale that is sometimes picturesque though oftener melancholy?

And so, looking over the calendar of woman's possibilities in the way of self-defense, one is compelled to believe that real earnestness, true womanliness, and the same self-respect that would protect a woman from being swindled at an auction are sufficient for the day.

Now, Bessie Sheldon was no coaxer. She lived up to the "more-blessed-to-give-than-to-receive" theory in maintaining that the lover was for ever happier than the beloved, and to this end she knew no greater happiness than to give happiness, nor dreamed of a certain basis of operations called "my rights."

The topic of "going to the Springs" was not resumed again except incidentally; for, Bessie, finding her objections so utterly ineffectual, conceded the point, and made ready.

This was done, however, in a way so modest and unassuming, that Harold was nearer to being angry with his wife than ever he had been since their marriage.

"Nothing but three-cornered bibs and plaid aprons for Saratoga?" he asked, derisively, time and again, as he observed the moderately dreary costumes, and the simply graceful adornings that his wife provided for her visit.

It happened that Mr. Sheldon was one of those exceptional men who had an intuitive intelligence as to drygoods in general. Without being in the slightest degree educated as to gros-grains and velvets, his taste was instinctive, and his eye thoroughly correct.

He never failed to recognize a well-dressed woman, and nothing in his wife dissatisfied him so much as her indifference to elaborate toilets, and her lack of social ambition. And now, when he was concentrating every energy upon his struggle for fame and position, it almost galled him to have Bessie so engrossed in books and music, and so oblivious to the share he would fain have her bear in his efforts for worldly *éclat*.

* * * * *

At last the day arrived for the Le Baum party to start for Saratoga. They met at the depot, not particularly a conspicuous group, except, perhaps,

to thoughtful people who find in everyday situations a way to unravel the social perplexities of the day.

To the cynic, perhaps, or the *blasé* man of the world, there would have been something noticeable in the Le Baums, *mère et fille*. The former was one of those women that the world calls "well-preserved and *distingué*," though why the world should expect a healthful woman of forty-five to be a wreck of the past, or a model of reconstructive ingenuity, is not easy to discover. Be that as it may, Mrs. Le Baum had been so profusely complimented upon her eyes, ears, nose, mouth, and "skin like a baby's," that she had at last persuaded herself that it was not easy to tell mother from daughter.

To the cynic, however, the couple might have suggested a frizzy, fussy poodle with a solemn-eyed retriever, lean, lank, and in fine condition for the game season; for Madame Le Baum was full of nervous little motions, graceful attitudes, and the thousand little mannerisms never forgotten by the true coquette if she lives for ever, while Leila, cold and passionless, affected spirituality of character, being, in fact, interested by nothing but a *surplus* for statuesque figures and classic draperies.

Bessie Sheldon, straightforward, clear-souled, and earnest, seemed entirely out of place with the Le Baums, and was, undeniably, quite as much off orbit as she looked to be.

There is never anything cheerful in partings; though it be but for a day, something reminds one that incident and not accident is sometimes fatal to lovers, while time, change, and a thousand vicissitudes of life cut new channels wherein we glide whether we will or no.

Forebodings, then, are a certain element of the "farewell," which to Bessie Sheldon had an added grief in the fact that she was to be plunged into gavity against her will, and in the company of people utterly unsympathetic.

The Le Baums were ladies of position as well as wealth; they were also cultivated, as the society world interprets that very amiable word, so that Bessie, in a worldly sense, risked nothing by being under such chaperonage.

Progress, however, and study, were at a standstill with the Le Baums: they kept pace with such publications as made a stir in the world, they were well "up" as to pictures, subscribed to galleries and indigent art unions, and were forearmed as to classical music and the newest operas. Here, however, cultivation ceased, for a superficial *aplomb* was acquired without a store of life-long knowledge.

The routine at Saratoga was fully as stupid to Bessie as she had anticipated. The saunter to the springs, the piazza loiterings, the conventional round, became from the first inexpressibly wearisome.

How to fritter the hours away in a society that frittered to such advantage habitually was a perplexing question, decided, as one more accustomed to fashionable life might have foreseen, by meeting old acquaintances and forming new ones, enlarging their circle and varying their pleasures.

A letter written to Harold just at the beginning of Bessie's visit, was a delicate bit of deceitfulness, intended to tell just enough of the truth, and no more:

"I nearly proved myself the baby you accuse me of being, dearest Haddie, before I had fairly lost sight of your big hat last Monday! Two great tears were just ready to fall, and if Mrs. Le Baum had not engrossed the attention of the whole car as she did, by arranging her parcels, flowers, fan, umbrella, poodle and herself, I should have dropped my head and given way, I'm sure. However, here we are. My room, thanks to your

thoughtfulness, is very comfortable and passably convenient. Cool I can't say it is, for the heat is intolerable; and this morning, as I sat at my window and heard the clock strike two, I thought of our great square room in Fifty—th Street, and pondered on the manifold blessings of first-class plumbing. A little bath would so soon have quieted me, and brought back the truant slumbers.

"Of course you know the routine here as well as I do. 'We eat and drink, for to-morrow we'—do it again. I should be disagreeably homesick but for the fact that the Fraziers of Virginia are here. You recollect the judge? His wife I never knew, but he, you know— Ah, Haddie, I neither wanted the money nor the man! I never wanted anybody but you, and I'm sorry I've ever teased you. Let's kiss and make up. * * *

"Mrs. F. is a confirmed invalid, and I imagine her elegant husband has a heavy time of it. He is very attentive, however, and has already introduced me to the sufferer, I am sorry to say, not particularly interesting at first sight. But maybe in the midst of all this Punch-and-Judy round of fashion, I may find my happiness in making the days less dreary to another. Who knows? But I must go now. The Le Baums are just starting for 'Moon's', to eat crisp potatoes, and I am going to read 'Gates Ajar' to Mrs. Frazier. Time's up. So good-by, and don't forget for one moment your foolish baby, Bessie."

Passing this letter on its way to her husband, there came a few lines from Mr. Sheldon to Bessie, saying his interests in a certain case required his immediate presence at Louisville. He had only time to say a few words. He had learned from Pierre Le Baum that the Fraziers of Virginia were at Saratoga, and he wrote especially to say that Judge F. had it in his power to be of the greatest service to him (Harold), and he did hope Bessie would not be indifferent to their favor. Nobody at Saratoga could possibly know that the judge had ever been a suitor for her hand, and—

The rest of her husband's letter was entirely lost sight of in Bessie's surprise and perplexity. That her husband should express a direct wish that she should "cultivate" the Fraziers for a purpose was not in the least pleasing to the wife. Such a thing as making an advantageous friendship in cold blood was utterly repugnant. Sensitive, however, as to her duty to Harold, and always ready to blame herself and justify him, Bessie determined to do for this once what her husband had often and often expressed a wish to have her do—viz., obey him, blindly, and trust him for the rest.

Well-balanced women may never be inclined to provoke the criticisms of society, but they are often in a measure indifferent, and still more frequently may be willing, in the prominent purposes of life, to let lesser matters take their chances.

In this case Bessie scarcely reflected or weighed her position after her first surprise had abated. She took Harold, as he had so often wished she would, by the hand of confidence, and thus buried her intuitions out of sight.

Upon further acquaintance with Mrs. Frazier, Bessie wondered how she ever could have thought so strong and natural a character unattractive. The poor woman was weary of a life that she knew was an obstacle to her husband's advancement, jealous of honors that she never could share, and worn out with a disease that was utterly incurable.

Strongly sympathetic, and glad to be in the cheery, roomy apartments so unlike the regulation parlors of a watering-place hotel, Bessie soon came to pass most of her time with the Fraziers.

When the wife could ride, Bessie accompanied her, and when the invalid was housed, Bessie rode with the judge, until gradually she became as one of their party, and then, explaining affairs to the Le Baums, Bessie accepted the cordial urging of Mrs. Frazier to locate herself in their corridor, and take her meals in their private *salon*.

Only a very brief time elapsed before visitors at the hotel associated Mrs. Sheldon's name with that of Judge Frazier, and even Mrs. Le Baum jested among her clique concerning her *recreant prestige*.

Intimacy grows apace, and that of the Le Baum coterie was fed by the fact that the Fraziers were the *crème de la crème*, and "dreadfully" exclusive.

Bessie fulfilled the requirements of politeness, and presented her chaperone and daughter to the Fraziers; but the invalid was in no situation to offer civilities to any one, and Bessie did not feel at liberty to demand Judge Frazier's courtesies when he did not seem to think they should be expected.

And so a coolness grew up between the chaperone and the chaperoned, of which Bessie did not write Harold, for the thoroughly honest reason that she did not wish to vex him, and was so well provided for, that the indifference of Mrs. Le Baum was not of the slightest consequence.

It takes but a dust-bearing zephyr anywhere to sully the fairest lily, and the exclusive attentions paid to the lovely and brilliant Mrs. Sheldon by a man so elegant, so courtly, and so situated as Judge Frazier was, proved sufficient for the great babble of tongues that can kill both soul and body.

Bessie, entirely innocent and unconscious of the wretched *on dits* that are more cruel than pestilence, famine or the naked sword, was happy with friends who appreciated her devotion, while she, lingering by the side of one who was soon to pass "within the vale," received every day spiritual influences never to be forgotten.

Not a word of "sentiment" ever passed Judge Frazier's lips to the woman he had once loved, and still admired and respected beyond expression.

He read Bessie's soul too intelligently to be mistaken, and knew that to his unwavering attitude of deference he owed all he had of Bessie Sheldon's friendship.

One word of a passion, that might have overwhelmed him at the first lapse of self-control, would have sent Bessie to her husband, not so much outraged as crushed and wounded.

There is nothing, perhaps, so difficult for a pure-hearted, self-reliant woman to admit, as the fact that she has been misunderstood, and it could only be by grievously misapprehending such a woman as Bessie that a man might venture upon unpardonable and illegitimate love-making.

The philosophy of likes and dislikes, and the theories of sympathetic tastes, Bessie had studied many a time, and oft.

She now held her head like the lily of the Annunciation, pure and self-respecting, for sacred to her was the double friendship nurtured in the atmosphere of death and immortality.

Meantime, the thousand tongues of venom were busy.

Judge Frazier knew that that conglomerate body called "society" was assailing the fairest name that ever was called. To tell his wife was impossible; her sufferings had long secured her against a thousand sorrows that "take no shape, and have no name." To look Bessie Sheldon in her great clear eyes, and tell her what they said, to whom temptation was the gauge of virtue, was equally impossible. He could neither hurt nor outrage.

The situation was full of perplexities; for, the time was coming when accident might expose the state of affairs to Bessie, or Harold might hear some distorted gossip, and then who could count on the entanglements if he should be a fiery, unreasoning creature, or a man to whom the cruel handling of his wife's honor was maddening?

The traditional skeleton, ghost or family trouble is never hidden from servants. They come upon the unguarded word, the ill-concealed tear, the hours of wrestling with fire, and happy for the sufferer if, under the crust which a life of servitude forms, there lies the fruit of sorrow—pure sympathy.

The Fraziers had a Scotch servant, an elderly woman, as tall as Absalom, and as grim as a spectre. If her sympathies had been like her backbone, she would not have mellowed in a century; and if her heart had been as leathery as her epidermis, no sorrows could have ever pierced its well-wanned integuments.

Kibby McLaren despised the weak ones of the human family; but she bore in her bosom the stricken lambs of adversity and injustice.

Fortunately the grim and indestructible old lady had a memory, for somebody dear to her had gone to her grave crushed by the "blunt monster with uncounted heads."

A discussion from that pawn-shop of secrets, the servants' table, reached her ears one day, at the Fraziers' hotel, and proved to be the key to a realm of mysteries.

Without an hour's delay, Kibby McLaren sought her master, and, making no apologies for what, in her honest soul, she believed to be her duty, she gave the advice that spared more hearts than one.

Judge Frazier went at once in search of Bessie's husband—found him far from home, overwhelmed with work, and distracted with professional disappointments.

Not an hour passed before all was known to the husband of a woman whose name, delicacy, and pride must now be shielded at all costs.

Well might the husband recall his share in the unhappy matter, his influence in creating the intimacy so harshly censured by gossiping tongues, and his unpardonable absorption in business to the injury of a beautiful and brilliant wife.

Harold Sheldon returned with Judge Frazier to the Springs, and the length of the journey gave him opportunity to clear his head of several fallacies and negative assumptions that were unworthy of a husband. His first experiment resulted in the decision that, having promised to cherish and protect his wife, the contract did not express a limitation as to whether wild asses, tigers, anacondas, or gossips, were the assailing creatures.

"And what," said the catechist, "do you understand by *cherish*?"

The catechumen got the dictionary.

"To hold as dear; to foster and encourage; protection and attendance."

"And what," said the catechist, "does the Bible say of cherishing?"

The catechumen got the Bible, and in a fragmentary bit of St. Paul's Epistle to the Thessalonians he found, "And we were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children."

"I am a fool!" exclaimed Harold, with great enthusiasm. "Wouldn't I make a fine 'cherisher' of a handsome wife among the free-lovers of modern society!"

"I hope ye see yersel' as others see ye!" said scraggie Kibby McLaren, when Harold undertook to thank her for her good works; "for, to my mind, ministers that marry pulpits, and lawyers that marry convicts, have nae business to be tying-up!"

* * * * *

Years have passed since Bessie Sheldon went

to Saratoga under the Le Baum chaperonage, and what was everybody's business on that miserable Summer she has never heard.

She often laughs, however, when the idling time of year comes round, because Harold always goes where she goes, and frequently the handsome blue-eyed matron is heard telling about the lesson her husband learned when he sent her to Saratoga, and so nearly died of his dreariness that he could never be induced to repeat the experiment.

As for Harold, when he took Bessie from the Hotel de Babel, at Saratoga, and with a day's notice sailed for Europe, "to get acquainted with his wife," as he said, he had time to study the great mystery of his marriage; and he came to the conclusion that when a woman gives a man all she has, is, or ever will be, he may as well offer her a receipt *pro rata*.

Dodging a Shark.

"I THINK," said the skipper, one morning at breakfast, as we were discussing that meal in the cuddy of the Calcutta, then at anchor off the mouth of the Ullua—"I think we had better fill in as we go, so I shall send the boats cocoa-nutting. Would you like to go?"

"With all my heart," I replied. "I've never been down among the lagoons, and should like it above all things."

"I'm glad of that," said the skipper; "for I shall not go myself. I'm not ambitious of being stung to death by musquitoes; but as you have never been down the coast, the novelty will, perhaps, repay you for the pain."

"I'll run the chance of a stinging," I retorted.

"If we get a strong sea-breeze, we may happily escape these little pests; but when do we start?"

"With the land-wind in the morning."

"All right? Who is to go?"

"The stevedore, for one, because he knows the coast well; the rest you can choose for yourself."

"Then I'll have Jones for one. He's handy, and cooks well."

During the day I selected the rest of my men, hauled the boats alongside, and got everything ready for the start, which it was arranged should be about three o'clock on the following morning.

Close to the shores of the Gulf of Honduras there is a low level track, covered with immense forests, through which runs the Rio Ullua.

At its mouth is an anchorage, where, during certain months, collects a large fleet of merchant ships, waiting for the mahogany which is cut in the interior, and floated down the river.

Among these was the bark Calcutta, whose cargo was about half completed.

In loading ships with mahogany, there are spaces between the ends of the logs and the fore and after parts of the ship. To prevent the logs from shifting when the ship is at sea, these are filled with cocoa-nuts.

It was to procure a supply for this purpose that I and Peter Byrnes, the stevedore, with ten men and three boys, started on that August morning. Our destination was one of the lagoons to the eastward of Punta de Sal, about twelve or fifteen miles along the coast.

The men were told off into the boats, and we pushed off.

What an extraordinary feeling is that which those in a boat experience when at night they sail away from a large ship! The boat appears to be stationary, while the great black hull and the tall masts seem to melt away and disappear.

About six o'clock, after a good deal of coquetry, the breeze failed us altogether, and we had to take to our oars.

The sea was calm; not a ripple or a flaw broke

glass-like expanse, except, now and again; a al of skip-jacks, scored by the noise of the s, leaped above the surface, and, after skimming the water for a short distance, fell back like glittering shower of silver into the sea.

We had been pulling now for nearly two hours, a two hours' stretch at the oar, under a trop-sun, is a thing not to be joked about. It was, refore, with no small degree of satisfaction that saw the entrance to Port Sal open on the star-board side, and shortly afterward we entered the e land-locked cove of that name.

Port Sal is very difficult of entrance, but when de, it is quite a fairy spot. Two high rocky dlands, about fifty fathoms apart, afforded h a shelter as rendered the water of this place, n in the most stormy weather, perfectly smooth calm.

A sandy beach surrounds the harbor, backed by primeval forest, which, in this instance, grew se to the water's edge.

The bush, as well as the trees, was full of life. ren we entered, a number of large alligators d be seen basking in the sun, or standing side side on the beach, like a long row of brown lers.

They all took to the water as we approached; not understanding why their territory should thus invaded, they every now and then glided ntly up on the sand, shooting their long snouts of the water, and gazing at us; then, as ntly launching themselves backward, they ddis-eared out of sight.

inding we did not vacate, they swam across harbor to find another hot place, such as these d-blooded animals so much delight in.

At other places sand-pipers were trotting about the pools; at the entrance to a creek was a g line of flamingoes; while now and then a at pelican flapped heavily across the water.

Peter Byrnes, as soon as we landed, started o the bush, taking his gun, and had not been e long, before two or three reports set the ole colony of animals in an uproar.

ones was making himself conspicuous by col-ding wood and lighting a fire.

Peter soon returned with a monkey or two, and eral brace of young macaws and parrots, ich Jones at once proceeded to divest of their thers.

By the joint exertions of these two, our dinner s at last before us; and though not a luxurious e, garnished as it was with hunger, we thought xcellent.

Nothing worthy of notice took place until night ne on. I had brought a hammock with me, h a blanket to wrap myself in. Accordingly, er supper, I retired to it, in the hope of passing omfortable night, for what with the fatigues of ay and the little rest I had had the previous ht, I was dead beat.

Main hope! let no man think to have a comfort-e night in a tropical forest. Up to eleven lock all was calm and serene, and, rolling my-f in my blanket, I lay down. Everything for first hour was still; and I fell asleep watching fireflies as they flitted through the air.

From the most delicious slumber that ever tired n knew, I was awakened by the most infernal enade that ever fell upon human ear.

A juncy a conglomeration of the most unearthly l discordant sounds ever uttered. Thousands animals, reptiles and insects seemed to be iving to outdo each other in the production of gular and inharmonious sounds.

There were howls, groans, roars, and shrieks, ompanied by a chorus of croaking, piping, lowing, and hooting, varied at intervals by a le scraping, grinding, and saw-sharpening; ile, in addition to all this, it appeared as though

an army of ants were carrying on an extensive nocturnal performance, in which dissonance was, as usual, a prominent feature.

Sometimes there would come a lull; the animals would sink into silence, and the concert would be left to the insects alone; then suddenly the shrill hooting of some night-bird as it darted off into the forest, or the cry of a wild animal from the tree-top, would again arouse the whole.

Toward morning I was aroused by a strong musky smell that seemed suddenly to pervade the whole encampment. I was not properly awake, but I fancied that some wild animal must be near, and I cautiously looked over the side of the ham-mock.

The fires, on which we had heaped fuel before retiring to rest, had died down, leaving only a few smoldering embers, which glimmered up occa-sionally. I could but just see the dusky forms of the men as they lay around me, for the moon had set behind the mountains; and, except where the starlight fell upon the water, or when the flicker-ing light of the fire now and then illuminated the camp, all was black as night.

Recalling my scattered senses, and opening my eyes, I cast them along the opening that led to the water. I saw something moving. I could not make out what it was; but it came up slowly and stealthily. At last I perceived that it was of hideous shape, and that it was moving up toward the sleeping seamen.

For a moment I dared not move or speak, for I could not see distinctly enough what it was. At length a portion of the fire gave way, and the un-burnt wood falling in among the lighted embers; shot forth a bright flame, and showed me the long, gaunt snout of an enormous alligator.

I seized my gun, which, fortunately, I had had the precaution to place at the head of my ham-mock, aimed at its eyes, and pulled the trigger; but the cap only went off. The beast was now close to one of the men; but at the snap of the cap he stood still and listened. I put on another cap, and shook up the priming.

By this time the brute had ranged up alongside Peter Byrnes, and was just bending his tail ready for a blow, when I fired.

All were up in an instant. One of the boys, in rising, stumbled over the beast, and not knowing what it was, bellowed for help. Meanwhile the struggles of the alligator were terrific, and he was blowing furiously. At last, with an expiring effort, he turned round, and, dragging himself down to the water, plunged into it.

No sooner had the beast disappeared, than we began to look about us for the boy, but he was nowhere to be seen. I was somewhat puzzled at this. I had heard of alligators dragging their prey into the water, and drowning it; but that one should do so in his death-throes, and that be-fore our faces, without our perceiving it, appeared marvelous, but the boy was gone.

At last the day dawned, and my surprise was greater than I can describe to see the boy, whom I fancied carried off by the cayman, quietly sleep-ing in his place among the men. I awoke him, and asked him for an explanation; but I could get no-thing from him, except that he had been horribly frightened, ran off, and had sneaked back into the camp.

The first ray of the sun found us at sea again, and by six o'clock we entered the mouth of the lagoon. And now came the aim and object of our expedition.

The only interruption we experienced in pro-curing our cargo was from an army of monkeys, which came down from the woods to witness our operations.

First they came in sixes and sevens, swinging themselves from tree to tree, grinning and chat-

tering at us as we proceeded with our work; but presently they arrived in shoals, headed by an old fellow, who seemed a sort of patriarch among them.

In the midst of their gambols he seated himself upon a high tree, and they assembled around him; then he appeared to be haranguing them, while they listened with profound attention.

Suddenly, as though what he said was excessively comical, they all seemed to be seized with fits of laughter, and swinging from bough to bough, shrieked and chattered as if they had gone mad; the young ones, particularly, were convulsed with hilarity, for they tumbled one over the other, jumping into the air with playful shouts; when you thought they were falling, they dextrously clutched a branch and turned round and grinned at you, as if to enjoy your disappointment.

At last, so insolent were they, that they alighted close to the very trees we were picking, and seemed half inclined to make an attack. It was not until I had cooled their courage by a couple of shots that they desisted, and scuttled off into the forest.

By eleven o'clock we had succeeded in filling our boats, but it was useless to think of starting till the land-breeze came down, which would be late in the evening, or early next morning. All hands, therefore, began to think of making provision for dinner, and the stevedore proceeded to enlighten us as to the mode of fishing in Honduras.

The water in the lagoon, though not so clear as outside, was yet sufficiently so to distinguish the fish as they basked in the sunshine. Accordingly, Peter taking his line and spear, got into the gig with a boy, and, pulling out from the shore, let her float.

As soon as Peter's practiced eye saw a fish swimming near the surface, he launched his spear, and struck it. The stricken fish darted forward with a bound and a jerk; but to understand this method of fishing, I must give a description of these spears.

First, there is a long tapering staff, at the end of which is a barbed spike, secured by a becket to a line, the end of which is fastened to a float, about eighteen inches long, by two in diameter; and round which the line is wound. The float is attached to one end of the staff, and the spike to the other, but in such a manner that as soon as the fish is struck, the spike is disengaged from one end of the staff, which instantly reverses itself, and suffers the cork float to be also disengaged.

The fish darts forward as soon as it is struck, and the float being separated from the staff, the line runs off the reel, or float, and when it has all run off, the cork goes bobbing about on the surface in a most curious fashion.

When Peter had struck a fish he took no further notice of it; but went on spearing till he had struck about half a dozen, by which time those he had first caught had ceased their efforts to release themselves, and the floats were stationary. He then commenced to haul in his lines, which was soon done, and when he came on shore we found he had captured six large fish.

Joner's method of cooking fish was new, and, whether he had learned it from the Indians, or stumbled upon it by accident, was conducted according to the most scientific principles.

The largest of the fish having been stuffed, was wrapped in leaves and placed in a hole in the sand, which had previously been filled with wood, and was at the time a mass of glowing coals. As soon as the fish was placed therein, it was covered up, and when wanted, was taken out and eaten immediately. A more delicious method of cooking fish I never met with.

Whilst the dinner was being prepared, I proposed that we should take a bath in the lagoon. Peter, however, suggested that it was not safe on account of the alligators; but he said he knew a place outside where we could bathe without fear. Accordingly, we took the gig, and though we grounded several times, we succeeded in getting through the narrow channel and reached the place—a beautiful basin of water, with a fine clear sandy bottom, inclosed on one side by a bit of beach, while the rest was encircled by a reef of rocks.

In some parts the reef was just covered with a sheet of foam, while in others jagged rocks jutted up in huge masses, over which the swell broke with a noise like thunder. Outside the reef there was a stiff breeze blowing, but inside was calm and clear.

Not caring to anchor, we undressed, and plunging in, swam out to the reef. I was enjoying the bath amazingly, floundering about under the lee of the rocks, over which the green seas broke at intervals, half smothering me in a natural shower-bath.

The water on the part of the reef on which I stood was scarcely two feet deep, except where the swell came round, and then I was almost taken off my legs, such was the precarious nature of my footing.

I was just waiting for another roller to burst over me, and the stevedore was floating on his back in the centre of the basin, when, to my intense horror, I saw a large shark making toward him. I cried out loudly:

"A shark! a shark!"

The stevedore turned to see from whence the danger came. It would be useless to attempt to reach the boat, so I shouted to him to strike out for the shore. For a second or two he seemed fear-stricken, and made no effort to reach the land.

Then he struck out boldly for the shore. Those few seconds of indecision had enabled the monster to get into fearful proximity to him, and for some minutes the race was exciting.

I looked on, half paralyzed with terror, while foot by foot the shark drew nearer to him, expecting every instant to see its silvery stomach glancing in the sunlight, and the form of the stevedore dragged under.

Just as the shark was within a few fathoms of him, the stevedore turned sharp round and dived. As his foot disappeared beneath the surface, the monster dashed at it, and there was great commotion in the water.

For some seconds the brute lashed his tail, his struggles were terrific, and I thought it was all over with poor Peter. But in another moment or two, to my inexpressible joy, I saw his head emerge from the water, some distance from the shark, and a cry of thankfulness escaped me as I saw him reach the shore in safety.

Meanwhile the shark had released himself from the shoal; for I now saw that Peter, who knew the place well, had availed himself of his knowledge, and dextrously avoiding it, had put the shark aground upon a spit of sand.

No sooner did the brute clear the shoal than he made for the reef.

I had been so occupied with the stevedore's danger that I had not thought of myself. When I did, the great black fin was sailing down rapidly toward me.

The boat was floating gayly in the middle of the inlet, and was thus of no service, either to Peter or me.

Thus, while, on the one hand, my return was effectually cut off by the shark, I could not hope for any assistance from shore.

It is true, the danger was not so imminent as in

the case of the stevedore, but my position was, nevertheless, one of extreme peril, and one from which I could see no means of escape.

Some horrible instinct seemed to enable this monster to scent me; for a few minutes after Peter's retreat, he was floating close to me, gazing at me with his hideous eyes, and looking as though he was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to seize me. Death stared me in the face, and I could do nothing to escape from it.

I had retreated on to the highest part of the reef; but the position afforded little extra security, for when the rollers swept over it I was several times knocked off my feet, and once nearly precipitated into the very jaws of the shark.

I remained for some time in fearful suspense, half paralyzed with terror, and uncertain what to do. The boat was pursuing a most erratic course, now carried one way, and now another, by the opposite currents of air.

At one time it seemed floating toward me, and my spirits began to revive; but as soon as it got under the lee of the rocks it advanced no further, only bobbing and dancing before me, as if to cheat me with vain hopes. Then suddenly another flaw seized it, and carried it once more into the centre of the inlet.

One time I thought of attempting to reach the point by wading across the reef; but I was uncer-

tain as to the depth, and I feared when I got quite from under the lee of the high rocks, the rollers would be too strong for me, so that idea was dismissed.

I could not keep my eyes from my terrible companion, which had continued to float almost motionless in the clear water before me. His eyes, dull and flaccid, yet so ferocious, seemed to follow my every movement.

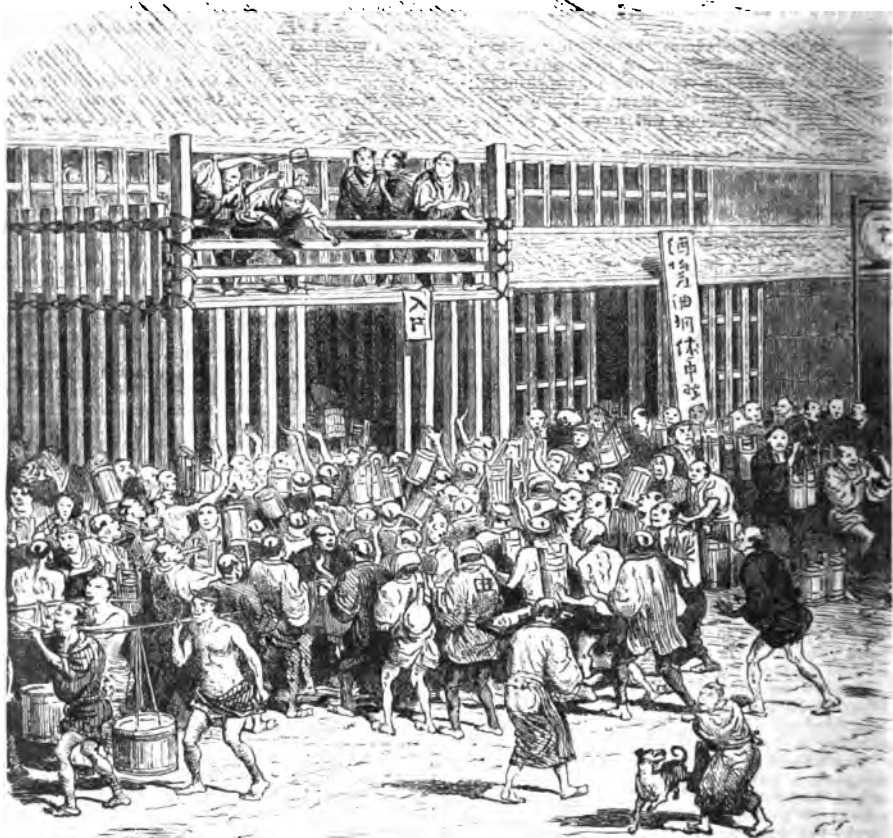
At intervals, as if to delude me, he would gradually fade away, sinking slowly, and without any motion of his body, till he almost disappeared from sight, and then, without any perceptible effort, rose again like a cork. Then he lay like a cat pretending to sleep, yet never taking its glance from its prey.

The tension of the muscles was so great to keep my footing, and I had been so long in the water, that I felt my strength could not last much longer, and I expected every minute to be swept from the reef.

All hope, therefore, of escape, as far as any active measure on my part was concerned, was gone—my trust was now in God; I could do nothing, but await His will.

From this state of despondency I was awakened by a shout, and the next instant I was hauled into the boat.

What became of my enemy, or how I got clear



LIFE IN JAPAN.—PEOPLE FLOCKING TO A SAKI BREWERY FOR THE NEW YEAR'S TAP.



LIFE IN JAPAN.—EXPPELLING A DOMESTIC DEMON—FROM A SKETCH BY HOFESAI, A JAPANESE ARTIST.

of the inlet, I have no very definite idea. All I know is that, making a bold dash, Peter succeeded in reaching the boat and finally rescuing me.

We were not long in dressing, and soon got back to the lagoon; and though only half an hour previous I had expected to be food for a shark, the idea had not taken away my appetite, for I enjoyed my dinner as well as if nothing had happened.

Life in Japan—New Year's Saki— An Exorcism.

EUROPEANS have, to a great extent, conquered the northern parts of America, and swept away the native tribes by introducing what the red man not inaptly calls "fire-water." Japan will never be conquered in that way. With many good points in their favor, they are hard drinkers. The favorite beverage, *saki*, a beer brewed from rice, is the national drink, and the libations are frequent and deep.

The feast of New Year's brings out the choice *saki* of the highest brand. What the rush is for the favorite drink then, our illustration shows. The servants of the rich, the poorer classes in

persen, with all conceivable vessels, crowd around the *saki* factories with good-humored pushing and hustling, shouting and joking, the police from time to time doing a little to restore peace by tapping the most uproarious over the head with a fan, a very fine substitute for the locust club. It would probably be found very inefficient in a New York crowd, but answers the purpose in Japan.

Japan believes, with all intensity, in demoniacal visits, possession and obsession. At the beginning of the year, almost every house practices a ceremony called *Oniarabi*—that is to say, the "Exorcism of the Evil Spirit." The owner of the house is the sole actor in this rite. Our sketch is from a Japanese drawing, and shows some things that you would see, and some again that you would not, but are required to supply by faith or imagination. The master of the house, dressed in his finest clothes, with his sabre in his belt—if he is entitled to wear one—goes from room to room, through the whole house, carrying in his left hand a box of roasted beans. These he scatters with his right hand over the matting as he goes along, crying aloud a cabalistic formula, meaning, "Avaunt, demons; enter, riches!" The Japanese artist, Hofksai, whose sketch we follow, introduces two of these domestic demons, who

evidently do not understand beans, and are decamping in great agony under the volleys fired at them by the good man of the house. The god of wealth and his chum, Yebis, have already taken up their quarters in the reception-room, and are so much at home, that they have begun to quaff a bowl of saki to the health of their host. To a blind foreign artist nothing would be seen of this but the good man and his beans.

Mrs. Fluffy's Pass.

"I'm going to the seashore for a month," said Mrs. Fluffy, one day last Spring. "Where do you go, my dear?"

Now I am not usually a coward. I can face a mouse or a snake; I don't scream if a spider walks over my dress, and I never get on to the bed in a thunder-storm. But I do feel a little in awe of a fashionable lady, especially when rigged up in full panoply of silk, satin, and velvet.

So I hesitated, and though I had a sharp recollection of my poor little purse—so very flat—and of the numerous things those few lonely green-backs must buy, yet I dared not quite say, as I ought to have said, "I can't afford to go anywhere."

But Mrs. Fluffy was kindhearted, if she was fussy and over-dressed, and no doubt she suspected my dilemma, for she went on, in an easy way:

"Now, I shall not go for six weeks yet—I can't get away—and I wish you'd take my pass, and have a little trip in the meantime. It's a pity the thing should rust here in my purse; and I would really regard it as a favor."

So she traveled on a pass—rich and fashionable as she was! To be sure, she was proprietor of a fashionable Ladies' Magazine; but she rode about in her own carriage, and never touched a pen, unless to sign a check.

She took the bit of paper from one pocket of a purse stuffed to cramming, and laid it on the table.

"Now, you go to the sea-shore, and enjoy yourself, and never mind getting back before August."

Then she gracefully changed the subject, and actually before I had time to collect my thoughts, she had said, "Good-morning," and was gone. And there lay the magical bit of paper that would take me—to the seashore!

Oh! I wonder if anybody ever so longed for the breath of Old Ocean as I do? I wonder if anybody else feels in his very heart a deep pang—as of home-sickness—whenever the thought of it comes up?

I laid the paper carefully away, and fell to dreaming—I fear. How I could arrange the family so that I could go—what I should need to replenish my wardrobe—where I would go—how soon I could be ready, and all the delightful dreams of a passionate lover of traveling, who has the means to go in her hands.

When John came home, I told him the story. He heard me through without a word; but I saw a smile growing in the corner of his eye, and when I had finished, he began:

"My dear, did I ever tell you the story of my traveling on a pass once?"

"I don't think you ever did," said I.

"Well, it was years ago, when I was a young man. One Winter I was out of business, and I started West to sell patent rights of something useful to farmers. I did not make much, and when I arrived at St. Louis, preparatory to plunging into Missouri, I fell in with a Methodist minister—the Rev. Mr. Smith. He was one of the traveling brotherhood, and he had a pass over all

the roads in Missouri—not very many at that time.

"Finding out my state of mind (and of purse), he, in the kindness of his heart, offered me the use of his pass for a while. He said he should be in St. Louis a few weeks, and would be glad to have me use it. After some demurring, I accepted it, and started out quite encouraged.

"My first destination was the village of B—, and finding the conductor a companionable sort of a fellow, I asked him about the town, what hotel I should stop at, and so forth. He told me he lived in B—, and that there was not a comfortable hotel in the village; but added that he would be happy to entertain me at his own house. Everybody living in those new towns expected to do such things. In short, he urged me so much, that I finally consented.

"All this time, you must remember, he looked upon me as the clergyman whose name was on the pass, while I had quite forgotten that. So when he introduced me to his pretty little wife as the Rev. Mr. Smith, I was for the first time struck with the idea that I was traveling under false colors, and, I must admit, I was embarrassed.

"How could I tell this conductor that I was defrauding his employers, and, on the contrary, how could I support a character to which I had no right?

"While I mused on the situation, the little woman bustled around, and put a smoking supper on the table, and we sat down to enjoy it.

"Suddenly there fell a strange awkwardness over the party. Mr. —, my host, hesitated, and looked at his wife. She nodded—an almost imperceptible nod, and while I was puzzling my brains to know what these domestic hieroglyphics meant, he turned to me, and said, gravely:

"Mr. Smith, will you ask a blessing?"

"This was a fix for an empty-headed young man; but they were waiting. Something must be done—quickly."

"I should think so, indeed," said I, laughing.

"What did you do, John?"

"Well, I was not quite brave enough to refuse. I remembered what my good old father used to say, and—I said it. But from that moment I felt like an impostor and a thief.

"After tea, we talked of the crops and the state of the country, the length of the railroads and the amount of travel, etc., till we were tired enough of it, and things began to be very dull—partly, no doubt, because of the watch I had to keep over myself, lest I should do or say something unbecoming my ministerial character. I never was in such a strait-jacket, and, I assure you, it was not very agreeable.

"After a while, I noticed a pack of cards on a side-table, and I took them up.

"Do you play whist?" I asked my host.

"Yes, we do sometimes," he said, with the air of a man expecting a lecture.

"Why not have a game now?" I asked, innocently, forgetting for a moment.

"Why, do you play?" asked my host's wife, in amazement.

"Well, yes, I do occasionally take a hand," I said.

"That's good," said the conductor, briskly, getting out the table. "We didn't like to propose it, for we didn't know how you would feel about it. But it is a comfort to see a minister who don't go back on an innocent game of cards. Sit up, Mr. Smith, and cut for deal! Molly, you call father."

"Father" was called, and we began to play. I was complimented on my playing—for a minister; complimented on my liberality and so forth, till I felt like a wolf in sheep's clothing. As it drew near nine o'clock, another dread seized

me. They might expect me to conduct family prayers.

"That I was determined to avoid, so I plead a headache, and went to bed, where I tossed and tumbled half the night, for I never went to bed so early in those days.

"Then I had breakfast to dread. But I knew the conductor was off at seven, so I basely covered my head with the bed-clothes, and did not hear the bell; and after he had left the house, I went down, made my apologies, and bade my hostess good-by.

"But you may be sure of one thing, I put that pass away, and paid my fare like any other body. And though I did not make enough to pay expenses, and went back to St. Louis poorer than ever, I never passed for Mr. Smith again.

"And there was another disagreeable thing about it; if Mr. Smith presented that pass to my hospitable conductor, would he not remember it? and might it not embarrass Mr. Smith? On the whole, I took a violent dislike to traveling under false colors, and now—(I knew the moral was coming) if I were you, my dear, I wouldn't accept Mrs. Fluffy's kindly meant offer. Putting aside the question of right or wrong, it might place you in an uncomfortable position."

Well, I didn't fancy uncomfortable positions. My air-castle tumbled with a crash. I resolved to send the pass back to Mrs. Fluffy, with thanks, and stay at home.

But the next morning, when I sat down to my desk to write the note, and took out the passport to so much joy, Temptation seized me again.

"Why shouldn't you use it?" said this delightful dame. "What harm can it do? No one but the conductor will see it."

"But is it right?" suggested Conscience.

"I don't see why it's wrong," argued the tempter. "It defrauds no one, since, if you don't use it, you stay at home."

"But it was given for Mrs. Fluffy," suggested the officious meddler within me.

"It is to pass one lady over the road, whether the name is Stuart or Fluffy; what difference? Besides, there's your health! You know the doctor said you would never get over your neuralgia till you had a rest from household cares."

"That's true," assented the wavering monitor; "but remember John's troubles."

"Nonsense! You won't try to pass for a minister, and, of course, you won't stop anywhere," boldly answered the charmer.

I needn't go over the plausible arguments; to be brief—I fell.

I did not write the note to Mrs. Fluffy; on the contrary, I wrote to a sewing-woman to come and help me. And I put on my hat, and went downtown to buy a traveling-dress.

And when John came home, I was in the full bustle of preparation.

"So you're going, after all!" he said, looking around.

"Yes; I've had a battle pro, and con., and, on the whole, I've decided to go."

In two days I was ready, and, as John bade me good-by on the cars, he said:

"Take care of yourself, Nelly, and don't get into trouble."

I must admit that I felt very odd, and I tried to impress it on my mind that now I was Mrs. Fluffy, editor and proprietor of a Ladies' Magazine.

I knew I did not look the character, for fuss of dress is one of my horrors, and Mrs. Fluffy was fussy to the last degree.

But the conductor wouldn't know that, and no one else would know anything about it. I went through the night all right, but the next morning, as I was enjoying the lovely scenery, the pleasant motion of the cars—in short, the realization of my

dream, a gentleman passing through the car stopped at my seat.

"Excuse me, madame," he said, politely; "the conductor tells me that you are Mrs. Fluffy, of C—."

It came so suddenly, I had no time to think, or I might have avoided this first step, and saved all my trouble.

But I was too much surprised, and I bowed.

Ah, fatal nod!

"My name is Harte—George Harte," he said, in a way that I saw he expected to be at once recognized; "and I'm very glad to meet you, for I want to find out a little about things in C—."

Meantime I was puzzling my brain to think who Mr. Harte could be. I thought of all the authors and editors I ever heard of, but could not remember him.

He now took a seat in front of me with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, and went on, in a business-like way:

"How large a city is C—? for, I confess, I've never been there."

"Really, Mr. Harte," said I, "I'm not at all good in statistics. I can't tell you in figures, but I should think, about as large as B—."

"Indeed!" he said. "I knew the figures were as high as that, but these things are mostly over-rated."

"Especially by such a bragging city as C—, I suppose you think," I replied.

"Well," he answered, laughing, "I didn't say so. But I'll tell you how it is," he went on, in a burst of confidence; "I want to start a publication there—paper or magazine (I prefer a weekly)—of a literary order, you know. But I've been thinking lately that perhaps the best idea would be to buy out some publication already started, and change its character—if I wished."

He paused, and, as it seemed necessary to say something, I said:

"Perhaps it would."

"Of course you are posted as to the status of the papers there; do you know of any that I could probably buy out?"

"Well, no; I don't think I do, Mr. Harte," I said, feeling that I was getting deeper and deeper into it.

But how could I get out?

"You wouldn't sell out yourself?" he said.

"Oh, no; I couldn't think of it," I said, quickly, a guilty flush covering my face at the novelty of my position—as an impostor.

"About how large is your circulation, anyway?—between editors, you know," he said, confidentially.

This was what Dick Swiveler would call a stagerer; but he was waiting, and I knew no more about the probable circulation of that hateful journal than the man in the moon.

"I—I really, Mr. Harte, I can't tell you," then, seeing his surprise, I hastened to add, "I have very little to do with books and statistics. Besides, I have a fearful headache, and, if you'll excuse me, I don't feel able to talk."

That was no falsehood, either. The excitement had brought on my ever-lurking enemy—neuralgia; every nerve in my head was on fire, and I felt as though I should jump out of the window.

"Certainly, madame," he hastened to say; "I'm sorry you did not mention it before. My wife is on the train, and I'll bring her to you; she may be able to help you."

And before I could beg to be let alone, he was gone.

I put my burning face to the open window, and tried to collect myself, and in a moment he returned with a fashionably dressed lady.

I groaned inwardly. I knew she would find out in a minute, with those sharp eyes of hers, that I

was no fashionable editor. My only hope was in being too ill to talk.

He introduced her, and left us together.

She proceeded to catechise me about my headache. Was it nervous or sick headache? What caused it? etc. Said she thought she could help it; she was subject to headaches; and much more that I did not hear a word of, for I was really suffering dreadfully.

I had brain enough left to think, however, and I made a hasty resolve.

In the village of D—, which we were approaching, lived John's parents. I had intended to make them a visit after I had been to the seashore, and got well and strong; but I suddenly resolved to stop there now, to be rid of these people.

So when the conductor called out D—, I sprang up, seized my bag and shawl, and prepared to go.

Mrs. Harte rose also.

"Do you get off here?"

"Yes," I said, complacently. "My husband's father lives here."

"Indeed!—that's nice! *We live here too!* Let me help you. George"—to her husband, who just then came in after her—"Mrs. Fluffy stops here, too."

"I am very glad to hear it," said he. "Allow me to assist you."

I was stiff with despair. My trunk would go on; I could only stay a day or two without it. And these dreadful people lived here too. But I could not think. He put me in a carriage, and turned to me for my order to the driver.

"Where shall he drive?"

"To Mr. John Stuart's," I said, hastily.

I just saw a look of astonishment come into Mrs. Harte's face as I was whirled off.

Now, you must know, it required all the courage I had to visit John's home, and I dreaded it more than I did neuralgia.

You see, John was a pet—an only son, the apple of their eye—and, in their opinion, no woman ever born was quite good enough to be his wife. Now, I don't pretend to be perfect, and I always feel that I am being measured and weighed every moment in their house.

Then they had set their hearts on having him settle in D—, succeed to his father's business, and live in the big house with the old folks and his only sister.

I hope I was not wicked, but I knew it would kill me to live in that house; and, after worrying some time about it, I told John—before I married him—that I never could do it. But I found that he did not want to stay there himself; he was young and ambitious, and preferred a large city. So he settled in C— before we were married; but the family always thought it was my influence that prevented their carrying their point with John.

That was why I felt uncomfortable at their house. Then we were as different as night and day.

I was brought up with books, pictures, and music, and they were necessities of life with me; while with John's mother they were all trash. Books—except the Bible—were useless, and took up too much time; music diverted the mind from the serious duties of life (to wit, housekeeping), if not positively ungodly.

Well, I never could get on with them, though, I'm sure, I tried my best for John's sake, and endured no end of insults (as I thought them) without a word.

So I did not anticipate any great delight, of course. And, then, there was that awful woman, who, I was sure, would come to see me, and call me Mrs. Fluffy. What would they think? How could I explain?

Tell the whole truth, did you say? Well, perhaps that would have been the best; but I couldn't—with them. I knew they would think it positively dreadful, and I should be in everlasting disgrace if they found out that I was not only traveling on another lady's pass, but had allowed myself to be taken for her. So, as well as I could think for my pain, I resolved to trust to luck to help me out.

Trust to luck!—when did that odious goddess favor me?

They were very much surprised to see me, but said they were glad, and they certainly were hospitable. They had a room prepared, and let me go to bed at once; and Esther, the sister, brought me a cup of tea, and did everything I could ask.

The next morning I was better, but a horrible dread of that woman spoiled every moment, and kept just enough nervous ache in my face to make me miserable. I should have kept my bed, but Mrs. Harte would ask for me, and let it all out. I had formed a sort of plan, the best I could think of, for avoiding a disclosure.

I sat every moment by the window of the sitting-room, which looked on the street, resolved the moment I saw her coming to start out the front way, as if to go into the yard. Thus I should meet her, and avoid her asking for Mrs. Fluffy.

I could plan no further. I could only place my hopes on the fickle goddess above named.

So I sat there all the morning, answering questions about John, telling his plans and prospects, and everything I could think of.

I knew they thought I acted oddly; and so I did, for I had to keep one eye on the street all the time.

It was after dinner before I caught sight of Mrs. Harte and another lady coming down the street.

I sprang up, though John's mother was in the middle of a long story about John's measles, which had "nigh about killed him when he was two years old."

"Excuse me a moment," I said, hastily. "I want to go out in the yard;" and out I went, not waiting to see the effect of my remark.

Sister Esther dropped her work to go with me, but I was quick. I got half way to the gate before Mrs. Harte opened it. So Esther did not hear the "How do you do to-day, Mrs. Fluffy?" and the introduction to the other lady.

"Why, Nelly, do you know Mrs. Harte?" was her first remark.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Harte; "my husband and I came up in the same train with Mrs. Fluffy yesterday, and I hastened to call to see how her poor head is."

Esther looked mystified, but I broke in with forced spirits to confuse her still further, if possible.

"Yes, and a dull traveling-companion you found me, too. The truth is, I was so nearly wild, I scarcely knew what I did or said."

"I saw you were not yourself," she said, innocently; but the blood rushed to my face.

"I'm not well yet," I said, hastily.

"No," said Esther. "I never saw Nelly so nervous and miserable. We mean to send for her trunk, and keep her a month, till she is better."

"Do you indeed?" I thought. "I fancy you'll fail—for once;" but I said: "Oh, I couldn't think of staying but a day or two this time. I will stop on my way back;" but I resolved in my heart to have a sudden call back that would take me through that town in the night.

But now John's mother came in, and Mrs. Harte began with her.

"Why, Mrs. Stuart, I didn't know you had another daughter besides Esther?"

"I have not," said mother. "Nelly is my son's wife."

"What, John Stuart, whom I saw here last Winter?" she asked, in amazement.

"Certainly. What is there strange about that?" asked mother.

"Why, her name is——"

It was coming—I knew it would—I was disgraced—I—well, I suppose I fainted, for when I came to I was lying on the sofa, plentifully sprinkled with water, and highly flavored with camphor. I could not speak, but I heard them say:

"She's better now."

"Esther, we must get her up-stairs to bed. I'm seriously alarmed about her."

Then I heard Mrs. Harte's voice:

"Well, I'm sure I can't understand it, but the conductor——"

And then I fainted again.

I awoke in bed nearly frantic with pain. It was night. Esther sat over by the window, knitting. I called her.

She came at once, but she looked very strange.

"Please wet a towel in cold water to ease my head."

She did so, but I saw from her face that something dreadful had happened.

"What's the matter?" I asked, as soon as the pain was a little relieved.

"Nelly," she said, seriously, "I want you to tell me truly, *have you ran away from John?*"

"What!" I shrieked, springing up in bed.

"Have you ran away? What have you done? What makes you act so? I believe you're crazy."

I groaned.

"And mother thinks so, and father's going to telegraph for John in the morning."

"You mustn't—you sha'n't!" I cried, excitedly. "I'm not crazy, and I'm going to leave here in the morning."

"You won't stir out of bed for a week at least," said Esther, decidedly. "You are sick, the doctor says threatened with nervous fever."

I fell back in despair. I must get away. What talk there would be—in a little town where "questions grow." I made another sudden resolve.

"Esther," I said, quietly, "I'll tell you all about it, for I've got in so deep, that I confess I don't know how to get out. But I can never tell your mother, and you must agree to help me away from here before she knows. I know she'll hate me now, and I never was in so much trouble in my life," and I fairly broke down, and had a good cry.

Esther, who was really a good-hearted girl, tried to soothe me—when I was able to speak, I told her the whole story.

She was shocked. I knew she would be. But, after all, she was relieved, for they had feared much worse; and, I must admit, my strange conduct had warranted it. She said the most trouble in hushing it up would be Mrs. Harte and Mrs. Benton, for they were perfectly amazed when they found I was John Stuart's wife.

"It wouldn't have been so bad, Nelly," said Esther, "if you had explained to Mr. Harte in the first place."

"Yes, so I see now; but he took me by surprise, and before I knew it, I seemed to have admitted that I was Mrs. Fluffy, and every moment made it harder to explain. Now, of course, I can never explain it so as to have the appearance of anything but a direct string of falsehoods, and I can't stand it. Indeed, dear sister, I am out of health, have suffered from neuralgia for months, and it was in hopes to be rid of that that I accepted the thing at all."

Well, Esther was sorry for me, and together we concocted a plan that night. So I went to sleep refreshed. The next morning I got up, well

enough to go out for a walk with Esther. We walked toward the depot, and when the Western train came in, I quietly stepped on board of it, and proceeded on my way to the seashore.

If it had not been for recovering my trunk, I should have taken the train going west; for, I assure you, the journey was spoiled. I only wanted to get back, tell John, return the odious pass, and never leave home again.

But that unlucky paper was safely packed in the deepest corner of my purse. Esther lent me—gave me, she said, but I was resolved to repay it—money to spend a week in the quiet seashore town where I went, and my ticket home.

On the whole, there was one good result of the uncomfortable experience—I found the warm side of Esther's heart.

She patched up the thing for me somehow, so that I never was annoyed by it, though I've not put foot in that town since.

But the old lady never can get over it, and to this day she shakes her head, and says:

"Well, there certainly is something very odd about Nelly. I never could understand that visit. The way she came, the way she acted, and the way she stole away, as though she was a thief, I can't see into it."

After I had recovered from my trouble and my neuralgia together, and lived a month of rest in a week of days at the seashore, I started home. Of course I met the same conductor on a train—the innocent cause of all my woes. There was another thing. If he should recognize me, would he not think it strange that I did not use the pass?

So I wrapped my head in a thick green veil I had provided, and he did not know me, and I got home all right.

How Mrs. Fluffy laughed when I told her the story, and how indignant she was at Mr. Harte's questions.

"The impertinent! to ask how large my circulation is! He would have got an answer if it had been me."

John heard the direful tale all through, and never once said, "I told you so." On the contrary, he only said:

"Well, Nelly, you had more trouble than I did, after all."

Love and Frost.

THERE was beauty enough to be found in Matsaka Valley, what with the river and the lake and the forest-crowned hills, at least in Summer time; and even the dry, cold rigor of a Minnesota Winter could not take it all away. Nevertheless, there was nothing else there half so beautiful as Norna Ericson.

Her withered, old Norwegian father had settled himself on a good enough piece of land, away up above the head of the lake, miles away from Matsaka Village, and no one could say he had so much as one friend more, at the end of a five-years' residence, than the day the first timber was cut for his house.

A thoroughgoing miser was old Jan, and his crusty selfishness included not only his earthly goods, and the gift or use thereof, and his own not very desirable company, but also his one jewel of a daughter.

Rarely was Norna seen in the village; almost never at all at any merry-making of the neighborly country folk; and old Jan seemed to take an ogriish sort of pleasure in preventing her from entertaining visitors—young men especially—at his own house.

And so, the more Norna's beauty grew and became known among them, the more unpopular

was old Jan Ericson among the free-hearted settlers of the Mataska Valley.

And, yet, there were those who had succeeded in breaking through or climbing over the odd old miser's wall of reserve.

John Pinner had done it, by his father's advice, for Judge Pinner was Jan Ericson's lawyer, and he had more than once hinted to his son and heir that Norna had other and more solid attractions than her beauty.

If, therefore, any fair occasion offered to send a message to the Ericson farm, John Pinner had been generally quite ready to oblige his father by carrying it, and more than once he had even ventured on a brief call without any special errand.

As for Paul Wood, on the other hand, either he had not sufficient cunning to invent errands, or his pride forbade any subterfuge, for he had positively and openly braved, more than once, even the harsh discourtesy of old Jan, in his uninvited, unabashed intrusions.

If Paul did not pretend to vie with John Pinner in dress, wealth, or apparent prospects, he was certainly a fine, manly specimen of a young Western farmer, and his dark curls and almost swarthy features were a pleasant contrast to even the ripe blonde Norse loveliness of Norna herself.

One bit of strategy it seemed that Paul had stooped to, for more than once Norna had been surprised to find that he had been "out-a-hunting in that neighborhood" on the very days which old Jan had chosen for a bit of teaming on the furthest edge of his possessions, or for a trip to the store at the village.

Nobody ever knows how such things come to be common property; but, somehow or other, Judge Pinner and his son were made aware that they had reasons for distrusting Paul Wood, and he had been made to feel the fact very sensibly, more than once.

There had been an added bitterness the past Autumn, in the fact that John Pinner's nomination to the State Legislature had only resulted in showing the folly of the Mataska Valley people, for the stupid fellows had known no more than to choose Paul Wood instead; and even Norna Ericson had said she was glad of it.

There came a day, however, in the early Winter, when Paul would have given his political honors and his best horse, perhaps even his farm to boot, to have known why it was that Norna suddenly became as distant and repelling as old Jan himself.

Not a word would she vouchsafe him, though he met her a full half-mile from the house, and walked to the very door by her side.

He did not give the matter up, even then, half so much for the volley of bitter abuse with which the old miser greeted him, as for the icy look of indifference with which Norna marched straight on into the house, and closed the door.

There was really very little "give up" in Paul's composition; but he met John Pinner, before he had left the farm a mile behind him, and there was a look on John's face that suggested a good many ugly thoughts to the sore heart of the discomfited youth.

The next day and the next, and, in fact, a good many days after that, were decidedly unfavorable to courting of any sort.

It was weather to have "bred a coolness" in a blast furnace. First, there came a driving northerly storm, bringing untold freights of drifting snow from the Arctic regions, till all the country was buried under a genuine "Minnesota blanket." No roads, no paths—no use in trying to make any, almost.

And then there followed a cold snap, that utterly exhausted the expressive powers of the thermometers. The only way to get the mercury low

enough was to hang it down a well. Thirty, thirty-five, and some said forty degrees below zero—only, when people are half frozen, they are apt to exaggerate.

Anyhow, there were terrible stories of suffering, here and there, and nobody cared to stir far from home "until the frost should let go its hold a little."

"John," said the careful judge, on the third day, when the abating storm began to let in the frost—"John, don't you think you'd better go and take a look at the Ericsons? I don't believe the old man was ready for this."

"What! You ain't in earnest?" exclaimed that ardent lover. "Ten miles through these drifts! Do you want me to bury myself?"

"Well, maybe you're right; but I wouldn't wait too long. They'll be breaking out the roads in a day or so," replied the judge.

But more than a "day or so" went by before the Mataska people cared to attempt a great deal in the way of road-making, and in the meantime the Ericsons "had not been ready for this."

With endless supplies of timber-land close by, that is, within a mile or so, and generally fine Winter weather to haul in what he might want, old Jan could never see the policy of making up much of a wood-pile.

Besides, a huge provision for warmth, such as his neighbors made, offended Jan's keen sense of economy. They would surely waste what they had so much of.

When, however, the old man saw the storm beginning, the even unusually bare condition of his pile of chips struck him with sudden dismay, and he at once started for the forest with a yoke of oxen.

It was a rash thing to do, for a man of his age; but he had counted on his thorough Scandinavian toughness to carry him through. And so it did, for at supper-time he fought his way to the house again, through the heaping drifts and the blinding rush of the storm; but he came alone, for his team and their load were hopelessly stalled and snowed under.

There was fuel enough on hand for that night, with economy, and old Jan cheered Norna with the promise of what he would do on the morrow. And Norna tried to be cheerful; but the howling, dismal tempest without was only too well in keeping with the dismal state of her own internal feelings and thoughts.

The night went by and the morning came, and the storm still raged; but old Jan Ericson did not go out to cut wood.

He did not even leave his bed, for exposure, cold, and over-exertion had done their work on his rheumatic old limbs, and imprisoned him only too effectually.

Poor Norna's heart sank within her, for she knew that such attacks were apt to be tediously long, and even food might fail her, as well as the means of cooking it.

She was a brave girl, and she made out to go to the barn and the stables that day, so that the stock did not suffer; but the few fence-rails and odd pieces of timber she was able to bring in enabled her to make but a poor defense against the fast increasing cold.

Moreover, old Jan was chilly, and fretted, and complained of the absence of the grand old fires he had been used to in his youth among the distant hills of Norway.

That was a terrible day for Norna, and when another morning dawned, she looked out upon the white and more than Arctic desolation around the house, with a feeling near akin to despair.

Still, with true courage, the Beauty of Mataska faced her troubles, waded through the drifts, fed carefully her one feeble fire, attended to the quer-

elope demands of unreasonable old Jan, and wondered, now and then, if the people at the village would ever dream of sending to look after them.

Then there followed another long, dark, miserable night, and Norna could not get a wink of sleep till toward morning, for thinking of what might come.

She did not even arise at once when the tardy light began to come through the thickly frosted panes of her window. Why should she, when she had nothing to make a fire with?

"Would it not be better to burn the furniture than to freeze? She could make a cup of coffee, at least, with the kitchen-chairs."

Just then she thought she heard a slight sound in the adjoining room, and wondered if her father could be stirring.

It was an effort even to rise and dress in that stinging cold, but Norna was brave, and in a few minutes more she was ready to face the labors and perils of the day.

Her heart was heavy enough when she laid her hand on the kitchen-door; but when she opened it, she fairly started back in astonishment, for a blast of warm air, balmy with the breath of blazing pine, smote her in the face.

Not the cheerless, chill, deathly desolation she had expected was the ample kitchen, but the high-piled hearth blazed and crackled with a most unwonted prodigality of pine, oak and hickory, while heaped on either side of it were ample supplies for at least that day's consumption, whatever might be the condition of the thermometer.

Norna did not believe in miracles, but she thought of her bed-ridden father, about to be frozen to death but for that pile of wood, and she just sat down by the window for a good, wholesome cry before she set herself to work at getting breakfast ready.

The tea-kettle had evidently filled itself, and started for a boil on its own account, and Norna's curiosity took her at once to the door, to see what solution of the puzzle might be found outside.

Not a sign of human life was there, but somebody had been at work with a shovel, for there was a very decent pathway cut, as far as the barn.

Tracks, of course, here and there, but big boots are too nearly alike to tell tales to the eyes of any one less acute of vision than an Indian trailer.

Still, Norna wondered and wondered how all that wood could ever have got there.

Getting into the house was easy enough in a region where wooden latches take the place of combination locks, but, whoever the unknown benefactor had been, he must have possessed wonderful faculties for silence.

There was magic in it, and Norna called to mind the old Norse tales she had heard of good-natured demons of the forest; but, then, all that belonged to Norway, and not to Minnesota.

Later in the day, as Norna paced here and there among the drifts, she got one hint at least, for those broad though deep dints in the surface of the snow-drifts could only have been made by snow-shoes.

When she finally found her way to the stables, Norna saw that her work there had all been done for her, and a good deal more, and that even an old wood-sleigh had been dug out of the snow, as if in anticipation of future use.

Inside the house the "food question" was fast becoming an important one, so closely had the narrow and stinting policy of old Jan permitted the current supply to run down; but, for all that, Norna Ericson sang all day the quaint and musical rhymes of her northern ancestry, which her mother had taught her years before.

Bitter, bitter cold it was without, but the bountiful provision of the unknown friend left little to

ask for within, and the very dancing blaze itself seemed to laugh in mockery of Norna's curiosity.

The long night came again, of course, and Norna tried hard not to go to sleep, so that she might listen.

Youth and health forbade any such doings, however, and Norna woke in the morning, not to find her fire alight, but all preparation made outside, in the shape of heaps of fuel.

It was evident, moreover, that Jan Ericson's remaining ox-team had been having a night of it. Well they might be jaded and used up, for, not only had some pitiless driver forced them to help him break a road to the timber through a mile of drifts, but to haul home again a very respectable load.

All that was a later discovery of Norna's, but the first thing to greet her eyes, as she swung the door open, was the carcass of a goodly deer that hung against it, and she knew very well how much better venison-steaks are than utter starvation.

They are a good deal better!

The next day and the next went by, and the terrible cold seemed to have griped everything with a hand of frozen steel.

Again and again did Norna Ericson shiver and turn pale, as she thought of what would surely have been her fate, but for her unknown helper.

Old Jan was able to sit up now, and grumble at the sad necessity of burning so much good wood just to keep warm.

In reply to Norna's speculations as to who had sent it, however, he testily replied:

"I knowed Judge Pinner would keep an eye on us. That coffee you say was left this morning came from Jones's store at the village. I knowed it soon as I tasted it. It's what the judge always buys, and it's two cents more a pound than I want to give."

True enough, Judge Pinner had by no means forgotten his client, and at last he succeeded in stirring up John's chivalry and his own, now the roads were becoming a trifle better broken, and the mercury ventured a few points higher up in the glass.

It was with more than a little misgiving that they started, and they decided to take some of their neighbors with them, "in case they found anything bad had happened at old Jan's."

Bitter cold yet, but when the double team of Judge Pinner pulled his comfortable, closely packed sleigh in sight of Jan Ericson's homestead, the curling smoke from the chimney promptly dispelled all their fears.

"Hurrah for old Jan!" exclaimed the judge. "Jack Frost didn't catch him napping."

Great was the surprise of both father and son, however, when the old man hobbled out to meet them, to be greeted with such a torrent of what seemed to be genuine gratitude for the kind attention they had shown during his illness, and all they had saved him and Norna from during the cold snap.

Just at that moment a man on snow-shoes came plodding down the road, but nobody thought much about him, and John Pinner mustered self-possession enough to answer:

"Well, of course, we were anxious about you and Norna, and we've come now to see if there's anything else we can do. How's Norna?"

"I'm pretty well, thank you," said that young lady herself, from the doorway. "Father, you should thank Mr. Pinner for the venison and the coffee."

The man on snow-shoes had half halted within hearing distance, and could not have lost a word of Jan Ericson's thanks, or the dubious protesting and yet acknowledging acceptance thereof by the Pinnars.

"Is that you, Mr. Jones?" again interrupted Norna, addressing the "storekeeper," who still sat muffled up in the sleigh. "I'm glad you've come. I want you to please read something for me."

"All right!" exclaimed the gallant merchant, springing out into the snow to take a large slip of brown paper from Norna's extended hand.

"Where did that come from?"

"Read it—read it," said Norna.

"Paul Wood! That's plain enough, and it's in my own handwrite. Oh, I remember I did up a whole lot of things that day for one and another, and I put the names on 'em, so's not to git 'em mixed."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said the beauty. "I see now. Father, John Pinner got Paul Wood to buy the coffee for him and bring it out. Mr. Pinner, how much did you pay Paul for working all night in the storm? Did you tell him not to forget about the venison and the rest? It was real good of you. 'Twas good of him, too, to give up his courting in the village all through the cold weather."

"What's that?" suddenly exclaimed the man on snow-shoes, untwisting a huge fur muffler from his head as he spoke—"what's that about courting in the village?"

John Pinner was evidently getting very chilly, judging by the way his teeth chattered, and it was really a very cold day; but Norna Ericson's face was all in a bright, warm glow.

"Paul!" she exclaimed—"Paul Wood! Come right in now. Come and warm yourself by the fire that would have been out for ever if it hadn't been for you. Father, John Pinner and the judge would have let us freeze and starve. It was Paul that saved us. Come in, Paul. Mr. Jones, you come, too, and the judge and John may come if they want to."

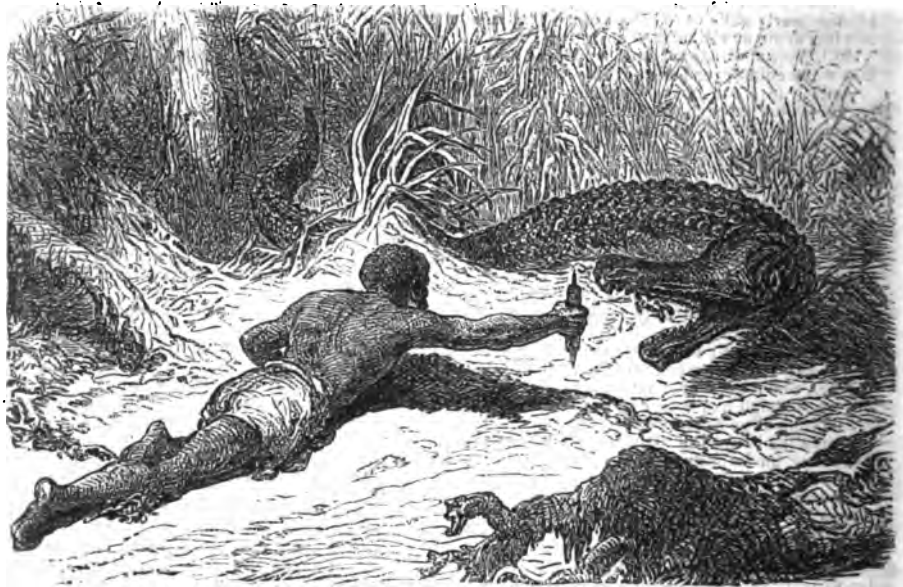
"John," dryly remarked the storekeeper, "don't you think we'd better go home while the sleighing's good? This is Paul's day. Elected again, sure's you live!"

There was no doubt about it. Paul Wood was Norna Ericson's "elected."

Alligator Hunts in New Granada.

ONE of the most remarkable things on the Magdalena River is the number of alligators. Their skins, teeth, and bodies even, might, it would seem, be made a source of profit. When the sun is at the zenith, and the denizens of the forest in silence seek the deepest shade—when no song, no noise is heard—the alligator stretches its monstrous length on the sand, and amuses itself by swallowing the swarms of flies. Then a negro, with his bounding gait, will seek the water to bathe. The alligator marks him. Slowly, clumsily, he moves his uncouth form, and, plowing through the sand, seeks his favorite element to secure his prey. If the negro is unarmed, he eludes pursuit; but if he has kept his keen knife, he awaits his foe. The alligator makes a dash at him. The negro dives, turns, and comes up where the alligator started. This manœuvre repeated over and over wearies the monster; and the negro prepares for the attack. But where strike this creature, whose scales turn a rifle-ball? After a series of movements to disconcert the alligator, he remains quiet. Again the alligator rushes at him. The negro dives so as to let the creature pass over his head, and rising, drives his knife under the shoulder, straight to the heart. But he fights on, and, though the water is reddened with blood, he beats savagely till repeated blows complete the work, and the negro swims ashore, leaving the tide to bear away his trophy.

When an alligator is *cebado*—that is, in the habit of lurking around a hut, the negro resorts to a plan shown in our illustration. It requires cool energy. He takes a piece of hard wood, about eighteen inches long, and three or four inches thick, well sharpened, with a sort of shoulder where it begins to taper. When he sees the animal at its post, he crawls slowly up to him, and, resting on his knee and left hand, holds out as a bait his right hand, which grasps the double-pointed stick. The alligator opens its jaws, and shuts them violently on the hand; but finding itself caught, makes in all haste for the river. The alligator, unable to close its mouth, drowns.



HOW NEGROES TAKE ALLIGATORS IN NEW GRANADA.



SEA FOAM, OR NAVAL YARNS.—“THE PALMETTO STATE.”

Sea Foam, or Naval Yarns.

“THE PALMETTO STATE.”

THE night of February 27th, 1865, was a sleepless one. We were on the alert, as there was heavy firing; and the flames which illuminated the city of Charleston made manifest that unusual work was going on. What it was, we of the navy knew not, though the army on Morris Island were well informed, as they possessed telegraphic communication with Hilton Head and the advance.

The firing on the part of our batteries was incessant, with but feeble responses by the enemy, and that, too, at long intervals from the batteries on Sullivan's Island.

The roar of artillery, the bursting of shells, the burning city, and the explosions of magazines, made night hideous; yet a rhetorician, at a distance from the scene of carnage, would have pronounced it sublime.

We anxiously awaited daylight to learn the result of the night's work.

In the meantime the reserve picket monitors Kaatskill and Saugus closed up to the advance to repel any sortie the rebel rams might attempt. There was no such intention, however, as they were too busy preparing what I shall describe presently.

As daylight made objects discernible, we dis-

covered that the Southerners were evacuating their fortifications. The monitor *Canonicus*, which had been the advance picket of the night, steered in, fired a shell at Moultrie, and not receiving a reply, dispatched an officer to take possession thereof.

There was a race to Moultrie, between the army and navy boats, the officers of both services reaching the flagstaff at the same time. But the army, which had possession of the telegraph, knew of the contemplated evacuation, and had prepared to take possession of the principal forts, and at early daylight their boats were ready to move to the scene of action.

Indeed, the sun rose to find the Stars and Stripes waving over Sumter and Moultrie, while officers had been dispatched in other directions to hoist the colors over the evacuated forts.

It was about sunrise that I landed on Sullivan's Island, and directed my steps toward Colonel Rhett's headquarters, near Battery Beauregard. I had reached the sand-hills in front of the building, when an old head, belonging to one of the opposite sex, peeped over the hill, and looked in my direction. Noticing my friendly smile, she rose, advanced toward me, and, with a brogue that denoted her persuasion, said:

“You're welcome, sir! Manv's the day we have waited for you. I surrender the Island to

you; and may the old flag wave over it as proudly as it did before."

The old woman was delighted; she laughed heartily. Having thanked her, I inquired as to the whereabouts of the islanders, if they were in need of provisions, etc.

Mrs. O'Brien—such was her name—being assured she was among friends, gave a shrill whistle, which brought forth from twenty to thirty women and children, all of whom had spent the night in bomb-proof caves in front of their shanties.

"Be careful how you approach the wells or light fires hereabout, sir," said she, "for torpedoes and shells are buried everywhere."

Subsequently, guided by her and her daughter, we unearthed many missiles of death.

Having sent Paymaster T—— to the front to take possession of Fort Martial, I directed my steps to Mount Pleasant Bridge, and had only reached Battery Bee, when I felt a violent shock, as of an earthquake, and observed several explosions in the water front of Charleston.

At the first explosion a column of white smoke rose to the height of several hundred feet, and then branched off like a palm-tree.

A second explosion followed; a black smoke rose and wound round the white, like a snake crawling up the trunk of a tree. When it reached the apparent leaves, it drooped. There before us, in smoke, were the arms of the State of South Carolina!

"Oh, the Palmetto!" exclaimed one of the sailors.

"The arms of South Carolina!" added another.

"The arms! the arms!" were heard from all sides.

"Three cheers!" shouted the coxswain.

And three rousing cheers were given, which were repeated by the crew of a tug which was entering the harbor, and from whose deck hundreds of persons had witnessed the strange sight.

That evening we learned that the explosion was the blowing up of the rebel ram Palmetto State.

The Confederates were unable to account for the second explosion. Others said it was the explosion of the railroad depot. As it was on the water, it is to be presumed that it was the blowing up of a ram.

My Adventure in the Lava Beds.

THE BANKER'S STORY.

THE Modoc war and the tragical fate of the lamented Canby had formed the staple of talk at the dinner-table, but, somehow, our host had preserved a silence very much the reverse of his ordinary genial fluency. He seemed even self-absorbed and gloomy, as if the subject had an especially unpleasant flavor for him. But at last, however, pushing his heavy carved chair back from the head of the board, where he sat, he burst out with:

"Well, I don't care if I do."

"Do what?" exclaimed three or four astonished voices, in a breath.

"Why, tell you my adventure in these very Lava Beds—only, they're not lava; and it was nigh twenty years ago before ever the Klamath and Modoc bands got thinned out to what they are now."

There was a general chorus of eager and urgent assent, for we all knew that the hearty and kindly old banker had seen plenty of rough experiences in the old days of Bret Harte's Argonauts, and he plunged at once into his subject, without further ceremony. Said he:

"Back in the 1850 times, and thereabouts,

mining wasn't understood as it is now, nor the country, either, and you could call a man to the North Pole, if you said *gold* to him loud enough. Still, it was a queer kind of nonsense that sent the three of us—Ned Paulding and Doc Montrose and me—away up to the Klamath Lake country a-prospecting. I can't quite understand it yet sometimes; but go we did, and such a tramp I reckon no other three fellows ever had. The game was plenty, we took good care of our mules, and we kept shy of the redskins, except two we felt obliged to wipe out, over by Tuile.

"We kept in fair condition, all things considered; but we didn't get any sort of solid comfort on the gold question, and the whole country had a most unlikely look, so far as any better signs were concerned.

"Doc Montrose was from New Orleans, and Ned Paulding was a Harvard man—prime fellows as ever you saw, full of pluck, and the best kind of company.

"We'd heard a good deal about the Modocs, and didn't care much to fall in with them. They were just the same sort then that they are now—a mean, treacherous, bloodthirsty sort of wolves, only fit to be fed out to the buzzards and coyotes; but they were not to be despised in a fighting way, and we hoped to keep clear of them."

"I suppose that was why you went straight to Klamath Lake?" dryly remarked one of the guests.

"Well, perhaps so," quietly returned the banker. "They didn't cling so close around there then, although it was a pretty sure place for Indians of some sort, and that was the reason why, one night, we decided not to build a fire, but just to lie as close as ever we could, and push on to the mountains early next day.

"Well, suppose, now, those fruit-dishes were the mountains, and this plate here was the lake, we'd made our camp in behind some thick brush, just where I've piled those almod-shucks, and right down below us, there was a bit of open, gravelly soil—sort of a shallow gully.

"The moon seemed just to throw itself away on that patch of gravel. I never saw anything like it for moonshine; and Ned and the doctor and I were standing in the edge of the bushes talking about it, when all of us were startled at once by the sound as of some one coming, in an awful hurry, up from where the gully grew deeper, and went down toward the lake.

"Shod horses!" cried the doctor.

"Then, they're white men!" exclaimed Ned.

"There wasn't time to say any more before we saw what surprised us, then and there, almost as much as if they'd come down from the moon.

"First, there were two men, carrying another in a sort of blanket litter, and two more followed them, leading a great lank, raw-boned camel of a horse, that seemed loaded pretty heavily, and utterly used up. All the two of them could do wouldn't more than make him drag along.

"Well, boys," said one of the men, "we can't keep it up any further. We might as well halt here."

"But they're close behind us," replied another, "and we haven't any shot left."

"Knife and hatchet for it, then!" shouted one of the two that were leading the horse. "We'll never leave Bill there, after the fight he made, and we might as well stand it out together."

"That's so," was the reply; and the four men drew up, gallantly enough, on the gravelly patch.

"I wondered, at first, why they didn't take to the brush; but I'd no notion how beat out and desperate they were till afterward.

"Ned Paulding squeezed my arm hard, and Doc Montrose crept closer to the edge of the cover, and there we understood each other with-

out any need of talk, for we took it for granted it was a case of red against white.

"We all had repeating-rifles, sixes, and revolvers besides, and that moonlight was just the thing to sight by. We didn't have half a minute to wait, either, before there came a perfect storm of whoops and yells up the gully, and then about a score of just such leaping, yelling, merciless red devils as those of Captain Jack pushed out into the open.

"They were all on foot, and they seemed to know the four men had no powder, and must be pretty well played out, for they came right on without trying their bows—not a twang or an arrow. They'd have made short work of it, too, spite of the steadiest pluck I ever saw men show; but just as the foremost redskin got level with the head of the old horse, Doc Montrose's rifle began, and Ned Paulding followed, and then I, and we didn't stop neither, and the way those Modocs keeled over was a sight to see. Only half a dozen of them got fairly in, and the first one sprang right on the fellow they called 'Bill,' as he lay on the gravel in his blanket. Wounded he was, too, but Bill fairly rose and grappled the Modoc, knife in hand, and after it was over we found them side by side, and both dead.

"However, it was all over the quickest you ever saw, and a few of the Indians that stopped, in time went off down the gully, faster even than they came up.

"Then, of course, we three came out into the moonlight, and we reckoned at first that we'd know now all about it, and had our mouths chuck full of questions ready to ask; but one of those four men, that seemed to be a sort of captain, spoke right out:

"Thank you kindly, whoever you are. Saved our lives, maybe, and maybe you've only thrown away your own. You have, sure, unless this 'ere fight has taken the cuss off. Anyhow, we must push on to the Lava Beds, before the whole swarm of redskins come up. Have you fellers got any critters?"

"Even while he was speaking, Doc Montrose had put in after the mules, and now he had them out, four as likely rope-tails as you ever saw.

"That'll do," said the stranger. "Load 'em up, boys; it's share and share alike all around, you know, whoever gets out."

"Ned Paulding and I pitched in to help; but we shivered all over when we found what was the load of that gigantic sack of bones of a horse. Lots of heavy little buckskin bags, big as your two flats, all strung together on arches of tough grape-vine, and crotched over his sore old back, and every bag would chink a dull, faint sort of chink, such as a Placer-miner understands, when we lifted up the grape-vine crotches to put them on the mules.

"No wonder that horse gave out—no, not if he'd been an elephant!

"Where did you get all that?" asked Ned, of the stranger that bossed the gang.

"Never mind now, my friend. It's been worked for, and fit for, and there's blood on every pound of it now; but it's all honest, so far as you are concerned, or we either, for that matter. We've left a corpse on every fifty miles we traveled since we bagged that there gold, and I don't know but what there's more to go. You fellers have put in on the awfullest kind of a risk."

"We'll take it," said Ned; "but just let's pack our tools."

"What for?" said the other. "You won't do any more mining, not this trip. Ain't there enough for you? or are you greedy? I tell you we haven't five minutes to spare."

"We understood well enough what he meant, but we did pick up our provisions and some tools,

and hurried them on, even while we pushed forward.

I reckon we must have been somewhere near the place where Canby was murdered, even then, and before long we found that these four men knew all about the country, and they went right straight on, without a moment's hesitation.

"Awful country it was, too, and looked worse in the moonlight. Built during an earthquake, I reckon, and it's full of great chasms and deep fissures, and rocks, and caves of the strangest, wildest, most unheard-of style and pattern; makes me feel queer yet, even to think of some of the places we saw the moonlight pouring into, as those four fellows hurried us forward.

"It wasn't long, either, before we found out that we were followed, and the black gulfs behind and before us would ring again, and echo horribly back and forth with the war-whoops of the redskins.

"At last we began to go down hill, for a space, through a dark, wide chasm, and then on into what seemed utter darkness; and we understood that the rocks met overhead, so that we were protected from any attack but in the rear.

"All the time those four fellows had hardly said a word, but just pushed ahead, as mute as mice, breathing hard, now and then, as if they'd been hurt, or were dead beat tired, and there seemed to be some sort of a spell on them.

"The whole thing was so wild, and strange, and mysterious, that more than once I pinched myself to make sure I was awake, and even then I wasn't quite.

"Just how far we had gone I don't know, though I believe I could find the place again; but it was getting late into the night, and if it hadn't, it would have been dark enough where we were. We'd just turned a sort of corner of the rock, when the captain, as we called him, shouted:

"Halt, now; we're safe, for a while, at least. Let's have a light," and then he asked, 'Have you fellers got any rations? We haven't eaten an ounce for better'n two days, and I reckon we're some hungry.'

"You may just believe they were, and yet, when we brought out our jerked beef and fixings, they ate sort of slow and steady and serious, as if they were too busy thinking, even then, to do much more than think; and then the circumstances were kind of solemn all around.

"Still, in spite of everything, my curiosity got the better of me, and I ventured to say:

"Well, captain, now we've come to a halt, can't you tell us your story?"

"No, sir, I don't," he said, slowly and sternly; "that is, not yet. If we get out alive, every man here's entitled to know the secret of them North Mountain placers; but if we don't, I ain't going to send any of you there on a wild goose chase—I feel too kindly to ye all."

"Well, then," I said, "never mind your secret, if it's a heavy one. But how came you here-away?"

"How?" he said, with a grit of his big, white teeth—how? Why, running before the redskins and fighting night and day, and sticking to our plunder till it had to be piled onto the only hoss we had left, and till 'leven men dropped off, one by one, to five, and there's Bill—my brother, he was—wiped out since sunset. Now, if we can only lose the Modocs among these Lava Beds, perhaps some of us will be able to reach the settlements, especially as you fellers seem to have plenty of pluck and ammunition. Never saw better shootin' than you three did to-night."

"There wasn't much more to be learned, and we'd been miners long enough ourselves not to push too close with our questions; but the whole thing gave us so much to think of, that it was

sunrise in the outside world almost before we knew it. We knew it was day, but down in there we only had a kind of grayish blue light, that just served to show us where we were.

"The captain had been there before, that was certain, for he had led us along a narrow ledge, and into a rugged, gloomy sort of cavern, full of seams and cracks, and with what looked like passages out, but where such a crowd as ours could have kept a whole tribe at bay. Safe enough, but no sort of a place to stay in, and as soon as we'd had a solemn, silent, grim kind of a breakfast, the captain rose and said:

"Now, boys, there's only one place beyond this where there's any special danger. If we git past that, as I'll show you, we can take a fifty-mile start of any crowd that tries to follow us. If we don't, why, we must fight it out, that's all."

"Ned and the doctor looked at me, as much as to say: 'Well, Tom, my boy, we're in for it.'

"But neither of us said a word, and we just fell into line with the rest, the captain leading the way.

"Four splendid-looking chaps they were—gaunt, rough, tall, brawny fellows, the very men you'd like to have on your side in an Indian fight, and they seemed to leave the mules to our leading, as if they trusted us entirely.

"Right on into the cavern, picking a way for the mules, till we filed into what was hardly more than a huge crack in the wall, just wide enough to let a mule in. It got wider pretty soon, and lighter, too, for here and there it was open overhead, and it was certainly safe enough, so far as any of us could see.

"How deep was it, did you ask? Well, I couldn't say as to that. Maybe one hundred feet, maybe two hundred, maybe more. I was too excited to take careful topographical notes, for, every time I looked at the load on the mules, it seemed more and more like the Arabian Nights. We'd left the big horse where he broke down the night before; he must have been a wonderful strong beast, no mistake.

"The chasm twisted about a good deal, and intersected with other chasms, but the captain kept straight on for more than an hour, until at last we could see before us what seemed to be a clear, open space, at no great distance, like a great, rocky, natural courtyard, surrounded by perpendicular walls of splintered and ragged rock. Just here the captain held up a moment, and turned around with:

"Now, boys, there's two ways out of that place yonder, either one of which will do for us very well. Chasms a good deal like this, coming out away up the lake, nobody knows where. There's a dozen more, but I've no notion where they go to. Now, right in here is where the Modocs are likely to head us off, and we mustn't stop for anything. It's life and death to us to reach the other side. 'Tain't over three hundred yards, but there's a chance of death at every step of it."

"A little further, and we could look out on the small plateau, and a wonderful place it was to look at, but the captain pointed straight across, and said:

"Do you see that queer, fishtail-shaped rock, black as your hat, with a yellow, sulphury-looking streak at the base of it? Well, we can go in on either side of it, and be all right and safe, but I'm afraid that not all of us'll git there."

"Why, captain," said I, "there isn't an Indian to be seen anywhere yet."

"And that's the worst of it," he replied, with a grim sort of smile. "There won't be any seen at all. What I'm afraid of is their perching up there on the rocks, out of reach, and picking us off while we're in the open."

"Ned Paulding looked at me for a moment, and then, as a thought struck him, his face brightened, and he sprang to his mule. In a moment more he had his big thick Navajo blanket folded about three feet square, and balanced on top of his head, using his rifle and a stick to spread it out. Doc Montrose and I thought we understood him, and we followed his example, but the other four pushed right on. Poor fellows! they had no blankets even if they had thought of using them that way.

"Now for it, boys!" shouted the captain, almost cheerily; and we dashed on after his lead. The sun was high, and it was light enough down there, and hot, too, and we got a third of the way over without a single sign that we were in any danger.

"Then, all at once, and from every side of us, away up over our heads it seemed, there came yell after yell and whoop after whoop, and then there followed such a rain of arrows—stones, too, but they all fell short. No bullets, for Government didn't arm the redskins in those days, but the arrows were bad enough.

"I never felt so bad in all my life, but I clung to my blanket with one hand, and pounded the mules with the other. It seemed as if I had but one frantic thought and wish, and could see nothing but the black rock with the yellow foreground.

"Down went the captain, and as he fell he shouted:

"On, boys—keep on; never mind me!"

"But it seemed as if twenty arrows were in him before he stopped speaking, and one of his men fell right at his side. Then another went down, and my heart beat against my ribs as if it would break through. And then—well, when I reached the foot of the black rock, Ned Paulding and Doc Montrose were with me, and that was all, and the blankets we lowered were like so many pin-cushions, but neither of us was seriously hurt.

"It's awful," said Doc, "and it's no use trying to help them. Only throw away our scalps. They're dead, too, by this time."

"Sure as you live," said Ned; "and that last mule can't more than stand. The others ain't hurt. Let's save his load, and push on."

"So we did, hardly noting on which side of the rock we entered our path of safety; but safe it was, for, after two days of awful work and thirst and watching among those incomprehensible chasms, we came out toward the upper end of Klamath, and we never saw another Modoc."

"But, my dear sir," asked one of the banker's guests, who had listened most attentively, "do you mean to say that you got safe to San Francisco with all that gold, and never knew where it came from?"

"And never knew where it came from," echoed the banker. "I never did another stroke of mining, nor did Ned or the doctor. They were satisfied, and went East; but I preferred to stay here where I can get the cool breezes that come in through the Golden Horn. But I've never cared to revisit the Lava Beds."

"And small wonder in that," was the verdict of the guests; but most of them vowed to have a look for themselves some day after the death of Captain Jack.

The Memory of Brutes.

MANY years ago (says R. S. Dorr, in the *Rural New Yorker*), I was the owner of a white Arabian horse—the most perfect of the horse kind that I ever saw. You can see a perfect picture of him in *Sartain's Magazine*, published in Philadelphia at the time I owned him. I came across him on

a law excursion, in an adjoining county. As soon as I saw him, I coveted him.

I asked the owner his price, and his qualities. He gave me his price, and stated that he was true and sound every way. We closed the bargain, and I took the horse. After the law business was finished, he took me aside, and informed me that what he had stated was strictly true; but that if I ever led him out of the stable without a bridle, I would be killed.

I was astonished, and asked him what he meant.

"I mean," said he, "just what I say. There is no danger, and you will have no trouble, if you always lead him out with a bridle."

The more I used that horse, the more I liked him for his exceeding beauty, kindness, fleetness, and docility. For one whole year I faithfully followed the injunctions of the seller, and put a bridle on his head before leading him out of the stable; and not discerning the least disposition to vice in any form, I became strongly suspicious that the vender had practiced an *extensive joke* upon me, and was having any quantity of fun at my expense; and if this were not so, the horse must certainly have forgotten the difference between a halter and a bridle after the lapse of a year.

At any rate, the subject deserved an experiment, in my poor judgment, if nothing more, to determine whether so kind and gentle a creature would convert himself to a murderer for so trifling a cause as the transmutation of a head-gear. So one fine morning in Winter, with due caution as to the length of the halter, I led him out of the stable to water. He proceeded kindly, and while he was drinking I congratulated myself on the triumph I had achieved, when, in a flash, I found myself sailing in the air, up stream, and remember of falling exactly on my back, in the middle of the stream! I remember of crawling out upon the bank, and the next I remember was when I waked in a house not far distant.

Afterward I congratulated myself that I had demonstrated the fact that the vender's caution was *no joke*, and, also, that a horse has just as good a memory as that of any human being!

That was the first horse I ever owned. I have owned several since, and own some now, as well as cows, sheep, etc. I have watched them closely, and observe that they never *forget anything!* They never forget kind treatment; they never forget ill treatment; they never forget an accident in which they were interested, nor a habit they have acquired.

As an illustration: Every Spring I take my horses and some cows to a farm about three miles distant from where we reside during the Summer. Those cows and those horses will go to that farm, and turn up to the gate and wait for it to be opened; so, too, in the Fall, they will make their way through a crowded and populous village, and turn up to the place where they were kept the preceding Winter, of their own accord, as orderly and properly as a person of high degree.

The conclusion to be drawn from the facts I have given is, that it is incumbent upon the human race to exercise almost as much kindness, care and caution in the management of the brute as in the rearing of a baby.

A Ventriloquist's Joke.

We recently took a walk (says a writer in a New Orleans paper) on the wharf with a friend, who is a good ventriloquist.

Two hands of one of our steamers were engaged in rolling off a cask, when, to the consternation and surprise of the persons engaged in perform-

ing that operation, a voice was heard within the cask:

"Roll it easy; these plaguy nails hurt. I'd rather pay my passage than stand all this."

Holding up their hands, their visuals expanded to the size of saucers, the laborers exclaimed:

"That beats the dickens!"

The mate coming up at this moment, and unaware of the cause of the delay, commenced cursing them for their dilatoriness, when from within the cask the voice came forth:

"You're nobody; let me out of this cask."

"What's that?" said the mate.

"Why, it's me," said the voice; "I want to get out; I won't stand it any longer."

"Up-end the cask," said the mate.

"Oh, don't! You'll kill me," said the voice.

"Oh, how these nails prick! Look out—don't!" again said the cased-up individual, as the men were turning it over.

"Cooper," said the mate, "unhead the cask, and take that man out."

As the ads sundered the hoops, and the head was coming out, the voice again broke forth:

"Be easy now; is there any one about? I don't want to be caught."

Quite a crowd had now gathered around the scene of action, when a loud guttural laugh broke forth, which made our hair stand on end, as the cask was filled with bacon.

"What does it mean?" says one.

"It beats my time," said the mate.

We enjoyed the joke too well to "blow," as we walked off arm-and-arm with the ventriloquist and magician.

My Great-aunt's Story.

I WATCHED a red leaf flutter down to the ground—the last Autumn leaf—and I murmured, in a half sentimental mood:

"The one red leaf—the last of its clan—

That dances as often as dance it can,

Hanging so light and hanging so high,

On the topmost twig that looks up to the sky."

How I wish houses that were faded and decayed could drop off like withered leaves! I said, as I looked up at my ancestral home. "How delightful to see a new building bud and bloom here next Spring! What's the use of a ruin in America where there are no turrets 'old in story'? A ruin here only proclaims sordid poverty. If a house can't even get itself a coat of paint, there are none so poor as to do it reverence."

In rather cynical mood, I made my way through the tangled garden-path, breaking off a few of the dust-red chrysanthemums that still burned among the faded leaves.

"If houses only grew ready painted like the flowers!" I thought. Then I sat down in an old garden-chair, and took a survey of the situation. Presently Milly came out.

Milly is my sister, called after "Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded." She is very pretty. My name is Clarissa, after Richardson's heroine—of how many volumes?

After this statement, I need hardly say that my mother was fond of reading novels. But we did our best at transforming our names.

"Come, Clare!" said my sister, cheerily. She always acted as if she were truly the embodiment of every social virtue and had just been rewarded. But she was a constant reproach on my rebellious spirit, and tired me somewhat like a continued sermon.

"What's the matter?" I asked, somewhat sul- lenly.

"Shortcakes," answered Milly, with a beaming smile, as if they were a cure for all the ills that

flesh is heir to. "Ruby Ann has made some of the most delicious things—a lovely golden brown—and tea is ready."

"What's the use of drinking tea?" I said, moodily. "Nothing is going to happen after it. I'm tired of having nothing to expect. Do you know, I feel every day that I'm cheated out of something I had a right to expect in my life. I say to myself, 'Cap this be all?' It is very well, but I want something more."

"Perhaps you want the treasure that our great-aunt hid somewhere in the old house, as tradition says," answered the practical Milly. "I don't much believe in it myself."

"If we have a high wind to-night, the old house may blow down, and we'll have a chance to find it," I said, with a brisk cheerfulness that horrified my sister.

Indeed, the place looked as if a good gale might send it adrift like the Autumn leaves. We had trained ivy over decayed porches and falling weather-boards, to hide the touch of Time, till we could hardly decide whether the house held up the vines, or the vines kept up the house.

We were too poor to use anything but Nature's cheap materials in repairing our home. So the poor thing had gone on silently rotting away under its bright glossy mantle of ivy, hiding the secret of its decay from all eyes but our own.

"Seek not to procrastinate," as Mrs. Camp says," laughed Milly. "If the house falls while we are in it, we shall never be able to look for the treasure."

"And have no more need of it," I answered, gloomily. "Milly, do you know that I feel sometimes as if it would be sweet to lay down all these burdens—all these contrivings to live—all these calculations about food and clothes? Why is it necessary to live? Wouldn't it be better to die, and have no more bills to pay?"

I could read a horrified answer in Milly's face; but a strong voice called from the kitchen-door:

"Now, gals, ef you ain't a-comin' in, jest say so, an' I'll clap them thar shortcakes back in the oven, tho' ther jest like flowers, all the sweeter when they're fresh."

I went in, thinking that all the poetry of Ruby Ann's nature blossomed out in her cooking, and her combinations would have been "a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever" if she had not been stunted in material.

She had lived with us all our lives, and clung to our fallen fortunes as the ivy did to the ruined wall; but she was full of sanguine hope for the future.

Either our great-aunt's treasure would come to light, or our brother Fred—our only brother, who was commencing practice in a neighboring town as a doctor—would make a fortune, or Milly or I would make a rich match, or—something.

We did not keep up much state or formality at our meals. We had lived alone with our faithful retainer for two years, for that time the grass had grown and daisies whitened on our mother's grave, and Ruby Ann seemed very near to us. So she generally stood near while we were eating, and waited upon us, gave us bits of butter and bits of gossip alternately. Like Baily, Jr., she "led off the laughter, and enjoyed the jokes."

"For the land's sake!" Ruby Ann said, suddenly, as she glanced out at the gate. As I knew that was her way of swearing, I was properly roused to curiosity. "A tall grenadier of a woman's coming in," Ruby Ann went on, observantly, "with a carpet-bag, an' a shiny silk dress, color of old tea-leaves, an' a valler straw bonnet a-blossomin' into flowers like nothin' in all creation on top, an' a blue cotton umbrell, an'—bless me! here she is."

There she was certainly—a tall, gaunt woman, with keen steel-gray eyes, high cheek bones with a dusk red burning on them, false puffs of reddish auburn hair, false teeth, and, I thought, a false smile.

"My name is Miss McWhorter," she announced, as she stood a moment in the doorway.

I recalled the name in a moment. When Fred had been attending lectures in a neighboring city, he had suffered from an attack of bilious fever, during which he had been nursed carefully by his landlady, a Miss McWhorter.

"If one can wipe out such an obligation with a little shortcake and attention," I reflected, "one should be willing to make the sacrifice."

I immediately rose, as kindly in my manner as possible. I took the carpet-bag, which was very light, and Ruby Ann possessed herself of the bonnet, which she evidently considered to be fearfully and wonderfully made.

"I was passin' through this town," she said, in a sort of explanation, between the shortcakes, "and I couldn't give up seein' Mr. Fred's sisters, so I've come to spend a day or two with you. Do you own this house?"

Although she was Scotch, as her name and cheek-bones attested, we found her as inquisitive as a Yankee. She sprung questions upon us at all times, and in most unexpected places.

At first I was surprised into answering; but after a while I made up the most reckless replies. After answering, I began to question in return.

"But what have you done with your boarders, Miss McWhorter?"

The question seemed to startle her a moment, but she accounted for her transient agitation the next day.

"It's a painfu' subjec', Miss Clare," she said, "but I'll tell ye, as it'll be a lesson to ye against the false flatteries o' mankind. Do ye believe in the sex?"

"No, nor in woman either," I answered, with some reference to the lady before me.

"My speerits bein' low, I'm takin' some relaxation," she went on. "Last Spring a gentleman came to look at my rooms. He was in deep black, an' so interestin' I took him for a weedower at once, an' I let the room a quarter a week cheaper on account o' his grief, you see. He was as attentive to me—I can hardly give you a comprehension. When I was helpin' him to beestreak, he would say, 'Very tender, if you please,' in such a voice, it went to my very heart."

And the old thing rustled like an Autumn leaf with some sort of emotion, and gave a feeble sniff.

"Mr. Weeliams was his name," she continued, an' he wore a black band on his hat. Last week he knocked at my door, an' says he, 'I want to see you alone, Miss McWhorter,' very earnest. Oh! how my heart thumped! 'It's comin' now,' I thoct. He seemed very absent-like at dinner, an' quite indifferent to his gravv."

"Come in, Mr. Weeliams," I said, quite pleasant, an' in he came.

"The black was off his hat, an' he was smilin'."

"I'm thinkin' o' makin' a change," he said.

"Not in your home?" I answered, lookin' down.

"Not on no account," he spoke up; "but the fact is—don't you think a man's happier with a companion, my dear lady? Since I've lost my sainted Julia, I've only half enjoyed life."

"Weel, wasn't it as plain as the nose on his face, an' nothin' could be plainer than that, for it was a fine Roman—one o' the beaky kind. I felt myself blushin' up like a girl, an' I said:

"Indeed, Mr. Weeliams, since you ask me, I must confess that no one can be rightly happy alone; an' if you've found a good woman, who'll

look after the graves an' weigh the joint, an' see that the soap-fat is saved economical, you can't do better than to take her."

"He looked past ordinar' puzzled for a minute, and then he said:

"Oh, I want the same person to tend to that who does it now," meanin' me, of course. 'I came on purpose to ask about it.'

"Now, what could he have said more? I just threw myself in his arms, an' said:

"Oh! for life, my dear precious Weeliams! for life!"

"What d'ye think if the fellow didn't just quietly put me down on the sofa, and say:

"Well, we can't promise for life, of course; but Miss Jones said she'd be quite willing to board here the first year, and we will keep the same room and make no changes. That is what I came in to ask you about."

"Was there ever such base perfidy as that?" the lady went on. "Haden't I every right to expect that he meant me? It's given me such a shock, nothin' but travelin' can set me up."

"Set her up, indeed," muttered Ruby Ann, as I went out to give some direction for tea. "I'm glad the feller set her down. The old hyena, what would a man want her for?"

"Hush, Ruby Ann!" I exclaimed. "Wait till you know the pangs of the tender passion."

"Wall, I never did," she answered. "No one ever came a-courtin' me but a feller with one eye, an' he could a-seen with half an eye that I didn't want him. There's my sister, now, she's had a right smart chance in life. She's buried two husbands, and got money with both on 'em, and nary a chick nor a child to bother her; but 'tain't every one kin hope for such luck."

I went back laughing at our handmaiden's ideas of good fortune, and found Miss McWhorter examining an old chest of drawers. She suddenly sat down.

"I've a great curiosity about anteeques," she said. "That piece of furniture must be of great age?"

"It belonged to a great-aunt, who was great on accounts," I answered, carelessly.

But after that I noticed that it was a peculiarity in our guest to be always examining something, and to cease suddenly when one entered the room. She had some kind of nondescript knitting which she did with wooden needles, and the clicking was so exasperating that I could not stay with her long.

But the work drew my attention to her hands, and I found she wore a ruby ring. It looked like a real stone, handsomely set, and seemed strangely out of place on the large, bony, yellow hands.

Just at gloaming that day I was in my old haunt in the garden. The blast was cold enough, and told me that Winter was coming. The leaves, dead but bright, were still heaped up where the eddying winds had blown them; the last chrysanthemum had burned itself to ashes; a stormy cloud lowered over the house. And I began to feel that such a cloud lowered over our fortunes—that our Summer was over, and the Winter before us, bleak, stormy, and bare.

But the postman stopped at the gate, and hope seemed to shine out of the little white missive he handed me. A few lines from Fred. Milly was at my side in a moment.

"Oh! what does he say?" she cried, breathlessly.

"Why, that he's coming home next week, for a few days."

"Oh, ecstasy!" cried Milly.

"And going to bring a young friend with him."

"Oh, horrors!" exclaimed Milly.

"Miss Pamela, stick to your character!" I

answered, severely, "or you cannot hope for a reward. Hospitality is one of the prime virtues."

"But—but," sighed practical Milly, "what shall we have to eat—meat, you know, is—"

"We will take lessons of that housekeeper who could make both ends *meal*," I answered.

"But, Clare, I really do have to give out things if we are to have any dinner. Ruby Ann is splendid, but she never will learn to get dinners out of nothing."

"Then, let her fry the goldfish, and roast the canary. Fred says it's a rich young fellow he's going to bring. Oh! the imbecility of mankind!"

"When are they coming?" asked my sister, in quite a faint voice.

"Oh, not before next week," I replied. "We'll have time to send for the terrapin and engage the poultry. Plenty of Veuve Clicquot in the wine-cellar, I suppose; and I do hope this waiter will properly ice the claret."

Milly laughed, but looked at me as if I were laboring under a form of mild insanity. She left me to my own thoughts after that, but they were not so jocular as my words.

Presently I saw Ruby Ann come to the door, and look about with a mysterious air. When she saw me she came out at once.

"Now, Miss Clare, you ain't what folks call superstitious?"

"Not in the least," I answered.

"That's cos you never see a ghost."

"Never; did you?"

She looked about furtively, as if the ghost might be taking a walk near by. Then she drew close to my side, and, bending to my ear, said, in quite a low, sepulchral tone:

"I seed one last night."

"Oh, Ruby Ann! what did you eat for your supper?" I cried.

"Now, don't you go a-mockin' 'bout it, Miss Clare," she went on, with a solemnity that quite infected me. "I didn't eat nothin' that sot heavy," she said; "but I was a-settin' up late a-doin' up that white lngy dress that was yer ma's—heaps o' ruffles, you know, takes time to flute 'em, an' it looks good enough for a weddin', ef I do say it myself—the peaky thing! As I was a-hangin' it up, the clock struck twelve."

"When churchyards yawn, and ghosts do walk." Why, it was the proper time, Ruby—a well-regulated ghost, evidently."

"I was goin' up mighty soft, Miss Clare," she continued—"past the library, and I saw a light shinin' through the chinks. I tell you the hair ris right up on my head with the fright."

"It didn't crimp it, did it?" I asked.

But Ruby Ann went on stoically:

"I could not pass the door and leave that light shinin', cos I didn't know but what robbers was thar."

"Come to look after my aunt's treasure," I said. "I wish they'd find it, for I can't."

"Speak low, Miss Clare. I reckon 'twas yer aunt herself come to look after her own. Yer mighty unbelievin', and have yer own notions."

"That's because I was born in Boston," I said.

"The first thing I learned was to doubt."

"I jess pushed open the door softly—it doesn't fasten, you know—and there I saw a tall figure, all in white. I reckon the face was covered, but I didn't see it, for it was a-bendin' over that old desk, where they said yer aunt used to sit up nights, castin' up her accounts. She was a master-hand at accounts, I've heered. Ugh! I felt as if sharp little icicles was a-prickin' me from head to foot. I thought the old lady was 'lowed to come back to see ef it was all right. She took sech comfort in ciphering up them thar counts on air, maybe she kind of misses it where she is."

"But you saw no face?" I asked.

"No."

"And you didn't dream it?"

"Now, Miss Clare, am I asleep at present?"

"Apparently not."

"No more wasn't I then, and I'll take my Alfred-david to that!" Ruby Ann replied, with more fervor than grammar.

"Well, promise me not to speak of this to any one till I give you leave," I said. "Some time you may talk about it, if you will be content to wait a while."

"Of course I'll wait," Ruby Ann returned, with some indignation; "it's none of my ghost. I'm not so fond of talkin', and if I'm trusted with a secret, a corkscrew couldn't draw it out of me."

I made up my mind quietly that I would watch in the library that night, and see for myself whether the ghost of my great-aunt would appear. Surely her ghost would know where the treasure was kept, and I might thus find out a secret that no mortal seemed to know. I was, in fact, somewhat skeptical, but ready to face a phantom, if it came to show me buried wealth.

"It may turn my hair gray," I pondered; "it would be terrible to waken with locks grown white in a single night. If fright would only change them to a golden hue now, all our belles would be willing to see a ghost. Never mind; if I get plenty of money, that will gild them, and I can dye."

Miss McWhorter seemed somewhat restless and absent in her manner that night, and we all went up to bed rather early, I, of course, with the rest, that no one should suspect my intention.

But when the house was quiet, I stole down with a match and candle in my pocket. I fixed myself in a corner sheltered by an old bookcase, and began to watch and wait.

I found it tiresome work. The moonbeams, like the ghost of daylight, crept through a crescent in the shutter, and made a long silvery streak in the faded carpet on the floor. I heard the branch of a maple tree tap, tap on the window

like a ghostly hand; an old plaster bust of Sappho seemed to shine out wraith-like in the gloom.

I began to shiver a little. I concluded I was doing a foolhardy thing—I was running the risk of taking cold. What if I should sneeze suddenly on the ghost's appearance? Would it have the effect of making it vanish? would it be a dissipated ghost thereupon? How was a sneeze regarded in ghost-land? Was this ghost one to be sneezed at?

But it was not all a joke. The time ticked on; the clock throbbed thunder through the silent hall. Might I not be too daring in unbelief? Who shall measure the power of spirits or the omnipotence of God? On the borders of that land it was well that "timorous mortals should start and shrink before they further go."

My heart began to beat a little faster, and I felt a cold stir through my hair. I tried to recall my impression of a faded portrait of my great-aunt that I had once turned over in the garret. She had been habited in a bottle-green riding-dress, and wore a jockey hat.

"She'll be in white now, being a ghost," I thought, smiling at my futile attempt; "and as for remembering features, why, I suppose—"

And I shuddered at what is popularly supposed to make up the face of a ghost.

With these various reflections, my courage began to ooze away. I thought longingly of my warm bed and bolted door. What need I care if my great-aunt visited her desk every night? It need not disturb me. Now, if interrupted by a mortal, she might never have that gratification again.

I half rose to grope my way back to my room ingloriously, when the door swung slowly, noiselessly open.

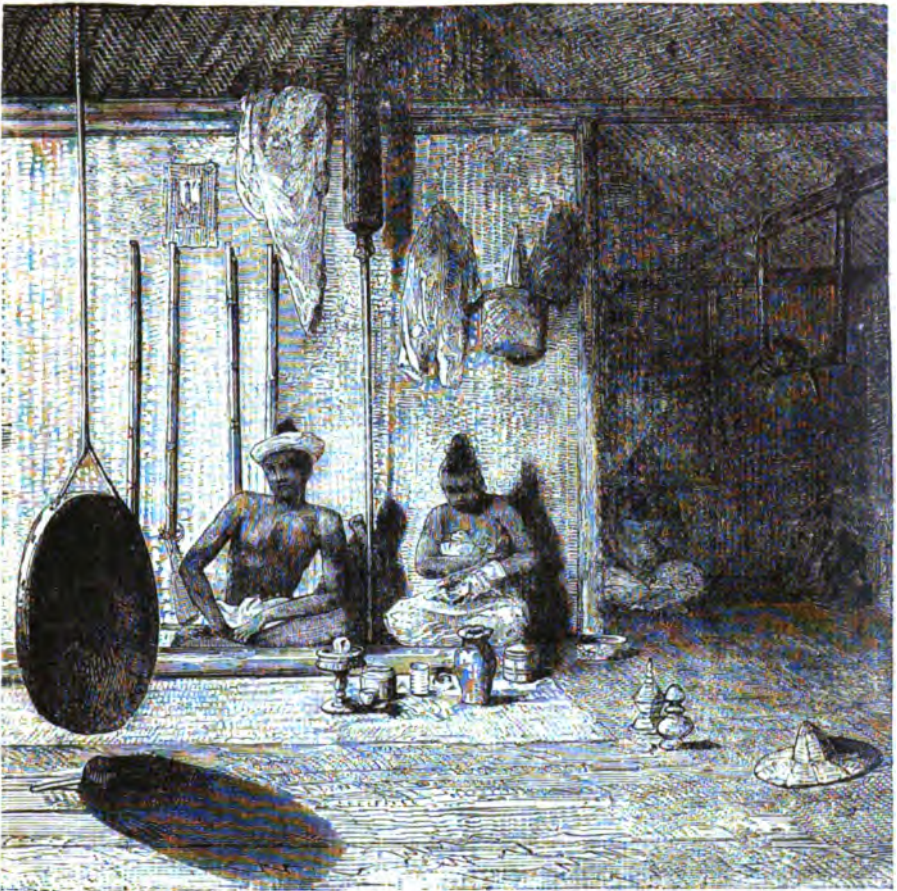
A mellow, soft light floated in—a tall figure, covered from head to foot with white, appeared!

My head swam, and I closed my eyes a moment.

I was not dreaming; there she stood when I



LAOTIAN OX-WAGON.—FROM A SKETCH BY DELAPORTE.—SEE PAGE 268.



THE BIRMAN OF MUONG YONG, LAOS, FURTHER INDIA, AND HIS WIFE.—FROM A SKETCH BY DELAPORTE.
SEE PAGE 268.

opened them, as Ruby Ann had described, leaning over my great-aunt's desk.

I felt a number of horrible sensations; I saw the thing turn the key, and lift up the cumbrous lid; I felt the room swaying about me; I thought if that ghostly presence came nearer, I should faint away; I imagined a damp, funereal air had tainted the room; faint odors of the mold reached me where I sat cowering into the wall, and staring at the phantom.

But my senses came back presently. Surely, never did ghost turn over papers with so deft a hand; and did you ever see a ghost with a *ruby ring*?

I started forward with sudden strength. Some of the white draperies fell back. Miss McWhorter stared at me for a moment; the light fell; there was a great crash; the desk was overturned; all was darkness.

The noise alarmed the household. I had lit my candle by that time, and surveyed the premises. The crazy old desk was broken into bits by the fall. Ruby Ann did not forget the apparition. She stood at a safe distance, and called out:

"Miss Clare, for the land's sake, what is it?"

"I have routed the ghost," I cried.

Milly appeared at the door, white-robed like an angel.

"Why, Clare, has there been an earthquake, and are you picking up the pieces?"

"I believe I'm picking up my aunt's treasure," I said, bending over the fragments, and taking out a secret drawer; "perhaps we'll only find some withered rose-leaves, after all. Milly, you dear contented thing, maybe you don't want wealth thrust upon you. Choose now, darling, whether you will take honest poverty or ill-gotten treasure—speak, shall I consign this box to the oblivion that has sheltered it so long?"

"I—I should like to see what is in it, first," said Milly, half bewildered.

"Oh, woman, woman!—in our hours of ease," etc.," I murmured. "Come in, Ruby Ann; the ghost is not here. She has fulfilled her mission, and gone, 'like a tenant that quits without warning, down the back entry of time.'"

"Whatever possessed ye to break yer great-aunt's desk?" asked my handmaiden, coming in.

"The ghost did it," I answered. "I should never have thought of such a break-down."

I had opened the box by this time, and we all opened our eyes. First a string of orient pearls, lucent as moonbeams, white as milk; then a diamond ring, that lit the dusty room, as it were, with splendor; then packed tightly in ten little piles, were—I called out:

"Come here, girls! Seems to me—in childhood's hour I once beheld something like these!" Milly leaned over.

"Ten-dollar gold pieces—ten in a pile—ten piles—a thousand dollars in gold! Why, Clare, it's a fortune!"

"Pretty well ciphered, for midnight, being woken on a sudden," I said. "Suppose we put it away now, and go to bed? I shall never be able to express my gratitude to that ghost. That thought rankles in my breast."

"What can you mean?" asked Milly.

"Well, if that Miss McWhorter ain't one of the seven sleepers! Why, she'd snore over a wolcano, she would!" Ruby Ann exclaimed, indignantly. "I never see the like; earthquakes are only a lullaby to her."

"That's the great peace of a quiet conscience," I said, as we passed her door.

We did not sleep much that night. In the morning, for the first time in months, I saw the sun rise. The earth looked very fair to me that morning—as fresh and bright, I expect, as it looked to Adam in the dewy dawn of time; for

"The world is never old and worn;
But sparkles each morning newly born;
And though race after race grow old and die,
The universe is new!"

Having admired the wealth of nature, I took out the box and admired my own wealth. I felt somehow as if it might be fairy gold, and that I might find only a few withered leaves. The whole adventure seemed like an odd dream.

But the yellow boys were solid enough—not of the stuff that dreams are made of, or we would all cry like the sluggard: "A little more sleep and a little more slumber—a little more folding of the hands to sleep."

"Shall I call that that Scotchwoman?" Ruby Ann asked, when we loitered about the breakfast-table. "I did knock at her door once."

"No, don't disturb her," I answered. "She walks in her sleep, I know, and it must be very fatiguing."

But we had unexpected company at that breakfast.

Two young gentlemen walked up the garden-path, and in a moment I was in Fred's arms. I forgot his companion in looking at Fred, the dear fellow as handsome and bright as ever. Milly stood looking on, and waiting her turn.

"This is Mr. Frank Brent," said Fred. "We wouldn't stay at Miss McWhorter's for breakfast, though the dear old soul nearly broke her heart at our coming without."

"Who?" Milly and I exclaimed together.

"Miss McWhorter, you know—the woman who was so kind to me when I had that fever. I drop in and see her once in a while, when I pass through the city; and we spent last night there."

"And saw Miss McWhorter?" I asked, in slow amazement.

"Yes, certainly. Why do you look surprised?—why is this thus?" asked Fred, laughing.

"Because Miss McWhorter has been here for a week, and I saw her at—at—twelve o'clock last night!"

"Oh, it must have been her ghost," suggested Mr. Frank Brent, with a laugh.

"Well, it did look like one," I replied; and they all began to pour out questions, which I would not answer then.

I sent Ruby Ann up to call our guest again. She came down suddenly.

"For the land's sake!" our handmaiden cried, "she's gone!"

"Like a ghost, as I said," remarked Mr. Frank.

"And the carpet-bag and the queer bunnets gone too!" cried Ruby Ann.

"Not like a ghost, to carry a carpet-bag," reminded Mr. Frank Brent.

I felt somehow as if a great load were lifted off me when we ascertained that the woman was really gone. I related the whole affair as we discussed the hot muffins for breakfast; and Fred declared the woman was an impostor, and not the least like his good landlady in town.

"I think I recognize the portrait of an adventuress who staid at the boarding-house a few weeks. She might have heard some jokes about my great-aunt's treasure, and thought the affair worth investigating."

"She has done you a good service, at all events," said Mr. Frank Brent—"the most practical thing I ever heard of a ghost doing. Bold, too! Who would mind being haunted by such spirits in these days of greenbacks?"

Soon after the house was put in splendid order; it shone out of its ivy leaves glorious in new paint and decorations. It was opened for a festive occasion. Flowers were wreathed here and there, and two bells, of pure white camellias, with blue violet tongues, hung over my head. Somehow I was standing there, in a very thin, white dress, and I looked through folds of vaporous tulle into the handsome face of the man whom the gray-haired clergyman had made my own for life—Mr. Frank Brent!

Kate's Courage.

ABOUT a mile from Weilheim, in the midst of a solitary wood, there is a house in which, in 1819, dwelt a forester whose name was Merkle. He had three children; the eldest was a girl of seventeen, handsome, strong, and resolute.

"Won't you be frightened in these unsettled times?" asked her father, when he with her mother and the two younger children were starting on Christmas morning to go to church.

"Frightened?" said the brave girl, laughing. "Upstairs hang your guns, two double-barreled."

"Take care, Kate," said the father; "they are loaded with ball!"

"All the better for that," said the girl; "Sultan is with me, too, and he always knows his man, and I shall shut up and bar the windows down-stairs."

As they left the house, she began to close and bar all the windows on the ground-floor.

Then she not only locked and bolted the door, but placed a heap of blocks of wood against it inside, and calling the great dog to her in the kitchen, she began to prepare for cooking the family dinner, as her mother had directed her. When this was arranged, she went up-stairs, and carried all the powder which her father kept in a large stone jar into the upper room, and the bullets, too, of which her father had a large supply.

Outside, the snow lay thickly upon the trees and the ground; the cold was cutting and severe.

Merkle was a well-to-do man; but considered much richer than he really was.

Kate's parents and brothers might just have reached Weilheim, when she saw a half-frozen, old man leaning on his staff, approach the house. She remarked how he trembled at the frost, and how disappointed he looked when he saw all the shutters closed, as if no one was at home.

His snow-white beard nearly covered his face, and seemed to reach almost up to the cap of fox-skin which he wore on his head, with the fox-tail hanging down behind.

The girl pitied the old man. He could not get on to Weilheim, for his legs seemed scarcely able to carry him now; and in this weather he ran a great danger of being frozen to death.

She went to the window of the second story, and asked him what he wanted.

"Oh! my good child," he cried up, with a faint voice, "I want to warm myself, for I am thoroughly frozen. I cannot get any further on my way to Weilheim, for I have not tasted food to-day?"

The kind heart of the maiden was softened and overcome.

She hastened down-stairs, moved away her means of defense, and opened the door; but scarcely was the old man in the room than she locked the door again, little thinking that she had now to defend herself against an enemy within. She showed the old man into the warm room, and made him sit down in her father's armchair, which stood near the large stove.

"Something hot will be the best to warm and revive you," she said, kindly. "There is some coffee, which we only drink on Sundays and festivals, left; I will warm it for you."

It seemed strange that the great dog, Sultan, ran about in an angry, excited way, growling and showing his teeth from the moment the old man had entered the house. Only with difficulty could she keep him quiet. And now when she went into the kitchen to get the coffee ready, the dog pressed up closer to her, and looked distrustfully at the old man, who was resting in the armchair.

The dog's strange conduct made her suspicious. As in many old German houses, there was an opening in the wall, a sort of window with a slide between the kitchen and the room inhabited by the family, through which the dishes were passed from one to the other.

This window was just behind the armchair, and since the morning, when the mother had put the coffee and milk-pots through it, it had been left half open.

With gentle tread she went up to this window, and looked into the room. What she beheld there indeed filled her with horror.

Before her eyes, the old man took off the fur cap and the white beard, too, raised up his bent-down, powerless figure, and now there stood before her quite a different man than the one she in her pity had admitted. The first was a tottering, half-frozen old man—this was a strong young man, of savage and wicked appearance; and the smile of joy at his successful trick, which passed over his face, had an expression which filled the girl's heart with terror.

So overcome was she at this change in her guest, that for a few moments she had no idea how it would be best to act.

The robber did not know that he could be seen. He went up to the window which the good-natured girl had opened, and from which she had drawn back the shutters. It looked toward the wood, which extended on that side of the house. The man stared out, and then waved with his handkerchief; he then drew from under his old ragged coat a long broad knife, examining carefully the point and blade.

What was to be done? That was the question, but there was short time for the poor young girl to consider about it.

She must be quick—she must act decisively. Rescue from without was not to be thought of—*she alone*, by God's help, must save herself and the property of her family!

She took a hasty glance round the room, and seeing a heavy ax, which was used for chopping wood, lying upon a block, she quickly seized it. The coffee was hot, but in the pot it would not serve the plan which she had devised.

She poured the boiling liquid into a small deep plate, and, quite determined what to do, she went up to the door of the room, the plate with the smoking coffee in her left hand, the heavy ax in her right.

"I have both hands full," she cried, standing

before the door; "be so good as to open the door for me."

Not suspecting what was about to happen, the robber quickly opened the door, standing in the middle of the threshold. In a moment the whole of the boiling coffee flew into his face. With a furious exclamation of pain, he bent forward, and rubbed with both hands the coffee from his eyes.

Availing herself of this moment of his helplessness, the brave girl, with the broad side of the ax, dealt him such a violent blow on his head, that he fell down senseless at her feet.

Quick as thought, pushing aside his body, she sprang to the window, which she had before opened herself, closed it securely, and put up the shutters. Then she hastened back, took the key out of the door, which was in the inside, called, "Sultan, keep watch," and, pushing the great dog into the dark room, where the robber still lay senseless, she locked the door from the outside. Then, after again building up her wall of defense against the house-door, she hastened up to the second story.

The dog was growling from within, and trying to get out, and at the same moment there was a violent knocking at the house-door.

The girl took her father's double-barreled gun down from the wall, and, opening the window, she inquired:

"Who's there below?"

From the window she saw before the door a man, with the appearance of a huntsman, of savage and forbidding aspect, quite a stranger to her. He called out to her, in a commanding tone:

"Open the door?"

"When I choose to do so," replied the girl.

"If you do not open it, I shall!" cried the huntsman, angrily. "I shall break open the door, and then you will see what will happen."

"We are a long way off from that yet," was the girl's reply.

"We shall see!" cried the hunter, and, taking his gun from his shoulder, he was about to place it against the lock, and fire.

Kate saw that rapid action was necessary. In a moment her father's gun was cocked and her aim taken, and before the rascal below could turn round, there was a loud report above, and a bullet had shattered his right arm.

His gun dropped from his hand, and fell to the ground. He uttered a cry of pain, and rolled over in the snow, which he reddened with his blood. But before the girl could take up her father's other gun, he had risen and fled into the wood.

Kate quickly loaded the gun again, and prepared for a struggle of life and death; for she felt certain that these two were not alone, but had companions in the forest.

Her courage did not fail, but she threw herself down upon her knees, and prayed for help to Him who alone is our defense and shield. The courage which God gives is the right courage. He makes the soul strong for the most difficult things.

Now she heard a noise in the room below, where Sultan and the robber were. She listened. She heard the dog's growling and the man's cries of pain.

The struggle between them lasted for about ten minutes; and then the terrible sounds were succeeded by an awful silence.

Poor Kate felt that if more enemies came, her position was a desperate one. How could she for any time defend herself against a number of robbers?

She could scarcely reckon upon the dog, for she dared not let him out, as she could not be certain whether the man in the room below was dead or alive.

And if they should attack the house from before

and behind at the same time, she knew that she was lost, for no help could come to her; for who, in such severe weather, would be likely to be passing on even the high road, which went through the wood not far from the house?

Once more she prayed earnestly for help from above. She then looked round the house to see if any fresh danger was threatening, and perceiving nothing, she went back to the room where her weapons lay, to see what was going on before the door, as the dog kept barking in the room below.

Just as she got to the window, she saw an armed, bad-looking fellow approach the house. At first he tried to be polite, and inquired:

"Have you seen an old man pass by here?"

"Yes," replied the girl.

"Where is he? Have you let him in?"

These words were spoken in a fierce and insolent tone.

"I shall only answer civil questions," replied the girl.

"Where is he?" cried the robber, with an oath. "Have you murdered him? Then, commend your soul to God!"

"I have a helper below, my father's wolf-dog, who has fought with him, and, as you hear, the dog is the victor. More than this I know nothing of him."

"Open the door, then, that I may see after him—he is my brother!" cried the robber.

"That may be," replied the girl; "the dog then will serve you as he did your brother."

"Bah!" cried the robber; "my double-barreled gun has two bullets—one for you, the other for the dog. Open quickly!"

The girl leant back, seized her weapon, and took aim, at the moment when a blow from the robber made the door tremble.

"Back!" cried she, "or I'll shoot you down!"

He jumped back a few steps, and quickly pointed his gun up toward the window; but at the same moment there was a flash and a report from above, and the robber first sprang up, and then fell backward in the snow, a stream of blood pouring from a wound in his breast.

Kate's courage now gave place to anguish and sorrow of heart. Her eyes were fixed on that terrible sight of the dead body. Her ball had killed him!

What maiden's heart could bear such a thought as that?

In her despair, she fired the other barrel of the gun out of the window, and then both barrels of the second gun. Quickly she loaded them all again, and fired them off one after the other. This she did five times.

Then she perceived with dismay that her supply of powder was getting low, and she was not sure that the robber she had wounded would not collect his comrades.

But her distress lasted only a short time. Two mounted policemen were riding up the road from Weilheim, having heard the day before, from a peasant, that he had seen three suspicious men lurking about there.

If the policemen had not met the well-known forester and his family at the gate at Weilheim, they might have heard a hundred shots fired in succession, and taken no notice of them, for they would have thought that the forester was chasing wolves through the deep snow; but now it struck them that there might be an attack and danger to the forester's house. So they at once turned from the road, and hastened thither.

When Kate saw the two policemen, a new terror seized her, as she took them at first for robbers in disguise; but when they came nearer, she recognized the two men, whom she had often seen before.

"Kate!" cried one to her, "yours was a mas-

ter-shot, and a good deed, too, for this is one of the worst rascals among the mountains—a robber whom we have long been pursuing, but never been able to catch. It is all over with him now, for you have shot him through the heart!"

A shiver passed through the brave girl at these words.

"Oh! God be thanked and praised that you have come, otherwise I should have died of terror; for in the room below I have another, with whom our Sultan has been fighting."

"Come, then, and open the door quickly!" exclaimed both.

Kate moved her barricade of wood from the door, and opened it.

The dog barked for joy when he heard the girl's voice.

Scarcely was the room-door opened when he jumped out to caress Kate, but she pushed him back, filled with horror, when she saw that his mouth and throat were stained with blood. There was not a sound in the room.

One of the police went in and opened the shutter. Then they beheld a dreadful sight. On the ground lay a man, with his clothes hanging in tatters upon him, while his face and throat bore terrible marks of the dog's teeth.

The floor was covered with blood, and everything showed that there must have been a fierce struggle between the man and the dog.

The latter was unhurt, for the robber had not been able, in the darkness, to find the knife which lay upon the table, and was dead.

Kate had now to tell all the circumstances to the police.

Before noon they arrested the wounded robber at an inn, where rogues and thieves frequently found refuge.

Kate's fame was spread abroad throughout the whole country; but it was some time before she recovered the shock of this dreadful event.

Kate afterward married a brave forester, who became her father's successor; and I saw her in her maturer years, the mother of a blooming family of children, still a handsome woman, in whom masculine courage was united with female tenderness, and who enjoyed the esteem and love of all who knew her.

The Birman of Muong Yong, Laos, and his Wife.

A SECTION OF RECENT FRENCH TRAVEL.

PARTS of Laos are subject to the Burmese Empire, but so oppressive is its sway, that revolts take place, in which the Laotians seek an easier rule under some other power. An officer attached to a recent French expedition sketches the palace of the Birman—that is, Burmese governor of Muong Yong, showing that important personage, and his pretty and agreeable wife, with whom the French officers seem to have been on more pleasant terms than with her crafty husband. They tell us that Muong Yong is situated on the last slopes of the mountains west of the valley of Nam Wang. Our atlases will hardly help us to find it. Yet Muong Yong was once the capital of a powerful kingdom. There is a petty king in the place now, but he possesses no influence. The Birman, who really holds all power, resides with his army, some eight Burmese soldiers, in poorly constructed huts near the market-place. The sketch of the Birman's residence and hall of audience does not give a very imposing idea of grandeur. In point of furniture, the hut is in keeping with the attire of the functionary, his wife, and attendants. The dress seems to be simply a piece of white drapery around the waist: the furniture consists of four muskets, a gong, a bag, and some few boxes, cups,

etc. Yet, rude as they are in many things, the Laotians show considerable skill in working wood, stone, or metal. The ox-wagon shown in our smaller illustration is lighter and more graceful in form and stronger in construction than many of the ponderous affairs seen in some parts of Europe.

A Rainy Day in a Northern Chinese City.

Locomotion of all kinds for the timid is in abeyance. Horses are as much at their wits' end, and as unsteady to ride, as they would be were they ascending stepladders or trying to amble along a tight-rope. Chairs are not much better, and are hazardous enough from the shuffling and painful tumbling about of the coolies, who are ready to drop under you in the first ditch they meet, if they are much embarrassed.

Of troubles, however, you may have abundance. For example, a young jackanapes, standing knee-deep in filth—they are here as fond of dabbling in dirt as Europeans of their years and class—lazily plastering a dike before a shopkeeper's door, to stave an internal inundation, will, unintentionally of course, deposit a full shovel of the compound in the leg of your boot, and grinningly shout "Ey-yah" to express contrition.

There is no use seeking for redress on the spot: you must carry your wrongs about with you until you get home, and you go on picking your steps as tenderly as if treading on a fathomless quagmire, and making but a few yards when you come to a place deeper than usual.

You reach the middle of it attentive to soundings, hope telling the flattering tale that you may pass it safely. Suddenly an elephantine Chinaman approaches with his petticoats closely tucked up about him, and grasped with both hands, as those of an old woman would be in similar circumstances; he wears nice white stockings and soft shoes, a kind of *chaussure* for such roads that makes one feel dreadfully catarrhish to look at; and unable longer to contain himself, he comes hurling down from one of the afore-mentioned banks, on which he has been needlessly puffing and blowing in endeavoring to creep along without soiling himself. He descends like a great landslide toward you, and though self-preservation may be your dominant impulse, the fickle ground you cling to will not render you any assistance in getting out of the way.

Slush-h-h he glides to your feet, and there suddenly brought-up, he flops on his heavy back, sending a mud-shower over your head, face, and body, that envelops you as accurately as if it were a mold of plaster-of-paris. In his distress he clutches at your legs, and away you go also; and lucky will you be if one or more of the almighty passengers don't lend their bodily influence to keep you down.

Sometimes the streets are so flooded that coolies make a very good trade in carrying passengers through the impassable parts on their shoulders—a nice state of affairs for the Commissioners of Public Works.

The few Chinese who have much street-walking in bad weather are generally provided with rain-cloaks—stiff, ungainly, ready affairs, but capital water-shedders—and with long boots, the legs of



A RAINY DAY IN A NORTHERN CHINESE CITY.

which are waterproof cotton, and the soles furnished with great pike-headed nails to penetrate the mud; bad indeed must be the condition of the Caucasians who gets one of these soles planted at a street-corner on a tender instep or inflamed toe-nail. His yell of agony would startle the entire city.

Our Turn Now.

THE GREAT HORNED OWL.

ABOUT the middle of August, last Summer, I obtained the largest specimen of the *Uula*, or great horned owl, I have yet seen, under the following circumstances:

A brood of valuable chickens began to disappear, night after night, in a most mysterious fashion. The children mourned the loss of a lop-eared rabbit and some fan-tailed pigeons, which were great favorites.

I set a steel trap, baited with a young pullet, expecting to capture the thief, in the shape of a polecat or fox. In the morning I found the pullet untouched, but a young bantam had gone. During the day, however, I succeeded in catching a Newfoundland pup, who woke the echoes for acres around until released. Old Betsy, the mare, then literally put her foot in it, and succeeded in utterly ruining the trap and laming herself for a week.

The next night I sat out in the wood-shed until midnight, with a shot-gun, playing sentinel. The intense stillness of a Summer's night brought with it a drowsiness that proved too much for me, and I woke up to find myself stiff and sore from sleeping in the open air on a wood-pile, and another chicken among the missing.

That day there was a terrible disturbance in the oak grove, near the orchard. Our gardener, a fresh importation from the "sister isle," gravely informed me that "all the burds were foighting a cat-burd."

"A cat-bird!" I exclaimed, in amazement.

"And it must be the same I have heard ye spake of," replied honest Bartholomew. "It do be lookin' for all the whole world loike a cat—a gray-marked cat, sur, wid yellow, starin' eyes, an' the ears of the crathur standin' straight up on the head of it."

Anxious to see this ornithological phenomenon, I started at once with Bart for the grove.

I must premise by the way that Bart has shown on more occasions than one a more than national predilection to extraordinary bulls, and has always evinced at least an equal aptitude at evading the point by some ready *repartes* when pressed to acknowledge his mistakes, as, for example, when I gently intimated my admiration for his talent at making bulls, notwithstanding the annoyance they sometimes caused when they happened to be practical ones, he disarmed me by replying that he hoped my honor surely "wouldn't be after findin' fault wid him for being bully."

Once, when on a visit to Kentucky, where I first met my "man Friday," I had him with me upon a hunting-excursion. On the naked limb of a dead tree, not far from where we happened to stand, Paddy saw, for the first time in his life, a red-headed woodpecker. Astonishment for a moment held him dumb, when, turning toward me, he ventured to speak.

"Arrah, sur," said he, "would you look at the crathur batin' his face to pieces agin' a tree, and his head all a gore of blood!"

But a truce to Bart and woodpeckers—we have a different matter in hand. As I approached the scene of action I found a large owl sitting, stupid and sullen, in an oak tree, beset by birds of all kinds, colors, sizes, and degrees. A great round cat-like face, with feathery ears standing three

inches high, large staring, yellow, moony eyes, a body nearly as big as a turkey, and plumage mottled over with black, orange, and white, seemed in some degree to answer Bart's description, and proclaimed the bird to be the *Strix Virginiana*, or great horned owl.

The dazzling beams of the midday sun made darkest midnight in his eyes. Helpless and defenseless in the midst of his foes, like a blind feathered Samson shorn of his strength and fallen among Philistines, he shuffled about uneasily on his perch, but made no vain attempts at reprisals. What noisy triumph, what exultant chattering, what indignant screams came from his tormentors.

A great blue-backed shrike was among the number, nearest the owl. Although himself a despoiler of nests and a remorseless destroyer of creatures smaller and weaker than himself, he joins the hue-and-cry with as hearty a good-will as many of our smaller fry of dishonest politicians do when one greater than themselves is brought to account for his rogueries.

Next, two noisy jays, who have little, if any, right to a better reputation, only less destructive because less powerful, vent their garrulous indignation on the common foe. Even the little king-bird, on the topmost bough, insults his defenseless majesty; and the blackbird below, if last, is by no means least in the fray.

Mindful of beak and talons, I sent Bart home for a table-cloth, in which we easily enveloped his owlsnip, and bore him off, despite his struggles, in triumph.

It is scarcely needful to say I lost no more chickens after this.

I at first determined to keep him alive, but he proved so fierce and intractable that I found I could do nothing better than to chloroform and stuff him, and set him up to repose, *otium cum dignitate*, over the bookcase, in company with a fishing-trog and a horseshoe crab. I found his entire length to be twenty-two inches—his wing fifteen and three-quarters.

This owl does not often make his appearance in localities so thickly settled as the part of New Jersey—Vineland—where the specimen referred to was captured. He generally prefers deep and impenetrable swamp-lands, covered with the gloom of a primeval forest, for his abiding-place.

Often the traveler in the Adirondacks hears a hollow and unearthly voice—"Wawah O! wawah O!"—breaking in upon the midnight silence of the forest, and perhaps sees the noiseless spectral flight of the Otowuck-oho, as the Cree Indians used to call the bird, from the strange sound it utters.

It is, perhaps, a peculiar confirmation of the idea referring the owl to a place among birds corresponding to that occupied by the feline race among quadrupeds—an idea spontaneously expressed by my gardener in calling the bird in question a "cat-bird"—that the specimen in my possession manifested, when alive, the greatest antipathy to dogs, ruffling up his feathers, snapping his bill, lowering his wings, and following the hated object with his eyes until it disappeared.

The nest of the great horned owl is extremely large, and consists of a great mass of dry leaves, feathers, grass, and so forth, placed in a hollow tree, or in the fork of some large bough, and containing three or four eggs, which, in size and color, might easily be mistaken for hens' eggs.

It is very generally distributed over the whole of the United States—east and west, north and south.

Early in February the great horned owls are seen to pair, and it is said that the curious evolutions of the male on the wing are impossible to describe. Extremely ludicrous are his bowings and the snappings of his bill; but no sooner is the female

assured that his intentions are sincere and affectionate, than she joins him and becomes his mate.

"In the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell—
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk he's abroad and well.
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away.
Oh! when the night falls, and roosts the owl,
Then, then is the reign of the horned owl.

"And the owl hath a bride who is fond and bold,
And loveth the wood's deep gloom,
And with eyes like the shine of the moon-stone
cold,
She awaiteth her ghastly groom.
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
As she waits in her tree so still;
But when her heart beareth his flapping wings,
She hoots out her welcome shrill.
Oh! when the moon shines, and dogs do howl,
Then, then is the reign of the horned owl.

"Mourn not for the owl or his gloomy plight—
The owl hath his share of good.
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
He is lord of the dark, green wood.
Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate;
They are each unto each a pride;
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange, dark fate
Hath rent them from all beside.
So, when the night falls, and dogs do howl,
Sing Ho! for the reign of the horned owl.
We know not always
Who are kings of the day;
But the king of the night is the bold barred owl."

Wolf-Hunting in Russia.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Morning Post* gives a lively account of wolf-hunting, which is one of the favorite sports in those parts of Russia where the animals have not disappeared before advancing civilization.

At some abnormal hour between night and morning, you are aroused by a vigorous shake, and a hoarse admonition to "tumble up, and look sharp about it, for there's no time to lose." You make a hasty toilet, and, rallying forth, see in front of your hut, in the dim light of the coming dawn, a huge, dark, shapeless mass, which, as your eyes get used to the darkness, assumes the form of a broad, heavy, three-horse sledge, with very high sides, not unlike an enormous washing-tub, around which sit three or four spectral figures with lanterns, the fitful glare making their bearded faces look grimmer and less human than ever. Guns, ammunition, haversacks, etc., are stowed away in the bottom of the conveyance, and last, but not least, a young pig, protesting against his abduction with a loudness and fluency that would do honor to a Hyde Park meeting.

All being now ready, the hunters squeeze themselves into their places, the driver shakes his reins with a wild whoop, and away we go into the darkness. Mile after mile of the frozen waste goes by like a dream, till at length the spectral shadows of the forest begin to gather around us, and the squeals of our unlucky pig (whose ears one of the party is now pinching vigorously) begin to be answered by another sound, which no one who has once heard it will easily forget. Not the long, melancholy howl wherewith a supperless wolf may be heard bemoaning himself on the outskirts of our village any night in the week, but the quick, snarling cry of one who sees his food coming, and wishes to hasten it. And there they come at last, the gaunt, wiry, slouching fellows, with their bushy tails, and flat, narrow heads, and yellow, thievish, murderous eyes. Crack! the foremost of the pack rolls over on his side, kicking convulsively; but the rest gallop on unheeding.

ing. Crack! crack! and two more fall dead, botting the snow with a smear of dull crimson. Some of the boldest pursuers swarm up to the sledge, and attempt to leap over its projecting sides, while we pound their heads with the butt-ends of our pieces, and chop their paws with hatchets, and slash them across the eyes with hunting-knives, the two hindmost of our party meanwhile blazing away over our shoulders as fast as they can load. And so for a long time the running fight goes fiercely on, making altogether a very striking tableau.

But "the pace is too stiff to last," as our leader remarks, with a knowing grin. A run at full speed through the deep snow tries even a full-grown wolf too severely to be continued beyond a certain time, and in the face of a stout resistance the beast's inherent cowardice is sure to come to the surface sooner or later. Already three or four gaunt, shaggy veterans, who have probably had a good supper overnight, begin to hang back, as if doubting the wisdom of risking their lives for a hypothetical breakfast. The speed of the rest slackens by degrees, and at length the whole pack drop off as if by tacit agreement, leaving us to pursue our way unmolested, the last of our grim followers slinking like a belated spectre into the gloomy shadows of the forest which we have quitted.

A Comical Mule Story.

WE have already entered our protest against telling incredible stories in newspapers, and copy the following from the *Memphis Appeal*, as an example of the length to which the practice may be carried: "Last Saturday a gentleman living near Madison Station, on the Memphis and Little Rock Road, left his home to go to the village. He had not proceeded more than two hundred yards, mounted on a lineal descendant of Balaam's ass, when he encountered a great, greasy black bear. The bear was astonished, and without taking time to think, hurried up a scaly bark hickory, and seated himself very comfortably on a limb thirty to forty feet from the ground. The farmer was puzzled. If he rode back to the house to get his gun, the bear would surely escape. He therefore tied the mule, a long-eared, melancholy mule, forty or fifty years of age, to the body of the tree. The mule was bridle wise, but no bridle would hold him, and a strong leather cable was kept coiled around his neck. With this he was fastened to the tree. The farmer started for the house, and Bruin, divining his plans, deemed it prudent to get away. He doubtless suspected that a gun was coming. He came slowly down, tearing the bark from the body of the tree. It rattled about the head of the sleepy mule, who had not yet seen the bear, and dreamed not of the proximity of the ugly beast. The bear descended slowly until he was within five feet of the mule's great ugly head. Then it was that the stupid, innocent, unsuspecting mule looked up. He had never seen a bear before. His knees smote one another. He grew pale in the face. His eyes projected from his head—the farmer said—half a foot. His tail was slowly lifted, the hairs all turned awry, till they stood at an angle of forty-five degrees above the spinal column, and then it was that he 'hoved a sigh and smoled a smile.' It was an unearthly sound; the farmer says it shook the ground where he stood fifty yards away, watching the progress of events. The bear suddenly twisted itself about and reascended to its perch. The mule fell swooning at the foot of the tree. He lay still and apparently lifeless for a time, when Bruin again attempted the descent, but the terrified mule howled and roared even more piteously and terribly when the bark began to fall, and dashed and

danced so frantically, that Bruin hesitated, and finally, in stupefied amazement, sat upon the limb where he first rested. The farmer came in with his rifle, and a bullet soon stopped the pulse-beats of the bear. It fell heavily beside the mule, and, strange to tell, as told to us, the mule and bear died side by side; the one, of mortal wound; the other, of mortal terror. The bear was still black as Erebus; the mule's face was already white with an indescribable agony of mortal terror."



OUR TURN NOW—"THE GREAT HORNED OWL."—SEE PAGE 270.



OUR DOCTOR'S COURTSHIP.—"THROWING HER ARMS ABOUT MY NECK, SHE BURIED HER PRETTY HEAD IN MY BOSOM, BEGGING ME TO TELL HIM TO LEAVE, OR SHE SHOULD DIE."

Our Doctor's Courtship.

"I do not care to go ashore," replied the doctor, in answer to my invitation. "What can there be to interest one in that decayed old place?"

We were lounging over the tailrail of the steamship Tyne, which was anchored in the beautiful bay of Carthagena on the Spanish Main, and I had asked our doctor to accompany me on shore, in order to dispel his melancholy.

He was of a dreamy, Byronic temperament, and had twice been in love since I had first made his acquaintance, only just a month before this time.

"Come, old fellow, go below, and put on your

best uniform. I will introduce you to a little Spanish-American beauty, who will soon make you forget your old flames. Come!"

He turned his dark eyes toward the *popa*, and languidly replied:

"Do you see those soft, carmine-tinted clouds, captain? How easily the dark shadows of night overcome their warm hues, and render the horizon dark and portentous!"

He sighed as he said this, and was about to favor me with some more "unhappy thoughts," when I stopped him. Holding up my rapidly diminishing cigar, I assumed his melancholy manner, and moaned out.

"Dear doc, I know that this charming cigar cannot last much longer; behold the ruddy tint as it steals upward, overcoming the warm brown of the unburnt leaf, leaving naught but the gray ash of despair, and I am out of *regalia chicas*."

"Don't be absurd, captain. You have not a particle of sentiment in your composition."

"If sighing like a furnace, moaning about the decks, and beating my noble forehead in despair, are signs of sentiment, dear boy, then I am as prosaic as our chief engineer; but when you see Nita Henriques, you will know that I have a female divinity whom I positively adore, although I do not bring out her image, and perform public low-tow (worship) before it."

"Gracious me! Is it possible that you are in love?" cried the doctor, quite forgetting the melancholy rôle he had been playing.

"Yes, old fellow, and if you will go on shore with me, I will introduce you to my friends. But beware! No trespassing upon my manor."

"My dear captain, do you think that my feelings for Miss Centaroon can be overcome in twenty-four hours?"

"No," I answered. "I am fully aware of the depth of your sentiments, which are like beauty."

After he had arrayed himself in his best uniform, we proceeded on shore, and found my friend Don Juan Henriques in the reception-room of his mansion. As usual, we exchanged salutations in the Spanish fashion—patted each other upon the back, and embraced *à la V. Crummies*. The don was immense, and offered his house, his family, his purse and himself to my evidently gratified friend.

"What a nuisance it is not to know their miserable language!" remarked the *medico* to me, *sotto voce*. "I declare, I feel as though they were making fun of me half the time."

"Get an Ollendorff," I replied. "But never mind not knowing Spanish for to-night—just smile and look your loveliest."

As we were conversing, Nita entered the room, and was saluting me with, "Good-evening, Signor Capitano," when she observed the doctor, and inquired in Spanish:

"Your friend?"

I introduced the *medico*, who brightened up under the influence of her magnetism, and became quite jolly.

Nita begged me not to tell him that she could speak English.

He talked pulverized Franco-Spanish, sang a love-song in German, rolled his eloquent eyes like a clock-work figure, and so monopolized the attention of my divinity, that I was what we term at sea "out of the trades," or, in other words, "became, while he had all sail set."

Every now and then he would inquire of me:

"Oh, captain, what is the word for charming, or devoted? Hang it! I will buy an Ollendorff to-morrow!"

I gave him the most eccentric words in lieu of those he required, and Nita shrieked when he mosaiced them into his phrases.

When we rose to depart, he said to Nita:

"I will call upon you to-morrow, signorita, if you will allow me."

"My daughter will be charmed," replied the don, in English, keeping up the deception; and Nita telegraphed to me, "I am only in fun. Forgive me."

The truth was, I felt a little annoyed, as the lovely girl had scarcely spoken to me, so much had she seemed to appreciate the doctor's whispered nothings.

But her eyes told me how matters stood, and when I left the house, I formally inquired if she would be at home the next evening, to which she replied:

"To you, Signor Capitano."

When we arrived on board, the doctor borrowed my Ollendorff, and, retiring to his cabin, commenced to study Spanish.

For two weary hours I could hear him muttering, "*no carè—si signor—buonos moches—yeasted?*" and must say that he alaughtered the words most perseveringly.

At the breakfast-table next morning, he coolly informed me that he intended to marry Nita Henriques, and when I told him that he had better not propose such a thing to her, he said:

"Why, my dear fellow, she doesn't care a straw for you, and why should I not be successful?"

"Very well—try it," I answered.

"Oh, I mean to," he snapped. "I suppose that she is her own mistress, and isn't to be forced into a union with a person to whom she has an aversion!"

Amusing, wasn't it? Outrages the confidence reposed in him, falls in love with my divinity, borrows my Ollendorff to enable him to propose to her, and then calmly informs me that I wanted her to marry me against her inclination!

About noon, when he knew that I could not leave the ship, he went on shore, dressed in extra double-milled English cloth, and he took with him my Ollendorff.

He actually had the impudence to come aft, and shake hands with me! Of course, my officers knew what he was going to do.

The rest of the story must be told by the don:

"Signor, it was—ab-surd, excruciating! El Signor Medico called about one o'clock, and found Nita practicing her music. He was evidently very nervous, for he tripped over the mat, in the doorway, and fell upon his—*vat you call it—stove-pipes sombrero!* I sat by, in little room, taking my cigarette, and swallowing my laugh at the things he do. Nita rose and salute him, and then he beg her to be seated, after which he open his book, and, tumbling the leaves nervously, said:

"*¿Qui etsa your madre?*" (This was intended for "How is your mamma?")

"I take a long lemonade to stop my laugh, and Nita sav she not comprehend! Then he get up, and walk all round the *salon*, like a crane in a field, peep his nose in every corner, and presently return to Nita, who almost die with laugh behind his back, and, rolling his eyes like a *coorico*, or a *padre* when he see a feast, said:

"*Nita! chiquita! juanita! care two por el Signor Capitano del vapor Americano?*"

(His intention being to say "Charming little Nita, care you for the Mister Captain of the American steamship?")

My child cover her face with her handkerchief, so that he not see her laugh. Then *el Signor Medico* fall upon one knee, and tenderly place his right hand upon his heart, saying:

"*Signorita Nita, chiquita, Juanita. Meo habla un Engless—no habla Americana—el no bucono, meo el mismo a Espaniola! Nita! meo locoo too mucho, meo care grande por too, habla meo, mar-ro meo! Oho, Signorita Nita Juanita, I loovo you too mucho, grande!*"

(This was intended as follows: "Miss Nita, dear little Nita, I am English, do not have an American. They no good; me all the same as Spaniard! Nita, me love you much—me care grand for you! Have me—marry me! Oh, dear Miss Nita, I love you too much great!")

"My child rose upon hearing these words, and, smothering her merriment, ran into her mother's room, where I hear her laugh, oh, very much!"

"What did the doctor say to that?" I demanded.

"Why," smiled the don, "he hear me, and he come into the little room, and I ask him to take a sangaree."

"Was he aware that you had heard him deliver his love-speech?"

"Oh, no! His—what you call *nerve* was so great that he comprehend nothing but his own feelings; but presently he ask me to let him marry my Nita!"

"And you said——"

"Oh, I answer him 'Ask herself,' and he reply, 'I no think she understand my Spanish!'"

We screamed over this.

"Then," continued Don Juan, "I tell him he have to turn Catholic, and live on shore; and he say, 'That nothing!—anything to become the husband of Nita Henriques!' Then I say, my daughter is contracted to the captain of the American steamer, and he answer: '*Don Juan*, she does not love him!' So I send for Nita, and when she came, *el Signor Medico* look down into her eyes, as though she were unwell, and he wanted to find out what was the matter; and then he take her hand, as our *medico* does when we are sick, to feel our pulse, and said very—what you call—sad:

"*Nita! habla mea un poco tempo—a little time. Me more better than el capitano Americano. He no hidalgo, savee!*"

(Intended for, "Nita! have me a little time—or give me a trial. Me more better than the American captain. He not a gentleman, you understand.")

"What did Nita say?"

"Why, she screamed like a troopial, and, throwing her arms about my neck, buried her pretty head in my bosom, begging me to tell him to leave, or she should die—'twas too ridiculous!"

"And the doctor?"

"Oh, *amigo capitano!* he draw himself up proudly, and say, quite solemnly:

"*See-nior-sela! si I am to habla non for an answer, a mio pro-nun-ci-mento, dog-la mio yourself!*"

(By which he wished her to understand: "Mfss, if I am to have No for an answer to my declaration, tell it me yourself!")

"Oh, *papita! papita!*" screamed Nita, "ask him to wait a moment, then I will open his eyes to his folly, and show him that I can speak English."

El Medico took a seat in the balcony.

When Nita had recovered her gravity, she called him in, and said:

"Signor Don, I thank you for your admiration; but were I not the promised bride of another, I could never wed you!"

"Why not?" he tremblingly demanded.

"Because," laughed Nita, "I should never forget your—what my dear *capitano* calls—*Aashing Ollendorff!* Farewell, signor!"

That was the end of "Our Doctor's Courtship."

Out of the Jaws of Death.

AN EPISODE OF INDIAN MUTINY.

DURING the Summer of 1857, the discharge of my professional duties led me to Luckwa, some sixty miles from Allahabad, in India. I was delayed by an accident to my horse, and, failing to persuade the artillery officer stationed there to spare me a remount, was compelled to submit to fate, deter delivering the dispatches I was charged with, and devote myself to curing my horse of a strained sinew.

The times were uneasy enough; a spirit of disquiet pervaded every section of the civil European community throughout Bengal.

Sinister rumors of chronic disaffection in the ranks of the East India Company's Sepoy army had shaken the sense of security in each district of the presidency, and the supine indifference of

the authorities to such representations as the more clear-sighted had made, with a view to induce them to provide against, or prepare for, an outbreak, had stimulated the lacking sense of security into a feeling of angry indignation and contempt for the government.

There was a large missionary station at Luckwa, as well as the establishment of the assistant district assessor of taxes; and, in addition, the town contained some important government store-magazines, in consequence of which a small detachment of troops was usually maintained there. It consisted of a half-troop of horse artillery at the time I write of.

I met with a most hospitable reception in the house of Reverend J— R—, one of the Company's chaplains, in spite of the fact that Mr. R—'s bungalow was already amply filled with guests, principally ladies, the relations of officers serving with General Littler's force in Oudh.

At the close of my second day's stay, I was sitting in the veranda with my host, smoking a last cheroot, discussing the possible incidents of the journey I contemplated renewing on the morrow. My adieux had already been made to the household, for my departure was to take place at day-break, and Mr. R— was expending the short space intervening before our separation in expressions guardedly uttered, as became a government functionary, of uneasiness at the aspect of public affairs.

The shrubs and trees in the compound—the ornamental grounds round Indian houses are so named—were luminous with fireflies, while from the tank at the far end the monotonous clap, clap, clap of the frogs sounded like myriad anvils struck far off in fairy-land.

A hot, heavy repose had sunk down upon everything, and, infected by it, I was bestowing but drowsy attention to my companion's remarks, when a footstep, sounding abruptly and without any gradual approach in our immediate vicinity, startled each of us.

At a glance I recognized the intruder, by his trappings, as the sergeant of artillery from the detachment before mentioned.

"Hillo, my man, what is the matter?"

I asked the question instinctively.

The sergeant peered at me where I sat in the gloom of the veranda before he replied.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he, as he saluted; "I did not see you in the dark. If you please, is Lieutenant Carew here?"

He inquired for his commanding officer.

"Not that I am aware of, sergeant."

"No," interrupted Mr. R—; "he left us before dinner. I understood him to say he was to dine at Mr. —'s."

"Umph! I've been there, and all over the place looking for him, but cannot find out where he is. He quitted Mr. —'s after nine, they tell me."

The sergeant paused, and by his manner, as well as the tone of his voice, I judged he had some reason stronger than an ordinary one for desiring to discover his officer.

I mentioned two or three houses, and inquired if he had sought Lieutenant Carew there.

"Yes, sir; I've been all over the place, and cannot think where Mr. Carew can be."

Again he paused, and looked thoughtfully up at the stars.

"Oh, I dare say he is only taking a walk, sergeant," suggested Mr. R—.

The soldier did not reply for a few moments, but stood as if irresolute, and then addressed me.

"Will you allow me to speak with you privately, sir, for a minute?"

"Certainly, sergeant."

I rose, and a thrill of uneasiness entered my mind as I stepped from the veranda.

"You will pardon me one minute, Mr. R—?"

"Of course, of course," said my host. "I trust nothing unpleasant has happened. Will you and the sergeant go into the dining-room? Take a glass of wine, sergeant."

"No, thank you, Mr. R—. It is only a report that has just come into the commanding officer here, sir, and as I cannot find my officer, I am going to make it to Captain P—; that is all, sir."

As soon as we were out of earshot from the worthy clergyman, the sergeant stopped.

"There is awful news come in, sir. All the native regiments at Cawnpore, Chunar and Benares have mutinied and shot the officers, and it is believed they are doing the same at all the stations. We are ordered to march for Allahabad at once, and burn the stores in the magazines here. The trooper who brought the dispatch received verbal instructions as well, in case he should be intercepted, in which event he was to destroy his papers."

"Where did he come from, sergeant?"

"From Pillicotti, sir, where the battery is. He says they were to set out for Allahabad at the time he left there."

"Did the trooper fall in with any mutineers on his route?"

"No, sir; but he says the natives in the villages are quite aware of what is going on, for, as he came through them, he was continually taunted with cries of 'The day of the 'Feringhee' is over!'"

"Well, sergeant, you had better send some of your men out about the town to hunt up Mr. Carew. I will return to the house and prepare Mr. R—. I should recommend you to get the fellows under arms, ready for a move at day-break. As soon as I can, I will be at the barracks. Tell Mr. Carew that, when you find him."

"Merciful heavens! what shall we do?" was poor Mr. R—'s dismayed ejaculation, when I explained the situation to him. "What do you recommend, Captain P—? Oh, my dear friend, was I not right in my foreboding? And now, if we are left unprotected to the mercilessness of these heathens—"

He paced up and down in great agitation, leaving the sentence uncompleted.

"My dear sir," said I, as soothingly as possible, "do not meet evil half way. First rumors are often in excess of the truth. I think you had better arouse all the women folks, alarming them as little as you can, so that, should it be judged advisable, they may leave for Allahabad under escort of Carew's detachment. They must be made to understand that, if it is imperative they should go, they will have to start in light marching trim; baggage will be out of the question. If you warn them in time, the flurry of alarm will be got over, and needful preparation made; and now I must find my horse. You shall have timely notice of any movement; employ your leisure in preparing for any eventuality. Secrete, if you can, valuables too ponderous to carry about you; the waters of the tank will hide conveniently such things as plate and imperishable articles. Get all the horses saddled; the women will have to ride if the men walk, and your buggy must carry double freight."

I left the bewildered chaplain manfully girding up his loins for his task, and repaired to the stables, where I roused out the sleeping *lyces* (grooms), and employed them at saddling my own and the other horses in the stalls.

A few minutes later, I was trotting briskly on the road to the barracks. When I rode into the yard, the dusky forms of the mounted artillerymen, looming out large in the shadowy light,

showed that preparation had already been made for moving.

I discovered the lieutenant in his quarters, reading and burning papers, a heap of charred cinders lying on the floor.

"Is that you, P—?" said he, without interrupting his occupation. "A nice piece of business, this; is it not?"

"Yes, if matters are as bad as they are reported; but let us hope they are not."

"They are not reported half as bad as they really are, P—. The assessor had a letter, while I was dining there this evening, from his brother, who wrote from Bareilly, which told him Oudh was in rebellion, north, south, east and west. Umritsir has fallen; and, worse than all, Agra and Meerut are invested by the rebels in force. Why, P—, we have not six whole white regiments if we emptied all the stations between Simla and Barrackpore."

Carew looked up at me seriously, and let fall another burning paper on the floor.

"What are you going to do now?" I asked.

"March for Pillicotti en route for Allahabad."

"You will not move before daybreak, I suppose, Carew? I have warned R— to get his women folk ready to start under your escort. You will take charge of them, of course?"

"Yes, yes, if they are afraid to remain here; though, upon my word, I am not sure that Scylla here is not preferable to Charybdis with me. It is sixty miles to Allahabad, and I am not at all certain I shall find the road open."

"Is it true you are ordered to burn the stores in this place, Carew?"

"Those are my orders," he replied, with a shrug of his shoulders; "some of the men are making ready to fire them before we start. Did you observe any stir in the town when you came through?"

"None whatever; but that proves nothing. R— was telling me this evening that the 'chappatties' have been going about."

"Curse their 'chappatties!' I will tell you what, P—: We have gone on pampering these Sepoy fellows—yielding first an inch, then an ell—until they think they are our masters. We may have to learn a disagreeable lesson; but, I fancy, we shall be the wiser for it. Two things I foresee: We shall have to reconquer Oudh, perhaps Bengal; and the Honorable East India Company will soon be a thing of the past. But, come, we must act, and leave off talking. Do you still intend going to Benares?"

"Undoubtedly, Carew; my orders leave me no discretion. I will now return to R—'s. His people had better join you here at three o'clock, had they not?"

The lieutenant nodded.

I could see the notion of such an addition to his command was not a pleasant one, and no wonder; but, satisfied with his acquiescence, I once more mounted my horse, and rode back to the chaplain's bungalow.

Patrols from the detachment encountered me on my way. I observed no other signs of wakefulness in the long, dusty street, until the gates of the compound were passed, when I found Mr. R—'s household fully aroused.

Several saddled horses stood with tethered reins in front of the veranda, while in the brilliantly lighted dining-room groups of ladies were gathered round a few of the other sex, their pallid faces and eager gestures betraying the sore anxiety that beset them.

* A "chupatty" is a small cake, used in India as a symbol, much after the manner in which a tomahawk was, and perhaps still is, used by the Indian tribes in this country when they wish to make a declaration of hostility.

I recognized among those of my own sex the assessor, a tall, powerful man, unburned to a deep coffee color, with great shaggy eyebrows, and a face like that of Diogenes in its solid ugliness. Over his white linen coat he wore a belt, whence depended a long cavalry sword. The assessor meant fighting, evidently.

The church militant was represented, too, in the person of the Rev. William Saul, a fine-looking young missionary, who had for the nonce abandoned the Bible for more lethal weapons.

Doctors Snow and Whish were also appareled for war; and less regarded, but themselves attentive spectators, four or five young fellows, clerks and writers in the assessor's department.

My arrival was the signal for a general rush to the veranda.

"Oh, Captain P——, is there any more news?"

It is marvelous how much courage women bring to the encounter of serious peril!

When once the ladies were informed of the true state of affairs, they addressed themselves to their several preparations with a readiness almost amounting to composure. By requisitioning the steeds of the different gentlemen, a horse was provided for each, although side-saddles had in some cases to be improvised rather oddly.

However, with the assistance of some wheeled conveyances, the whole party was told off for conveyance, and nothing remained but to sit down and pass away the two hours or so which had to elapse before the time named for departure.

In the number of Mr. R——'s guests was one who, no less for the sorrow that envied her than for her youth and gracefulness, claimed sympathy.

Edith W——n, orphaned by the loss of her father, Major W——n, who had fallen in action about four months previously, was about returning to England when the mutiny broke out. She was conspicuous in her deep mourning-dress, and more so in the unfaltering composure she manifested. Yet she was but seventeen years old.

"You will forget all these disagreeable events in England, Miss W——n," said I, as I assisted her to the saddle, when it was time to start.

"I have many painful recollections of India," she answered, bending down her head sadly; "but," she added, kindly, "out of them spring also grateful ones of goodness experienced."

The cavalcade was marshaled at length. The native servants stood looking on with apathetic curiosity. Did they comprehend the true import of what they were beholding? If so, no sign betrayed it.

So the comfortable bungalow was left tenantless, the lights burning, the evidences of luxury and refinement undisturbed, lending, somehow, an appearance of unreality to the idea of the peril that was driving the possessors forth.

The notion of power lay occult in the parade of external civilization; it was a new phase in Indo-European experience to admit powerlessness lurking amidst chairs and tables, tapestry, carpets, and mirrors.

We had scarcely cleared the gates and debouched upon the road in the gray dawning light, when I distinguished one of Carew's command riding fast in our direction, a long trail of dust marking the way he had come.

Once more the thrill I had experienced when I saw the sergeant the previous evening passed through me, and, apologizing to Miss W——n, by whose side I was riding, I pressed my horse to a trot to meet the soldier.

"Any news, my man?"

He drew rein, and turned his troop horse in a line with mine.

"The lieutenant has ordered me to tell you there is a strong force of rebels just outside the

town, sir, and you are to bring the ladies down to the barracks. We are going to hold out there. I was to warn them up at the 'tax-office,' but I see all the gentlemen are with you."

"Yes, they are all here. How far off are the rebels?"

"I cannot say, sir; but, if you please, I will ride back now; I was ordered to lose no time."

"All right, my man. Tell Lieutenant Carew we are on our way to the barracks."

To avoid the delay which might arise from the alarm knowledge of this new turn in affairs would create, I did not divulge the extent of my information when I rejoined my party; but merely explained that Carew had sent to invite us to join him at the barrack-yard.

Upon reaching our destination, we found the gates closed, and observed a cordon of vedettes posted at intervals upon the road leading out of the town; and at the eastern extremity of which the barracks were situated; fronted on the opposite side of the street by the range of store-magazines. The two six-pounder field-pieces attached to the half-troop stood harnessed in the roadway, the gunners in position round them. A little way in advance of these was Carew, dismounted, but with his horse's bridle over his left arm. He came toward us as we approached.

"Good-morning, ladies. I wish our early meeting had a livelier object, but we must make the best of it. Open the gates there. Mr. Assessor, will you escort the ladies to my quarters? They will excuse me, I am sure, under the circumstances. P——, I want to talk to you."

"Captain P——," said a low, calm voice, as I waited for the silent groups of women to pass through the gates, "if the peril be greater than is told us, I pray of you to let me know the whole truth as soon as you have the leisure. I shall not create any alarm. You may trust me; you know I am a soldier's daughter. May I trust to you for this true friend's service?"

"All that I know, Miss W——n, you shall share," I answered, hastily. "Peril fearlessly met is half conquered. Look round you, and see if there be much trace of fear amongst those fellows yonder."

"The battle is not to the strong," said she, reverently. "May God preserve us all."

Extending her hand to me, she then moved on through the gates after the others.

My brief conversation with Edith W——n had the effect of abstracting my attention from the stern realities enacting around me. Carew's voice dispelled a fanciful kind of vision that I had no sort of business to indulge in just then; and there was a ring of tartness in his words.

"P——, pray do not sit there spooning—excuse my rudeness; but really there is work of another kind on hand."

"I am ready for it, Carew. What force are the rebels in? and how far off are they?"

"That is just what I'm going to find out if I can; I was only waiting for you. Look here! while I reconnoitre, will you take charge here, and get as much provision as you can from the store into the barracks. The sergeant is in there with a party. Take all the biscuit you can. If you hear firing, retire the men, and prepare to close the gates. The guns command the road to the turn. If we are seen, and anything happens to me, you will be able to check a rush before the beggars get close enough to do you any harm."

"Stop here, Carew, and let me ride to the front," said I.

"No, no. I know the country hereabouts better than you. Good-by, and do not forget the biscuit."

In another minute he disappeared round the bend of the road, and I addressed myself to the

task of provisioning our fortress. Barrels of biscuit and flour, others of beef, with some the contents of which were a mystery, were rolled into the yard; the assessor working manfully with the artillerymen.

The light gradually increased, tinging the sky with a beautiful rosy flush, and the ladies peeped out curiously at us from Carew's quarters. Suddenly, just as the sun rose, sending slanting beams over the foliage of some wooded knolls outside the town, the sharp reports of the artillery carabines reached us singly but in quick succession. I knew it was a warning.

By the time my temporary command was mounted and drawn up at the guns, Carew made his appearance at the head of the men he had thrown out as vedettes.

Galloping up, he gave the word of command, and the drivers swept round with the field-pieces. Hastily directing a farrier-corporal and six men to remain with me, and desiring me to hold the barracks, he shouted out:

"By threes—form! Forward—trot!" and, in a cloud of dust, led his troop the way he had just come.

Carefully closing the massive gates of the barrack-yard, I posted two of my small force as vedettes in positions to guard against any unperceived advance upon the entrance, and then entered the barracks, from the upper floors of which I hoped to obtain a view of the surrounding neighbourhood.

A narration embracing all the events of the four days succeeding our occupation of the barracks would unduly lengthen this sketch; at their close our situation was desperate enough. The higher portions of the store-magazines commanded the barrack-yard, and from there our enemies, who had occupied them in force, searched every part of our refuge with their fire.

The barrack buildings occupied three sides of a square, and were built to accommodate about eight hundred men. A high wall inclosed the other face, in which was situated the entrance-gate. Although there was a small guardhouse near it, the architect had neglected to crenelle the outer wall; thus, we had no means of defending the approaches except by firing down from the upper windows of Carew's quarters, which course cost us several wounded men.

Our hope of succor from outside was slender, indeed—a better prospect, as we judged, existing in the smallness of the advantage to be gained by the rebels in capturing us.

Our best chance lay in tiring them out, so we consoled ourselves. The history of the Cawnpore massacre had not enlightened us at that time.

The fourth day of our siege was Sunday. Two of the wounded died that day, and Mr. R— had held divine service, with about the most attentive congregation he had ever addressed.

At nightfall, after posting our force, as usual, garrisoning the end buildings of the two wings to the barrack—the main body of it we deemed safe from escalade—the men off duty were sleeping under arms. The ladies had organized relief parties of nurses to tend the wounded, and Carew, with the assessor, Mr. Saul, and myself, were holding a sort of council of war, which resulted, as others had, in our coming to no conclusion whatever, when firing began from the post in the other wing, and was quickly taken up by that overhead.

Snatching up his sword, Carew hastened out of the room, while I repaired without loss of time to the other side of the quadrangle. There was no necessity to "turn out" the sleepers; before I had reached the other wing, I was overtaken by some of them.

One glance through the shattered window in the room we were holding showed me the cause of the alert. A tumultuous mob of our assailants was before the gate, the darkness rendering their movements and intentions indistinguishable.

Observing a group nearer to the entrance than the others, though unable to make out what they were doing, I desired our men to direct their fire upon it. This drew a volley in return, which injured no one, but splintered the woodwork, and brought the plaster of the ceiling down in patches. The enemy retired, however, and, save by an occasional shot, desisted from peppering our post.

There had been throughout such an absence of organization on the part of the besiegers, whose efforts against us had shown the desultory characteristics of an armed but undisciplined mob rather than a force of soldiers, that I was not surprised when the night attack appeared repulsed so easily. Thinking it well to examine the gate from the inside, I was about descending the stairs on my way to the yard, when an explosion took place that lifted me off my feet, and deposited me, I cannot say how, in the doorway of the unoccupied soldiers' day-room.

Bewildered and shaken, I rushed down to the quadrangle, only to stand petrified at the sight of a huge gap in the barrack-wall; gate and all belonging to it were lying prone, blocks of masonry piled up in the breach.

I understood at once the meaning of that group we had fired on. My stupefaction vanished under the pressure of danger.

Shouting to the men in the upper room to descend, I led them to the breach. To hold that, if only against the first assault, was now our sole chance of prolonging the defense. Luckily, the debris of the wall and gates afforded a tenable shelter, and, contrary to my expectations, the enemy showed no intention to come on.

But a very short space of time elapsed before Carew reinforced me, and in five minutes the two field-pieces were in position to sweep the breach.

"If they come at us, P—, by to-morrow night it will be all over with us," said Carew, in a low whisper. "God help the poor women! But for them, we might make a dash for it while it is dark. Heed now what I say. I have told those civilian fellows to take all the women and the wounded to the A stable. We can hold out there as long as anywhere, and there is water in the pump. It will not catch fire readily, for it is all stone-built; and, moreover, from the harness-room we can throw a flaming fire upon any assault on the door. Should I fall, when you are driven from here, hold the stable. Do not forget to spike the guns, or the rebels will use them against you; luckily, they do not seem to have any of their own. Ah! by the Lord Harry, here they come!"

A thick "tote" or grove of trees adjoined the store-magazine in our front, and it was just possible to see what appeared a heavy column of infantry moving from its shelter.

Carew was no longer near me, so I stepped up to the men who were lining the ruins of the gate.

"Look out, my lads!"

I had uttered that much when a bright glare illumined, for one second, the whole scene of havoc. It was the flash of one of the field-pieces, and the screams from the debouching column told with what deadly effect the grapeshot had done its work.

On came the column, however, and again its formation was shaken by the shower of balls that hurtled through it from the second field-piece. Delivering a volley, a ball from which drove a chip of stone smartly enough to score my left cheek, the enemy broke in disorder, and fled to the shelter of the tote.

From the windows of the store-magazine facing us, the rebels now opened a musketry fire upon the breach, whereupon Carew speedily drove them out with round-shot, smashing in the brick walls in a way that promised speedily to demolish the whole structure.

The advantage rested with us that night, but it was the last we had to congratulate ourselves upon.

When daylight displayed our position clearly, it became impossible to serve the guns. The gunners became the mark for hundreds of bullets. Our handful of men kept diminishing as effectives, so, withdrawing by twos under the shelter of the uninjured portion of the barrack-wall, our garrison fell back, and concentrated in the stable.

Fourteen unwounded men and nine helpless women; stretched on the blood-stained litter of the artillery horses, dead, dying or disabled comrades—such was the condition inside our last refuge when Tuesday night closed upon us. I had escaped almost uninjured, but poor Carew lay with a shattered arm and a bullet through his lungs, the reddish froth upon his lips bubbling with each painful breath he drew.

Mr. Saul, the missionary, had ended his labor upon earth, and gone to that great mission-house not built with hands.

Big as he was, and nowise shy of displaying his proportions, the assessor was unscratched, and with indomitable pluck stuck to the flanking windows of the harness-room, with a whole armory of carbines conveniently ranged around him.

By tearing up the flagstones, we had obtained the materials to fortify the stable-door; but at best, all we could hope to achieve now was to hold out there until death by bullet or famine came to deliver us from the power of the incarnate fiends outside.

We understood better by that time what we had to expect if we fell alive into their hands. Their taunts and insults, the intentions they proclaimed, left us in no species of doubt; and the shuddering women whispered with blanched lips amongst themselves pitiable resolutions, the awful reality of which the expression of their eyes left no room to question.

Our ammunition had dwindled to a slender stock; thus we did not fire without urgent need, and this fact had emboldened our assailants to occupy not only the barrack buildings on the opposite side to ours, but also the open yard.

It was a miserably strange sight to see the familiar scarlet uniform clothing *foes*. The numbers of the various regiments were plainly visible on the caps of the Sepoys. The Forty-ninth Bengal Native Infantry predominated in number—the whole regiment appeared present, *minus* the white officers.

To their want of a recognized leader we, no doubt, owed our partial success in holding out so far as we had. Their assaults were delivered apparently under the influence of sudden impulses. They manifested that shrinking from exposure to danger always observable where masses are left without the direction of some master-spirit, whose example of fearlessness instills the daring without which a multitude is but an incohesive aggregation of units.

The want was to be supplied soon.

Perched on my dreary post, the oat-bin, from the top of which I could watch the scene outside, I sat that Tuesday night, chewing the cud of very bitter fancies, when a cold, cold hand touched mine.

"God bless me! you startled me, Miss W——n," said I, recognizing the pale features above the

dark drapery, in the moonlight, that entered by the shattered window.

"Pardon me, then," said she; "perhaps I disturbed you; but I have wished to speak to you all this day without finding the courage to do so."

"Speak, Miss W——n. I wish to God you were ten thousand miles away! Yet, believe me, the sound of your voice is pleasant to listen to. There, do not be vexed. . . ." I felt I was making a fool of myself, so I took her hand quietly, and continued: "I am listening, my dear friend."

"You do not think any deliverance will come for us, do you? Answer me bravely, my friend."

She laid the other little hand on mine that clasped one of hers.

Oh, it was hard to say it, but I could not deceive her!

"I can hope it, perhaps, Edith; but I do not think it likely."

Just for a moment she quivered, as it seemed to me, and then pressed closer to my side.

"If you had a sister, or some girl you loved more than a sister, in the peril we are in, would you suffer her to fall alive into the power of those—those—savage men?"

She clung to my arm, and looked up into my face, I felt her breath fluttering against my cheek.

Well, well! it was a strange epic in my life, that interview with the white-souled young girl, in the midst of corpses and wounds and horror.

Neither I nor she, I am sure, could say over again the words which, once spoken, gave me the right to clasp, and her the right to cling—we two—together.

"Then I am *yours* now," she said, her calm tone distinctly audible, "and I am so glad, dear—so glad; for when the *worst* comes, you will see that your affianced wife is free. It is only freedom, dear, that you will give me—deliverance from torture. . . . Hush, dear one, hush!" She clasped my hand, and pressed it, in her own, against her chest. "Here, in the jaws of death, you swear to me that while you live you will not see me fall alive into the power of the rebels."

The barrack-clock struck ten as I took the oath.

The morning task of removing the dead from amongst the wounded was heavier than it had been on Wednesday.

Carew's features were set, grim and stern, in death, the open eyes staring angrily, even when all anger was over. Four others of the wounded were *free*—it was Edith who described them so.

We had no sheets to cover our dead, so spread over them shrouds of horse-litter.

While the sun was yet unrisen, an unusual uproar in the barrack-yard drew my attention; and, on looking out, I discerned a group of mounted natives, one of whom was distinguished from the others by the elaborateness of his dress.

For a time a feeling of hope that the presence of a native of some importance might open an avenue of escape to us, grew up within me. The cheers of the mutineers, blending with shouts of execration against the Feringhees, speedily discouraged the hope. Tossing handfuls of dust in the air, our enemies invoked curses numerous as the atoms upon us and our race.

Soon I beheld taking place what I felt to be the dark preface to our fate—the defile into the quadrangle of a strong detachment from a fresh regiment, the Thirty-eighth Native Infantry, as I soon made it.

The men were evidently under the command of some one who understood the handling of foot-troops. Their belts and accoutrements were clean, and in front marched the pioneers, whose axes, I foresaw, would, before long, cleave down our door.

Why dilate too amply upon the ghastly details of a scene that no lapse of time allotted to man could ever soften down into a still memory?

A treacherous offer of protection deluded us into admitting the besiegers, who, too impatient for bloodshed and outrage to wait even our disarmament, began to enact before our eyes horrors too foul to chronicle.

With heart-rending shrieks some of the women fled to the harness-room, and as the infuriated Sepoys pressed after them, a common impulse appeared to urge the few of us remaining to oppose them.

"Let us die fighting like Englishmen, not as dogs," shouted the assessor, smashing a carbine-stock and a Sepoy's skull simultaneously.

Even in that moment of their triumph, seeing us at bay momentarily daunted, the savages; and in the brief interval of their recoil, I heard a low, quick, eager whisper:

"Now, my dear, dear love, while I kneel—here, in my heart!"

God of mercy! I pressed the muzzle of the revolver against her breast, and glanced down at the pale face, with its wide, beseeching eyes and

parted lips, through which the last breath seemed waiting the murderous movement of my finger to escape.

Then I drew away the weapon, and, frenzied with horror and passion, sent the bullet it contained through the head of a Sepoy; and, observing a degree of hesitation on the part of our assailants, I forced Edith back into the harness-room, clutched the assessor by his skirt, and drew him likewise within the door, which I forthwith shut and bolted.

It was but a poor barrier between us and death; but at such times one accepts a barrier without measuring its thickness.

We were five women and two men, and without, firing with purposeless malice, as it seemed, a multitude thirsting for our blood—hungry for our defilement.

Humbly Edith crept to my side.

"Ah, you have shrunk from doing it!" she said; "but you will be kinder now."

Crouching under a saddle-rack, Mrs. W—stared at her with a look of insanity in her gaze. The assessor leaned against the door with his great chest heaving, and a smutch of blood



ELSIE.—"LOOKING TOWARD THE HOUSE, I SAW ELSIE STANDING ON THE STEPS, WITH HER POOR BLIND EYES TURNED UPWARD, AS SHE WAS TRYING TO SEE THE BIRD WHOSE SONG SHE WAS LISTENING TO."
SEE PAGE 282.



THE SPECTER GUIDE.—“THE OUTSTRETCHED HAND BROKOWN ME ON, AND, WITH A STRANGE FATALITY, I CURSED MY RESTLESS HORSE AND SLOWLY FOLLOWED HIM.”—SEE PAGE 285.

across his face; drops of it kept dripping from his beard.

Strange to say, no effort was made to break into our retreat.

Outside the firing continued more or less sustainedly. Clasp my arm round Edith in silence, for I could find no words, I stood—as we all felt—waiting for death!

* * * * *

“Gracious God! what is that?” The words burst impetuously from the assessor. “Hark! there again—again! Surely that was an answering fire!”

We strained our hearing, for we could see little beyond the stable-front from the window of the harness-room; and faintly at first, but gaining in distinctness as the time passed, came the rolling sound of distant musketry.

The assessor’s big head quite filled up the small window-space, so I cautiously unbolted and opened the door. The spectacle the stable disclosed was sickeningly horrible, but it was with

the horror of death only; for the slayers were gone.

Standing at the door of the stable, on the flagstones, now scattered in disorder, I listened. It was easy to make out that the mutineers were firing heavily in the centre of the town, and less so in the vicinity of the store-magazines; but what meant those reverberations that seemed to come in the intervals, when the rebel fire languished?

All at once a well-sustained spattering broke out close at hand, and across the gap, existing where once solid wall had stood, I noticed the forms of Sepoys in evident retreat, flitting down the road to the town quite disorderly and evidently in haste.

“Hear that!” shouted the assessor, his big ugly face thrust as far through the little window as he could get it.

I did hear it, and I have heard it before and since, but never with such uncontrollable exultations. It was a hearty British “hurrah!” and

proceeded from a squadron of the Twelfth Lancers, dashing in pursuit of the rebels.

It is sixteen years since then; Edith and I have spent them together; but when the anniversary of the day just written of arrives, she and I have a way of calling it the beginning of a new year—a day to be greatly remembered, when we came out of the Jaws of Death.

Elsie.

"I wonder why Elsie does not come," I said, anxiously, getting up and going to the window, and looking down the road in the gathering twilight.

Elsie was my only sister—the only relative that I knew of in the whole world—and she was blind. We lived together, in a neat little home that father had left us, and we were contented and happy, as the world goes.

I should have been really happy, in the best sense of the word, if Elsie could have seen the world as I could. But the thought that it must for ever be hidden from her came to me so forcibly sometimes, when everything outdoors looked so beautiful and fair, that I could not help making myself miserable on her account.

Once, I remember, I was in the garden, tying up a rosebush that had blown down. The lilacs were in full blossom, and the roses were just coming out—great beautiful red-and-white things, sweet enough to make one almost faint, if you came close to them; and the sky was as clear as any pearl—just the color it was, I thought, of the harebells blowing in the deepest shadow of the corner of the garden, where they had grown ever since mother planted them there, when I was a wee bit of a thing; and the birds flew up in the beautiful sky, and sang, and all the world seemed at its best and brightest. I remember that I took it all in as I leaned over the gate and looked about me, and I felt what a beautiful thing it was to live and enjoy all these things.

Looking toward the house, I saw Elsie standing on the steps, with her poor blind eyes turned upward, as she was trying to see the bird whose song she was listening to.

All at once a sense of what her blindness must be to her came over me, and I pitied the dear child so that I just laid my head down on the gate, and sobbed like a great overgrown baby.

She heard me, and came groping her way down the path, and put her arms around my neck.

"Don't," she said, softly. "I know what you're crying for, Marcia. You're feeling bad because I'm blind. But I don't mind it so much, you see, and if I can get along without crying over it, you ought to. I can hear the birds and smell the flowers, and you tell me all about everything. I see it all through your eyes, and that's most as good as seeing with my own, you know. Don't cry, please;" and then she kissed me.

"Why don't she come?" I kept saying.

She had gone down the road, to make Aunt Susy Brown a visit. Aunt Susy, who was aunt to the whole neighborhood, and had a heart big enough to have taken the whole world in, lived not half a mile distant, and as it was smooth walking all the way from her house to ours, Elsie often went alone to visit her.

I got up, for, perhaps, the twentieth time, and went to the window. The dusk was gathering in the nooks and corners, and I could not see Aunt Susy's; but, coming down the road in her slow and careful way, I saw Elsie, and I gave a great sigh of relief.

I always felt worried and anxious when she was out of my sight.

As I stood there watching her, I saw a wagon coming swiftly down the road behind her, and, from the shouts and laughter of the two men in it, I judged they were intoxicated. They evidently did not see Elsie, for they made no effort to rein the horses aside.

I saw the poor girl run to and fro; as she heard the wagon close behind her, and strove to get out of the way; but the cries of the men, and the unseen danger which threatened her, confused her.

"Oh, my poor darling!" I cried, running down the path, intent on doing something to save her from the fate which threatened her, but what that something was to be I hadn't the remotest idea.

As I reached the gate, a tall form rushed by, but the man was too late to save her. I heard a cry that I knew was Elsie's, and just crouched down beside the gate, and covered my head with my apron.

"I was sure she was dead!"

"Pray, don't be needlessly frightened," said a kind and tender voice, and I looked up to see the man who had passed me coming through the gate with Elsie in his arms. "She has fainted," he added, "but I hardly think she is dangerously injured. I reached her just in time to save her from being run over by the wagon. If I had been an instant later, she must have been killed. If you will show me where to lay her down—"

I had him carry her into the little room, where she loved to stay most of her time, and he laid her down, as tenderly as a mother could, upon the little white bed. Poor darling! how pale she looked!

"Now, if you will get me some water and some bandages, we will examine her arm," he said, in his kind, grave way. "I am a physician. I have only been in the village a day or two. You can trust me, I think."

"Oh, yes!" I exclaimed. "I am sure I can trust you," for his ways, and his clear, noble face had won me at once. "I don't know how to thank you for your kindness;" and then I bustled away after water and linen, and got in such a flutter, that it took me twice as long to find what I was looking after as it would have done if nothing had happened.

When I got back with the article he required, Elsie had come out of her faint, and held out one hand to me. I dropped right down on my knees by the bed, and cried over her. I couldn't help it.

"Her left arm is broken," he said, gently. "Can you help me bandage it?"

I choked down my tears, and kissed Elsie, and got up, and helped him. I won't deny that it made me kind of faint to see the poor arm all bloody and bruised; but the thought how bravely Elsie was bearing all her pain made me strong, and I took hold and helped him the best way I could.

He was as gentle as any woman could have been, and talked to Elsie cheerily all the while, and I do believe that she forgot half her pain in listening to him.

It didn't take him long to get the arm bandaged. Then he sat down, and talked with Elsie in his kind and tender way, while I went out into the kitchen, and made a cup of tea for him. I had just picked a bowl of strawberries that afternoon, and I put on a dish of them, half smothered in thick cream, for him to eat with the nice bread I had baked that day.

I don't know why I did it, but I ran out into the garden, and broke off a great cluster of roses, and put them in one of mother's old-fashioned wine-glasses, and set it by his plate. Someway it seemed to me that I could express my thanks to him best in that way.

And when he came and sat down at the table,

and saw the beautiful roses I had put there, he looked up in a way that told me that he understood me. Before he began to eat, he bent his head for a moment in a reverential way, and I knew that he was thanking God for His many mercies. And as I sat there by Elsie, and held her hand, I thanked God that He had spared her to me. What if she had been killed? I wanted to scream right out at the bare thought!

"What a kind gentleman he seemed to be," Elsie said when he was gone. "There was something in his touch that quieted me. I hope he will come often."

And Doctor Vivian did come often. Every day for a month he called to see his patient, and Elsie learned to listen for his step.

"There! he is coming!" she would say when I could hear nothing. "He is coming, for I heard his step!"

And then her face would light up as a shadow landscape does when the sun comes out from behind a cloud, and when he came in, she would hold out her hand to meet his, and she would be gay as any bird.

I used to watch his face at such times. It would be as gentle as a mother's is when she sits by her baby's cradle, and his voice would sound low and grave and sweet as he talked with her.

"I don't think that it will be necessary for me to come any more professionally," he said one day. "Your arm is getting along nicely now, and, if nothing happens, will be as well and strong as ever in another month."

"But you will come in once in a while?" Elsie said, wistfully. "Just 'drop in' for a neighborly call, as other people do."

"Of course I shall do that," he said. "I have not formed many acquaintances in the neighborhood, and I enjoy coming here very much, therefore you may expect to see me often. Quite as often as you will care to see me, I presume."

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Elsie; and then she seemed to recollect herself suddenly, and was silent and shy after that.

Doctor Vivian came to see us often. Elsie used to sit beside the window in the old rocking-chair that had been mother's, and he used to sit near by, and talk or read to her, while I busied myself with the work.

Someway I got into the habit of asking him to take dinner with us on Sabbath, and every Sunday afternoon he spent with us. He would sit for an hour sometimes, and watch Elsie, and I knew by the grave look in his eyes that he was thinking intently on some subject that was close to his heart.

And one day I found out all about it. He came and sat down by me, and asked me to tell him about Elsie's blindness. And I began at the beginning, and told him everything.

"I have been thinking for a long time back that there was a possibility of her regaining her sight," he said, after a long silence. "There is not much to build a hope upon, and yet worse cases of blindness than hers seem to have been treated successfully. If I only dared try it!"

I caught at the hope, faint as it might be, as a drowning man catches at a straw. Ah! if Elsie could only see! I should be perfectly happy then. There would be no such thing in all the world as trouble.

We talked it over between us for some time before we ventured to say anything to Elsie about it. Then we decided that there would be no harm in making the trial, and possibly great things might result from it. Who knew? My heart grew jubilant one moment at the possibility of what might come to pass, and sank like lead the next with fear of failure.

At last we told Elsie what we had been talking about, and she consented to submit to the operation.

"You must not feel in any way confident of the success of the treatment," Doctor Vivian said. "There is, as I have stated, a *chance* of success, but there are many chances of failure against that one of success, and it would not do to build too great a hope upon it; should it fail, the disappointment would be so much the greater. Put it all in God's hands, and feel that He will order for the best."

"I do—I do!" Elsie cried. "I know that!"

Oh, those long, long weeks! I went about like one in a dream almost. All the time I was thinking about the end of our hopes, for I had mine centred on the result of the treatment Elsie was undergoing, and, I think, Doctor Vivian shared the same feeling. It seemed to me somehow as if that was all there was to live for; as if everything tended to that one object as the chief thing looked for and thought of.

Oh, if Elsie could only see again! I kept saying that over and over to myself, when I was alone, until it got to be a kind of refrain to everything I did.

Doctor Vivian came often, and always he cautioned Elsie to beware of putting too much confidence in the result of his treatment. I could see that he was extremely doubtful of success; but he always kept up the same cheerful manner, and I got along toward the last to thinking that he had more hope of Elsie than he had had before; and my heart went up like a feather, once in a while, but the thought of *what might be* was sure to bring it down again.

I was just as nervous and fidgety as I could be as the time drew near which was to decide the matter. I'd take up this and that, as I went round about my work, and then I'd forget what I was about, and fall to thinking, and at last I gave up trying to do anything except what I was obliged to do.

Dear, dear! I never shall forget that morning. I couldn't sleep a wink all night for thinking of the morrow, and when it came, I got up and dressed myself, and went out to milk Old Brindle, and be alone. And all the time I was milking, I kept saying, "Oh Lord! don't let the poor child be disappointed!" I suppose I'd no business to pray in that way, but I couldn't help it.

Elsie had got up when I got back to the house, and I could see that she was a good deal excited. I helped her put on a pretty white dress, and get her something to eat, but she couldn't taste a mouthful.

"Oh, Marcia!" she kept saying, "do you think I shall see?"

And all I could tell her was that I hoped so.

I busied myself with putting everything to rights, and watching for Doctor Vivian. I brought in late chrysanthemums, great white ones, like overgrown snowflakes, and yellow ones, and scarlet ones, and put them in the old white pitcher, and set them on the table, where Elsie would be sure to see them right away, if she saw at all. And I dusted the china shepherd on the mantel, and hung our one pretty picture where the sunshine would light it up best, and moved my plants over to the east window, where they would be sure to catch the light and show off to the greatest advantage. A great white calla was in blossom, and I set it between my rose-geranium and a monthly rose, because I knew she would notice how nicely the green and white and scarlet mixed together.

It was a beautiful day. The Indian Summer was with us, and the dear old mountains looked sleepy and far off in the purple haze that filled the air. I heard the quails piping down among the

stubble, and something in the sound made me want to get away by myself and cry, as I saw Doctor Vivian coming down the road.

I saw that he was excited and anxious as he came in, but when he spoke, his voice was low and calm and soft as ever.

He went and sat down by Elsie, and talked with her for some time. I did not hear a word he said, for my head was all in a whirl, and don't believe I half knew what I was about.

By-and-by he called me to him, and I knew the time had come.

"Oh, Marcia!" Elsie cried, in a fluttering voice, "I want you and Doctor Vivian to stand right before me, where I can see you first. I want to see your faces more than anything else in the world, you've been so good to me."

The tears kept dropping over my eyelids so that I was almost blind myself.

I went and stood by Doctor Vivian. My heart beat so hard that they could have heard it if they had listened.

"Be quiet now," he said, gently, as he began to remove the bandages from her eyes.

But though he appeared so calm, I knew that he was far from being so. I could tell that by his set lips and the look in his eyes.

Elsie tried to be calm, but as he came to the last bandage, she got so excited that she rose up, and stood there before us, eager, pale, and breathing hard and quick in her suspense and doubt.

Dear, dear! it seemed an age before the last bandage was off.

I looked at the mountains and at him, and then at Elsie, and thought I should have to sit down, I trembled so.

But at last the cloth dropped to the floor, and—"Now," he said, in a solemn, awed kind of way, "look at me, Elsie."

Oh, poor, blind darling! She opened her eyes, and turned her face toward us, full of wistful longing and hope, then put out her hands suddenly, as if struck with keenest pain, and cried, in a sharp kind of way:

"Oh, I cannot see you!" and sank down, still and white.

I staggered to the window, and remember reaching out my hands toward the mountains, as if they could help me in my sorrow.

"Elsie! my little darling!" I heard him cry, "I love you, and I want you for my own. Let me lead you henceforth, my poor, blind darling!"

When I looked around, she was laying on his breast, crying softly.

"Marcia!" she called, "come here! He loves me—he loves me! Oh, God is very good!"

And I went up to them and kissed them both, and gave them my blessing in a broken, tearful way, and then went out and left them alone.

The Pignon Nut—Fruit of the Prickly Coned Pine.

OCCASIONALLY, while walking down our different thoroughfares, and passing the many fancy fruit-stores of our city, a careful observer will meet with certain interesting small novelties, which, on account of being seldom brought to our markets, are comparatively little known to the general public. Such a one is represented in the accompanying engraving. It is a little buff-colored nut, called the "pignon," often also incorrectly spelled "pinyon."

This nut is the fruit of a species of pine-tree (*Pinus Sabiniana*)—the sabine, or great prickly coned pine. It is a native of Upper California, and its sweet, edible fruits are collected in immense quantities by the California and Oregon Indians, as an article of Winter food.

The nut is about an inch in length, and rather three-sided, although sometimes approaching the oval. Its shell is very hard and thick, and the extraction of the kernel would be a difficult task were it not that, as the shell seasons, it cracks down on one side sufficiently to allow the introduction of the blade of a penknife or nut-pick, which, with a very little pressure, causes the shell to fall into halves, disclosing the little oblong white kernel, enveloped in its thin film of gauzy brown.

These nuts are borne in the cone, which, as it ripens, cracks, and causes them to fall from their inclosures. At this time they are provided with stiff, "wings" (see engraving), which, however, they lose before being brought to our markets.

The number of nuts contained in one cone is often very large. The cone itself is of great size, often measuring a foot in length and over seven inches in diameter, and having as many as two hundred scales, each of which contains two seeds, thus bringing the number of nuts in one perfectly fertile cone up to four hundred. The yield from a single tree is often enormous, when we think that the tree frequently attains the height of one hundred and twenty feet, bearing thickly its clusters of from three to nine cones.

The largest trees of this species inhabit the aqueous vegetable deposits on the western flank of the Cordilleras, at a great elevation above the level of the sea.

There are other species of pine which also yield edible seeds, viz.: *Pinus Resa*, or the stone pine; *Pinus Guardiana*, or neoca pine, and the *Pinus Cembra*, or Siberian cedar.

A Battle among Hares.

FABLE-WRITERS, and all the world in general, including naturalists, treat the hare as a timid animal. But this is only relative. They will run from overpowering force, as nearly all creatures do; but they can and do make fight when occasion calls for it:



OUR AMERICAN FRUITS.—THE PIGNON NUT—FRUIT OF THE PRICKLY CONED PINE.

A countryman, who had caught a young hare, was furiously attacked by the mother, which struck so fiercely as to tear his hands rather severely.

It is, indeed, really a very pugnacious animal. In the Spring the males wage savage fights with each other for the possession of particular females. Such a contest is shown in our illustration, where one hare has evidently fallen, and two are still contending, while the innocent cause of the war is looking calmly on. All know its rapid movement, due to its long and powerful hind legs, and to its lean, wiry body, never incumbered with fat. But its cunning is equal to its speed, and it defeats pursuit as much by adroitness as by its fleetness of foot.

The Spectre Guide.

It was during the war of '66, between Austria and Prussia, that one pleasant night, previous to the grand battle of Sadowa, a party of brother-officers, of the former army were reclining upon the ground in front of their quarters, pleasantly

chatting; for, seldom is it that soldiers are visited with that terror of morbid natures, the "blues."

In the group there were half a dozen of us, attached to the staff of General Baron von H—, one of the noblest men in the Austrian service, and among the number were three Americans—one an intrepid soldier and gallant gentleman, who had served with great distinction in the Union army during the civil war at home, and whom I shall call Colonel Rudolph Godfrey, of New York; the other two Americans were a Texan and myself.

Between the Germans and their American allies there always existed a most friendly feeling, and many were the pleasant hours we whiled away together, when not retreating before the superior needle-gun of the hated Prussians.

Upon the evening in question, the conversation had turned upon ghosts, spectral visitations, and other unearthly subjects, when Colonel Godfrey in answer to our laughing at haunted houses, said, earnestly:

"Laugh away, comrades, but I assure you that once a spectre saved my life."

"How so, colonel?" "Tell us about the story,



A BATTLE AMONG HARES.

Rudolph," "Yes, Godfrey, the story," were the cries around the circle, and we settled ourselves to listen, for 'twas known that the colonel had led an eventful life, and his handsome, pale, sad face, with the earnest eyes and daring mouth, won the respect of all who knew him.

Puffing away at his fragrant cigar until he made the end bright with fire, he said, softly:

"To tell a story, 'tis not necessary to go back to one's boyhood, I suppose; and yet I will touch lightly upon it, to say I was born on my father's home on the Hudson River, and was one of twins, the other being my brother Henrique.

"We were the only children our parents had, and, as we grew in years, were most devoted to each other in everything.

"At twenty-one we parted for the first time, for Henrique married a Southern girl, and went South to become a planter, while I entered upon the management of my father's business, went to China for a number of years, and when I returned to New York was so busy I had no time to visit my brother, as he had often invited me to do, for the war broke out between the North and South.

"It was really a war between father and son, brother and brother, for Henrique became a Confederate officer, while I entered the service of the Union.

"It was a hard and cruel war, as my brother Americans here can testify; but of that I will not speak, but go on with my story.

"One night I went out with a small scouting party, and being misinformed as to the movements of the Confederates, I suddenly came upon a body of cavalry, far outnumbering my men, and having but one course to pursue, I commenced a retreat, fighting as we went.

"My men were superbly mounted, picked fellows, and well armed, which was not the case with the Confederates, and hence we had the advantage.

"It was a night like this, the moon shining brightly, and by its light I frequently saw the Confederate officer urging on his men, and was struck by his appearance, recklessness, and skill as a horseman; and often did I raise my revolver and endeavor to dismount him, but with no success, and in crossing a small ford, he charged into our very midst, and we were face to face. Our swords clashed together, when, by a skillful thrust, I ran him through the heart, and, falling from his saddle, we left him dead by the roadside.

"The Confederates followed us no further; but after proceeding about a mile, I found out, from a negro man whom we met, that we were on the wrong road, so I determined to rapidly retrace our way, recross the ford, and take the right-hand path down the stream.

"Coming in sight of the ford, we discovered the Confederates burying their leader. In silence we sat upon our horses, and, with real sympathy, watched the burial of the young officer beneath the shelter of an immense willow-tree, that grew upon the bank of the rivulet and overhung its waters.

"So interested were the Confederates in their sad work, that we made a dash, recrossed the ford, and got away ere they could follow us.

"A year afterward, desiring some information of the greatest importance, and which I did not care to intrust to another person, I determined to go myself. So, disguised as a planter, wearing a homespun suit over my uniform, I boldly entered the Confederate lines, and, intensely interested in my undertaking, ventured considerable—so much so, in fact, that, after I had discovered the desired information, I was, by a strange circumstance, detected, and escaped from the camps by mounting my horse, and flying for my life, with a whole regiment of cavalry at my heels. My horse was a

superior one, and I distanced my pursuers, to become lost in a dense forest, and one which I knew my enemies were well acquainted with.

"What to do was a conundrum to me, and one which I could not solve, for, though I might remain hidden during the approaching night, yet I knew that the entire lines of the Confederates would be warned, and, ignorant of which way to go, I would certainly be captured, and suffer the fate of the spy—*death*.

"Night came on, and with it a full moon, and, in a strange quandary, I stood leaning against the side of my noble horse, and bewailing my rashness in entering the enemy's lines, when my animal started violently.

"In an instant I was in my saddle, and, looking ahead of me, saw a sight that froze my blood with horror, terror; for, but twenty feet from me, standing directly in the pathway, and where the bright moonlight fell full upon him, was none other than the form of the brave young Confederate officer I had killed at the ford a year before.

"Though but a shadowy outline, I saw the same manly figure, the full beard and pale face, and indistinctly recognized the gray uniform, the breast stained with blood.

"The outstretched hand beckoned me on, and, with a strange fatality, I curbed my restless horse and slowly followed through the dense forest, over hills, across meadows, on, on, on, only twenty paces behind my spectre guide, until suddenly it disappeared beneath the dark shadows of a large tree.

"Memory came to me then, and I saw that I was under the very tree where the young officer had been buried.

"I looked around me, and recognized the little stream, the distant range of hills, and the road leading directly to my own lines, but yet nowhere was my spectre guide visible; as strangely as he had come before me, so had he disappeared, and I was alone with the dead; for, just at the feet of my horse was the lowly mound, and at its head a white board.

"Dismounting, I glanced at the lettering on the white headboard, and read:

"MAJOR HENRIQUE GODFREY,
Killed Sept. 28th, '64."

"Gentlemen, my brother lay in that grave, and I had placed him there.

"Oh, the agony of that discovery! Can I ever forget the two hours I knelt there? Never!

"At length I arose, and, mounting my horse, rode forward into my own lines, for, from that spot I knew the road well.

"Say what you please, but since the war I have discovered that my brother Henrique was killed that night at the ford, and buried beneath that willow-tree.

"It was his spirit that guided me to safety, and saved my life."

Arising slowly, after he had ceased speaking, Colonel Rudolph Godfrey bade us good-night, and retired to his quarters, leaving us strongly impressed with his remarkable story of the Spectre Guide.

The Strange Passenger.

EARLY in May, 1776, the brig Palmetto, Captain Graves, sailed from Georgetown, South Carolina, with provisions and ammunition for the garrison on Sullivan's Island, which was under the command of Colonel Moultrie.

As both the squadron of General Clinton and Sir Peter Parker were, at this period, off Cape

Fear River, the undertaking was perilous, and required nice seamanship to avoid a capture.

Just before the brig sailed, a sober, steady-looking young man, wearing buckskin breeches and a snuff-colored coat, had solicited and been granted a passage in the *Palmetto*.

The stranger, apparently occupied with his own thoughts, seemed to pay little attention to the manoeuvres of the sailors.

Watching him, abstractedly walking the quarter-deck, his stern, sober face bent downward, his eyes seldom lifted, the crew would shrug their shoulders, declaring their belief that he was a "Jonah," and, therefore, that no good luck would come from having him aboard.

The captain's pretty wife, Mary, who accompanied her husband, remarked that the passenger looked like a Scottish clergyman, and advised her husband to see that the men did not utter any expletives to shock the ears of the divine.

The captain, however, shook his head. His mate had whispered his suspicions that the stranger was a *British spy*.

The report was rapidly circulated throughout the brig. The crew murmured, and Mrs. Graves said that she could not sleep another night if the man were permitted to remain aboard.

Nevertheless she opposed a plan to set him adrift in mid-ocean. She was a kind-hearted little woman, and begged her husband to wait till they sighted land ere sending him off.

The captain, to get round the enemy's fleet, had run far to the east. Then he tacked, heading for Charleston Harbor, thirty miles distant.

He had not headed thus an hour, when a heavy gale pounced upon the little brig, driving her toward Cape Fear River, the rendezvous of the British fleet.

"Land ho!" screamed the lookout.

Sure enough, there were the rocks, frowning like black ramparts, to the north of the river; and there, further south, were a number of thin columns—the masts of the enemy's fleet!

The crew came bundling aft.

"Away with him! He's a Jonah and a British spy!" they cried, addressing the captain, and pointing to the passenger, who, with a small spy-glass, taken from his pocket, was surveying the vessels of the foe—"we will set him adrift!"

"Wait a moment," said the passenger, "and I will talk to you."

He spoke in the most unconcerned manner possible, and again leveled his glass toward the fleet. After the survey, he replaced the instrument in the snuff-colored coat; then facing the frowning array of seamen, he said, in a quiet, steady way:

"I have concluded not to leave the vessel—at present!"

"We will see about that!" cried the captain, fiercely. "Down with that skiff, and throw him into it!"

The skiff alluded to was an old, half-condemned boat, amidships.

The men were about laying hands on the man to throw him in, when the voice of the lookout was heard:

"Sail ho!—right astern!"

All looked in this direction, and there, sure enough, was a British sloop-of-war, suddenly bursting from the rack and fog which, for some time, had rested in this quarter.

Bang!

A ten-pound shot, whizzing across the brig, showed that the Englishman guessed her character.

Up went the saucy American flag at her mizzen, flashing defiance.

If the wind held on as it was, he hoped also to run past the whole British squadron, not a vessel of which could put out after him in such a gale.

All hands, now watching the sloop, forgot their passenger. Her wrecked foretopmast impeded her considerably, so that the *Palmetto* slowly gained.

The sloop kept on firing shot after shot, which, however, owing to the violence of the wind, had not yet done damage.

Suddenly there was a continuous sound like rolling thunder. With shivering canvas, the brig fell off a point, owing to a change in the wind, which now drove her straight toward the British fleet!

The Englishman astern redoubled her firing, as the captain trimmed his shaking canvas.

Bang! whizz-z-z! crack!

Away, crashing by the board, went the little brig's foretopgallantmast.

Puffs of smoke from the fleet, now not two miles distant—a succession of heavy reports—and there was a continuous humming all round the brig. She was between a cross-fire of iron hail—the sloop banging away at her from one side, and the fleet from the other.

Meanwhile the former vessel now gained on her; for, with the loss of her topgallantmast the little vessel's headway was much deadened.

The captain saw no way of escape from his enemies except by running the vessel upon one of a couple of huge rocky elevations ahead, and condemning all hands to a watery grave. The rocks alluded to had a passage between; a passage which, from its narrowness, was deemed impracticable even for small schooners. To venture into the jaws of these rocks the skipper was sure would be to seal his destruction.

The firing was now become terrific. Some of the shot plowed its way through the brig's hull, tearing up her planking, and shattering her bulwarks.

"We must surrender!" cried Graves, disconsolately, advancing to haul down the American flag.

There was a rushing, swooping sound like the bounding of a panther through the air.

It was the stranger passenger, whose eagle eyes now blazed into the captain's, as he sprung before him, his voice rattling like a thunderbolt through the brig.

"Awaat there, you lubber! By the eternal God, it shall waver for ever!"

His voice inspired the men like an electric shock. His confident air seemed to put life into every vein. The captain, overawed, drew back—the flag still floated!

The stranger snatched the trumpet from the skipper's hand. His orders showed the skillful seaman at once.

"A pull on the weather brace! Port helm—there—steady—steady!"

The men obeyed. Some power not their own seemed to urge them on. Wild enthusiasm inspired them; their cheers split the gale.

On boomed the brig, the white water bubbling over her lee rail, and the stranger's lithe form bending far over the white water.

"You will have us ashore!" cried Captain Graves. "Hard-a-starboard there at the wheel!"

"Hard-a-port!" thundered the stranger, in a voice so loud and sudden that it nearly lifted from his feet the helmsman, who obeyed the last without hardly knowing it.

"Up and meet her! Steady!" came the lion voice again.

The helmsman trembled. On each side of the brig, her yardarms nearly touching them, were masses of rugged rock.

The brig yawed—the steersman faltered—with bursting bolts the craft rolled far over like a log. Another moment would have sealed her doom.

But the stranger's iron voice clung through the man's brain—the iron hand of the stranger

assisted him, and, in another minute, the brig had safely passed through the passage, and was rapidly distancing her enemies, booming along for Charleston Harbor.

"You have saved my vessel! For God's sake, who are you?" exclaimed Captain Graves, as the stranger now watched the baffled sloop-of-war, which, unable to weather the rock, had been obliged to head for port.

The passenger, without answering, sprang into the skiff alongside.

"Hold!" cried Graves. "I am sorry I ordered you from my craft! Remain!"

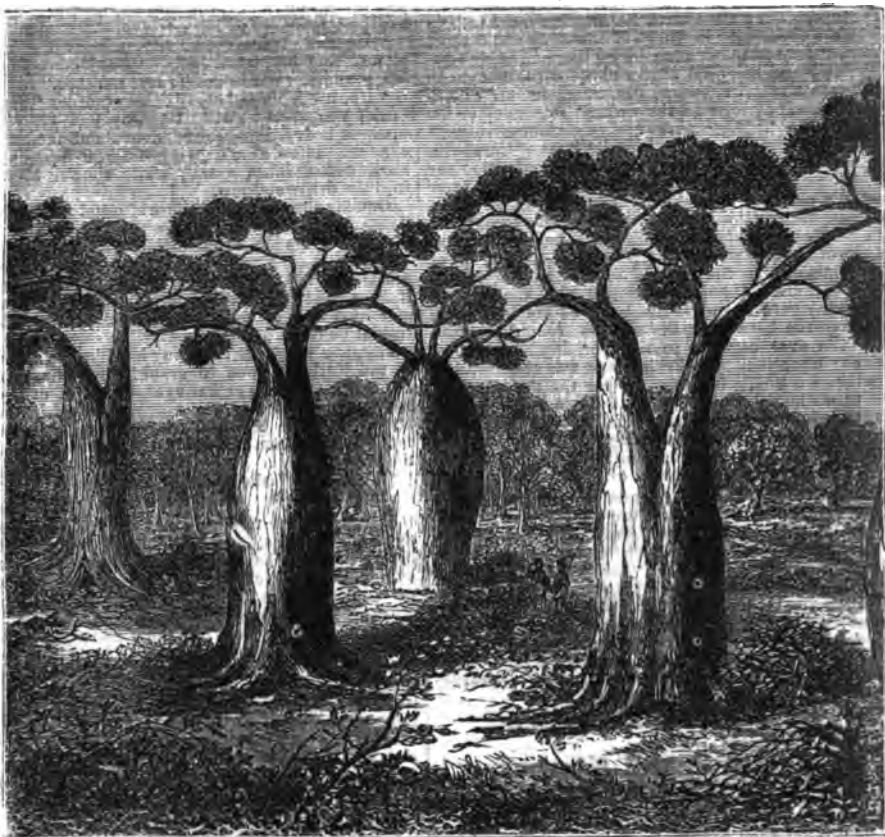
"Avast there! Captain Paul Jones will never remain aboard a vessel whose master mistook him for an enemy to America!" cried the passenger, his eyes flashing hatred, as he emphasized the last word.

So saying, he severed the boat-warp, and was soon lost to the view of the astounded spectators in the beach rack and sea mist.

Several years after, Captain Graves saw, in France, the noble commander who had saved his brig. He no longer wore the sun-colored coat, but was in full uniform, decorated with the cross of the order of military merit.



THE STRANGE PASSENGER.—"‘AVAST THERE! CAPTAIN PAUL JONES WILL NEVER REMAIN ABOARD A VESSEL WHOSE MASTER MISTOOK HIM FOR AN ENEMY OF AMERICA!’ CRIED THE PASSENGER, HIS EYES FLASHING HATRED AS HE EMPHASIZED THE LAST WORD.”—SEE PAGE 286.



THE "BOTTLE TREES" OF NORTH AUSTRALIA.

The "Bottle Trees" of North Australia.

DOCTOR GEORGE BARNETT, of Sydney, New South Wales, gives an account of that curious tree, the "bottle-tree" of Queensland, Northern Australia, accompanied by the drawings we here engrave. "On November 10th, 1871, when on a visit at Jimbour Station, Darling Downs, the property of the Hon. Joshua P. Bell, Colonial Treasurer, I was invited," he says, "to visit a part of the run a few miles distant, where some very fine specimens of 'bottle-tree' were growing. On the following morning I set out with Mr. Bell and Mr. E. A. Guden to examine these trees. After passing over some of the fine sheep pastures on the station, we came upon a sandy soil, in which eucalypti and other gigantic myrtles flourished, as well as various kinds of acacias—the Brigelow, wattle, and bastard Myall—here accompanied by a character of Australian vegetation indicating a poor soil. It was among these that we observed the peculiar trees termed, from the singularity of their form, 'bottle-trees,' growing at various short distances one from the other. To approach each separately, we had to pass through a scrub or thorny brake. On coming within sight of them, their remarkable formation and variety of growth, with their great elevation and bulk, excited our admiration, and amply repaid us for our trouble. These trees are of the order *Sterculiaceæ*; they are termed *Delabechia Rupestris* by the botanist, and

'bottle-tree' by the colonists. The interior structure of the tree abounds in a mucilage resembling gum tragacanth. The trees we had an opportunity of observing were nine, varying in size from thirty-five feet to sixty-five feet in height, with huge branches at the summit. The foliage is composed of narrow, stalked, entire, and lanceolate leaves, four to seven inches in length. Others on the same tree and stem are digitated, the digitations varying from five to seven sessile leaflets, of a form similar to the simple leaves. The flowers are in panicles, and insignificant in appearance; the bark is rugged, and there is no distinction of foliage to be observed either in young or old trees. The circumference of one of the trees, measured seven feet from the base, was from twelve feet to thirty-five feet. Their peculiar shape, and the fantastic style of their growth, are well shown in the drawing (from my own sketches from nature), by Mr. W. C. Bennett, of the Survey Department of New South Wales.

Superstition in the Olden Time.

A WRITER on reminiscences of old Boston, in the *Commercial Bulletin* of that city, speaks as follows of the superstitions, signs, omens and portents:

"Scarce had I reached the corner of the street, some short ten paces, when I met a third, who squinted, and a fourth, and he squinted more

violently than the other three—such portents met the eye when Caesar fell." Our great-grandfathers were constantly looking out for signs and omens, and were as much affected by them in their temporal and spiritual affairs as were the people in more ancient times, as illustrated in our quotation. They foretold the weather, for a day or for a season, by the "sparks upon the chimney-back," or by the appearance of the backbone of the goose, which was always carefully saved and dried for the purpose. The approach of Spring or Winter was heralded by the early or late flight of geese. The high or low flight of swallows was thought to be ominous of many things. Rheumatism and gout were kept at a distance by wearing a bit of brimstone in the pocket, or a couple of horse-chestnuts. A horseshoe nailed over the kitchen door would keep the devil out of the house, or, over the barn-door, the witches from the cattle. Who ever began a journey, or any business, or any undertaking on Friday, and was successful in it? No one. We all recollect the poor, foolish man who determined to fly in the face and eyes of fate, by laying the keel of a ship on Friday, calling her Friday, and sending her to sea on that day. We need not mention the result. Of course she was never again heard of.

To see the first of the new moon over the left shoulder was considered the worst possible luck which could befall a man "that month." A particular bone of the sheep was carried in the pocket, and called the "lucky-bone." If the family pig were uneasy in his sty, and particularly if he scratched himself much against it, it was a certain sign of a thaw. If cobwebs were upon the grass in the morning, the day was certain to be fine. "A green Christmas makes a fat churchyard," and numberless other similar proverbs, were faithfully believed in.

Little Joyful Sternes.

"GRANNIE," said Joy Sternes, putting her brown hand up appealingly, "listen to that!"

"What good will my hearkening do?" said the old woman, stopping her birchen wheel, however, at the other's gesture, "and your father away inland to the town; not but what my old heart aches for 'em sore, the poor critters! There's the gun again!"

Joy threw her checked apron over her head, and cowered down in a heap of bronze nets, which, by the ruddy firelight, her nimble fingers had been mending for the morrow's fishing.

"Dear, dear!" ejaculated the old dame. "To think of Josh bein' away this of all nights! an' his mates, too! Why, there ain't hardly a man left in the place!"

"Yes, there is," cried Joy, springing to her feet, her great eyes on fire with energy, her slender form absolutely thrilling with the spirit animating it—"there is! There's witless Tommy, a great, strong man; and, oh! grannie, there's me!"

"I guess there is," said grannie, grimly; "and though you're as nigh bein' a boy as you can be, you just sit still, and, if you've a mind, say a prayer for 'em, for out of this house you don't stir this night, Joyful Sternes."

Joyful shook back a mane of coal-black hair, half curled, half in dank masses, hiding the slim, seventeen-year-old figure, as a lion shakes its mane, and stamped a slim, bronze foot, bare and shapely as a Naiad's, on the golden-sanded floor.

"I am goin' right out to look for Tommy," she said, and grannie succumbed, with a little wailing protest.

"You ondutiful child! Well, promise, honey,

you'll keep on land. Oh, my, oh, my! hear them breakers roar!"

"Me and Tommy couldn't manage the boat alone," said Joy, reflectively; "but I'll not promise, grannie. We've got to try, perhaps."

"Oh, if Josh was here!" cried grannie. "Come back! you shan't go!" But Joy had the door open—a heavy, low-browed door—and the hurricane was in on her, swaying the slim form like a reed, and dashing a salt, white shower hissing into the driftwood fire.

Outside there was a glimpse of cruel moonlight, dazzling on jagged crags; a furious sea driving on the crags in equal heights of thunderous breakers, and a majestic ship tossing on their crests, her tall, black spars thrusting their ebony lines against the mournful, freezing, brilliant, amethyst sky, so sadly serene above the fearful tumult below.

Joy, her black hair lashing her like the snakes of the Furies, turned to grannie, the crimson of her cheeks, the fire of her eyes, beautiful exceedingly, where all else was unformed, and in that state where the beauty of the child is gone, and that of the woman not yet burst in splendor from the clouds.

"I must go!" she said, and was gone.

The ship went to pieces, not on the inner battlements of crags, behind which nestled the little brown fishing hamlet, but on the treacherous sunken reefs which barred the less frantic rages of the ocean from the little bay within.

To-night the bay was alive with bellowing breakers, and white with their ghostly mazes, and—as Joy was forced to own to herself, as she stood clinging to a sharp spar midway up the jagged cliffs, where there seemed hardly foothold for a soney—even had "father" and his mates been there, with their iron arms and mighty hearts, the ship must have broken up, the wild shrieks of the dying have "shivered to the stars," the great masts have toppled down, and the hungry maws of ocean and reef have claimed their prey.

Joy's soul was hungry for such wild delight as these frantic tempests gave her to the full. She trembled and quivered like a war-horse at the blast of the trumpet, and there were moments when it seemed as if her soul parted from her body, and whirled out on the wings of the tempest, a part and portion of it.

To-night her joy was clouded, and her pale, brown little face hung from the cliff over the sea, full of pity and anguish, intent upon the luckless vessel. At her feet, on a lower ledge, clinging likewise to the rock, towered a gigantic figure—a man, tall as a son of Anak, with red masses of hair and beard torn by the wind, and his bare temples bound by a fluttering rag of some gay color. His eyes wild yet dull, and the pitiable, vacant smile of a "witless"—as Joy's simple folk called those afflicted so by God—for ever carved on his bronzed, rugged face. He, too, watched the vessel, and as the sea roared its triumph over it, shrill, sudden bursts of weird laughter were hurried out by the riotous wind, to be torn to waifs and fragments of goblin sound before they reached a hundred yards away.

"She's gone, Tommy!" cried out Joy, leaning down to him, as the last spar fell crashing into the shroud of foam tossing above the reef.

"She's gone! she's gone!" shouted Tommy. "Come, my bird, there'll be drift in plenty on the beach, and we'll make a fire, and climb up on the red flames to the pretty stars, where I see your eyes, my birdie!"

He held up his great arms to her, and she sprang fearlessly down to him.

The wind shouted after them, as he sprang down

the slender footholds of the rock, half guiding, half carrying Joy's form, buoyant and airy as thisledown. In a minute they were on the beach below, struggling with the inward rush of the sea, drenched and blinded by the torn volumes of surf flying over them.

Joy almost forgot the miserable ship in the wild exultation that poured along her veins. She clapped her brown hands, and tossed them aloft, and laughed as the surf and the wind lashed and drove her hither and thither. She braced herself against the foot of the crag, and stood like a little kelpie shrouded in her dripping hair, her great black eyes large and luminous as stars.

Tommy crouched absolutely in the tumbling line of ghostly surf, his wild eyes searching for the drift the wreck would surely send him.

Joy watched the surf, too, with big eyes. It often brought other things besides huge, battered timbers in its cruel embrace, placid things with white faces ground and bruised against the deadly rocks, and in the shingly burial-place, a little way off, there stood a solemn row of nameless graves, which the rude fisher people tended as those of their own kin, planting hardy little flowers on them, and garuishing the feet of the rude crosses of driftwood with shells from the seashore.

Joy looked out breathlessly to the sea. In that mass of roaring, flying water, dashed with lances of ghostly silver from the high-riding moon, she could see something—the first fruits of the wreck—tumbling in the trough of the sea, a great, black object like a spar, now tossed erect in the whirlpool of two huge waves, now shot landward from crest to crest, now torn backward for a second, but steadily, steadily impelled to the strip of beach where Joy stood waiting, and Tommy crouched in the surf, a short iron bar, hooked at one end, grasped in his hairy hand, ready to harpoon such waifs and strays as the churning surf would bring in.

"I see it, birdie!" he cried out, presently, rising amid the foam, a gaunt giant in the white turmoil of the night; "big drift for Tommy's fire! Hurroo! hurroo!"

His wild, exultant shout pealed from the rocks behind, and Joy strained her eyes out across the water. What was that, dashed about with the incoming spar, that was whiter than the foam, and sent out long streamers of glittering yellow, torn by the mad wind and whirling water? Joy's heart began to beat like an alarm-bell, her sallow face flushed to its lovely rose, her nostrils dilated and quivered. Her heroic instincts were all aroused.

"Tommy!" she shrieked, out-shrilling the wind, "it's a spar with a—yes! a woman lashed to it! and, I think, a man, too!"

"We'll put 'em in the churchyard, birdie!" said Tommy—a hoarse voice from the blinding curtain of spray.

Joy shivered. Yes, that was the inevitable end to such episodes. After the sea had torn them, and the rock bruised them, they were done with life, which had gone its way like a vapor. The fact that it had ever been in her brief experience the inevitable end, never daunted Joy's hopes for a moment. She always hoped against hope, until the stiffened bodies lay—dumbly eloquent—at her feet.

"We must save them, Tommy!" she cried out, struggling from the rock, and blindly fighting her way to his side. She had to clutch his great arm to avoid being swept, blinded and breathless, out to sea.

"Hurroo!" yelled Tommy; "here it comes!" Yes, on the crest of a huge wave that burst and broke upon them roaring, and lashing them like a wild beast. How it happened Joy never knew. She remembered seeing Tommy, forgetful

of his precious drift, leap and yell with joy as the wave burst upon them; she remembered that the spar, a moment before at her feet, began to roll back; she remembered a spectral flash of two white faces against the black beam; she remembered clutching wildly at the yellow hair of the woman as it drifted from her, and—remembered no more until she found herself driven up against the cliff, bruised, stunned, but holding the yellow hair in a clutch like death, while Tommy, laughing his wild, piteous laugh, held her with one iron arm, the other grasping the hook he had driven into the beam, as he saw his coveted drift reeling back from him out to the hungry sea.

Joy slipped, in her moment of awakening, to the ground on her knees beside the black spar, and laid her hand first on one cold face, and then on the other.

The girl's—a slim young creature, perhaps about her own years—was, fixed and smiling, the large violet eyes gazing blankly up to the sky, the little dainty hands stiffened already, the jewels on them scintillating mockingly in the cold moonlight.

Joy laid her hand on the other face, looking with a vague wonder at its beauty, and a great sorrow as she felt that where one had died the other surely would not be saved alive.

The imperial head, the fine Grecian features, the sunny curls matching those of the dead girl, the long, fine, womanish hands, were all a new type to the little fisher-girl, whose people were, one and all, a swarthy, deep-chested, rugged race. She looked at him with the innocent admiration of a child, and put her little pitying hand on that which lay across his chest, white as ivory in the moonlight, daintily ringed—a white hand that had never known the hand-to-hand conflict with the world for bread.

As she stooped above him something fell upon the hand she touched—a large, lurid drop of blood. She felt it trickling down her cheek, and for the first time knew that her temple was plowed up by a long wound, got in her struggle with the sea for this spar with its burden of the dead.

As it fell, warm and bright, on the cold flesh, suddenly, as though stirred by an electric current, the hand moved, the great soft violet eyes lifted their golden fringes, and opened straight into hers—brown, luminous as stars—rested for a second on the little dark face, the drifting cloud of raven hair, the crimson stream flowing down the slender neck and soft cheek, and then closed again, leaving the white lace to its perfect repose.

"Shut up your eyes!" shouted the poor "witless." "Tommy wants his drift! Tommy'll take you to the churchyard, he will!"

Had Joy not been there, it would have fared badly with the half-drowned man. He opened his eyes again, and saw a picture that went with him by day and by night while life and memory lasted.

The little brown creature standing at bay above him, with outstretched arms of passionate command, eyes and cheeks that burned and blazed, the cold spray bursting and breaking upon her, while from its weird mist loomed the gigantic form of Tommy brandishing the iron hook, and hallooing and laughing in hoarse shouts of vacant mirth, as he strove to bring its full weight down on the white face in one of his rare but ungovernable freak of unmeaning mischief.

The awful terror that burst upon him arrested the fluttering pulses of his life as perhaps nothing else would have done.

"If you dare!" shrieked Joy, in her crystalline, childish voice, beating him off with the slender arms, that, even in his rage, Tommy would not strike at. "Oh, father! father! father!" in her terror, largely mixed with rage, she sent out

this piteous appeal; and, strangely enough, it met its answer.

A powerful halloo rang down to her from the rocks above.

"Here, here!" she shrieked in ecstasy.

Tommy let his hook drop, listened for a second, and then, with the speed of a deer, leaped up the rocks, and disappeared.

Josh Sternes had returned earlier than was expected, and had set out to look for his girl.

When he found her she was lying beside the spar, her little arm flung across it protectingly, her small face hidden in the long masses of the dead girl's radiant hair, her childish strength gone, and in a dead swoon.

Josh and his mates, partners in the little fishing-smack *Clever Bess*, loosened the dead and dying from the spar, and Joyful, herself once more, ran before them, while, with bared heads, they carried first the man who might cheat Death yet, and then the little maiden who was all his own, up the grim rocks and down again behind their shelter, into the little brown hamlet, where the ruddy wives mended the bronze nets, and the children slept in safety, while outside the sea wailed, and the good ships went down into the depths.

As they wound their way along the crags, battling against the wind, a wild "halloo" burst above their heads, and there, on a jutting peak, stood Tommy—a weird form in a full flood of silver light.

Joyful shook her hand up at him in anger, and, with a burst of wild laughter, he shrieked:

"Tommy'll put him in the churchyard to-night, to-morrow, in a year and a day, so he will!"

And so Lionel Darell was carried across the crags to the home of Joyful Sternes.

* * * * *

It was June. Summer had crowned herself with roses in the gardens and wildwoods. She danced over the quiet sea, her footprints dimpling its blue with gold. She flung impalpable garments of gold and rose over the hoary rocks, she sang in the fairy murmur of the tide, she made a line of pearl over the sunken reefs out in the bay, she lit the beach into a wide-stretching ring of glitter, she breathed a Persian sweetness from distant flowers into the briny, bracing seaside air, she dimpled and laughed on the old ocean, binding it in her smiles like a lovely coquette trying her skill on some old warrior.

Down on the beach, where the crags shut it out from the hamlet, sat Joy, the wash of the sea running over her bare feet, her cheeks glowing, not like roses, but like very fire, subtle and vivid as a flame beneath the brown clear skin, her eyes looking up to the white gulls wheeling round the hoary cliffs, her voice, shrill and clear as a bugle, piercing the sky as she sang some wild sea-song with a burden of "Heave, oh, my lads, heave, oh!" in it, and her little deft hands flying over the nets of the *Clever Bess*, a dingy, bronze mass of cords flashing back a silver spangle here and there where the sunlight caught a glittering scale.

Her ragged frock was wet with the sea-water, the purple masses of heavy hair tossed into wild curls, shaggy and unkempt, and hiding, as they fell on neck and bosom, the red, angry thread of a scar marking the rounded temple. Beside her crouched Tommy, his chin resting on his knees, basking in the hot sun, and murmuring to himself hoarsely odd words and lines of seafaring songs, fluttering fragments caught, as it were, on the brambles of the waste places of his memory.

Two men leisurely strolling down the cliff behind toward the little group, talking with clouded brows and angry eyes.

"So," said the elder of the two, an erect, broad-browed man with crisp silver hair, and eyes

dauntless and clear as an eagle's, "you, my son, Lionel Darell, are fully determined on this cold-blooded piece of villainy. Honestly, Lionel, far rather would I that it were you instead of your little sister that the old churchyard yonder claimed from the sea."

"Thanks," said Lionel, adding, with a touch of feeling that did wonders for his handsome face, "I dare say it would, indeed, have been better; but, you know, 'those whom the gods love, die young.'" Then, with a fitting sneer, he looked at his father. "Wonders will never cease! The proudest man in America urging the sole representative of his race to emulate King Cophetua and his beggar maid. Father, when I marry—But the idea is too preposterous!"

"You forget yourself, sir!" said Mr. Darell, haughtily.

Lionel bowed, and was silent, and his father continued:

"You accuse me of pride. God forgive me! I have been proud, not of wealth, of race, or intellect, but that dishonor or meanness never touched me or mine—a boast I can no longer take to myself. You promised to make that child yonder your wife. Heaven alone knows what dreams of your advancement I sacrifice when I lay my solemn command on you to keep that promise, or incur my serious displeasure."

"For which I am sincerely sorry," returned the other, "and I will own to you that I sincerely regret, in a flush of gratitude and evanescent admiration, having been so foolish—unprincipled, if you will. But I am going to her at this instant, to bid her an eternal farewell. The poor little child! Honestly, I can hardly say which of us would be the most miserable were I to keep my rash promise."

"Go by yourself, then!" said Mr. Darell, sternly, and pausing. "I will wait here for you. I have strangely misjudged that child's power of feeling, or, I tell you plainly, you will have her life to answer for."

He seated himself on a ledge of the cliff, and, folding his arms, watched Lionel, as, to do him justice, he walked slowly away, with a shade of care on his bright face.

"It might have been worse," thought Mr. Darell, with a heavy sigh.

He watched the slight, erect figure winding down the cliff, the sunlight quivering brightly through the golden hair, the elastic tread echoing back from the rocks with a strange mingling of pride and abasement.

There was no denying that, as he had said, "it might even have been worse."

He watched Lionel go along the sand toward Joy, and heard her wild, clear voice suddenly flutter into silence as she saw him coming. He felt for the child so keenly that her face was vividly before him, in all its piteous bewilderment, as he gazed at the little group below him on the glittering sands. He saw but he could not hear the dialogue. He traced it out by Lionel's gestures and the startled turn of Joy's little head, and then there was a pause.

Then little Joy stood up, Tommy still crouching at her feet, and put out her hands toward Lionel, dumbly, blindly, in childish entreaty, and Lionel took them, pressed them, and dashed away across the sands, as a man flies from the scene of a murder or a theft.

Joy stood for a moment, her hands still stretched out after him, then she slipped, a quiet little heap, on the mass of bronze net.

Tommy sprang to his feet. Mr. Darell saw him look after Lionel's form, lessening along the sands, and then lift Joy in his vast arms, and speed with her toward the spot where he sat.

He passed him, running swiftly, the child's

brown face—the roses gone, the eyes closed—lying against his shoulder. As he ran, he stroked it tenderly, and murmured:

"Tommy'll put him in the churchyard—he will, birdie! Tommy wants his drift—he does! Hurroo!"

"Poor Vandeleur's daughter!" said Lionel Darell, in astonishment. "I did not know the colonel had left one."

"Did you not?" said his father, smiling. "Five years make many changes. She is the light of my solitary house."

The old gentleman, as stately and eagle-eyed as ever, held her hand—a slim white one, with a girl's simple ring of pearls on the engagement-finger—in his, while she blushed and smiled shyly at his words and looks of tenderness, and Lionel's glance of pleasure and admiration.

Lionel had burst in on them in the sunny drawing-room, from five years' wanderings in Spain and Algeria, to find this slim, dark-eyed young beauty, Junia Vandeleur, established a daughter of the house.

"You never told me of this," he said, reproachfully, to his father, as Junia slipped away, and left the two men together.

"Didn't I?" said Mr. Darell. "Well, make the most of her while she is with us. She is engaged to be married, and I imagine I shall lose her soon. How changed you are, Lionel, in these years!"

His boyish beauty had developed into a grandeur of outline which it had hardly promised. His face was quiet, dignified, but no longer brilliant or generally happy; and yet, the change was very much for the better.

"I have one question to ask you," he said, after a long conversation with Mr. Darell. "Did you ever hear—do you know what became of Joy Sternes?"

"Let us not speak of her," said Mr. Darell, sadly. "It can do no good. Let me be perfectly happy in your society, Lionel."

Lionel bowed and was silent, and only brightened again when, at dinner, Junia—crowned with a vivid coronal of damask roses, her slim figure draped in virginal white, her vivid face and lovely eyes glowing and blushing with pleasure—faced him at the little oval table, glowing with flowers, sparkling with massive old-fashioned plate.

She was so lovely, so winning, there was such a radiance of perfect innocence about her, like the light about a lily, that she charmed him beyond measure.

She was so utterly womanly, so delicately, daintily high-bred, so lofty and so humble, so childlike and so quaintly wise, so timid and so brave, that, before a week was over, Lionel Darell loved her with a love which was a revelation to himself. He did not fight against it. She was engaged to another, and he, too—There was a barrier on his side also.

"How sad you look—Lionel!" she said to him, one night, when he had been a fortnight at home.

She always lingered timidly over the name he had begged her to call him by.

"Do I?" he said, slowly. "Then, I am not in harmony with you, or the night."

They were sitting, idly enough, in a great bay window, at the end of the drawing-room—a virgin moon shining upon them, and upon the great leafy arcades of the park, sweeping to the right and left below them, nearer a turf terrace, spangled with dew—a white peacock, gleaming ghostly in the moonlight, and a statue or two rising from little beds of Summer bloom.

Inside, behind the foamy lace draperies which shut them in, the luxurious homeliness of the softly lighted room, Mr. Darell, reading by an opal-shaped lamp, Mrs. Quincey, Junia's *chaperone*

and former governess, listening to him, and nodding drowsily at the wisdom she did not altogether comprehend. A homely little scene, none the less so for the quiet pomp of wealth and breeding which surrounded it.

Junia seemed to collect all the brightness of the night to herself. Her eyes sparkled tremulously; a little diamond locket at her throat shot out quivering lustrous; the glittering masses of her ebony hair caught the moonbeams; her rosy mouth, her vivid cheeks were glowing. Her white dress seemed absolutely radiant as the light touched it here and there. Her little hand lay on the broad window-sill, and the little ring of pearls caught Lionel's eyes.

"Strange," he said; "but, Junia, my father has never told me to whom my little sister is betrothed."

"You do not know him," said Junia, blushing her pretty, innocent blush, and hanging her head, like one of the flowers outside heavy with dew.

"Tell me his name; perhaps I do," said Lionel, biding a jealous pang with a smile.

"Not to-night," she said, getting up hurriedly, and was going away, when he caught her hand.

"Junia," he said, "if a man in his early youth committed a grave and selfish error, how far do you think he ought to go to expiate it in his maturer years?"

"So far as his heart and conscience dictate," said Junia, softly.

"So far as giving up the passionate, lasting love of those later years?" he asked, looking at her searchingly. "Even if that love was free for him to seek?"

Junia paused for a moment; he felt how she trembled and faltered—he saw how she blushed and paled. She looked up at him bravely, and said, steadily:

"Yes, even that."

Lionel kissed her hand, and dropped it.

"Thank you," he said, "and good-by. I shall be gone in the morning before you awake."

"For long?" she faltered, looking at him, and clasping her little hands over her breast.

"I do not know," he answered. "You will know soon, however."

He watched her go slowly away up the softly lighted room, and then, with a sigh, he got up and strolled away.

"It makes the sacrifice no easier," he thought, "to know that I have won her love. Oh, poor little Joy! you are fully avenged!"

Early the next morning a note was put into Mr. Darell's hand, which ran thus:

"I am gone to seek Joy Sternes, and, if she be alive and I desire it, to make her my wife. In any case, I shall not return to Park Darell until after Junia's marriage."

In those few lines there was the whole romance and misery of the man's life.

So little changed in those five years! The line of pearl breaking on the reef, the sunlight flooding the rocks, the Persian odors mingling with the jubilant sea-air, the snowy gulls dipping into the sapphire tide. Rosy June laughing on earth and sea.

Lionel Darell walked along the solitary sands, smoking, and almost expecting to come upon little Joy singing in the sunshine, as she had done that day five years before, so completely was the spot unaltered.

He wished to quiet the sad turmoil and unrest within him before he sought her out. He wished to wrench himself from the hope that would cling to him, that she had forgotten him and was happy. He wished to crush the stubborn fact into heart

and brain, that, even were he free, Junia Vande-leur was the betrothed wife of another man.

He was so absorbed in himself, that he continued his way, "organic memory" alone guiding his feet, until he turned the base of a great cliff, straight as the front of some old minster, and gay with long, emerald banners of seaweed dashed against it by the tide.

A long shadow, black and uncouth, reached along the yellow sands, and as he approached unheeding, flickered, changed, crawled toward him, a black blot in the fair day.

A fleet of ships sailed beyond the reef, some, far-off phantoms fading in the "wan sapphire," some coming, with swelling sails of pearl, landward.

The bronze sails of the *Clever Bess*—how well he knew the dingy little craft—catching a glimmering gold from the sun, and the centre of a little fleet of fishing-smacks, was standing out beyond the reef, but the sands were solitary, save for Lionel's slowly pacing form, erect, king'y, graceful, and the shadow he neither saw nor felt creeping toward him, crawling along the base of the cliff.

Behind the cliff's children were at play, their "little sharps and trebles" like far-away silver bells.

He walked slowly on, and came to the very spot where Joy had sat and sung, innocent little maid! five years before.

Where was she now? Was she even alive? A pang of pity and remorse went sharply through him, and at this moment he looked up.

The shadow had fallen across him. He uttered an exclamation of surprise, and recoiled a little, a shade of aversion on his handsome face.

"Hurroo!" cried "Witless Tommy," gathering himself together with the action of a beast of prey about to spring, "where's my birdie?"

The question in itself was a shock to Lionel Darell. It confirmed the hope of which he was ashamed—the remorse that had always embittered his young manhood.

"Where is she?" he cried, seizing Tommy by the arm; "tell me! How should I know?"

Tommy burst into wild laughter, and reared himself, a huge, black form, against the tender blue of the sky.

The demon of madness was in full possession of him.

"Tommy don't know," he said, vacantly; and then, a quick fire running through every knotted vein, and leaping from his wild eyes, he strode toward Lionel. "You know!" he yelled. "Tommy'll put you in the churchyard, he will!"

Lionel had time to swing round and brace himself against the cliff, and then, like a rock torn down the Alps in an avalanche, Tommy was upon him.

He held in his knotted hand the iron hook Darell so well remembered, and tried his mighty best to bring it crashing upon the golden head shining out from the gray rock.

The struggle was fearfully unequal, for, though Lionel's thighs and sinews were like iron bands, there was a fury—a demoniac possession about the giant, which would have overborne a Samson. He flung the hook away, and seized Lionel in his huge arms, with the intention of dashing him against the cliff.

Lionel was a brave man, and he fought with a face set like some magnificent marble idealization of an Ajax or a Hector.

Tommy's hideous laughter rang from cliff to cliff, and his fury led upon the stubborn resistance offered him. Inch by inch he was winning the fearful victory.

The golden sand whirled from beneath their feet. Lionel's foot slipped, and he staggered.

The brown, bare feet of the giant clung to the sand, and, with a yell of triumph, he whirled Darell from the ground.

A band of fire seemed to Lionel to run round the blue vault, with the word "Nemesis" shooting in blood-red letters through it.

There seemed to fall from heaven a horrible blackness, shot with blood red worlds, and then a glorious light, through which, white and glorified, came—was it little Joy, or was it Junia?

It was Joy's voice, and yet Junia's, that, like "a falling star," called upon his name. He felt dreamily Tommy's grasp relax as the shrill, silvery voice rang out. He saw the wild face full of terror, joy, bewilderment, and then he fell back against the cliff, deaf and blind, and breathless, for one brief minute.

He awoke, with the touch of soft fingers on his hand, and looked dreamily up—to meet Junia's eyes, or Joy's—which? full of tears and brightness.

"Are you hurt?" she whispered.

"Who are you?" he said, in a low, dreamy voice.

But Tommy answered him. He was rolling over and over in the sand, yelling with joy.

"Tommy's got his birdie back, he has! Hurroo!"

"Junia," he said, "are you Joy?"

She answered him mutely by lifting back her rich hair from her temple. A white scar disfigured its delicate veining.

"Forgive me," she said, softly; "it was your father's doing. We followed you down here to—to—"

She looked piteously at him, blushing and shrinking, so lovely, so pure, and so timid.

"To what?" he said, looking, not at her, but at the pearl engagement-ring on her pretty little hand.

The Nemesis had come, but in a different garb! Junia and Joy, whom he loved, was to be the wife of another!

"To let you find little Joy Sternes," said the "lordly, lovely creature," "if—if you wanted her."

* * * * *

Park Darell and moonlight. Lionel and Joy by the open window. The opal-lighted background of the drawing-room this time deserted. The sounds of music and of dance from a brilliant vista of ballroom beyond.

"Joy," said Lionel, smiling down at her, "why do you wear that pearl ring, sign of betrothal to another man, when you are mine? Do you hear me, my promised wife?"

"You never even had the curiosity to ask his name," said Joy, smiling. "Did you never suspect, Lionel?"

He shook his head laughingly.

"It was yourself," said Joy, coming closer to him. "When your father brought the wild, ignorant obdurate to his stately home, he said that perhaps yet she might win back the love that had been hers, and he made her wear that little ring to keep the bright hope alive. Are you angry, dear?"

He took her hand and kissed it reverently and tenderly, and looked away from her radiant face to the radiant sky.

If his lips did not move, the dumb eloquence of speechless thanksgiving shone in his fine eyes. What more precious tribute to her could a woman such as Joy require?

When they moved away, the moonlight quivered in starry points on the fine-flamed diamonds on neck and lustrous brow, the misty lace, and high-bred rare loveliness of little Joyful Sternes, whom the next week was to see Mrs. Lionel Darell, of Park Darell.

Maud Anthon and I.

Last night, when a banner of crimson and gold
 Drifted its billows across the west,
 Trailing its glittering amber fold
 Over the snow of the lakelet's crest,
 Down through the meadow, with clover white,
 Beneath the maples that dreamily sigh,
 Dipping their leaves in the reddening light,
 There wandered together Maud Anthon and I.

Maud is a lady, with fair white hands,
 And I am a laborer, tronzed with toil;
 She is the heiress of fair broad lands—
 An humble peasant, I till the soil.
 Maud has a floss of the sunniest hair,
 And eyes that have stolen the blue of the sea;
 I am tawny and rough, with an uncouth air,
 Yet she waiked through the meadow, last night,
 with me.

Was I to blame that I dropped a word
 I never had meant or dared to speak?
 Or could she help that her quick ear heard,
 And a flush swept over her brow and cheek?
 However it happened I cannot say,
 But I know, at last, she forgave me quite;
 For my darling wears on her hand to day
 A ring which she wore not yesternight.

Riding to Death.**A ROMANCE OF TRAPPER LIFE.**

"She was one of the most desperate women I ever known," remarked Phil Seaburn, the trapper, who was in the service of the Northwestern Fur Company, as he stooped down and held his pipe to a bright red coal that lay on the edge of our campfire, until the tobacco with which it was charged was aglow.

"I've heard of her, eh, Phil?" said old Cochran, stretching himself on the sward alongside of his long-barreled pea-rifle, about as ancient and as badly used up as himself. "She was mighty sassy on Injins, and took 'em down in their tracks as ef they war jest so much varmint."

"That was because the yaller cusses a-scalped her man, when they hadn't orter. The first time you an' I seed her, was a-ridin' on the back of a buferler bull right in the midst of a drove of them, a-goin' helter split across the prairie to the bluffs up the Missouri above the Yallerstone. It was a impressive sight. How she got outter that scrape was just as easy as warmin' up on a bar, for it was jest death to both on 'em. You've heerd on Meg Martin, mayhap, Mister Wallace?" said Phil Seaburn, when he had replied to Cochran, turning over on his side, for he had now assumed a recumbent position, and looking at me.

"I can't say that I know much about her," I answered; "but I've heard of her up among the Stony Mountains."

"Well," replied Seaburn, "her life was a cur'ous one, an' ef you've no partikler objection, I'll let out on ye, for, yer see, I knew her man, Ned Martin, a heap."

"S'pose yer tell it us all about 'em;" and Cochran, as he spoke, rose to his feet, and rolling over the trunk of a tree, which we had an hour before felled in a gorge of the Black Hills, in which we were, into the fire. "Thar," he added, "when that gets a-blazin', we kin pull the blanket onto us, an' get ter sleep without danger of grizzly or other varmint a-pokin' his onwelcome nose inter our vittles. Now go on with that yarn uv yours about Ned Martin an' his wife."

"Yer see," commenced the trapper, raising his body to an inclined position, and resting on his right arm while he pulled vigorously at the stem of his brierwood pipe, a recent purchase at the trading-post—"yer see, Misses Martin, when she fust kem out yere among the Rockies, was as

quiet as a young antelope, an' as pretty as any prairie-flower you ever seed. No one'd a-thought thar was sech a thing as fight inter her, an' I s'pose she'd a-gone 'long as quiet as a well-played game uv poker, ef it hadn't bin for some o' them pesky Injins, who're allers prowlin' 'bout a-gittin' inter musses.

"Ned Martin was in the employ of the company, an' was a quiet sort of man enough, who, when he got inter the fort with his peltry, like a sensible citizen, allers swallowed his corn-juice without troublin' it with the dirty water of the Missouri, an' so kept outer dillerkilties of all kinds.

"Folks used ter wonder what persessed Ned Martin ter bring sech a beauty as Meg war out in the prairie country ter make the Injun women mad a-lookin' at her purty face, an' settin' them ter want ter scratch it, for, yer see, Mister Wallace, thar's jest sech a thing as jealousy among the yaller squaws.

"Of course, Ned Martin war supposed ter know his own business, an' when folks got kinder cur'ous an' asked questions, he'd tell 'em she wasn't afeard, an' knew jest exactly what she war about. Wal, she war purty; an' she war retirin' an' modest like, an' said nothin' ter nobody. An' them black eyes! My, how they seemed ter look right squar through yer, an' say, as plain as ef she'd a-said it in good lingo:

"Mister, yer can't fool me; I know exactly what yer a-thinkin' about, an' I jest know how far I ken trust ye."

"Well, the last time I seed her an' her man together war at the company's tradin'-post, on the Gallatin. Ned had bin a-takin' considerable fire-water without a tech of anger, as war his custom, an' he felt kinder elevated, an' so he made for a dog of a Crow, an' he jest handled his huntin'-knife round the critter as ef he war a bar.

"Of course, the yallerskin didn't survive the operation much—in fact, before he very well knew what war the matter with him, he found his har a-danglin' from Ned's belt, that war fastened round his huntin'-skirt.

"Nobody thought much on that. How could they? Leastways, no white man greatly exercised his conscience over it, especially at that partikler time, as they war all engaged in the more congenial an' altogether lovely task of reducin' the heft ov the company's whisky.

"But thar was more Crows nor one at the post at the time, a-qualifyin' ter the liquor, an' among 'em a chief, who looked kinder on the subject as ef he was mad about it, an' with other yallerskins, left the post atween daylight an' dark, without their usual pleasure.

"As for Ned Martin, when he had come to his senses, he filled his keg, an', with his purty wife, he went back to his traps, an' was gettin' along uncommonly well, until one stormy night a small party of the miserable red-skinned cusses got prowlin' aroun' his grounds, an', I'm darned, Mister Wallace, as it afterwrd turned out, them Injins had the impudence to calculate as how the hide of the skunk Ned carved out at the post war worth his'n!

"Wall, them redskins managed to find Martin an' his purty wife in their cabin near a otter stream, an' I'm blamed ef they didn't jest hev the assurance to make a target of it, firin' it with burnin' arrers, an' unarthen the two!

"It wasn't till then that anybody had a idee of what Ned said when he remarked, to cur'ous inquirers, that in a scrimmage his purty wife could take care on herself.

"It must a-been amosoin' ter the Injins the way in which she'd drop, with a rifle she had, the most forrard of them.

"By a chance shot, Ned was brought to grief, an' then it was that his purty wife raged, an' tore

aroun' like a bar what had lost her cubs. Thar was lively times over the body of Ned for his scalp. The Injins wanted it bad, an' the widder flung aroun', an' swore that that har of her hus-

band's should go under the yearth with his head. An' she got the better of the argyment.

"While her cabin was a-flamin', sendin' its light inter the shadders of the rocks, an' makin'



HIDING TO DEATH.—"“BY THUNDER!” I SUDDENLY CRIED, LOOKIN’ DOWN THE HILL. ‘LOOK THER! SEE, COCHRANE, SEE! WHAT’S THAT? IT’S MEG MARTIN A-TOP ER A BULL BUFFLEER!’”



THAT NIGHT.—“CLICK! WENT THE PRECIOUS LITTLE PISTOL, AND DOWN WENT MY MAN.”
SEE PAGE 300.

things clear as they could be seen in the day, she dug a hole behind a big stone, Mister Wallace, an' whenever she could dodge the balls of the enemy, an' she did that by settin' the body of Ned up as a make-believe, firin' from behind it whenever opportunity sarved, an' then, when she couldn't neither load or fire, she'd employ her spare moments with a shovel, a-makin' a hole in the groun' deep enough for the corpse.

“How she managed it all I'm sure I don't know. But this is certain: she finally got the scalp of her husband in the yearth, an' so saved it; for, ye see, a Injin won't scalp a head what's been once put squarely under the sod.

“When Roarin' Bull—it was said he led the party at the shootin' of Martin, for the Injin kills at the post belonged to his band—foun' out wha the widder had done, he took a mighty admiratio to her, an' with the aid of a hundred or so of his thieves, pressed her very much to accompany him to his village.

“She declined the invitation, but Roarin' Bull was so hospital-like, he wouldn't take No for a answer.

“That Injin made a mistake in askin' Meg Martin to a seat at his table in the lodge he occupie when at home with his ten or fifteen wives. These ov course, womanlike, got indignant at the ide

of a white woman, an' a purty one at that, comin' among 'em.

"Meg didn't like it, not a bit. When Roarin' Bull looked sweet at her, she informed him in her liveliest English that she didn't admire him, an' when he undertook ter side up to her, an' make strenuous love, she kinder felt for the region on his heart, and I'm blessed ef she didn't just see how thick an' big it might be, by rammin' a knife inter it!

"On course Roarin' Bull couldn't stand many such lively expressions of the widder's opinion, an' he keeled right over without makin' the slightest diffeckelty about it.

"When Meg Martin seed the Roarin' Bull was no longer in a fit state of mind to give advice to the Crows, she stepped out, as pleasant as could be, with the chief's best gun, an' knife, an' other war-fixin's, an' selectin' the swiftest animile out of his corral of ponies, she made a bee-line as cool as if she was a-goin' a-shoppin' in St. Louis. She was a cunnin' critter, was Meg. She somehow managed to cover her trail. How, I never could find out.

"When the other wives of Roarin' Bull found out what bereaved widders they was, warn't thar a row in the village!

"Half the bucks mounted thar animiles, an' tried thar purtiest to find out which way that woman had took; but as they couldn't, they concluded to do thar mournin' without her assistance.

"Meg, she made straight tracks for the post, an' ef the Injins had a-known beans, they'd a-gone that way. But what can yer expect of a yaller-skin?

"As soon as the widder got ter the post, she went inter the store, an' she said ter the company's man, in her quiet but resolute way, never a tear comin' to her eye:

"Mr. Sparks, my old man's gone under, scalp an' all. An' I have come here without a skin to trade; but the company owed my man somethin', I believe?"

"That's so, ma'am," said the trader, commiseratin'-like, an' takin' in his big paw one on her little hands, an' givin' it a sort of squeeze.

"That'll do, Mr. Sparks," returned the widder, lookin' him steadily in the eyes. "I hain't forgot Ned Martin yit, an', what's more, I don't mean ter."

"You're a female woman among a thousan'," said the trader, warmly.

"Mr. Sparks was a good man. He's gone under. He drank some extra good whisky onct by mistake, Mister Wallace, an' it pizened him."

"I am," said the widder, emphatically. "I mean that the redskins shall know that fact."

"Then the widder up an' told the story of her misfortunes, an' so pathetically, that Mr. Sparks, who allers felt soft about the gizzard when he'd a quart of red-eye in him, began ter cry, an' swear that Misses Martin, ef she wanted the store, an' himself throw'n inter the bargain, she could have it.

"But the widder said she had larnt to trap an' hunt as well as any on 'em, an' she asked no favors, only a little trust, for the Crows had stolen the skins of thar take, but hadn't teched the traps. She'd be able ter pay all back before the ice formed in the streams, an', besides, she didn't know but that she would get along without the trust ef the company'd squar accounts.

"Mr. Sparks, who had become softer in the gizzard, for he'd measured another pint inter his stomach of the juice, looked at the books, an', for the life of him, he couldn't—there was so many ciphers—say whether the company owed Ned Martin thirteen or thirteen hundred dollars.

"The relit settled the diffeckilty, for she could

read an' write an' cipher with the rest or 'em—by looking over the page, an' assured the superintendent that it was a hundred an' thirty dollars, which she calculated would answer her purpose for a spell.

"The Injins, the mean skunks, had taken everythin' she had, an' so she was forced to refit herself.

"Wall, she did, Mr. Wallace, an' among the rest, she laid in a good stock of powder an' ball, an' bought her a swingin' bowie-knife.

"She was an admirable woman, sir. She went right straight back to whar Roarin' Bull had introduced himself, an' she put up another cabin, coverin' it all over with yearth, so't nobody but herself, so cute war it done, could tell which was an' which warn't the bank of the yearth. She war handy also, for, by gracious, she puzzled more'n one redskin by her disappearances.

"She had a way, when hard pressed an' she didn't want her tracks discovered, to get inter the creek on which was her cabin, an' by a way on her own, suddenly go out!

"Wall, sir, when she'd got her beaver an' her other traps all refixed, an' her meat laid in, she declared war agin the Injins. She didn't even know what fear was. She'd jest as soon tackle a gizzly as she would a otter, an' she piled up the peltry.

"She never forgot business while in pursuit of her amusement of trackin' Injins, and relievin' 'em of thar scalps. An' in that time she got to be as famous as old Dray or Bragg.

"When I first met her on the trail of some Crows, I took off my hat to her, an' out of respect, I offered her a plug of terbacker. She smiled, and thanked me all the same, she said. But thar was a diffe'ence in that smile and that look. The eyes, that used ter look so soft an' quiet an' pleasant like, glittered, and were as hard in their expression as blue steel; an' her smile, although it was a warm day, reminded me of ice, an' cooled me all over like.

"Still trapping, Mrs. Martin? I said, by way of breaking the strangeness, for we war outin the prairie alone. "How's the success?"

"Very good, Mr. Seaburn," she answered. "Better, perhaps, than I deserve, considerin' I'm away from my traps so much. You see, I only care to earn enough in that time to bring me the little I want in the way of clothing. I care more for lead and powder than anything else. I am more than half the time on the trail of my husband's murderers, and of those who'd have dishonored me. There's a small band of them encamped in that gorge. They'll never get out of it alive! I want their scalps!"

"She spoke fiercely. I felt the chills runnin' over me, an' I said:

"Mrs. Martin, have you not avenged your husband's death yet? Surely it's time ye giv up the chase of blood, an' settled down as ye was before, or else go back to yer people in the States."

"The woman seemed to grow taller as she strode up to me, an' placed one of her hands on my right arm, which was a-holdin' up my gun, an' while her eyes fairly blazed, she spoke in low but awful tones:

"Forgive, Mr. Seaburn! God only knows how much of a woman I once was, an' how much of a fiend I now am! Forgive! Why, everything seems to me to swim in blood; an' do I not see the spirit of my murdered husband ever pointin' me to the trail of death, sayin' to me, "Fear not, Meg, fear not to revenge me, for, while one of the band of the Roarin' Bull lives, you must not lay down the weapons I taught you to use so well!" Mr. Seaburn, it is useless to speak to me of any other life than this. Eight of the band who killed Edward Martin are in that gulch. They cannot

escape me. I led them into it. They are prisoners. They were following me, an' I decoyed them hither. I knew how to get out of the abyss. They do not, an' their bodies will rot within its steep an' narrow walls, unless the vultures find them an' rend their flesh as *they* would have *his*, had I not, amidst a terrific an' unsparing fire, succeeded in burying him!

"I felt a kind of pity for the strange woman," continued Seaburn, as he knocked the bowl of his pipe against the root of a tree near which he was lying, and discharged it of its ashes. "But, ye see, I didn't exactly like the idee of one in her situation a-followin' of redskins, with the chance of gettin' into their clutches, an' so I advised her to let the Crows alone for the futur', an' attend to trappin' an' huntin'."

"She didn't seem to take my words at all kindly. She had grown hungry and savage like, an' reminded me of a she-wolf I onct met over in the Californy range, when I was there in forty-nine."

"She turned from me, an', throwin' her gun over her right shoulder, moved toward the edge of the dark precipice, where, a hundred feet below, was to be seen the Injins she had entrapped, an' who could only return to liberty by the narrow an' dang'rous path they'd taken in the descent, believin' they had their enemy within their grasp."

"At the openin' to this trail stood the woman, ready to send a bullet into the heart of the fust cuss of 'em that made a edgert ter git loose."

"Just as I was about ter go up ter her, I seed her raise her rifle, an' point directly at an object that looked like a human in among the trees. Do you remember that, Cochrane?" asked Seaburn, turning toward the gray-headed man, who had, during the greater part of the above narration, remained apparently without expanding or contracting a muscle of his iron-like body on the sward."

"I ruther think I don't forgit it!" he answered. "It was a miracle I warn't busted that time. I'd a-bin, I cal'c'late, ef ye'dn't a-bin near. I'd a-bin shut down that there hole in the yearth in a hurry, I believe. That was an awful time altogether."

"Either my eyes were sharper nor Meg Martin's, or else I was moved by the defenseless situation of the Crows; but I was jest in time to strike the barrel of the pointed weepen down'ard as it went off," resumed the trapper, again filling and lighting his pipe. "Well, that shot was bound to do execution, anyway."

"The report had hardly struck my ear, when the darndest yell ye ever heard came up from that thar pit."

"I onct heerd a Methodist missioner a-describin' hell, in which the damned were a-beerd in heaven like makin' the savagest of yells an' moanin' an' cryin', an' that abyss reminded me on it."

"Instead of Cochrane thar havin' the wind tuck out of him, it war two ov the imprisoned Injins that had bin struck in their vitals by a single pill, an' the other six was so durned mad because, I s'pose, they warn't sarved with the same sauce, that they jined in a sort of chorus, an' talked Crow at the woman."

"Cochrane had by this time discovered himself, an' when Meg apologized ter him, sayin' she thought him Injin, he offered to assist her in settlin' the futur on the other Crows."

"She wouldn't hear ter it. She said as how she thought she was quite able to transact her own business. With that she reloaded her rifle."

"I'll tell ye what war my opinion of that poor widdier here—I jest believe she was insane—out in head like. When ehet'd got her shootin'-iron right, she jest raised it quiet like, an' then droppin' the muzzle, pulled the trigger, an' made one other

fightin'-man less in the Crow nation than there was afore."

"It was pure slaughter what follered; but it was Injins, ye know, an' an Injin isn't of so much vally as a perairie-dorg even—for ye kin eat that when yer hungry."

"The widdier's eyes were jest like coals a-fire durin' the process. She continued droppin' the Crows one by one, almost as quick as she could load an' fire, till she'd counted eight dead bucks whar there was eight live ones a few minutes afore."

"I felt kinder sick at so much killin' in cold blood; but, ye see, they was yallerskins, worse nor skunks any day. I wasn't sorry when I seed the critter disappear, but only to come in sight a minnit later, at the foot of the gorge, a-cuttin' away at the scalps of her enemies. An' I must say," added Seaburn, with a thought of admiration in his voice, "she did the bis'ness in a womanlike manner."

"The critter was mad. Thur's no doubt in my mind," here took up Cochrane. "When I seed her a-workin' at them heads down in that thur pit, which looked to me as if it wur the gateway to thur brimstone kingdom, I kind a felt qualmish in my innards, an' I came to the conclusion that the most unrelentin' enemy a man could hev, Injins and snakes not excepted, wur a crazy woman. Yes, Meg Martin wur insane, I'll swar!"

"Jest as she was about securin' the last scalp," resumed Seaburn—"for we could see her plain from the brink—we heard a thunderin' noise in the perairie jest below us. It seemed ter me like the low, tremulous, mournful sound of the sea, as I've heard it down by the Californy coast at night."

"'What's that?' cries the old man here. 'Tain't a sirthquake, is't?'"

"Before I could answer Cochrane, I seed the poor critter, down at the bottom of the hole, stop in her bloody work among the dead. It was awful ter look at her. Thar she was, with her bowie-knife atween her teeth, an' she a-tearin' the scalps from the heads of the dead skunks. The rumblin' noise, which I expect she heerd plainer an' heavier like than we did, must have made her kind of nervous, for I seed her drop her knife, an' then pick it up, an' hasten back to whar we was. I guessed what the noise was, an' was about to say as much to Cochrane, when Meg Martin, her lips, face, hands and clothes smeared with the blood of the Injin skunks, cried, with a shriek, as she rushed up, that made me shudder, her eyes like red globes of fire a-dancin' in her head, an' that in broad day:

"'Bufferler! bufferler! Don't ye hear 'em, Seaburn? Hey! bufferler! bufferler!'"

"She didn't stop a minnit, but kept on ter the valley a-cryin'—shriekin', rather:

"'Bufferler! bufferler!'"

"Cochrane and I tollered hard in her track, an' it was jest as much as we could to keep near her, so swiftly she ran toward whar the roar an' rush came from—so like the deep roar an' rush of the sea—yellin' now in a sort of frenzy:

"'Bufferler! bufferler!'"

"A minnit later, an' on turnin' the brow of the hill, we saw a sight which it isn't often given even ter a Rocky Mountain man ter see. Before us, away as far as the eye could carry sight, was bufferler, a movin' north'ard—hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of the wild critters, it seemed to me, was a-movin' right on to us! Would they come up the high groun' on which we stood, or would they go roun' the more eastern p'int of it, an' so save us from bein' trampled to death? Fortunately, the hill was covered with dry grass, an' Cochrane thar said as how we could fire it, an' so drive the dark masses

of movin' objects that were rushing or burryin' to and fro on the plain, jest like as if it was filled with a army of soldiers dressed in black, an' carryin' glitterin' spears. We'd lost sight of the widder for a time, an' to save ourselves—for a ready the bufferler was upon us—we set fire ter the tall grass. We warn't a minnit too soon. Hardly had we got behind a boulder, when, like the sound of a yearthquake and the noise of the hurricane, the animiles, forced against thar will, rushed up the hill, some gettin' inter the flames, while others succeeded in passin' unscorched the line of fire. It was a curious an' a grand sight. We now thought of Meg. I looked aroun' ter see whar she was. I couldn't find her no whar, an' I began to git frightened. Turnin' to Cochrane thar, I said:

"Whar's Meg?"

"I wur jest a-goin' ter ask yer that 'ere question," answered the old man thar, in his queer way.

"By thunder!" I suddenly cried, lookin' down the hill. "Look thar! See, Cochrane, see! What's that? It's Meg Martin a-top er that bull bufferler!"

"By gracious!" whispered the old man here, in a deep breath, a-clutchin' at me hard. "She's wild, sure's we're here. Why, no sane man, let alone a woman, 'd do that!"

"Mounted on a lendin' bull—a real old chief of his tribe—sot Meg Martin, her face an' hands still red with the blood of the Injins, a-cryin', a-laughin', an' a-shriekin', while every minnit, her eyes meanwhile rollin' like fire in thar sockets, she would drive the knife, with which she scalped the Injins, into the body of the bellowin', snortin', an' foam'n beast! How she got a-straddle on his rough back, no one of us could guess. How she could get inter the midst of the hobblin', trampin', crushin' herd, without bein' crushed ter death immediately, not even Cochrane could say, an' he's known bufferler sence he wur a child.

"On the great army of monsters came—some goin' one way, an' others another, but all movin' northward; an' now, at the head of a mighty division, drunk with anger, rushed the animile on which the strange woman sot. On, on, up the hill, an' past where we was standin', toward the deep chasm in which the disfigured bodies of the eight Crow warriors were lyin'."

"I shouted to Meg. I called ter her ter git away before it war too late. She heerd me's plain's you do now, sir; but she only shrieked back in answer that she war a-ridin' Roarin' Bull what had killed her man, an' she was agoin' for his scalp. As she said this, she drove her knife deeper'n deeper inter the poor blind, infuriated animile. An' so they passed us, follered by hundreds of critters as pantin' for breath, as tireless, an' as ugly-lookin' as the one the poor widder, by some perversity of temper, had got onto.

"As for ourselves, we had to stay near the rock for hours. It would a been death to have left it. An' thar was no necessity of wastin' powder on 'em, for the crush an' rush was so tremenjus that when one ov' em fell that was the end ov him. He never rose agin.

"The next mornin' by daylight the irresistable army of animiles had all passed on their way to the grazin' grounds higher up, an' it was safe for us to get away from the fire, an' the stink of burnt meat an' skin that filled the air.

"As we turned up the hill, follerin' in the path of the bufferler, an' speculatin' on whar the mad critter Meg Martin then was, Cochrane, happenin' ter look down the chasm, saw a dark object, like a crushed mass, lyin' at the bottom near the scalped Injins.

"We shuddered as we looked, but thar was no mistakin' what had taken place in the rush of the

animiles. Beside the dark, shapeless mass lay another nearly as shapeless; but we could see from the garments it hid on that they once covered a woman.

"Bein' more quick nor the old man, I worked my way down the dangerous path, an' when I got to whar the bodies war, I foun' among 'em, the scalpin'-knife still in the han', that of the widder of Ned Martin. An', by gracious, she looked calm an' purty in death, a'most as nice-lookin', barrin' the blood-stains, as ever she did in life. An' that," he added, as he again lit his pipe, "is the story of Meg Martin."

That Night.

I DIDN'T like the looks of the room. That I silently confessed as the swarthy attendant set the tallow candle on the little pine table, and prepared to leave.

"Haven't you anything better than this?" I inquired, a trifle nervously, I fear, for my strange companion glanced curiously in my direction, as he answered:

"No'm; we does have one or two a leetle bigger than this are; but a good many strangers cum along to-day, and this is all there is."

"But how do you fasten the door?" I continued, horror-struck at finding neither lock, key, bolt, nor bar.

"Oh! we doesn't fasten doors up here. Nobody round here wants anything anybody else has got. We earns all we want—we does," and with an expression of disgust on his loathsome features, turned and left me.

For the first time in my life, I was conscious of being afraid—truly, literally afraid. Ever since babyhood my courage had been the subject of praise. My mother had dubbed me daring and reckless, and my father, whose pet I was, although forced to admit that his daughter's organ of caution was not so largely developed as some other bump—combativeness, for instance—always closed his remarks after this fashion:

"But she's good grit, though, and I'll risk her anywhere."

I wonder what he would have thought could he have seen me as I stood in that dismal, comfortless room, candle in hand, my teeth fairly chattering with nervousness, trying my best to devise some means of barricading my door?

An accident to one of our party at the Adirondacks had made it necessary for us to separate for a day or two, and as one of us must necessarily travel alone, I, who had been accustomed to this sort of thing for years, offered to do the solitary, meeting our party a couple of days hence at Benson's, properly reinforced, and in good traveling order.

A storm had delayed the stage in which I took passage, and at seven o'clock that evening, notwithstanding the clouds had lifted, and there seemed every prospect of fair weather, nothing could induce our driver to go on.

He would give no reason for this apparent obstinacy, simply declaring that if we knew when we were well off, we would just let him pitch a tent, make a camp-fire, have something to eat, and turn in.

The passengers consisted of a gentleman and his wife—nice, friendly folks, known to me by reputation—two strangers (gentlemen), and a colored servant.

Remaining at this place over night would just spoil my chances of meeting my friends at the time and place appointed, and I determined to proceed, if there was any earthly way of accomplishing it.

Not long after, the rumbling of a wagon was heard, and, to my great satisfaction, I found that it was occupied by a man and little girl, bound within two miles of the place where I had promised to be on the following day at noon.

He would willingly take a passenger, and knew where I could be sure of a good place to sleep and a good breakfast. That was enough, and I jumped into the lumbering old vehicle, quite delighted with my good fortune.

The driver looked daggers and swords and pistols at me, and every other description of murderous weapon possible to conceive of, as he said:

"It's well you're no relation of mine, miss! If you was, you wouldn't stir an inch! It's just defying the Almighty—that's what 'tis."

I laughingly bade him good-by, and waved my handkerchief in defiance, as long as the old stage remained in sight.

What wouldn't I have given to be back again under that sturdy old driver's wing? How I wished that he had compelled me to remain, and really grew quite angry to think he had not forcibly detained me.

Emergencies try our consistency, I have since discovered, as well as that consistency is the rarest of jewels. This was a predicament I had no-wise bargained for, and what should I do, I asked myself, without a shadow of response. I shaded the candle with my hand (the wind blew in little fitful gusts through this ghostly apartment, in a manner so weird and suggestive of all the terrible things I had ever heard or read of, that my blood curdled in my veins), and endeavored to explore the long entryway which led to this horrible den, in the hope of finding some one who would help make the situation a little more endurable.

As I stood wondering whether I should try and find my way to the part of the house occupied by the family, a sudden breeze slammed the door in my face, and extinguished the candle.

A step on the staircase announced the approach of some one, and I said, as calmly as I could:

"Please step this way, and light my candle. The wind has just blown it out."

"All right—yes'm;" and the owner of a feminine voice shuffled toward me, stopped a moment to snuff her own tallow dip, and then relighted mine, saying: "The wind howls round these parts pretty lively, ma'am. 'Bout as much as we can do to keep light enough to go to bed by."

I ventured to ask her if she couldn't help me contrive some means of fastening my door.

"Sakes!" she replied, with a laugh, that seemed to me thoroughly demoniac; "nobody never thinks of sich a thing. There's nobody under the sun here but our folks, and two or three travelers, what have been abed and asleep for the last two hours or more. Hadn't you better take sumthin' to quiet your nerves a little? Got some good applejack and a keg of as nice rye whisky as ever you put in your mouth."

She had evidently been partaking of the last, for her breath, redolent with the fumes of rum, onions, and the smoke of an old pipe, the stump of which she held between her sunken lips, was enough to turn the stomach of a cannibal.

"I'll drag my bunk in here, if you say so," she continued. "I don't s'pose the old man 'ud have no objections. He purty much ginrally likes me sumwheves close by; but, I reckon, if I tell him as how there's a young woman what's afraid of sumthin' or another—" And here she suddenly halted, then resumed as suddenly: "What be you afraid of, mum—robbers or ghosts? I should like to tell the old man, if he asks me. Just likely as not he will, for he's powerful inquisitive about most things."

This last query and remark of the old woman's had, as you may imagine, touched the keynote of

the ludicrous, and for the moment I forgot all fear in the comicality of my surroundings.

We must have made a queer picture about that time. The old hag's consternation evidently knew no bounds as she listened to my peals of laughter.

There she stood, candle in one hand, the other on the latch of the door, and with a look of wonderment written all over her face impossible to describe.

The old black stump fell from her mouth—I imagined the first time in years, by the eagerness she displayed in replacing it; and there she stood, glaring at me with an intensity of gaze I never saw equaled.

The more she looked, the more I laughed, and when at last the pent-up nervousness found a vent was possible by the means of this cachinnation, and a longer, louder, and heartier peal followed, the strange creature silently and gravely left the room.

She might have been indignant, supposing herself the object of my merriment, or she might have put this and that together, after the style of a certain class of modern ignoramuses, and decided that I was insane.

It mattered very little to me. My fears were entirely dispelled, and I set about my preparations for retiring with as good a stock of courage as I ever possessed.

I decided to barricade the door; but how was it to be done? The bedstead was a ponderous affair, made of oak, and of such strange design and proportions, that it seemed to me "s. c." might be carved on the footboard with the most perfect propriety.

This article of furniture was only about a yard from the door, and it seemed, as I contemplated the performance, an easy matter to move it that distance; but I reckoned without my host. One push demonstrated that the legs of said bedstead were set in some sort of earthen vessels, and that these vessels were filled with some kind of liquid—what, I had no means of telling. To remove these required almost herculean strength.

It suddenly dawned upon me what these bowls were intended for, and then, as you may imagine, I concluded, tired as I was, that that straw wouldn't rustle beneath my weight that night. Ugh! my flesh creeps now as I think of it. What should I do with myself? A closer examination proved that the cracks of the floor were swarming with blood-thirsty vermin.

I gathered my garments closer about me, and took another view of the situation, and was forced at last to acknowledge my inability to secure a night's rest.

There was nothing to do but seat myself with my back to the door, place my feet in another chair, and wait, with as much patience as I could summon, the dawn of day.

A pocket in my under-skirt contained a tiny silver-mounted affair, which, as my brother aptly remarked when he presented it to me, would "put the squeak out of a fellow in less time than it takes to say Jack Robinson."

I had used it for fun a great many times; but as I carefully examined it to see that it was in good killing order, I was singularly impressed with the idea that there would be some serious business accomplished with it before morning, and just as singularly, I was not in the least frightened with the prospect.

There was no way of keeping my candle burning. It flickered and sputtered spitefully, and finally succumbed altogether to the force of the draft. Where that wind came from is a mystery to me to this day.

The window was a little porthole concern, which I had closed upon entering the room, supposing,

of course, that the obnoxious intruder had entered from that quarter, and after a close examination of every nook and corner in that room, I was forced to the conviction that these breezes were without doubt a distinguishing feature of said apartment. Another such night as that, and every hair in my head would be white, I know.

I groped around, found the aperture, and threw back the sash, then seated myself with the back of my chair against the door, my feet carefully tucked up in another chair. The tiny revolver lay on my lap all ready for use, and no baby ever received more petting than did this weapon of destruction on this occasion. It was at once companion and protector, and although, as the hours advanced, I was conscious of growing more and more impatient and nervous, yet not once did I lose self-possession, or succumb to fear.

I was thoroughly aware that some adventure was in store for me, knew it, expected it—how, you must ask one wiser than I. It was precisely as if some good angel had whispered in my ear:

"You must not be caught, off your guard for one moment. Danger lurks very near. Only extreme vigilance can avert it."

Those very words kept ringing through my ears, and this danger was so imminent, so near, that I found myself at times holding my breath to listen for the sound of approaching footsteps.

I appeared to go to bed, was perfectly noiseless in my movements when preparing my quarters for the night. My money was in my bosom, and there I sat waiting to see, or, rather, feel, who or what was to besiege my citadel.

Three hours must certainly have elapsed, and my limbs commenced to ache most pitifully with the forced quiet I had subjected them to, when a slight noise, as of some one carefully opening and closing a door, warned me to hold to my position. After this all was quiet for a few moments, and I tried to assure myself that the sound had no significance for me, when I distinctly heard footsteps, apparently at the extreme end of the long hallway. They drew gradually nearer, and I knew that there were two men approaching on tiptoe.

I had not marked out any plan of operations, but I found myself immediately on my feet, prepared to meet in good shape whoever might be disposed to invade my quarters.

I have wondered at this a million times since, wondered why I had not, woman fashion (for I know that under less dangerous circumstances I should certainly have done so) sat still, and braced the chair against the door, and endeavored, for a while at least, to keep the villains at bay.

The steps halted, as I supposed they would, right before the entrance, and a low, whispered dialogue took place.

"I tell you this is the room. Jake said he put her here, and she was frightened to death because there was no fastening on the door. She cum down with old Prime. I reckon I know," as his companion ventured to contradict him. "We'll overhaul the mon's pockets arter we've been through her'n. Don't go to being chicken-hearted now. Her money is under her pillar—of course 'tis—that's where they allus keep it, the little fools! Them men's jus' rotten with sponulix, they be."

Then I knew they alluded to the travelers the old woman told me about.

"Old Perkins's head was level when he made up his mind not to go any further into the woods. That makes three times he has spoiled our game; but I'll get even with him before long—see if I don't."

"Perkins" was our driver—the man who had been so distressed and enraged at the idea of my leaving the party, and now the reason was plain. He had scented the battle afar off; knew that dan-

ger, in the shape of these midnight marauders, lurked near, and was determined to save without alarming us—and by my willfulness I had rushed right into the very trouble he would have prevented.

"She's asleep fast enough! Gals that age forget their troubles mighty sudden. You go in ahead, and while I hunt for the spon, you wet the rag and put it to her nose, and then we'll go for the others."

"You'd better git one job done at a time!" growled his companion, whose intuitions in respect to the ease with which this job was to be consummated were evidently more correct.

"I've knowed you to slip up afore this, arter a considerable bragging, too, and mebbe—"

"Hold your gab, you infernal gub, while I turn the glim. Shet up!" and I knew that they were coming.

My rising from the chair had set the door ajar, the latch being of no more account than the other articles in the room.

In this way I had heard every word they uttered.

The door was cautiously tried. I stepped noiselessly behind it, in obedience to the same instinct that had guided me all the way through.

Oh, the sickening, nauseating sensation produced by that chloroform! The horrible wretch had obeyed his instructions literally, for the room was filled with the deadly effluvia.

For one second the "glim was turned," and I saw the situation of the desperadoes. They, too, had evidently discovered that the bed had no occupant.

With the coolness of Satan himself, I waited for the ring-leader to face my part of the room.

This he shortly did.

Click! went the precious little pistol, and down went my man.

With a quick yell of rage, his companion rushed for the door, without receiving any harm from the ball leveled in his direction. It never was found, so, perhaps, he has got it somewhere.

This din, naturally enough, aroused every inmate of the house. I was afraid to stir, for fear of stepping on the wounded man.

His groans subsided instantly, and I knew he had either fainted or died. To tell the truth, I didn't care which. He would have ended my mortal career with as little remorse as I would have killed a mosquito, and, whatever fate had befallen him was none of my business.

In the moment between the villain's fall and the assembling of members of the household, I had plenty of time to think this matter over, and my woman's conscience quite absolved me.

Judge of my astonishment when the very first person entering the room I discovered to be my brother, who had arrived very unexpectedly.

They had found friends going down, willing to take charge of our invalid with the sprained ankle, and they had thus been able to return a whole day sooner than they expected.

"Why, Nell!" was his first exclamation, "how in the world came you here, and what have you been and gone and done? Why, this fellow is as dead as a doornail, and, as true as I'm a sinner, it's 'Scaffold Dick,' as infernal a wretch as ever went unhung!"

I had just finished my explanations to my friends when the old woman shuffled in, and following her the longest, crookedest and most forlorn specimen of the masculine gender I ever laid my eyes upon.

"What's up here?" she asked, in a queer, husky tone. "That gal's shot a man, they tell me—knocked the wind clean out of him! Take a squint at him, old man, and tell me if it's anybody you've ever seed afore."

She kept entirely aloof, and he seemed also inclined to; but, yielding at last to her importunities, he drew near, and, after a long and careful survey of the body, said, in a whisper:

"It's Dick! I told you 'twas when I heard the shot. I felt afore I went to bed that his dish'd be turned bottom upward, and by somebody in this house, too. Young woman, that man was my son, and I'm glad you've put an end to him. Everybody said he'd die on the gallows, but he's just escaped that by the skin of his teeth."

The old hag rocked herself forward and backward, right and left, in her chair, and then, with the old stump of a pipe still between her lips, gave one despairing yell, and threw herself upon the body of her son.

Then I grew dizzy, and knew very little for several days.

When I finally came to my senses, I was in camp at the Adirondacks.

I have told this story now, and hope in this way to forget it for ever.

Daniel Webster and the Lilies.

In writing his own life, Samuel Joseph May records the following instance, showing how he was affected by the great Webster's eloquence:

"During an occasional party, an incident happened by which I was very pleasantly introduced to Daniel Webster, who had then recently removed his residence from Portsmouth to Boston, and the addition of whose company to 'the Canal Party' made all who had the honor to be invited the more eager to go. On our return from Woburn, we stopped for a while at a beautiful point on the shore of Spot Pond. So soon as the ladies came upon the margin of the little lake, they espied unaccountable numbers of the lilies whose fragrance is so refreshing. Each and all exclaimed how much they longed to have them. But alas! they were too far off to be reached by any means but a boat or raft. But where could the one be found, or the materials for the other be collected? The more the probability of getting them seemed to recede, the more earnest became the desires of the young ladies to be possessed of the beautiful flowers, and the more touching their expressions of disappointment. At length Mr. Webster exclaimed:

"'Oh, that I were as young as I was a few years ago! I would ransack the shores of the pond until I found some boat or boards by which to reach and gather these lilies.'

"No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the young men of the party bounded off at the top of their speed, to find what he had intimated ought to be sought after. Nearly all went. I stood very demurely, enduring as well as I could the glances of almost contemptuous surprise at my want of gallantry.

"I stood until my fellows were too far gone to see what I meant to do, when I waded out, and collected all that I could bring in of the lovely tempters. Shouts of applause cheered me on; and when I reached the shore, soaked with water from my waistcoat-pockets downward, and presented to each of the ladies one or more of the flowers they had so much desired, their thanks were profuse, and to me quite as grateful as the fragrance of the lilies, mixed as they were with many tender expressions of anxiety lest my gallantry should cost me some severe sickness. The gentlemen were not backward in commending the exploit, and Mr. Webster was louder than all of them in my praise.

"'Ah, sir,' said I, 'the ladies owe these lilies less to my gallantry than to your eloquence. I could not stand unmoved by your appeal.'

"'Never before,' he exclaimed—'never before have I gained a lily by my eloquence.'

"'No, sir,' I rejoined, 'but it has often been crowned with laurels.'

"All this, of course, prolonged somewhat the merriment, until we saw the young men returning along the shore of the lake, dragging an old dory which they had found about a quarter of a mile off. Immediately all the company arranged themselves to welcome the poor fellows, every lady with a lily in her bosom, or in her head, and every gentleman swinging one in his hand. So soon as my comrades got near enough to spy the flowers, they dropped the rope of the boat, and pushed forward to be assured that the appearance was a reality. And when they saw that the lilies had indeed been taken from the pond, and found that they had 'gotten only their labor for their pains,' while they in their hearts generously exulted with me in my triumph, they threatened me with all sorts of retaliations if I were not protected by the presence of the fair sex."

The Price of Success.

It is no longer possible to know everything. A universal scholar will be no more seen among men. The range of human knowledge has increased so vastly, has swept out and away so far and so fast, that no brain, be its quantity or quality what it may, can, in the years commonly given to man, even survey the field. A man, therefore, must make up his mind, if he propose to learn anything, to be content with profound ignorance of a great many other things. It is a bitter thing, perhaps, but it is a fact, that a man who would know anything in this century must purchase his knowledge with voluntary and chosen ignorance of a hundred other things. One must choose his specialty, and devotion and diligence in that is the price he pays for success. It is with doing as it is with knowing. There is only a certain amount of work in any case. He cannot do everything. Nevertheless, everything needs doing. All about him is undone work clamoring for hands. There are two courses before one. To undertake everything, to fret and grieve because one finds this and that undone, and to make spasmodic efforts to do it—this is the way of failure. Resolutely to make up one's mind to let, as far as he is concerned, the most that should be done stay undone still, to steel one's heart against demands and necessities, to resist all inducements to put forth a single effort, to close one's eyes to it all, and to stick heart, hand, life, and love to the thing a man undertakes and calls his own—that is the way of success. Life is very short, and the single brain and hand, at best, very weak, and there are thousands of things to know and to do. One must choose, and be content with his choice. And so it comes to pass that now, at last, the measure of a man's learning will be the amount of his voluntary ignorance, the measure of his practical effectiveness the amount of what he is content to leave unattempted.

Boukakilas, King of Sine, in Senegambia.

THE French have long held a foothold in the Senegal, though they have failed to do much toward elevating the negro race there. Constant wars, the indolence of a warm climate, and native incompatibility with civilization, have all contributed to this result. The King of Sine, one of their adherents, is a fair type. He is an intelligent negro, very shrewd in his dealings with the whites. His costume, though superior to that of his subjects, would not in itself proclaim him

King, were he not always attended by a chief, bearing the "oath lance," on which subjects swear allegiance to him. When His Majesty sits down, this lance is planted before him, and an attendant spreads a robe, on which sand is scattered. Musicians, like the minstrels of olden Europe, attend him, to chant his exploits, accom-

panying their songs with the wildest music of the drum and kettledrum.

The sketch is from the pencil of a French officer, and will give an idea of this ruler of the African coast. His features are not of the negro type, and his expression shows him to be what is asserted, a man of ability.



DOUKAKILAS, KING OF SINE, IN SENEGAMBIA.



"THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF."—"I'VE JUST BEEN TO CALL AT MR. BRIDE'S," SAID HE, AS MISS PARKER USHERED HIM INTO THE DAIN'TILY CLEAN PARCINCTS OF HER BEST ROOM."

"Thy Neighbor as Thyself"

NUTTING-TIME over the Connecticut hills, with a veil of golden haze quivering above the fields of reaped corn; the trees all ablaze in scarlet and gold, and the sky blue as the blue of a baby's eyes. And the squirrels chattering in the woods, and the dead leaves whispering to each other in every forest pool and sunny nook, while the old chest-nut-tree on the hill lifted its giant umbel like a signal banner which all the world might behold.

Unconsciously picturesque, Miss Calphurnia Parker stood there, a scarlet shawl twisted over her head, and a basket on her arm among, the rain

of yellow leaves, looking up into the great many-branched trees.

"All these nuts stripped clean off the boughs again!" said Miss Calphurnia, grimly. "Well, if this 'ere don't beat all! Royal Bride's children ought to be clapped into the penitentiary, every one of 'em! 'Tain't as though they weren't old enough to know better! They're the biggest nuisance in the neighborhood, and I swan to gracious 'a feminine profanity in which Miss Parker, church-member though she was, frequently indulged, "if it warn't for givin' up beat, I'd sell out and go to Californy!"

Miss Parker was tall and straight and lithe

without an atom of superfluous flesh on her bones, and small, sparkling eyes, the color of a cloudy-blue marble. Nor were her hay-colored tresses disposed in puffs and wide braids and floating frizzes, like those of womankind in general; on the contrary, every hair was screwed into an uncompromising knot at the back of her head, and skewered through and through with a horn comb. Of crimoline she had none; sashes and paniers were alike an abomination in her sight. Nature had not been bountiful to Miss Calphurnia, and she scorned to call in the assistance of Art.

She turned slowly around, and walked down the lane, where the dead leaves lay like drifts of virgin gold, and the blackberry vines flaunted their blood-red pennons in every breeze.

Down in the hollow below nestled her own thrifty farmhouse, with its newly shingled roof and trim fences, and the door-yard, where chrysanthemums uplifted their turbaned crests of white and crimson and streaky pink.

Miss Calphurnia eyed it with pardonable pride, and then glanced contemptuously at the knot of buildings just beyond.

A low-eaved house, guiltless of paint, with a chimney that had settled into a mere heap of bricks, shutters hanging by one hinge, or flapping loosely about in the wind, broken windows, fence mended by pitiful makeshifts of string and wire, and stray cattle grazing up to the very door-stone—what a contrast it presented to its prosperous neighbor!

"Humph!" snorted Miss Calphurnia, aloud, "if I couldn't farm it better than that, I *would* give up!"

And then, perceiving some one at her door, she hurried hospitably down the hill.

"It's the minister," said Miss Calphurnia.

The minister it was—a hale, ruddy-cheeked elderly gentleman in clerical black, with a jagged walking-stick in one hand, and pleasant brown eyes shining from behind a pair of double convex lenses.

"I've just been to call at Mr. Bride's," said he, as Miss Parker ushered him into the daintily clean precincts of her best room, "and it don't look much as it does here."

"I calculate not!" said Miss Calphurnia, with a scornful elevation of her nostrils. "They're a plague and a torment to the neighborhood, them Brides, and I wish they'd gone to Nova Zembla afore they ever thought of settling here!"

"My dear Miss Parker," mildly remonstrated the minister, "remember that we are commanded to love our neighbor as ourself."

"I can't help that!" said Miss Calphurnia, sitting grimly erect on her chair. "Love them Brides! I just wish you knew how many times their pigs have been in our cabbage-patch, and their mis'able young 'uns have stolen my melons and grapes! Love 'em! Why, they'd ought to be indicted!"

"The poor man is a widower," said Mr. Blessington, gently, "in poor health."

"A lucky escape for his wife, I should say!" remarked the uncompromising spinster.

"And the children—well, of course, you know, Miss Calphurnia, as well as I can tell you," added the minister, "that children will be children."

"I should think so!" sniffed Miss Parker. "And you'd think so if you could see my hens' nests all robbed, and the cold frames smashed in with stones; and the plecter they drewed on the barn-door with chalk, of an old witch a-ridin' away on a broomstick, with 'This is old Calphy Parker' written under it!"

Mr. Blessington's pleasant brown eyes twinkled; the corners of his mouth relaxed.

"Oh, I wouldn't mind it, if I were you Miss Calphurnia," he said.

"Well, I wonder how a body's to help it!" retorted Miss Parker. "'Tain't any one thing, you know—it's the perpetual pick, pick, pick, day in and day out, that tries one beyond all endurance. Royal Bride always was a poor, shiftless creature, and always will be, and—"

"I am very sorry you feel so, Miss Calphurnia," said the minister; "for I was about to ask you to call there—as a good neighbor, of course. Mr. Bride's ill with rheumatic fever, and the two eldest children have the measles. There is no one to do anything for them, and I fear they are really in distress."

Miss Parker screwed her features into a most expressive grimace.

"I'd as lief go into the Black Hole of Calcutta," she said.

"Our neighbor as ourself," gently repeated Mr. Blessington.

"But I ain't one to shirk my duty," went on Miss Parker; "and if you really think I'd ought to—"

"All I ask of you is to go and see for yourself," said Mr. Blessington. "I think even you would be moved by the destitution and wretchedness of the place."

"Oh, I always knew Royal Bride wasn't no manager," said Miss Calphurnia; "but I can remember, when us both was young, he was a dreadful likely sort o' feller; and if he'd married any one else but Aurilla Bickman—"

"Yes, yes, I dare say," said Mr. Blessington. "But you won't let them starve, Miss Calphurnia?"

"Not I!" said she, rising with alacrity. "I ain't quite a heathen, if I be sort o' gross-grained, Mr. Blessington."

The mellow glory of the Autumn sunset was fringing the ruinous eaves of Royal Bride's forlorn-looking house that evening as Miss Calphurnia stepped briskly across the threshold, in answer to a faintly uttered—

"Come in."

"It's me," said Miss Calphurnia. "Bless me, Royal Bride! why, you do look for all the world like a ghost!"

He hobbled across the floor to meet her—the floor strewn with broken toys, splint-baskets and bits of paper. A sullen wood-fire smoldered on the hearth, emitting stifling gusts of smoke every time the door was opened or shut; a half-loaf of heavy, stinky bread lay on the table, and a gray cat was lapping milk out of a rusty pan close beside it.

"Pray sit down, Miss Calphy," said the poor man, with a faint attempt at a smile; "I am a ghost, to all intents and purposes! Children," to a swarming heap of humanity on the floor—"be quiet! This is kind of you, Miss Calphy."

"Kind!" The spinster's lip quivered as she looked round at the inexpressible desolation of the scene. "Be them children *very* sick, Royal?"

For, when she sat, she could see the little heads stretched from a pillow in the inner apartment—could discern the fever flush on their small, wasted cheeks.

"Yes," he answered, spiritlessly.

"Have you sent for the doctor?"

"No."

"Well, why not?"

Instinctively Miss Calphurnia had fallen into the catechetical vein.

"He wouldn't come if I was to send," said Royal, idly shuffling with his foot in the feathery ashes of the hearth. "I owe him fifty-six dollars a-ready!"

"But he ain't a Turk, is he?" cried Miss Calphurnia. "He wouldn't let your little children die because you can't afford to pay his bills."

Royal Bride shook his head dejectedly.

"The world is very hard on a poor man, Miss Calphry," said he; "and I've most given up fighting it!"

"Now, that's nonsense, Royal Bride," cried she. "Land alive! hain't you got neighbors?"

"Neighbors! Yes," he answered, bitterly. "But what good are they to me? They're all tired out o' ready dein' for a man that's always in trouble. You yourself, Miss Calphurnia, told Elder Jaycox's wife we were worse than smallpox in the neighborhood."

"So I did," admitted the conscience-stricken lady. "But, law! Royal, folks don't always mean what they say!"

"I don't know how that is," said Royal Bride, still grinding the ashes under his heel. "Me and the children are in everybody's way; and if we could starve quietly to death, or drown ourselves, without making a neighborhood fuss, we'd do it, and be thankful!"

"Don't talk that way!" said Miss Calphurnia Parker, ostentatiously blowing her nose. "Who baked that there bread?" with a nod at the dubious loaf on the table.

"Desire Potter sent it in."

"Humph! and she calls it bread! Desire Potter never warn't no housekeeper."

"If you had been without anything for a week but stale crackers, you would have eaten it thankfully," said Royal Bride. "There's nothin' like sickness for bringin' folks' notions down!"

Miss Calphry rose nimbly to her feet.

"Sonny, come here!" said she, beckoning to a bristle-headed urchin of nine Summers—the very artist, had she but known it, of the obnoxious picture on the barn-door. "Just cut over to my house, and bring the big bib-apron you'll find in the top dresser-drawer, and a pan of flour from back of the pantry-door. I'll mix up milk biscuits to half a minute. And you, sissy," to a grave-eyed girl, "fetch a lot o' chips. I'll make this 'ere fire burn, or I'll know the reason why. You sit still, Royal Bride," as he made a faint movement to assist her. "I don't calculate to get no work out o' sick folks. And there's a jar o' blackberry-sass over to my house that would be the most coolin' thing in creation for them little creatures parched up with measles! Law! 'tain't doctors that cures, half the time; and I know a receipt for wormwood-poultice that'll draw the rheumatics out o' your bones in no time at all, Royal Bride, if only you stick to it hot and heavy!"

"I wish I could thank you," said the poor man, with a sob in his throat.

"Thanks! I don't want no thanks," said Miss Calphurnia, blowing briskly away at the red embers. "That's a good boy"—to the panting messenger, who had by this time returned with his burden. "I'll give ye a plate o' fresh ginger-snaps this very night, see if I don't!"

"I don't want no ginger-snaps!" blubbered the boy, suddenly overtaken by pangs of conscience; "leastways, I hadn't oughter have 'em! 'cause I stole yer chestnuts—me and Bill Dice!"

"Chestnuts! that ain't nothin'," said Miss Calphurnia, forgivingly. "Law! there's chestnuts enough in the Parker woods, I guess. Don't cry now, but fetch in a lot o' wood as spry as you can jump now."

And before the twilight faded into frosty darkness, down all over with the glitter of stars, the forlorn Bride house had assumed a different aspect under the thrifty hands of Miss Calphurnia.

"I'll come round in the morning, and see about a good hot breakfast for you, Royal," said she. "Folks can't thrive on cold victuals, no how you can fix it."

As she went home, she saw a shadowy figure

drop from the ledge of her big barn-door, as a little monkey might drop from the bough of a tree in some Brazilian forest, and skim away into the darkness; and when she went forth to milk, in the early morning, she saw that the hideous chalk cartoon had been obliterated with a wet cloth.

"Well," said she to herself, "there is some decency left in them yet. If Royal Bride had married anybody in the world but Aurilla Bickman—"

And then the red cow came up to the bars, and Miss Calphurnia began her daily task.

Soft and silver-white, the first snow-storm of the year was fluttering its fleecy pearl on rugged fence, rude haystack, and moss-grown wall, when Mr. Blessington's spectacles once more dawned on the fire-lighted horizon of the Parker "best room," where Miss Calphurnia was knitting "clouded-red" stockings for some pair of four-year-old legs.

"I have just come from Mr. Bride's," said the reverend gentleman. "Upon my word, I never saw such a change in a house as has taken place there since my last visit. And the man himself—why, I scarcely knew him!"

"Yes," said Miss Calphurnia, her needles flying like steel lightning, "he's pretty to'able smart again."

"I'm not particularly good at guessing," went on Mr. Blessington, blinking at the fire, in his near-sighted way, "but, from something or other he said, I got the idea that he is going to marry again!"

"Yes," said Miss Calphurnia, knitting faster than ever.

"Is it wise of him—with all those little ones? For—"

"Mr. Blessington," cried Miss Parker, dropping her work, with a little hysterical laugh, "I don't know as there's any secret to it, but—but you told me it was my duty to love my neighbor as myself, and—"

"O—o—oh!" said Mr. Blessington, staring until his eyes shone like two genial moons through the double convex glasses. "I see it all now; yes, yes, I see! You are going to be the mother of the motherless little ones. Well, well, Miss Calphurnia, it's the very best arrangement I know of; but you cannot blame me for being a little surprised. Because the last time I was here, you know—"

"We're all of us apt to change our minds, Mr. Blessington," confessed Miss Parker, "and I don't set up to be no better'n the rest of the world. And so we're to be married next week, and I'm to cook the Christmas dinner for those poor neglected children. And if you'll come, too, sir, there's nowhere you'll get a warmer welcome, though it ain't no great place."

So the minister was invited to his Christmas dinner, while it was yet too early to have any "previous engagements."

The Schoolteacher at Bottle Flat.

It certainly *was* hard. What was the freedom of a country in which the voice of the original founders was spent in vain? Had not they, the "Forty" miners of Bottle Flat, really started the place? Hadn't they located claims there? Hadn't they contributed three ounces each, ostensibly to set up in business a brother miner who unfortunately lost an arm, but really that a saloon might be opened, and the genuineness and stability of the camp be assured? Hadn't they promptly killed or scared away every Chinaman who had

ever trailed his celestial pig-tail into the Flat? Hadn't they cut and beaten a trail to Placerville, so that miners could take a run to that city when the Flat became too quiet? Hadn't they framed the squarrest betting code in the whole diggings? And when a 'Frisco man basely attempted to break up the camp by starting a gorgeous saloon a few miles up the creek, hadn't they gone up in a body and cleared him out, giving him only ten minutes in which to leave the creek for ever? All this they had done, actuated only by a stern sense of duty, and in the patient anticipation of the reward which traditionally crowns virtuous action. But now—oh, ingratitude of republics!—a schoolteacher was to be forced upon Bottle Flat in spite of all the protest which they, the oldest inhabitants, had made!

Such had been their plaint for days, but the sad excitement had not been productive of any fights, for the few married men in the camp prudently absented themselves at night from "The Nugget" saloon, where the matter was fiercely discussed every evening. There was, therefore, such an utter absence of diversity of opinion, that the most quarrelsome searched in vain for provocation.

On the afternoon of the day on which the opening events of this story occurred, the boys, by agreement, stopped work two hours earlier than usual, for the stage usually reached Bottle Flat about two hours before sundown, and the one of that day was to bring the hated teacher. The boys had wallaigh given up the idea of further resistance, yet curiosity has a small place even in manly bosoms, and they could at least look hatred at the detested pedagogue. So about four o'clock they gathered at The Nugget so suddenly, that several fathers, who were calmly drinking inside, had barely time to escape through the back windows.

The boys drank several times before composing themselves into their accustomed seats and leaning-places; but it was afterward asserted, and Southpaw—the one-armed barkeeper—cited as evidence, that none of them took sugar in their liquor. They subjected their sorrow to homeopathic treatment by drinking only the most raw and rasping fluids that the bar afforded.

The preliminary drinking over, they moodily whittled, chewed, and expectorated: a stranger would have imagined them a batch of miserable criminals awaiting transportation.

The silence was finally broken by a decided-looking red-haired man, who had been neatly beveling the door-post with his knife, and who spoke as if his words only by great difficulty escaped being bitten in two.

"We ken burn down the schoolhouse right before his face and eyes, and then mebbe the State Board 'll git our ideas about eddycation."

"Twa'n't be no use, Mose," said Judge Barber, whose legal title was honorary, and conferred because he had spent some time in a penitentiary in the East. "Them-State Board fellers is wrong, but they've got grit, ur they'd never hev got the schoolhouse done after we rode the contractor out uv the Flat on one of his own boards. Besides, some uv 'em might think we wuz rubbin' uv it in, an' next thing you know'd they'd be buildin' us a jail."

"Can't we buy off these young uns' felks?" queried an angular fellow from Southern Illinois. "They're a mizable pack of shotes, an' I b'lieve they'd all leave the camp fur a few ounces."

"Ye—es," drawled the judge, dubiously; "but thar's the Widder Ginnays—~~and~~ pan out a pretty good schoolroom-full with her eight young uns, an' there ain't ounces enough in the diggin's to make Ar leave while Tom Ginnays's coffin's roastin' under the rocks."

"Then," said Mose, the first speaker, his words escaping with even more difficulty than before, "throw around heards to see who's to marry the widder, an' boss her young uns. The feller that gits the fast Jack's to do the job."

"Meanin' no insult to this highly respectable crowd," said the judge, in a very bland tone, "and inviting it to walk up to the bar, and specky its consolation, I den't b'lieve there's one uv yer the widder'd hev." The judge's eye glanced along the line at the bar, and he continued softly, but in decided accents—"Not a cussed one. But," added the judge, passing his punch to the barkeeper, "if anything's to be done, it must be done lively, for the stage is pretty nigh here. Tell ye what's ez good ez anything. We'll crowd around the stage, fast throwin' heards for who's to put out his hoof to be accidentally tread onto by the infernal teacher ez he gits out. Then satisfaction must be took out uv the teacher. It'll be a mean job, fur these teachers hev'n't the spank of a coyote; an' ten to one he won't hev no shootin' iron, so the job 'll hev to be done with flats."

"Good!" said Mose. "The crowd drinks with me to a square job, and no backin'. Chuck the pasteboards, judge—The-dickens!" For Mose had got first Jack.

"Square job, and no backin'," said the judge, with a grin. "There's the stage now—hurry up, fellers!"

The stage drew up with a crash in front of The Nugget, and the passengers, outside and in, but none looking teacherish, hurried into the saloon. The boys scarcely knew whether to swear from disappointment or gratification, when a start from Mose drew their attention again to the stage. On the top step appeared a small shoe, above which was visible a small section of stocking far whiter and smaller than is usual in the mines. In an instant a similar shoe appeared on the lower step, and the boys saw, successively, the edge of a dress, a waterproof cloak, a couple of small gloved hands, a bright muffler, and a pleasant face covered with brown hair, and a bonnet. Then they heard a cheerful voice say:

"I'm the teacher, gentlemen—can any one show me the schoolhouse?"

The miserable Mose looked ghostly, and tottered. A suspicion of a wink grazed the judge's eye, but he exclaimed in a stern, low tone, "Square job, an' no backin'," upon which Mose took to his heels and the Placerville trail.

The judge had been a married man, so he promptly answered:

"I'll take yer thar, mum, ez soon as I git yer baggage."

"Thank you," said the teacher; "that valise under the seat is all."

The judge extracted a small valise marked "Huldah Brown," offered his arm, and he and the teacher walked off before the astounded crowd as naturally as if the appearance of a modest-looking young lady was an ordinary occurrence at the Flat.

The stage refilled, and rattled away from the dumb and staring crowd, and the judge returned.

"Well, boys," said he, "yer got to marry two women now, to step that school, an' you'll find this uv more particler than the widder. I juss tell yer what it is about that school—it's agoin' to go on, spite uv any jeakeses that wants it broke up; an' any gentleman that's insulted ken git satisfaction by—"

"Who wants it broke up, yea old fool?" demanded Toledo, a man who had been named after the city from which he had come, and who had been from the first one of the fiercest opponents of the school. "I move the appointment uv a committee of three to wait on the teacher, see if

the school wants anything money can buy, take up subscriptions to git it, an' lay out any feller that don't come down with the dust when he's went fur."

"Hurra!" "Bully!" "Good!" "Sound!" "Them's the talk!" and other sympathetic expressions, were heard from the members of the late anti-school party.

The judge, who, by virtue of age, was the master of ceremonies and general moderator of the camp, promptly appointed a committee, consisting of Toledo and two miners, whose attire appeared the most respectable in the place, and instructed them to wait on the schoolmarm, and tender her the cordial support of the miners.

Early the next morning the committee called at the schoolhouse, attached to which were two small rooms in which teachers were expected to keep house.

The committee found the teacher "putting to rights" the schoolroom. Her dress was tucked up, her sleeves rolled, her neck hidden by a bright handkerchief, and her hair "a-blowin' all to glory," as Toledo afterward expressed it. Between the exertion, the bracing air, and the excitement caused by the newness of everything, Miss Brown's pleasant face was almost handsome. "Mornin', marm," said Toledo, raising a most shocking hat, while the remaining committee-men expeditiously ranged themselves behind him, so that the teacher might by no chance look into their eyes.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," said Miss Brown, with a cheerful smile; "please be seated. I suppose you wish to speak of your children?"

Toledo, who was a very young man, blushed, and the whole committee was as uneasy upon its feet as if its boots had been soled with fly-blisters. Finally, Toledo answered:

"Not much, marm, seein' we hain't got none. Me an' these gentlemen's a committee from the boys."

"From the boys?" echoed Miss Brown. She had heard so many wonderful things about the Golden State, that now she soberly wondered whether bearded men called themselves boys, and went to school.

"From the miners, washin' along the creek, marm—they want to know what they ken do fur yer," continued Toledo.

"I am very grateful," said Miss Brown; "but I suppose the local school committee—"

"Don't count on them, marm," interrupted Toledo; "they're livin' five miles away, and they're only the preacher, an' doctor, an' a feller that's j'ined the church lately. None uv 'em but the doctor ever shows themselves at the saloon, an' he only comes when there's a difflilty, an' he's called in to officiate. But the boys—the boys hex got the dust, marm, an' they've got the will. One uv us 'll be in often to see what can be done far yer. Good-mornin', marm."

Toledo raised his hat again, the other committee-men bowed profoundly to all the windows and seats, and then the whole retired.

"Well?" inquired the crowd, as the committee approached the creek.

"Well," replied Toledo, "she's just a hundred an' thirty pound nugget, an' no mistake—hey, fellers!"

"Yob bet," promptly responded the remainder of the committee.

"Good!" said the judge. "What does she want?"

Toledo's countenance fell.

"By thunder!" he replied, "we got out 'fore she had a chance to tell us!"

The judge stared sharply upon the young man, and hurriedly turned to hide a merry twitching of his lips.

That afternoon the boys were considerably astonished and scared at seeing the schoolmistress walking quickly toward the creek. The chairman of the new committee was fully equal to the occasion. Mounting a rock, he roared:

"You fellers without no shirts on, git. You with shoes off, put 'em on. Take your pants out uv yer boots. Hats off when the lady comes. Hurry up; now—no foolin'."

The shirtless ones took a lively double-quick toward some friendly bushes, the boys rolled down their sleeves and pantaloons, and one or two took the extra precaution to wash the mud off their boots.

Meanwhile Miss Brown approached, and Toledo stepped forward.

"Anything wrong up at the schoolhouse?" said he.

"Oh, no," replied Miss Brown, "but I have always had a great curiosity to see how gold was obtained. It seems as if it must be very easy to handle those little pans. Don't you—don't you suppose some miner would lend me his pan and let me try just once?"

"Cert'ingly, marm; ev'ry galeot ov 'em would be glad of the chance. Here, you fellers—who's got the cleanest pan?"

Half a dozen men washed out their pans, and hurried off with them. Toledo selected one, put in dirt and water, and handed it to Miss Brown.

"Thar you are, marm, but I'm afraid you'll wet your dress."

"Oh, that won't harm," cried Miss Brown, with a laugh which caused one enthusiastic miner to "cut the pigeon-wing."

She got the miner's touch to a nicety, and in a moment had a spray of dirty water flying from the edge of the pan, while all the boys stood in a respectful semicircle, and stared delightedly. The pan empty, Toledo refilled it several times; and, finally, picking out some pebbles and hard pieces of earth, pointed to the dirty, shiny deposit in the bottom of the pan, and briefly remarked:

"Thar 'tis, marm."

"Oh!" screamed Miss Brown, with delight; "is that really gold-dust?"

"That's it," said Toledo. "I'll jest put it up fur yer, so yer ken kerry it."

"Oh, no," said Miss Brown, "I couldn't think of it—it isn't mine."

"You washed it out, marm, an' that makes a full title in these parts."

All of the traditional honesty of New England came into Miss Brown's face in an instant; and, although she, Yankee-like, estimated the value of the dust, and sighingly thought, how much easier it was to win gold in that way than by forcing ideas into stupid little heads, she firmly declined the gold, and bade the crowd a smiling good-day.

"Did yer see them little fingers uv hern a-holdin' out that pan?—did yer see her, fellers?" inquired an excited miner.

"Yes, an' the way she made that dirt git, es though she was useder to washin' than wallopin'," said another.

"Wallopin'!" echoed a staid miner. "I'd gie my claim, an' throw in my pile to boot, to be a young 'un, an' git walloped by them playthings of han's."

"Jest see how she throwed dirt an' water on them boots," said another, extending an enormous ugly boot. "Them boots ain't fur sale now—them ain't."

"Them be darned!" contemptuously exclaimed another. "She tramped right on my toes as she backed out uv the crowd."

Every one looked jealously at the last speaker, and a grim old fellow suggested that the aforesaid individual had obtained a trampled foot by

fraud, and that each man in camp had, consequently, a right to demand satisfaction of him.

But the judge decided that he of the trampled foot was right, and that any miner who wouldn't take such a chance, whether fraudulently or otherwise, hadn't the spirit of a man in him.

Yankee Sam, the shortest man in camp, withdrew from the crowd, and paced the banks of the creek, lost in thought. Within half an hour Sam was owner of the only store in the place, had doubled the prices of all articles of clothing contained therein, and increased at least six-fold the price of all the white shirts.

Next day the sun rose on Bottle Flat in his usual conservative and impassive manner. Had he respected the dramatic proprieties, he would have appeared with astonished face and uplifted hands; for seldom had a whole community changed so completely in a single night.

Uncle Hans, the only German in the camp, had spent the preceding afternoon in that patient investigation, for which the Teutonic mind is so justly noted. The morning sun saw over Hans's door a sign, in charcoal, which read, "SHAVIN' DER HIRN;" and few men went to the creek that morning without submitting themselves to Hans's hands.

Then several men who had been absent from the saloon the night before straggled into camp, with faded musles and hew attire. Carondelet Joe came in, clad in a pair of pants, on which slender saffron-hued serpents ascended graceful gray Corinthian columns, while from under the collar of a new white shirt appeared a cravat, displaying most of the lines of the solar spectrum.

Flash, the Flat champion at poker, came in late in the afternoon, with a huge watch-chain and an overpowering bosom-pin, and his horrid fingers sported at least one seal-ring each.

Several stove-pipe hats were visible in camp, and even a pair of gloves were reported in the pocket of a miner.

Yankee Sam had sold out his entire stock, and prevented bloodshed over his only bottle of hair-oil by putting it up at a raffle, in forty chances, at an ounce a chance. His stock of white shirts, seven in number, were visible on many forms; his pocket-combs and glasses were all gone; and there had been a steady run on needles and thread. Most of the miners were smoking new white clay pipes, while a few thoughtful ones, hoping for a repetition of the events of the previous day, had secured their pans to a dazzling brightness.

As for the innocent cause of all this commotion, she was fully as excited as the miners themselves. She had never been outside of Middle Bethany until she started for California. Everything on the trip had been strange, and her stopping-places and its people were stranger than all. The male population of Middle Bethany, as is usual with small New England villages, consisted almost entirely of very young boys and very old men. But here at Bottle Flat were hosts of middle-aged men, and such funny ones! She was wild to see more of them, and hear them talk; yet, her wildness was no match for her prudence. She sighed to think how slightly Toledo had spoken of the minister on the local committee, and she piously admitted to herself that Toledo and his friends were undoubtedly on the brink of the bottomless pit, and yet—they certainly were very kind. If she could only exert a good influence upon these men—but how?

Suddenly she bethought herself of the grand social centre of Middle Bethany—the singing-school. Of course, she couldn't start a singing-school at Bottle Flat, but if she were to say the children needed to be led in singing, would it be very hypocritical? She might invite such of the

miners as were musically inclined to lead the school in singing in the morning, and thus she might, perhaps, remove some of the prejudice which, she had been informed, existed against the school.

She broached the subject to Toledo, and that faithful official had nearly every miner in camp at the schoolhouse that same evening. The judge brought a fiddle, Uncle Hans came with a cornet, and Yellow Pete came grinning in with his darling banjo.

There was a little disappointment all around when the boys declared their ignorance of "Greenville" and "Bonny Doon," which Mrs. Miss Brown decided were most easy for the children to begin with; but when it was ascertained that the former was the air to "Saw My Leg Off," and the latter was identical with the "Three Black Crows," all friction was removed, and the melodious howling attracted the few remaining boys at the saloon, and brought them up in a body, led by the barkeeper himself.

The exact connection between melody and adoration is yet an unsolved religio-psychological problem. But we all know that everywhere in the habitable globe the two intermingle, and stimulate each other, whether the adoration be offered to heavenly or earthly objects. And so it came to pass that, at the Bottle Flat singing-school, the boys looked straight at the teacher while they raised their tuneful voices; that they came ridiculously early, so as to get front seats; and that they purposely sung out of tune, once in a while, so as to be personally addressed by the teacher.

And she—pure, modest, prudent, and refined—saw it all, and enjoyed it intensely. Of course, it could never go any further, for though there was in Middle Bethany no moneyed aristocracy, the best families scorned alliances with any who were undegenerate, and would not be unequally yoked with those who drank, swore, and gambled, let alone the fearful suspicion of murder, which Miss Brown's imagination affixed to every man at the Flat.

But the boys themselves—considering the unspeakable contempt which had been manifested in the camp for the profession of teaching, and for all who practiced it—the boys exhibited a commendation truly Christian. They vied with each other in manifesting it, and though the means were not always the most appropriate, the honesty of the sentiment could not be doubted.

One by one the greater part of the boys, after adoring and hoping, saw for themselves that Miss Brown could never be expected to change her name at their solicitation. Sadder but better men, they retired from the contest, and soothed themselves by betting on the chances of those still "on the track," as an ex-jockey tersely expressed the situation.

There was no talk of "false-hearted beauty" or "fair temptress," such as men often hear in society, for not only had all the tenderness emanated from manly breasts alone, but it had never taken form of words.

Soon the hopeful ones were reduced to half a dozen of these. Yankee Sam was the favorite among the betting men, for Sam, knowing the habits of New England damsels, went to Placerville one Friday, and returned next day with a horse and buggy. On Sunday he triumphantly drove Miss Brown to the nearest church. Ten to one was offered on Sam that Sunday afternoon, as the boys saw the demure and contented look on Miss Brown's face as she returned from church. But Samuel followed in the sad footsteps of many another great man, for so industriously did he drink to his own success that he speedily developed into a bad case of *delirium tremens*.

Then Carondelet Joe, calmly confident in the influence of his wonderful pants, led all odds in betting. But one evening, when Joe had managed to get himself in the front row and directly before the little teacher, that lady turned her head several times, and showed signs of discomfort; when it finally struck the latter that the human breath might, perhaps, waft toward a lady perfumes more agreeable than those of mixed drinks, he abruptly quitted the school and the camp.

Flush, the poker champion, carried with him to the singing-school that astounding impudence which had long been the terror and admiration of the camp. But a quality which had always seemed exactly the thing when applied to poker seemed to the boys barely endurable when displayed toward Miss Brown.

One afternoon, Flush indiscreetly indulged in some triumphant and rather slighting remarks about the little teacher. Within fifteen minutes, Flush's final earthly home had been excavated, and an amateur undertaker was making his coffin.

An untimely proposal by a good-looking young Mexican, and his prompt rejection, left the race between Toledo and a Frenchman named Lecomte. It also left Miss Brown considerably frightened, for until now she had imagined nothing more serious than the rude admiration which had so delighted her at first.

But now who knew but some one else would be ridiculous? Poor little Miss Brown suffered acutely at the thought of giving pain, and determined to be more demure than ever.

But alas! even her agitation seemed to make her more charming to her two remaining lovers.

Had the boys at the saloon comprehended in the least the cause of Miss Brown's uneasiness, they would have promptly put both Lecomte and Toledo out of the camp, or out of the world. But to their good-natured, conceited minds it meant only that she was confused, and unable to decide, and unlimited betting was done, to be settled upon the retirement of either of the contestants.

And while patriotic feeling influenced the odds rather in Toledo's favor, it was fairly admitted that the Frenchman was a formidable rival.

To all the grace of manner, and the knowledge of women that seems to run in Gallic blood, he was a man of tolerable education and excellent taste. Besides, Miss Brown was so totally different from French women, that every development of her character afforded him an entirely new sensation, and doubled his devotion.

Toledo stood his ground manfully, though the boys considered it a very bad sign when he stopped drinking, and spent hours in pacing the ground in front of his hut, with his hands behind him, and his eyes fixed on the ground.

Finally, when he was seen one day to throw away his faithful old pipe, heavy betters hastened to "hedge" as well as they might.

Besides, as one of the boys truthfully observed, "He couldn't begin to wag a jaw along with that Frenchman."

But, like many other young men, he could talk quite eloquently with his eyes, and as the language of the eye is always direct and purely grammatical, Miss Brown understood everything they said, and, to her great horror, once or twice barely escaped talking back.

The poor little teacher was about to make the whole matter a subject of special prayer, when a knock at the door startled her.

She answered it, and beheld the homely features of the judge.

"I just come in to talk a little matter that's been botherin' me some time. Ye'll pardon me ef I talk a little plain?" said he.

"Certainly," replied the teacher, wondering if he, too, had joined her persecutors.

"Thank ye," said the judge, looking relieved. "It's all right. I've got darters to hum ez big ez you be, an' I want to talk to yer ez ef yer was one uv 'em."

The judge looked uncertain for a moment, and then proceeded:

"That feller Toledo's dead in love with yer—uv course you know it, though 'tain't likely he's told yer. All I want to say 'bout him is, drop him kindly. He's been took so bad sence you come, that he's stopped drinkin' an' chewin' an' smokin' an' cussin', an' he hasn't played a game at The Nugget sence the first singin'-school night. Mebbe this all ain't much to you, but you've read 'bout that woman that was spoke well uv fur doin' what she could. He's the fust feller I've ever seen in the diggin's that went back on all the comforts uv life, an'—an' I've been a young man myself, an' know how big a claim it's been fur him to work. I ain't got the heart to see him spiled now; but he *will* be ef, when yer hev to drop him, yer don't do it kindly. An'—just one thing more—the quicker he's out uv his misery the better."

The old jail-bird screwed a tear out of his eye with a dirty knuckle, and departed abruptly, leaving the little teacher just about ready to cry herself.

But before she was quite ready, another knock startled her.

She opened the door, and let in Toledo himself. "Good-evenin', marm," said he, gravely. "I just come in to make my last f'ficial call, seein' I'm goin' away to-morrer. Ez there anything the schoolhouse wants I ken git an' send from 'Frisco'."

"Going away!" ejaculated the teacher, heedless of the remainder of Toledo's sentence.

"Yes, marm; goin' away fur good. Fact is, I've been tryin' to behave myself lately, an' I find I need more company at it than I git about the diggin's. I'm goin' some place whar I ken learn to be the gentleman I feel like bein'—to be decent an' honest, an' useful, an' ther ain't nobody here that keers to help a feller that way—nobody."

The ancestor of the Browns of Middle Bethany was at Lexington on that memorable morning in '76, and all of his promptness and his courage, ten times multiplied, swelled the heart of his trembling little descendant, as she faltered out:

"There's one."

"Who?" asked Toledo, before he could raise his eyes.

But though Miss Brown answered not a word, he did not repeat his question, for such a rare crimson came into the little teacher's face, that he hid it away in his breast, and acted as if he would never let it out again.

Another knock at the door.

Toledo dropped into a chair, and Miss Brown, hastily smoothing her hair, opened the door, and again saw the judge.

"I jest dropped back to say—" commenced the judge, when his eye fell upon Toledo.

He darted a quick glance at the teacher, comprehended the situation at once, and with a loud shout of "Out of his misery, by thunder!" started on a run to carry the news to the saloon.

Miss Brown completed her term, and then the minister, who was on the local Board, was called in to formally make her tutor for life to a larger pupil. Lecomte, with true French gallantry, insisted on being groomsmen, and the judge gave away the bride. The groom, who gave a name very different from any ever heard at the Flat, placed on his bride's finger a ring, inscribed within, "Made from gold washed by Huldah Brown." The little teacher has increased the number of her pupils by several, and her latest one calls her grandma.



THE SCHOOLTEACHER AT BOTTLE FLAT.—“‘MORNIN’, MARN,’ SAID TOLEDO, RAISING A MOST SHOCKING HAT, WHILE THE REMAINING COMMITTEE-MEN EXPEDITIOUSLY RANGED THEMSELVES BEHIND HIM.”
SEE PAGE 307.



A LOGICAL LAD.

FIRST LITTLE BOY—"Oh, that egg's done now, I'm sure—it's been in *five* minutes by the clock."
 SECOND LITTLE BOY—"Oh, it ain't ready yet then, because that clock's fast!"

The other day a tailor sent his bill to a magazine editor. He was startled a few hours afterward by its being returned, with the note appended, "Your manuscript is respectfully declined."

An Albany paper ungallantly quotes Anna Dickinson's agent as advertising that her new lecture is "the crowing effort of her life."

A Young Doctor, on being asked to contribute toward inclosing and ornamenting the village cemetery, very coolly remarked that if he filled it he thought he should do his part.

The farmer should sow his P's, keep his U's warm, hive his B's, kill off the J's, remember what he C's, take care of the V's, pay all he O's, teach his wife not to T's, and take his E's.

A lady from the country, who recently visited the Boston Theatre, remarked: "The play was splendid, but it was too bad that they couldn't get anybody but a humpbacked man to take the part of Richard."

Napoleon was mistaken when he said "Providence is always on the side of the heaviest artillery;" for Fort Adams, with its heaviest artillery, is on one side, and Providence on the other. So they say in Rhode Island.

A Glazier is the only person who takes pleasure in the thought that this is a world of pane.

As one result of the panic several of the "upper ten" have felt it a duty to give up their pews in fashionable churches, and if things go on at this rate, they fear they may have to relinquish their boxes at the opera.

It is now discovered that the account of a "balloon" being found in a tree in North Africa, and supposed to have traveled southward from France during the Franco-German war, is founded on a typographical error. The word should have been printed "baboon."

Fadover tells us Mrs. Fadover says she don't see the use in having women's congresses any more, now that Mr. Van's aunt has been elected Mayor of Baltimore by such a sweeping majority. And she were one of them dead Democrats, too.

A Minister walked six miles to marry a couple lately. He said he felt sort of fee-bill like. The groom saw it.

The man most looked up to—The man in the moon.

Why is a man who makes additions to false rumors like one who has confidence in all that is told him?—Because he relies on all that he hears.

A Store in Grafton, Mass., sixty-nine years old, has not had its roof repaired since it was built, which is mentioned as a shingler fact by the local papers.

Why should Uncle Sam have only lady employes in the Post Office? Because they are fully able to manage the mails (males).

A Maine gentleman owns a horse that refuses to go by a church on Sunday without stopping. He finds sermons in stones, however.

A Watchmaker wants to know whether, if a man runs away from a scolding wife, his movement should not be called a lever escapement.

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.**1.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

My initials and finals give the names of two great men. 1. A small animal. 2. A Grecian deity. 3. A worshiper of the sun. 4. Stimulating. 5. To surrender. 6. A small instrument of steel. 7. Small stones. 8. Mason's tool. 9. Boy's name. 10. To contract.

2.—CHARADE.

Two carpet-sacks held in his hand—
Plain in their centres, lo! my first—
By pleasant breezes gently fanned,
John Smith the shady street traversed.
In sweet abstraction deep immersed,
He noted not Time's rapid flight
Till sudden on his ears there burst
The whistle's screech—with all his might
He second for the depot, just in sight.
'Tis neck or nothing; speed, Smith, speed!
Even now the wheels begin to turn;
Of all thy fleetness thou hast need,
And may'st from this a lesson learn.
Hurrah! 'tis won, and, in return
For his exertion, he may third
At ease, and wipe his cheeks that burn,
While he flies swiftly as a bird,
And cries, "What rapid whole! Gad!
that's the word!"

3.—BREASTING AND CURTAILING.

Whole I keep fast like lock or bar;
Beheaded, at least the tongue I loose;
Curtailed, for one as old you'll not seek far;
Without head or tail you will never lose.

4.—SQUARE WORDS.

An impish being understand.
A prince that rules in India's land.
A gas, when 'tis electrified.
A county-seat, or small or wide.
A kind of powder is implied.

5.—SQUARE WORDS.

Canadian beast, carnivorous.
Things free from knots may we term thus.
A fish in India you will find.
"Be" is "here" (Latin) next assigned.
A girl's name—pretty to my mind.

6.—LOGOGRIPH.

When you read this, my whole you know;
But put my last letter first, then you'll view
A kind of weapon it will sure to show.
Now please to find it; I have told it you.

7.—TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

Firsts, centrals, finals, bring to view
An English author here for you.

1. 'Tis in your head, confess.
2. 'Twill glutinous express.
3. Name for the river-horse.
4. Medicinal starch, of course.
5. One letter add, renewing.
6. In war 'tis death for doing.

8.—LETTER PUZZLE.

The following words form three capital letters—the name of a fish. The initials of each letter also name a marine animal: 1. A fish; weakly; a continent; 2. A favorite; a fruit; stiff; portions; frequently; an English river; the top; complete. 3. A fish; an English river; ashes; wickedness; a claw; to speak; swift; a weapon; an English city; the east; agile. 8. A metal; a bird; a fish; a tool; a number; an animal; a color; obese; a Russian province; one of the seasons; an insect.

9.—CHARADE.

At midnight Lord Maxwell rode forth from his keep,
With retainers a trusty array;
While all honest folk were in bed and asleep,
He was out with his men and away—
Away over moss, over heather and scaur,
To harry the lands of his enemy, Carr.
Oh! gayly the moss-troopers gathered the kine,
And drove them before them in glee;
And they chuckled when thinking of how they would dine,
As the cattle ran over the lea;
While up in the depths of the sky the pale stars
Seemed watching the injury done to the Carrs.
But the Carrs were aroused by the noise and the route;
So, with impatience aglow,
They gathered together, and quickly set out
In pursuit of the venturous foe;
And, urging their steeds to a terrible pace,
They came up with the Maxwells a mile from the place.
The plumes of the leaders were shaken and tossed
As both to the conflict advanced;
My primals flashed out, and my seconds were crossed,
While their horses uneasily pranced.
Oh! many a borderer fell on that night,
As my totals were gleaming beneath the starlight.
Lord Maxwell was vanquished, his vassals took flight,
And the Carrs got their cattle once more,
For right, on the borders, consisted in might
When our ancestors battled of yore;
Yet, however prosaic the times when we live,
We prefer them, for law can security give.

10.—ENIGMA.

1. I dwell in the azure sky above,
Encircling masses round me move;
The leaden clouds, betokening rain,
Career through space in my domain;
The murky sky or thunder's roar,
The lightning flash, the rainy shower,
All dwell within the realm—the same
That for my high abode I claim.
And dimly through the cloudy night
I shed my gleam, dispense my light;
And frail, suspecting, sinful man
Looks on, and wonders what I am.
2. Bravo! *Encore!* Repeat again
That rapt'rous, operatic strain.
We're rapt in ecstasy with me,
And clap our hands in frenzied glee;
Chosen bouquets showered on my feet,
All love my gentle voice so sweet;
Extol my many gifts, and yet
I know you not—we never met!
Though still a glowing eulogy
All pass in transport upon me.
3. Where floats the flag above the brave
I glitter 'mid the battle's roar.
Long may the flag I light up wave
Till freedom rules from shore to shore.

11.—LOGOGRIPH.

Whole I'm an instrument, standard and plane,
I'm smooth and flat also even to sim;
Masons and builders have used me, I ween,
To adjust their works; I am right, I deem;
Backward and forward, I'm still all the same.
If in me the number of letters you would like
To gain,
Take out my middle, and you'll see it quite plain.

12.—CHARADE.

My first was gentle, good, and kind
 To me when I was young;
 With fear of God she filled my mind,
 With armor stout and strong.
 She often took me by the hand
 To gaze upon the brook;
 Whilst on its banks we'd sit and stand,
 And talk of God's own book.
 My second is a useful link
 To join my first and third;
 And oft I've been afraid to think
 That all was true I heard
 Of my whole, but chased each fear away.
 And in my third I dived with zeal,
 Though mem'ry oftentimes would stray,
 And from my work my thoughts would steal
 To her who'd give the whole to me
 Upon my marriage-day.
 So, now, dear readers, you've got the key,
 Now solve me this, I pray.

13.—SQUARE WORDS.

1. When 'lection time comes round again,
 Sought after these will be;
2. Correctly speaking, means the East
 And also means a sea.
3. This verb's signification is
 To punish, so beware;
4. An island of historic fame
 This is, I do declare.
5. This means to encircle or surround,
 As will be plainly seen;
6. Last never will be wavering found,
 And ends my square eighteen.

14.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two brother bards, in ancient days,
 Together won dramatic bays.

1. Him needy debtors fear.
2. A name to Christians dear.
3. All living things are this.
4. Disquietude, I wis.
5. A tribe of Indians bad.
6. In carpet stores 'tis had.
7. A town in England sea.
8. A part in harmony.

15.—CHARADE.

Now Winter's icy reign is o'er,
 And Summer bright is here once more;
 See, Nature dons her dress of green,
 And flow'rets in full first are seen.

How pleasant now at eve to rove,
 Through flowery dell or shady grove;
 Or through some second gently stray,
 To see the pretty lampkins play.

The subject of my humble rhyme
 Could write much better verse than mine;
 A homely bard of some renown—
 A rustic gem in nature's crown.

16.—LETTER PUZZLE.

Take L N B S V, then rightly place one vowel
 twice, and another thrice, and give the name of
 an eloquent church reformer.

17.—TRANSPPOSITION.

Transpose a city in Portugal into a vassal.

18.—SQUARE WORDS.

The Shah of Utah; possessor; a male relative;
 a girl's name; handsome horses.

19.—SQUARE WORDS.

Speedily; picketed; lengthwise; to perfume
 with frankincense; sharpens.

20.—NAMES OF FRUITS, ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A beverage, a proposition, and a vowel.
2. A consonant, a kind of serpent, three-fifths of a precious stone, and a grain (curtailed).
3. Three-fourths of a lady, and a relation.
4. Two-thirds of an animal, and an excuse (curtailed).
5. A vegetable, and two-fifths of an article of furniture.
6. A consonant, and a plant.
7. A bird, a consonant, and a beverage (beheaded).
8. A consonant, and a part of the body.
9. Three-fourths of an animal, a consonant, to wander, and a vowel.
10. A vowel, and a rank.
11. A consonant, and a wine (beheaded).
12. An animal, a consonant, and an insect.

21.—CHARADE.

Kissing the shore of the basking bay,
 The blue waves dance and merrily play;
 The sun glides on in splendor dressed,
 Reflecting his hues on the bright wave's breast.
 But sad to me will the splendor be,
 Till my love shall come from o'er the sea.

The fishermen work with heart and hand,
 The children gambol along the strand,
 The sea-gulls skim the frisking wave,
 The maid looks out for her sailor brave.
 But working or watching are dull to me,
 Till my love shall come from o'er the sea.

Here on the beach I love to rest,
 And watch for a speck in the distant west;
 For ere the shades of night shall fall,
 A first shall grow out of that speak so small.
 And perhaps a whisper 'twill bring to me,
 That my love doth come from o'er the sea.

Grim evening's shadows fall around,
 The breeze has a ghostly, howling sound,
 The calm gives place to a surly blast,
 And the scene with dark clouds is overcast.
 Oh! let my earnest prayer be,
 That now he comes not o'er the sea.

A last—a whole. Oh! mark you sail;
 See how it rends before the gale,
 The lightning's flash and vivid gleam.
 Would that this vision were a dream!
 That whisper? Why, is't borne to me?
 He may not come from o'er the sea.

Time glides along as he did of yore,
 And bright and glad seems the busy shore;
 Still lightly dance the sunny waves,
 That hide a grave, and a thousand graves;
 And I feel that soon we'll united be
 In a realm where there shall be no more sea.

22.—DEGREES OF COMPARISON.

Positive, an insect; comparative, a beverage;
 superlative, an animal.

23.—SQUARE WORDS.

The present occasion; ellipses; a nymph (Latin);
 a girl's name; a famous courtier of the Elizabethan
 period.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC., IN
APRIL NUMBER.

1. C-roo-us (crocus).
2. A, 20; B, 30; C, 50; D, 80. A, 16; B, 32; C, 48. A, 24; B, 36; C, 48.
3. Air. 4. The Puzzle Department: Disease—*das*; to tease—*tt*; amuse—*muu*; a cheese—*hees*; to deum—*tdm*; a chain—*han*; a teaser—*atr*; pews—*puu*; a gem—*am*; cel—*el*; peas—*po*.
5. Khedive of Egypt, thus—Kimbo, Huff, EngenE, DroopingG, Irrawaddy, VamP, EyeleT.
6. Toilet (toilet).
7. Civic.
8. Hedgehog.
9. Gammon, Arisoto, minute, mouser, Ostend, noerds (drones).
10. Harebell.
11. Crawfish, rawfish.
12. Au (awe)-Thor (author).
13. Pantry.
14. Pur-sy, unite, rival, stall, yella.
15. Weatherboard.

Is this old? If not, it is neat. If is told by the Melbourne *Herald*, of "two members of the New South Wales Legislature. These wisecracks were arguing in the Parliamentary refreshment-room, when the following colloquy ensued: 1st Mem.: 'You blow about education! Why, I don't believe as how you ever had two-penn'orth of schoolin' in your life!' 2d Mem.: 'I knows more about it nor you do, any way. Why, I don't believe you can repeat the Lord's Prayer!' 1st Mem.: 'I'm game to bet you a fiver I can, come now.' 2d Mem.: 'Done; stake the money.' The cash being duly posted on either side, the second member remarked: 'Now, then, begin.' 1st Mem.: 'I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in—' 2d Mem.: 'That'll do, you've won the money; but I'm blessed if I thought you knew it.'"

"Mother, you mustn't whip me for running away from school any more." "Why not?" "'Cos my schoolbook says that ants are the most industrious beings in the world, and ain't I a tru-ant?"

This and That.—A young lady intends to sue her father for a breach of promise. He said he would consent, and then wouldn't, the hard-hearted old daddy.



"FAREWELL, THOU, HEAVENWARD FLYING."

tents were unimportant, but, as his royal master insisted on being informed of them, the unhappy clerk was at length compelled to acknowledge that he had telegraphed to his neighbor, "The king has just arrived," and that the answer he had received ran thus: "The king pokes his nose into everything."

Teacher: "Who was the first man?" **Head Scholar:** "Washington; he was the first in war, first in—" **Teacher:** "No, no; Adam was the first man." "Oh, if ou're talking of foreigners, I s'pose he was."



"MARTHA, MARTHA, THOU WILT LEAVE ME?"



"I DREAM'T THAT I DWELT IN HAMLET (?) HALLS."



"ASK ME NOT WHY."

Somebody suggests that a lady, on putting on her corsets, is like a man who drinks to drown his grief; because in so lacing herself, she is getting tight.

A Man in Marysville has arranged water-pipes along his front walk, by means of which he can throw a shower of water across the walk, and keep out disagreeable visitors, book agents, peddlers, etc., etc.

A Dog was accidentally present during Divine service in a Scotch kirk, where the worthy minister was in the habit of speaking very loud in the sermon, and, in fact, when he got warmed with his subject, o' shouting almost at the top of his voice. The dog, who in the early part had been very quiet, became quite excited, as is not uncommon with some dogs when hearing a noise; and from whining and whining, as the speaker's voice rose loud and strong, at last began to bark and howl. The minister, naturally much annoyed at the interruption, called up on the beadle to put out the dog; and he at once expressed his readiness to obey the order, but could not resist the temptation to look up to the pulpit, and to say, very significantly: "Ay, ay, sir; but indeed it was yoursel' began it."

The first postal-card received in Aberdeen from an Aberdeen lady was marked private



"STILL SO GENTLY O'ER ME STRALING."



"SMILE AND BE HAPPY."

Yard of Pork.—A man went into a butcher's shop the other day, and finding the owner's wife in attendance, in the absence of her husband, thought he would have a joke at her expense, and said, "Madame, can you supply me with a yard of pork?" "Yes, sir," said she. And then, turning to a boy, she added, "James, give that gentleman three pig's feet!"

Two Irishmen engaged in peddling packages of linen bought an old mule to aid in carrying the bundles. Each would ride a while or "ride and tie," as the saying is. One day the Irishman who was on foot got close to the heels of his mule-ship, when he received a kick on one of his shins. To be revenged he picked up a stone, and hurled it at the mule, but by accident struck his companion on the back of the head. Seeing what he had done, he stopped, and began to groan and rub his shin. The man on the mule turned and asked, "What's the matter?" "The or-thur's kicked me," was the reply. "Be jabbers," said the other, "he's did that same to me on the back of my head."

Taxing the Air.—Lady Carteret, wife of the Lord Lieutenant, said to Swift, "The air of Ireland is very excellent and healthy." "For God's sake, madame," said Swift, "don't say so in England; for if you do, they will certainly tax it."

Wonderful Escapes.—A lady, while engaged in the pursuit of her domestic duties, encountered a mouse in the flour-barrel. Now, most ladies under similar circumstances would have uttered a few feminine shrieks, and then sought safety in the garret. But this one possessed more than the ordinary degree of feminine courage. She summoned the hired man, and told him to get the shot-gun, call the bull-dog, and station himself at a convenient distance. Then she climbed half way up-stairs, and commenced to punch the flour-barrel with a pole. Presently the mouse made his appearance, and started across the floor. The dog at once went in pursuit. The man fired, and the dog dropped dead. The lady fainted and fell down stairs, and the hired man, thinking that she was killed, and fearing that he would be arrested for murder, disappeared, and has not been seen since. The mouse escaped.

Two Darkies in the West went out to hunt 'possums, and by accident found a large cave with a small entrance. Peeping in, they discovered three young bear whelps in the interior. "Look heah, Sam, while I go in dar," said one, "and gets de young bars, you just watch heah for de ole bar." Sam got asleep in the sun, and when opening his eyes he saw the old bear scouring her way into the cave. Quick as a wink he caught her by the tail, and held on like despair. "Hullo dar, Sam, what dark de hole dar?" "Lor' bless you, Jumbo, save yourself, honey; if dis tail come out you'll find what dark de hole."

A Cincinnati Lady, writing from Washington, says: "Boston draws herself up severely, scans your cerebral development through her eyeglasses, and coolly asks: 'What do you know?' New York displays her silks and diamonds, and pertly asks: 'What are you worth?' Philadelphia, with prim hands and pursed-up lips, asks: 'Who was your grandfather?' While Washington stoops between the waltz and the german to inquire, 'Can you dance?'"

What is Love?—"What is love, Nanny?" asked a minister of one of his parishioners, alluding, of course, to the word in its scriptural sense. "Hoot, fy, sir!" answered Nanny, blushing to the e'enholes, "dinna ask me sic a daft-like question. I'm sure ye ken as weel as me that love's just next to cholera. Love is just the very worst inside complaint for a lad or lassie to have."

The nuisance of being forced to call for books in a public library, instead of being admitted to the shelves to browse, at leisure, has received a funny illustration. In the literary catalogue of the British Museum a gentleman named Tucker found a work by a namesake under the head of 'histories.' Naturally desiring to see it, he asked an attendant to bring it to him. The search for the volume required two hours, and when it came it proved to be "The History of Little Tom Tucker." The gentleman left in a rage, and has not been seen in the reading-room since.

A Kansas Pastor has wisely declined an addition of \$100 to his salary, on the ground that the hardest part of his labor heretofore has been the collection of his salary, and it would kill him to undertake to collect \$100 more!

The widows of Captain Jack have laid aside their mourning garb, and arrayed themselves in red and orange flannel and cavalry boots.

One of our exchanges says that if any man in the adjoining counties has killed a larger hog than Isaac Brownfield it is ready to publish it—if the notice is well authenticated.

An article you can always borrow—Trouble, and never obliged to return it.

A Lawyer's Portrait.—A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing, with one hand in his pocket. His friends and clients all went to see it, and everybody exclaimed, "Oh, how like! It's the very picture of him." An old farmer only dissented—"Tain't like!" Exclaimed everybody, "Just show us where 'tain't like!" "Tain't—no, 'tain't!" responded the farmer. "Don't you see he has got his hand in his own pocket; 'would be as like again if he had it in somebody else's."

"How do you like the clam-song?" said an old lady of her daughter as they stepped into the street, after a popular concert. "Clam song!" exclaimed the young lady, in astonishment. "Why, what do you refer to, mother?" "Why, the first song they sang." "Oh, you mean 'Shells of Ocean,' don't you, mother?" "Well, yes," said the old lady. "I do think that was it; it was something about clams, anyway, and you know I do like them so well."

Awkward for Little Tommy.—"Little Tommy didn't disobey mamma, and go in swimming, did he?" "No, mamma, Jimmy Brown and the rest of the boys went in; but I remembered, and would not disobey you." "And Tommy never tells lies, does he?" "No, mamma; or I couldn't go to Heaven." "Then, how does Tommy happen to have on Jimmy Brown's shirt?"

"If you don't see what you want, ask for it," is posted up in a conspicuous place in a Logansport grocery. A native stepped into the establishment last week. He saw the card, and remarked: "I want a ten-dollar bill, and don't see it." "Neither do I," was the laconic reply. The native "looked further," but he advised the grocer to "take down that sign."

Aunt Gertrude, why is a loaf of your bread like the sun?" "It isn't a bit like the sun, and now you just leave off asking such foolish questions." "Yes, it is, aunty, 'cause it's light when it rises."

The Vegetable World.—There was a great stir in our garden the other day. The potatoes were ready to jump out of their skins. The beet turned red to its very roots. The celery lost their heads, and the cabbages their hearts. The peas split their pods with excitement. The asparagus could with difficulty be kept in their bed. The parsley curled itself up in a corner. The cucumber alone maintained his habitual coolness. The cause of all this commotion was the presence of a noted vegetarian. The potatoes never took their eyes off him.

Tea versus Wine.—The lady who was driven out of her mind by the wine and tea dispute, has since recovered a little, and now gives the reins to her fancy:

"Wine is a poison, and so is tea—
But in another shape;
What matter whether one be killed
By canister or grape?"

Rev. Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield, was once making some enquiries of a gentleman respecting a minister he had formerly known. The reply was, that he was considered a very good man, though some of his parishioners thought he traded horses a little oftener than he needed to. The doctor said his case might be similar to that of a Connecticut minister he once heard of, who was accused of whipping his wife. A meeting was called to deal with the old parson, when his wife, having heard of it, went in and told the church she hoped they would not be hard on her husband, as it was all the recreation the poor man had.

"What's the matter there, Alice? Don't your shoes fit?" "No, papa, they don't fit me at all," replied the little one; "why, they don't even squeak when I go out to walk."

"I'm so thirsty," said a boy at work in the corn-field. "Well, work away," said his industrious father. "You know the prophet says, 'Ho(e) every one that thirsteth.'"

An Irishman's idea of finances is happily illustrated by the following anecdote: "If I put my money in the savings bank, when can I get it out again?" asked Pat. "Och!" said Mike, "sure an' if you put it in to-day, you can draw it out to-morrow, by giving sixty days' notice."

The Ingenuity of Ignorance.—The address upon a letter recently mailed in South Carolina sorely puzzled the Post Office clerks, but was at last deciphered by the official in Wilmington. It read as follows:

"bon SaC posofes,
ron okforjney,
tonan Cey blankship."

It was intended for "Bonsao Post Office, Roanoke County, Virginia. To Nancy Blankship."

In his recently published diary Moscheles records an amusing instance of the perplexities which figurative expressions cause to foreign learners of English. "To-day," he writes, "I was asked at dessert which fruit of those on the table I would prefer. 'Some sneers,' I replied, ingenuously. The company, first of all, were surprised, and then burst into laughter when they guessed the process by which I had arrived at the expression. I, who at that time had to construct my English laboriously out of dialogue-books and dictionaries, had found out that 'not to care a fig' meant 'to sneer at a person'; so when I wanted to ask for figs, 'figs' and 'sneer' I thought were synonymous."

A Recent medical writer says: "Sleep wherever you can—anywhere when you get a chance; the great want of the age is sleep." This is not always safe advice to follow, as one of our townsmen (says a contemporary) knows to his sorrow. He was recently afflicted with a bad cold, and to cure himself of it, resorted to the remedy of putting his feet in hot water, and drinking a tumblerful of strong whisky-toddy, prescribed by an aged and respected friend of the family. Having got everything in order for carrying out the prescription, he sat down by the fire, his feet immersed in warm water, and a tumbler of smoking toddy by his side. In this condition a sense of enjoyment stole over him as he sipped the exhilarating liquid, and he fell asleep. His wife had gone to bed, and, on awakening about three o'clock in the morning, wondered why she was alone. Going down-stairs, she was horrified to find her liege lord asleep in a chair, the fire out, his feet still immersed in the water, over which a cake of ice was forming, and an empty tumbler on the chair beside him. His cold isn't a bit better.

Some Time Ago a professor of legerdemain entertained a village audience, which was principally composed of colliers. After "astonishing the natives" with various tricks—metamorphosing wine into water, etc.—he asked the loan of a cent from one of the audience. A collier, after a little hesitation, handed out the coin, which the juggler speedily exhibited, as he said, transformed into a five dollar gold piece. "An' is that my bawbee?" exclaimed the collier. "Undoubtedly," answered the juggler. "Let's see't," said the collier, and, turning it round and round in examination, with an ecstasy of delight, he thanked the juggler for his kindness, and, putting it into his pocket, said, "I'ae warn'e ye'll no turn't into a bawbee again."

A Norristown Doctor recently asked an old lady patient if she experienced any relief during the night. She said she did. First the relief was in one shoulder and then the other, and then "peared to settle in her back, but she put a mustard-plaster between her shoulders, and the relief left her, and now she felt better."

Geordie's Ruse.—Before the adoption of the Police Act in Airdrie, Scotland, a worthy named Geordie G— had the surveillance of the town. A drunken, noisy Irishman was lodged in the cells, and he caused an "awful row" by kicking the cell-door with his heavy boots. Geordie went to the cell, and, opening the door a little, said, "Man, ye micht put an' your buits, an' I'll gie them a bit rub, so that ye'll be respectable like afore the Bailie in the mornin'." The prisoner complied with the request, and saw his mistake only when the door was closed upon him, Geordie crying out, "Ye can kick as much as ye please now."

Of the simplicity and superstition of his honest piper, John Bruce, Sir Walter Scott relates the following instance, in a letter to the Duke of Buccleuch: "The most extraordinary recipe (for his severe illness in 1810) was that of my Highland piper, who spent a whole Sunday in selecting twelve stones from twelve south-running streams, with the purpose that I should sleep upon them, and be whole. I caused him to be told that the recipe was infallible, but that it was absolutely necessary to success that the stones should be wrapped up in the petticoat of a widow who had never wished to marry again; upon which the piper renounced all hope of completing the charm."

The Three Crosses.—Swift, in his journeys from Dublin to London, was accustomed to stop for refreshments or rest at the neat little ale-houses at the roadside. One of these, between Dunchurch and Daventry, was formerly distinguished by the sign of the "Three Crosses," in reference to the three intersecting ways which fixed the site of the house. At this the dean called for his breakfast, but the landlady, being engaged with accommodating her more constant customers—some wagoners—and staying to settle an altercation which unexpectedly arose, keeping him waiting, and inattentive to his repeated exclamations, he took from his pocket a diamond, and wrote on every pain of glass in her best room:

"There hang three crosses at thy door—
Hang up thy wife, and she'll make four."

"Settling it out of Court."—An odd story comes from a certain County Court. It appears that a couple of laboring men had a dispute before the court, and, after hearing a portion of it, the learned judge suggested that it was a case that might be settled out of court—he was about to adjourn for luncheon, and in the meantime the parties had better try what they could do. They retired, and, seeking as private a place as they could find, stripped and "set to" for several rounds in the good old P.R. style, believing that they were obeying the injunction of the judge to "settle" their dispute out of court. On the court resuming, the parties reappeared, when his honor inquired whether they had settled their difference. "Oh, yes, your honor," was the answer. "Why, you've been fighting!" said the judge, observing the ruffled appearance of the parties. "Yes, sir; you told us to settle it, and we have had it out." "Dear me!" said the judge; "you completely misunderstood me. I feel as if I had been a party to a breach of the law. Go away now, and don't settle any more disputes in that peculiar manner."



SENATOR GRAB—"Now, my dear ladies, let me have the honor of escorting you to the supper-table."
 MISS JONES (who won't be thought very ethereal)—"Really, I have no appetite."
 MISS SMITH (who wants a little more pressing)—"Nor indeed have I!"
 SENATOR GRAB—"Well, I have, and so I shall have the honor of wishing you good-evening."

The Happy Change.—A certain old lady, who had been famed for sour looks and not very sweet words, touching the various accidents of life, was observed to have suddenly become very amiable. "What happy change has come over you?" said a neighbor. "Why," said the transformed, "to tell you the truth, I have been all my life striving for a contented mind, and I have finally made up my mind to sit down contented without it."

A little knot of ladies were discussing the subject of marriage. One of the party, a single young lady, said: "Marriages are made in heaven." "Very likely," was the quick rejoinder of a married lady, "and they are often dipped in the other place."

Letting the Cat Out of the Bag.—According to a Cologne newspaper, there is in that city a booth in which is exhibited "a bearded lady." At the entrance is stationed a girl to take the money, and recently a visitor, having feasted his eyes on the strange phenomenon, thinking, on his departure, to have a joke with the little money-taker, said to her, fondling her under the chin while, "Well, little one, so I suppose the bearded woman is your mamma, eh?" "No, sir," replied the child, "she is my papa."

An old story in London to the effect that four men agreed each to bring to dinner the most disagreeable person they knew, and that Mr. Vernon Harcourt received all the invitations, must be taken as an indication of his social reputation.

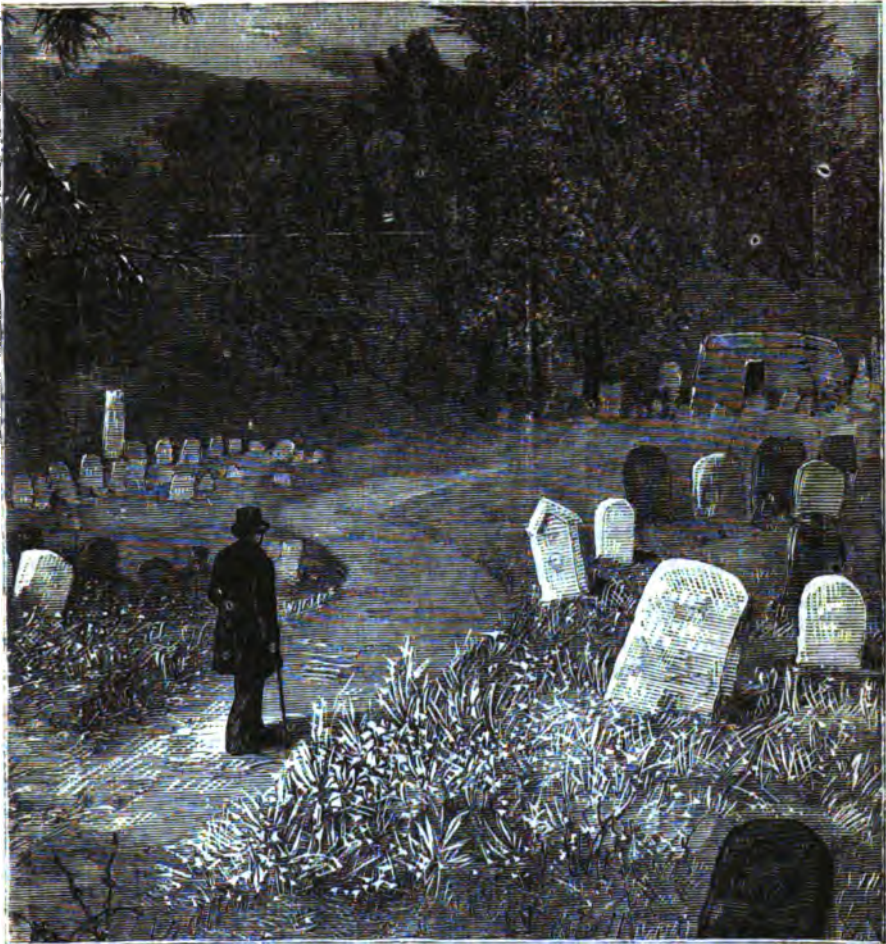
The *Springfield Republican* calls attention to the size of the popcorn balls now sold for a cent as evidence that something is radically wrong in the condition of the country. In this connection it may be remarked that, nowadays, three cents worth of gum will not last a schoolboy half a day, whereas it would formerly give his teacher a subject for conversation for a week.

Not There.—"Oh, I met such a beautiful girl in the street to-day!" said a gentleman to a lady friend, to whom he was doing the agreeable, not many evenings since. "She was dressed in deep mourning. I think I have never seen a sweeter face." "Who could it have been?" said his listener, smoothing down her bombazine dress, and glancing down at the crape folds, to see if they were properly adjusted. "Pretty, you say. Who could it have been? I want to see!"

Husband: "Why don't you wear hair and things, and dresses, and look like other women?"
Wife: "What! and have everybody say, 'What a pity that handsome woman married that ugly little man!' Oh, no!"

"The foliage is fast turning to plumage," said a sad young man, as he gazed from a window upon the partially denuded trees. "How so?" inquired a still sadder young man. "Don't you see," replied the first, "that the leaves are nearly all down?"

Why is a person who never lays a wager as bad as a regular gambler?—Because he is no better.



MY WIFE.—“I REACHED THE CEMETERY WITHOUT HAVING MET A LIVING THING—MAN, BEAST, OR BIRD. I ENTERED, AND WALKED SLOWLY UP THE MAIN AVENUE IN QUEST OF THE TOMB.”

My Wife.

CHAPTER I.

My name is Robert Murden. I am a physician.

It was the eve of a gusty November night, and I was sitting in my office, before a gusty little fire in a broken grate, idle.

My patrons had turned against me—they would not be sick. Nature delighted in my discomfiture, and helped them—it had been a remarkably healthy season.

I said I was idle—physically I was, mentally I was not. I was thinking of the poor prospect I had of doing anything in the professional line the coming Winter.

I had grown disgusted with the situation of affairs as they presented themselves to my mind, and had determined to close my office early, and go home. Nine o'clock was my regular hour, and it was now seven.

I rose and kicked the grate—in disgust—with the heel of my boot. It groaned, and the little gusty fire sighed, and shed a few tears of red-hot coals between the bars.

I crossed over to the window, closed and barred it, and then gave the grate another kick.

I sat down to my desk—on which everything was arranged with a nicety peculiar to myself, but not necessarily to my profession—and then locked it.

I next crossed to the grate, and again saluted it with my heel. It refused to weep; there were but a few coals now, and they were wedged between the bars, and were lifeless. The fire had gusted forth its latest breath, and was dead.

I crossed to the back door. I had latched it. I was locking it, when a loud knock upon the front one drew my attention toward it, and solicited the invitation:

“Come in!”

With an obedience surprising even to me, a little round man rolled into the room, and took a seat.

“Well?”

This came from my visitor, but as I thought the question properly belonged to me, not to him, I deprived him of both it and an answer by asking the same.

“Well?”

“Yes—Murden?”

I understood now. By "Well?" he had meant to inquire after my health.

"Murdén is my name, sir," I replied.

"Cupper—Melitus Cupper, M.D. Glad to make your acquaintance."

"What! the noted Doctor Cupper?" cried I, in astonishment, for what could so distinguished a man—in his profession—have to do that he should call on me?

"Same, sir, same. Have called upon business, as you might suppose."

I took a seat beside him, and he continued:

"You have a hat?"

He had announced that he had called upon business, and asked me if I had a hat. I was a little mystified, but, nevertheless, answered him that I had, and even got it down from its peg, and was holding it before him in proof of my assertion, when he again surprised me by asking, in the same manner as before, if I had a *key*.

Doctor Melitus Cupper was a great and influential man, in his way. Policy dictated my humoring his whims. Reason pointed out the folly of my doing so, and the propriety of my reminding him that he had called upon business. Policy prevailed; I assured him that I had several keys.

"Any to fit?" inquired he, at the same time pointing to the front door.

"Yes."

"Doctor Murden, I called upon business; shall we proceed?"

I expressed my utmost willingness to do so immediately.

"Hat, sir, hat!" said he, suddenly rising and moving toward the door. "Hat, sir, and key!"

I had never before met the worthy doctor, and must be excused upon that ground for not having understood him sooner. I did understand him now, however, and—yes, I felt a little vexed at his singular mode of proceeding to introduce his business.

I put on my hat, used the key to lock the door after us, and proceeded with him up the street.

It was the eve of night when this sketch opened; it was now dark and damp and cold, and we had the luxury of a stiff north wind blowing directly in our faces.

My companion was silent, though I had several times attempted to get him to speak, until, making a sudden turn, we saw before us a cab. Here he stopped, and, first apprising the driver, whom he familiarly addressed as Gups, that he was ready, bade me enter the vehicle.

I must confess that, by this time, I began to fear all was not right, and that I had been rash in thus following my visitor as unhesitatingly as I had done. But greater than fear is often curiosity, and so it was with me in this instance.

As I had proceeded this far in ignorance, I was desirous of seeing the finale, whatever it was to be, cost what it may. I, therefore, obeyed the doctor, and he having taken his place beside me, Gups drove off, with instructions not to stop until he had reached "the major's."

"Major Cannol?" I ventured to inquire of my companion, in hope of at last succeeding in my hitherto vain attempts to draw him into a conversation.

"No; Major Howlar," rejoined he, and then sank into silence.

Again I had failed, and I now decided to let him have his own way, and remain silent as long as he desired.

On, on we sped, over round-stone pavements, square-stone pavements, Nicholson pavements, until at length we rolled on to a shell road, and continued upon it for about fifteen minutes, when Gups, suddenly bringing his horse to a dead halt, announced that the "major's" had been reached.

We descended from the vehicle, and the doctor,

bidding Gups wait at the next corner, ascended the front-door steps. I followed. He rang the door-bell. The door was opened, and we entered.

Pacing the hall, his pocket-handkerchief before his eyes, was a tall, portly man, with a very red face, and hair and whiskers to match, who afterward proved to be the major himself. He was dressed very fastidiously, and in the height of fashion.

On seeing us, he approached, and in silence extended a hand to each—to me very much in the manner, I thought, of an old acquaintance—and then resumed his pacing of the hall.

Doctor Cupper motioned me to attend him. I did, and followed him up-stairs, and into a chamber, furnished in a style as fastidious and fashionable as that of its owner, the major.

There were present in the room three females.

The first was a small, weak-looking lady, with very pale cheeks and sunken eyes, whose general appearance told of a life of much care and anxiety. She was the lady of the house—the *Majores* Howlar.

The second was a negress, of about fifty, gross, ugly, and utterly disgusting in appearance, and brutish in manner.

The third—the patient—was a young lady, of about twenty, who was trying to compose herself, with but little success, upon a bed, on the furthest side of the room.

As we entered, she turned her gaze toward the door, and the face that met mine was a strange one to be that of a sick person. It was full of color, and her eyes were full of life. Indeed, had I been called on to prescribe for the sickest person in the room, I should undoubtedly have given that preference to the "majores." It was my place, however, to wait until I was asked, and to do until then only what my leader, Doctor Cupper, should desire.

After formally introducing me to the "majores" and the nurse, who was named Winnie, he advanced to the bedside, and addressing the patient as Miss Nimrose, bade her allow him to feel her pulse.

With a slight shudder, and an expression in her countenance of mingled dread and disgust, she extended her hand to him, and as he took her wrist in his, I saw her close her eyes.

I mention this fact, as it was so in contrast with the pleading gaze she addressed to me when the doctor transferred her wrist into my hand. As he did so, he shook his head doubtfully, and gave me a look which I did not understand then. I do now, however. It meant—"Your opinion can never be of any service to you, *unless* it is in support of mine."

Perhaps had I been able to interpret his look, I would not so readily have smiled at his doubt as I announced the pulse to be a perfectly healthy one—perhaps a little accelerated by excitement.

As I made this assertion, Miss Nimrose smiled so gratefully that I was about to say something more to the same effect, for the purpose of enjoying the luxury of another such smile, when the worthy Doctor Cupper startled the intent quite out of my mind by suddenly exclaiming:

"Doctor Murden, you will accompany me down to the major!"—and forthwith he led me from the bedside, and marched me down-stairs.

Perhaps, reader, you think I acted strangely in thus allowing myself to be so completely ruled by a stranger.

If you do, you are right—right, as I saw for myself when the whole affair was over, and I looked back upon it no longer tempted by curiosity. But, at the time, I was hardly myself in what I did, and can give no explanation of my conduct either to you or myself.

On our reaching the hall, the major advanced to

meet us. Doctor Cupper took him aside, and held a private conference with him, the subject of which I felt was myself.

The result was that the major, looking much more ferocious than was at all necessary, even in a major at home, called me to him, and bade me seat myself at his desk, and write and sign the following:

\$10 00. NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 21, 187-.

Major S. Lemon, Dr.

To Robert Murden, M.D.

For professional services.....\$10 00

Received payment,

ROBERT MURDEN, M.D.

Then, handing me a ten-dollar bill, he turned upon his heel and left the apartment.

Doctor Cupper then led me to the door, and calling up the street, "Cab-a-la! cab-a-la!" soon brought Gups and his vehicle before the house.

He then bade me enter the cab, which I did, and commanded Gups to drive to my office; and before I could remonstrate at being sent off alone in this manner, by Gups's skillful management of his horse, I was thrown back upon the seat, and found myself on my way home, alone, in a vehicle driven by a strange man, and having, for the space of three hours, been a passive actor in the first act of an event which was to be the strangest of all my life.

CHAPTER II.

ONE week had elapsed since my singular visit to the major's, and since that time I had neither seen nor heard anything of the persons I had met there. My mind was, therefore, all the more occupied with them.

The strangeness of my own conduct, and that of all whom I had met upon that evening, made so deep an impression upon me, that for two days after I was bewildered on thinking of it.

Two things, however, seemed to me evident. First, that I had discovered a real mystery; and, second, that both Doctor Cupper and the major were completely disgusted with my honesty. This was enough for any brain to build upon, and mine was not slow in rearing a score of horrible suspicions, supported by the following facts:

First—Doctor Cupper was attending, as a patient, one who was in good health, and who evidently disliked him.

Second—The patient herself was cognizant of the deception being practiced, as she plainly showed in her conduct toward me.

Third—The peremptory way in which I was dismissed when it was found that I would not give my support to a false statement.

Fourth—The major's requiring me to receipt to him as "Major Lemon," when Doctor Cupper had said that his name was "Howlar."

Fifth, and last—Just as I was ruminating upon these things, and vainly striving to come at some rational plan by which I might solve the mystery, I was startled by seeing a hearse pass my window, followed by a single coach.

Now, doctors, of all men, are not supposed to feel fear at the sight of a hearse. Indeed, the ungenerous public are apt to say that we delight in seeing them as often as possible.

As a general rule, I am not disturbed at their appearance, and, perhaps, would not have been by this, had I not recognized, in the coach, the portly persons of Major Howlar and Doctor Melitus Cupper.

It was clear to me now, that, whatever the plans of the aforesaid persons might be, they were on a fair way to success.

I had no doubt but that the body they followed was that of Miss Nimrose. I had very strong doubts, however, as to the manner of her death;

and, having these, it became my duty, both to the State and the deceased, to investigate the matter at once.

The first thing I desired to know was the exact spot where the body was interred, and for this purpose sent my man to, follow the hearse, watch the interment, and then immediately to return and tell me.

During his absence the plan of action I decided upon was this: It was now about dusk, and as soon as it was dark, I would proceed to the cemetery—which was situated some distance out of town, on the verge of a swamp—alone, if the body had been placed in a vault; in company with my man, if in a grave—and then disinter it, make an examination, and, if necessary, bring back with me such part or parts of the body as I thought, put to a rigid test, would disclose the cause of death. Then, if there was any ground to suspect foul play, I would attend to the major and doctor before morning.

I had just completed an examination of my instruments, to see that they were in order, when my man returned, and informed me that the body had been placed in a large "family" vault, built in the form of a four-sided pyramid, having an entrance in the form of an iron door.

Seeming to suspect my intentions, he had taken an interest in the affair, and had observed, he told me, the manner of fastening on the door, which was not made fast by a key, but by a spring-bolt (a strange way of fastening a tomb), the spring of which was concealed in the period (.) after the name upon the door. The name, he said, was Howlar.

(Here was an explanation of the name on the receipt, and a confirmation of my fears. Lemon was a fictitious name, and evidently given to prevent future identity.)

With this information—having bade my man remain at the office and wait my return, which might not be for some hours, and to keep up as good a fire as my little broken grate would permit—I set out for the cemetery, taking with me my instruments and a dark lantern.

The night was cold, but clear and still. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the long walk was all the more lonely for it; for even a gale is company to a lone traveler, and especially one who is in the least given to moodiness, as the constant thought of the wind usurps, and gladly, those musings which are then too apt to lay hold of us, and are by no means our brightest companions in solitude.

I reached the cemetery without having met a living thing—man, beast, or bird.

I entered, and walked slowly up the main avenue in quest of the tomb.

Had I been at all timid or given to superstition, there were many times when I could have fancied the ghosts of the departed peeping and peering at me, from out their tombs, through more than one crevice made by the sacrilegious hand of Time.

More than once would I have heard the muffled, scornful laugh of some dead cynic, or the loud "ha, ha!" of some now dusty jester hailing me, the living among the dead—more than once seen the phantom, arm outstretched, motion me back, and, to end all, taken a hasty and joyful farewell of the place.

As it was, however, I saw no ghosts heard no laughs, and no phantom rose to bid me stay; and fully assured that I was in the right, I was not long in finding the tomb.

It was as my man had described it, and on the door, in relief, was the name Howlar—and the period.

I proceeded to light my lantern, and noticed that there was a slight breeze now, which seemed to grow stronger every minute; but, paying no

attention to that, I approached the door, and tried the period. It yielded. I drew the door toward me; it came slowly with my hand.

I first threw a glare of light into the tomb with my "bull," and then entered.

It was perfectly new, with but one coffin in it, on a shelf breast high, on the far side of the vault, and just opposite the entrance.

The coffin was the one that had been deposited there that day—that of the young girl whom I had seen one week ago in as sound health as I was in that moment.

I must confess that, pausing in the centre of the sepulchre, and gazing upon that *all* of the one so fair whom I had seen but once—that once sufficient to impress her image indelibly upon my mind—I felt as though she was dear to me, as though I had a right to mourn her death, and a claim to the tears that I felt slowly stealing down my cheeks—ah! yes, as though afraid of even my detection.

But then came the thought of how she had been used—how, perhaps, she had been *murdered*, and I felt my cheeks dry suddenly, and my purpose lead me on toward the coffin.

I cast my eyes down upon the lid, and started back in surprise. The glass which usually covers the face and bust in the lid was removed, and that part of the body lay exposed.

In an instant everything was clear to my mind—like a flash the solution of all came upon me.

I put my ear close to the lips of the fair girl, and—heard the measured murmur of her breathing. Oh, joy! She was not dead! I had foiled them—I had baffled them in their schemes, whatever they were!

Setting the lantern beside me on the shelf, I proceeded to unscrew the lid of the coffin.

I had finished, and had just taken her in my arms to bear her out of the sepulchre, when a sudden gust of wind blew the door to with a slam. It startled her, and she showed evident signs of waking.

I felt sure that she had been powerfully drugged, and was now getting over the effects of it. I laid her upon the floor, as I could not carry her out until I had re-opened the door, and then proceeded to do it.

In vain I searched for the bolt, in vain for some spring or latch; nothing was to be found! I am not, as I have before intimated, a coward, or easily frightened, but I now felt my cheeks blanch, and my limbs grow weak, as it became evident that we were shut up, without egress, in a tomb.

Reader, do not expect me to describe the feelings that came over me. I cannot, nor do I wish to, do it.

After a while, when they had begun to subside, I then remembered that my man knew of my whereabouts. This came to me in the form of a relief, for I felt certain that as soon as he found my absence from the office prolonged he would be after me to discover the cause, and would come direct to the tomb to do so.

My heart thus lightened, I turned my attention to her whom, for the moment, I must confess almost to have forgotten. She was reviving fast, and here presented itself another fear.

If she regained enough consciousness to enable her to realize the situation, the shock, which had been great to mine, to her delicate nerves would be a dangerous one.

I could not hope to explain things to her, as the place itself would startle her, and my being a stranger fill her with a fear which would cause her to doubt the truth of anything I might tell her.

What was to be done?

I was now in more agony over the contempla-

tion of her situation, and what might follow, than I was at the reality of my own.

I partly closed the window of my lantern in hope of so delaying her waking, for one wakes quickly in a light, and but slowly in the dark. But at best this was only a *delay*; something else must be done; she must be kept asleep. Suddenly I remembered having used in the course of the day a vial of chloroform. Had I returned it to its proper place after I had left my patient? I thrust my hand into my overcoat-pocket, where I had carried it, and, blessed negligence! it was there.

I was skillful in the use of chloroform, and determined to use it here.

I held the opening of the vial to her mouth and nostrils until I saw it had taken effect, and then withdrew it, determined to use it again as soon as I saw her revive.

I shall pass over the time, which seemed to me an eternity, until I heard a noise without. It came to me in the form of a laugh, and through the granite walls sounded so sepulchral that it made me start.

I looked toward the sleeper, and found that the effects of the chloroform were beginning to wear off, and I again applied the vial to her mouth.

The laugh by this time had rounded itself into words, and I now distinctly heard two voices without, and, seemingly, close to the door, and I was not surprised, even through the thick walls, to recognize them as those of my old friends the major and doctor.

We are many times possessed with a singular foreknowledge of events, and given time to prepare for them at a moment barely preceding their occurrence.

I make this remark because I can in no other way account for my immediately moving the body of the sleeper into that corner of the vault nearest the door, and out of range of any light which might be thrown into the place, and also for my extinguishing my lantern, and remaining silent instead of calling out for help, as might have been the case.

As it proved, my actions were the best that could have been.

Presently I heard the spring yield, and saw the door partly open, while a subdued light entered through the crack.

I then heard a voice, which was the major's, exclaim:

"By Jove! Cupper, you are a jolly dog, and are worth the extra ten thousand for this job; and you shall have it too! Go in, my boy, and I'll follow, and—we'll anticipate doomsday in the case of Miss Nimrose—oh?"

That instant this truth flashed upon my mind—they were themselves aware of the fact that Miss Nimrose was not dead, and had returned for the purpose of carrying her off. Her death and burial were a ruse.

In a moment more I had the object of their search firmly clasped in my arms, yet so as to leave my right arm free, and as the pair entered, throwing the light full upon the coffin on the far side of the vault, I dashed out into the open air, and slammed the door behind me.

I was safe—thank heaven! safe. And she—she was saved. I sank down upon the ground mentally exhausted, for the strain upon my mind had been intense; and, carefully laying my burden down beside me, I listened for sounds from the tomb.

They came. Oaths in abundance, followed by cries of despair; and then I heard the major exclaim:

"We shall die of starvation here, for no one will come to our assistance, however loud we call;

fear will keep them hence! But, Cupper, you have played me false! Where is the body? Where is Miss Nimrose? Tell me where, or I shall brain you here, you devil? Where is she—where?"

I started to my feet, and was about to call to them, telling them that I had discovered their plots and had the body safe, when a loud cry of mingled pain and horror rose from within, and then all was still.

I was too late; there was no need to warn them now.

I turned my attention to Miss Nimrose, and found that the fresh air was reviving her fast, and to have her return to consciousness even now might be a risk. I therefore resorted to the chloroform again.

Then, bearing her in my arms, I hurried back to my office. I did not knock, but entered to find both my man and the fire fast asleep—the former snoring at the rate of fifty a minute, while the latter had sunk into a quiet rest beneath its gray covering of ashes.

In a few moments, however, the fire was again burning brightly, and my man was off with two messages—one to my housekeeper, and one to the chief of police, while I watched the slow revival of her who was now my patient.

I sat down before her, and, for the first time since my entrance into the tomb, had a moment for serious thought; and my mind quickly reviewed the events of the past hours until I was roused from my reverie by a sigh escaping the lips of my patient.

I rose and bent over the fair being, and as I saw the muscles of the mouth and eyelids show signs of contracting, and the moment approached for her to become conscious of her situation, my heart beat quick, and I felt my limbs tremble with anxious fear.

She raised her hands to her head, pressed them against her temples, then again sighed and passed her fingers over her eyelids. They slowly rolled back, then closed again, and a pause ensued, which was only broken by the entrance of my housekeeper, Mrs. Keepeet.

She drew near, and would have relieved me; but I motioned her back, and alone awaited the result.

Again those fair hands were raised to her eyes, and this time she opened them wholly, and gazed full into my face.

The moment had come! What was to be the result?

As one much bewildered, but with the same smile that had illumined her face on the occasion of our first meeting, she said:

"Is that you, Doctor Murden?"

Then, after a short pause, ere she again sank into a doze, she whispered:

"I have been dreaming—so strangely!"

All was over now. She had recognized me, and had not been startled at my presence, and she had received no such shock as I feared.

As I delivered her into Mrs. Keepeet's keeping, and left her side, my heart gave to heaven a silent prayer of thanks.

Five minutes later a cab drove up to the door, and my man entered, followed by the chief of police, who, being at leisure, had answered my request in person.

In five minutes more I had explained all to him, and after instructing my man to procure a carriage and bidding Mrs. Keepeet to carry Miss Nimrose to her house as soon as she could, we had together set off for the nearest police station.

There we procured a couple of assistants, and then drove direct to the cemetery.

I found the tomb, and the chief and his assistants entered, I remaining at the door.

On the floor, bespattered with blood, lay the

body of Doctor Melitus Cupper, his skull fractured and his face terribly disfigured. Beside him was a portion of the coffin-lid, the blood and brain on which proved how the deed had been committed.

In the furthest corner, crouched down in the very agony of fear, his face pale and contorted, and his eyes rolling and swelled almost to bursting, sat Major Howlar. In his right hand he held a small piece of the broken lid, which, together with his clothes, were spattered with blood.

He made no resistance when told that he must follow the officers, not even making a reply, and was led out of the sepulchre and the door closed; for the coroner had to hold his inquest, and such is the law, in this our enlightened and civilized times and country, that our unfortunate fellow-being must lie where he has fallen until ~~that~~ official shall condescend to determine, in a most brutal, and often unreliable, way, the cause and manner of his death.

* * * * *

Reader, my narrative is ended.

To satisfy your natural desire to know what became of the persons mentioned therein, I will here add:

Major Howlar was tried, condemned and executed for the murder of Doctor Cupper, after having confessed, on the day of his execution, that he had entered into a plot with the doctor to defraud Miss Nimrose of her fortune, which was considerable, and contrived her mock-death, intending afterward to carry her out of the country, and then take possession of her property by inheritance, as he was her uncle and sole heir.

Winnie, the nurse, has never been seen nor heard of since the night of the proposed abduction of Miss Nimrose from the tomb.

Gups pleaded innocent of the charge of being an accomplice, and being proved innocent, keeps his old stand on — Street.

Why Doctor Ray Didn't Go to Edgewood.

"It's of no use, mother, for I don't make up well in the evening!"

Mrs. Overton, silently contemplating her daughter, made no attempt at denial.

Melissa, who had been looking at herself in the long mirror, now flounced down suddenly into a chair.

"I can't wear anything but pale blue, and that always looks *horrid* in the evening!" wailed Melissa. "And he *adores* beauty! You might as well *give up* making a party for him."

"You must make the best of your good points."

"I haven't any good points but my complexion, and that only looks well in the daytime. You know it as well as I do, mother! Now, if I only had Yet's face!"

"Yet?"

Mrs. Overton sniffed contemptuously. The audacity of that child in growing up a beauty, and the absurdity of Melissa in acknowledging it!

"I don't care! She's just as attractive as she can be! Her face is perfectly sparkling, and she dances like a fairy! I look as if I were made of tallow, beside her at a party!"

"Then, she shan't go to any more parties with you!" exclaimed Mrs. Overton, blazing with anger.

"But she must go to this one, in her own father's house. And she's getting up the *loveliest* dress, out of her old Swiss muslin and a scarlet bodice!" and Melissa shed tears of mingled anger and mortification.

Her dissatisfied and angry mother sat silent.

She was thinking of her stepdaughter, Henriette Overton.

When Mrs. Jones married Mr. Overton, his daughter was but seven years old—a quiet, docile little thing, whom she gave scarcely a thought to. Her own daughter, five years older, and her success in securing Mr. Overton, the richest man in Easton, occupied her whole mind.

Edgewood, her new home, was the finest place for miles around; the lands under thorough cultivation; the mansion, though not modern and elegant, spacious, comfortable, and picturesque.

She knew that everybody envied her the possession of a home which was so entirely desirable, and for the first month she could hardly sleep for exultation.

Then her ambition expanded. She would rise still higher above those persons, of limited means but refined tastes, who had designated her as "that vulgar Mrs. Jones."

Why, that poverty-pinched doctor's widow, Nellie Ray, who lived in a hired cottage, and wouldn't let her boy play in the street with the other children, would give her heart's blood almost for *half* her wealth! Not for her own sake—no. Everybody knew that Mrs. Ray lived for her boy, her only child; that she longed to send him to college, and was nearly broken-hearted because the way was so hard.

She would have married Mr. Overton, for Egbert's sake; but how could Mr. Overton see this modest little violet when a dahlia flared in his face?

Mrs. Jones—showy, loud, but of inexhaustible spirits—captured him. He needed brightening up, he thought.

Mrs. Ray, who had had two bunches of roses sent her from Mr. Overton's garden, and who was beginning to wear at times a half-absent, pleased look, turned a little pale when she heard of the marriage, and murmured, with some bitterness: "That vulgar Mary Jones!"

Why, she had swept Nellie Ray's carpets, when Nellie was the doctor's young bride, and in her first pretty play of housekeeping, hired her housecleaning done! As Mary Jones, the blacksmith's wife, she had taken home the doctor's fine shirts to do up.

Mary was always thrifty and energetic. But she was also secretly envious, ambitious, and pushing. She meant to be rich, and have her work done. So she dived and earned money, and helped John, her husband, buy a place; joined the Church, and had the minister's family to tea; and was soon known, somehow, as one of the "ladies" of Easton. Mrs. Nellie Ray and a few others rebelled—never noticed her; but she had a splendid revenge when Mr. Overton offered himself, a year after her husband's death. Yet she was only briefly the mistress of Edgewood before she desired a wider field—before she determined to have a city as well as a country house.

Her husband had no taste for city life. It took ten years to bring it about—Mrs. Overton's city establishment. It was not done until the two little girls were young ladies. She had fairly worried it out of the old man.

As soon as the house was finished, they went there to spend the Winter—though Mr. Overton declared that the furnace-heat made him sick—and here Mrs. Overton arranged her first party.

For what especial purpose? Why, to capture Mrs. Ray's son, who had gone through college, become a physician, and succeeded to an immense fortune, left him by an old East India uncle!

His sweet, pretty little mother was dead. But Nellie Ray had not died until she had seen her darling's success, and was ready to say: "Lord, let now thy servant depart in peace."

His mother's influence, and his early struggles for an education, had made Egbert Ray a mature, responsible man at twenty-three. Her death had

been a great blow to him, from which he had not recovered when he was discovered by the Overtons.

She was all sympathy, affability, and motherly kindness. She pressed him to come and see her, which he did, and then, deciding upon her course, invited him to a little party, as select as she could make it, where she hoped he would fall in love with Melissa.

Melissa was not so hopeful. Her stepfather's money would not give color to her pale-blue eyes, improve her pug nose, nor endow her with a sweet disposition.

She had had a brief glimpse of young Doctor Ray when he called upon her mother, and the open, spiritual brow, with its shadowing of chestnut curls, the penetrating dark eyes, and the sweet smile, had made a peculiar impression upon her. She knew that he was of quite a different order of beings from that to which she and her mother belonged.

Mrs. Overton being more obtuse, and with an almost rabid belief in the idea that money can do anything, saw in Egbert Ray only a "pretty young man," with whom, since he was of superior position, an alliance would be desirable.

But it was unfortunate that Melissa was not more attractive. She acknowledged that.

"Melissa, it will be best to have the party, even if you don't attract him. You will make his acquaintance, and then you must study how to win him. I pleased your father by wearing red bows in my hair. He always liked red bows."

Mrs. Overton smiled as she spoke. She was aware that she had made a wide improvement since the days when John Jones, the blacksmith, courted her.

"Don't talk about my father!" cried Melissa, contemptuously.

"I don't see how Yet can look well," remarked Mrs. Overton, returning to her subject of disquietude. "She has had no spending money for two months. I told her father it was just a waste to give it to her."

"But she furbiashes up her old dresses, freshens them with a ribbon or two, and looks better than I do in the most expensive costume I ever had."

"She'll have to be present, I suppose," said Mrs. Overton, at last; "but it'll be the *last* chance she'll have to show her airs!"

She had begun to conceive a violent dislike for the young girl, whom before she had only neglected.

Up in Yet's room stood a little figure, carefully fitting a bodice of scarlet silk over a dress of white.

"It's really quite nice," said Yet, standing on tiptoe before the mirror. "The silk was my own dear mamma's scarf; I hated to cut it up, but I can keep it in the bodice just as well; and I hadn't *anything* to wear! There, it's all done and ready! I do like parties—everybody is so bright and pleasant! How much company mother and Melissa have lately! They treat me as if I were a little girl—but I am seventeen!"

Still standing before the mirror, she lifted the clustering dark curls off her temples, and looked at the sweet little face between.

"My eyes are dark blue, my nose is straight—I wonder if I am pretty. Nobody ever told me so, but somehow I think I am. I wonder what makes Melissa look so cross at me whenever I try to look nice. Try as I may, I never can look as nice as she does, for she has new things all the time," with a sigh.

The night of the party came.

The elegant rooms were illuminated and filled with flowers. Mrs. Overton really had a talent for hospitality. Ample means and good housekeeping rendered her house always attractive.

And the guests congregated—well-bred, well-dressed people—most of them ignorant of Mrs. Overton's history. Doctor Ray came late.

His hostess soon discovered that he was not fond of parties—at least, they were not his habit; and the wealthy young physician was the least showy of her guests. He was not a "dancing" nor a "musical man."

"If Melissa could only talk!" thought she.

Melissa was looking a little dowdy in a pale blue dress, out of humor, and in an ungraceful attitude by the piano.

Her mother went over to her.

"Do brighten up, Melissa, and do something! You look so stupid, I haven't the courage to bring Doctor Ray over for an introduction."

"Thank you for nothing! But you needn't trouble yourself; he's managed to get introduced to Yet. I've seen him watching her all the evening."

Mrs. Overton turned around. There was the young doctor and the fairy figure of Yet standing together under the arch of the music-room, Yet chatting in her pretty way, and Doctor Ray quietly listening, with a look of pleasure.

She remembered the old Easton life, her own mother, and sweet Nellie Ray, who had given her many a tender smile for her orphanage.

She was certainly a lovely apparition, with her fleecy, simple costume, her graceful head, her animated face—for Yet had the blessed gift of enjoying every bit of sunshine—and Doctor Ray's exquisite courtesy pleased her. But there was nothing for Melissa and her mother to quarrel about, or hate Yet for. The latter soon went to find a new song for somebody, and Doctor Ray slipped into a knot of gentlemen, and soon afterward took his departure. The evening was passed without his even being presented to Melissa.

"It's just as well," said Mrs. Overton. "He wouldn't have noticed you, Melissa; you looked so sulky."

Melissa sniffed.

"He doesn't care for parties, either," continued Mrs. Overton. "He looked half bored, and got away as quick as he decently could. But I've thought of a better plan. I shall go to Edgewood early, and invite him there for the season. With the grove and the garden and the conservatory, it's just the place for a young man to fall in love; and you look your best in the daytime, and are usually better-tempered in the country. Perhaps there's some truth in what your father says—that furnace-heat isn't healthy—for you are always dreadfully cross in town, Melissa."

"No crosser than some other folks I could mention," snapped Melissa.

"Hold your tongue, miss! You ought to have your ears boxed!" cried Mrs. Overton, waxing wroth.

Melissa took warning.

"Your skin is just like wax," continued Mrs. Overton, after a pause. "You have a very nice appearance of an afternoon, dressed in blue—when you like to behave yourself! I haven't the least idea but what you can get Doctor Ray, if you only play your cards well. He doesn't go into company much, and so doesn't see many young ladies. Easton will have a good effect on him—torn his thoughts to a domestic life. If you make yourself attractive, he'll be sure to fall in love with you, and then you will have made a splendid match! You'll never have a better chance, Melissa, than Doctor Egbert Ray."

"Never so good," muttered Melissa, pouting; for the hopelessness of winning such a lover as Doctor Ray made her sulky.

Half a mile away, in his quiet rooms at the Astor House, the quiet, courteous young doctor

was sitting alone, and thinking of Mrs. Overton's party.

As she had discovered, he did not go into company much, and made the acquaintance of few ladies.

He believed in women, admired them, remembering his mother.

It was not strange, then, that he thought over, somewhat gravely, the company he had met, the previous evening.

Had he seen among them all a face as sweet and good as his mother's?

Yes; the young girl with simple dress and radiant eyes—who was she?

Ah, yes! Mr. Overton's stepdaughter, who had lived at Easton as a child.

He thought he would like to see Miss Overton again.

The next day he called at the Overton mansion. Mrs. Overton was out, Melissa in bed with a novel, and Yet was too much a Cinderella in the household to venture to receive him.

So he went away unwelcomed, to Mrs. Overton's great vexation when she found it out.

But it was close upon Spring, and she commenced her preparations for a visit to Edgewood. Then came a new development. Mr. Overton, who had grown rheumatic and obstinate, refused to budge.

"What are you going back to Edgewood for? We haven't been here four months!" he exclaimed.

"Because it's time to go!" returned Mrs. Overton, in secret alarm. "Nobody stays in town in the warm season; it isn't fashionable."

"I'm not fashionable—I don't want to be fashionable! I don't want my daughter brought up fashionably!" he roared; for the time of his yielding to Mrs. Overton had gone by. "I've just made myself comfortable in this new house, and now you must flout back to Edgewood, that hasn't had a fire in it all Winter, and is as damp as a tomb! No, madame, I am not going to Edgewood."

Expostulation was useless. It is true that Mr. Overton had been much troubled by his wife's new arrangement—had fretted all Winter at the accommodations, which he declared did not agree with him, and was barely settled in a room opening upon the park, with an open wood-fire, when she proposed the change.

He was exasperated, rebellious and immovable. Go to Edgewood in May he would not, and since Mrs. Overton was determined upon her purpose, some one must be found to remain with him. Who better than Yet? And then she would be safely out of the way.

On the whole, this new trial had turned nicely in her favor!

When the lilacs and apple-trees were in blossom, Melissa and her mother went to Easton—simple old Easton, where so little of the world's wiles were known.

Six new blue dresses were made, to suit Melissa's pallid, wax-like complexion, and then Doctor Egbert Ray was invited by note to make them a visit.

"All your old friends are longing to see you," wrote this disinterested lady. "You, like all self-made men, are the pride of your native place. Leave the dusty city, make Edgewood your home, and enjoy the season with us."

It was well done. Doctor Egbert thought of the June roses at Easton; of the sweet breezes, of the associates and friends of his childhood, few, but gratefully remembered; and decided that he would go to Edgewood.

"Here's his reply: 'Thanks, and he thinks he will come.' I wonder what he likes to eat? Nothing wins a man like giving him his favorite dish

at dinner. You must learn to cook, too, Melissa; he'll be sure to like that."

And, animated by her new idea, she drove Melissa into the kitchen for an hour every forenoon, that ease-loving young lady openly rebelling.

Meanwhile, the attendant of her suffering and sorely-tried father, Yet, remained in New York. It was only a "change of pain," from her step-mother's society to attendance in the sick-room, hardly an improvement on her former lot. Or sue did not know that it was.

As the days grew oppressively hot, she felt herself fainting for the cool, balmy air of Easton. It was her native air, and best agreed with her. She had broken rest, weary days.

But her father loved her. He appreciated the patient service. His old eyes filled with tears when he had been cross to her, and she was uncomplaining.

Dear, sweet little Yet! she *did* have a hard time of it. He wished pain had not made him so querulous. He could not express, and she never would know, how he loved her. If he should die, what would become of her?

"This thought haunted him for three days.

Then he appeared to be worse, groaned prodigiously, said he must see the doctor.

"Not old Doctor Lushington! He doesn't do me any good. Send for Doctor Ray. If he isn't practicing, he'll come and see me. I used to know his mother. Wish I had married her."

So Doctor Ray stepped quietly into the sick-room. Then Mr. Overton allowed himself to have a rheumatic fever.

"Shall I send for mother?" asked Yet.

"No," he roared. "Get a woman to help you, but don't let those Joneses know that I am worse!"

"Oh, hush, dear father!" cried Yet, who thought him quite out of his head.

But she obeyed him.

It was such a young face to look so weary and pale! such a little hand to bathe the sick man's temples, and keep the wide chamber fresh and neat!

Doctor Ray looked on thoughtfully.

At length the fever was conquered. Mr. Overton felt better than he had done for years.

"We owe it to you," said Yet, gratefully.

"Your father owes more to you than to me. It was good nursing that won more than half the battle," replied Doctor Egbert.

"Oh, but it's been a dreary time!" sighed Yet, who could hardly stand, she was so weak.

"Yes, poor little girl! All this lovely Spring weather, the birds and breezes, have been calling you in vain. You have not seen a June rose or a strawberry growing this year."

She shook her head with a faint smile, that the doctor could not resist. He bent and took the little thin hand.

"Darling Yet, your life *must* have its Spring and Summer. Come, and let me make it for you."

She reached up her arms to him with a face that made him weep.

They thought old Mr. Overton asleep; but by-and-by he turned over on the pillow.

"She's one in a thousand, doctor. Be true to her, and I shall die in peace."

"Oh, papa! papa!" cried Yet, "you are not going to die now, when I am so happy!"

For the first time since she was seven years old some one had said:

"I love you!"

* * * * *

At Edgewood Mrs. Overton had begun to scold.

"If he gives us the slip, after all!"

Finally she rushed up to town, to see what was going on.

"Dear madame, I have really not been able to go to Easton," said the doctor.

"But you *will* come now?"

"Excuse me, but I am to be married, almost immediately, to your charming stepdaughter. Her father has given his consent. Congratulate me."

Mrs. Overton turned a look of silent wrath upon Yet, standing by. For she saw, only too plainly, why Doctor Ray did not go to Edgewood.

John, Sr., and John, Jr.

"Pack your traps, and go abroad, boy. That will bring you round, if anything will. Excitement and change will do the work, I'll be bound."

This practical bit of advice fell from the lips of John Harrington, Sr., as he walked home arm-in-arm with his son, John, Jr.

"I'd go with you myself," he continued. "Should really enjoy the trip, under other circumstances; and if you send me word you're better—that is to say, have got back some of your old spirit and enthusiasm—why, I'll meet you on the other side, and we'll have a little spree on our own hook. Father and son on a spree—eh? Well, 'twon't be the first one, by a good many, will it? There ain't so much difference in our ages as folks seem to think."

"But why won't you go with me, father? I should like it, above all things," urged John, Jr. "There's nothing in the world to hinder. We are poor dogs, father—that's a fact; no home, no families, no—"

"Stop right where you are, my son—right where you are! I have listened lately to all you have had to say, because, under the shadow of a great grief, my heart ached for you, and because I knew that equilibrium would be soonest restored by such means. Call yourself a poor dog, Jack, if the comparison pleases you; but don't poor cur me. I should like to have a nice little woman to sit at the head of my table, and come down to the door to meet me when I return from business, as well as the next man. Why, bless your soul, stupid! I have only just turned into the forties, and a fellow don't know what he does want much before that time."

John smiled—it was a dubious, ghastly sort of an affair—and said:

"But what has all this to do with our going abroad? I should like to start at once, if you can make arrangements to do so."

"There is no reason why you shouldn't sail to-morrow at twelve, if it so suits you, and I wish you would. But my reasons for not accompanying you are obvious. You need *entire* change, and if you have me constantly at your elbow, you will scarcely be able to forget a bridge over"—as the young man winced perceptibly at mention of the word "forget"—"the past. When you begin to feel real jolly—unmistakably jolly—send me a cable dispatch, and I'll agree to start the same day, if I can find a steamer."

"Jolly?" repeated John, Jr., in a tone of sad unbelief. "Why, father, you don't know what you are talking about. It is now almost two years since Ella and my darling babies were taken away from me, and I have never known a moment of peace since, to say nothing of happiness."

"And yet, John," interrupted his father—"excuse me if I touch a sore spot—it seems to me the circumstances warrant it. As I review your short domestic life, it does not appear to me that a man fond of home, and the comforts of home, could find much in yours he would desire to perpetuate. My thoughts of Ella are most kindly; but the mere fact of her passing into



JOHN, SR., AND JOHN, JR.—“‘I AM SOMETHING OF A PHYSICIAN, MRS. CLAXTON,’ SAID HE ON THIS OCCASION, AS HE SAT IN A CHAIR BESIDE THE LOUNGE ON WHICH SHE RECLINED.”

another state of existence has not made a saint of her in my eyes. I was glad when the end came—for her sake as well as yours. She'll have a better chance now, poor girl.”

John, Jr.'s eye were wide open with amazement, while his father continued:

“I should have spoken in this manner at the time, John. I have been aware of my error all along. As for the babies, poor dear little suffering darlings, you have abundant reason for rejoicing that they were taken away. Often I said, ‘Blessed be the name of the Lord;’ with my whole heart it was on that occasion. If you ever marry again, John, be sure—”

“Marry again!” interrupted his companion—

this time with considerable disdain apparent in his voice and manner, which evidently afforded John, Sr., unfeigned delight, for he threw his head back, and laughed heartily.

“I wouldn't marry—I wouldn't marry——!” John, Jr., was floundering about for language strong enough to express his utter contempt for the marriage relation.

“You won't marry,” put in his companion, “till you find somebody that just fills your bill! Neither shall I; and I'll venture to predict, my dear boy, that the next time you won't make a fool of yourself!”

This was strong language, and both Johns knew it; and yet both were thoroughly aware

that nothing but the literal truth had been spoken.

"Look upon the past as your school, in which you were compelled to learn a mighty tough lesson, and upon the present as your opportunity," continued the elder. "Now, pack up your traps, and be off with you, and make up your mind that a little common sense is better than all the morbid sentiment in the world."

The above conversation explains itself.

These two Johns were widowers, without family, rich, well connected, and much sought after. The younger had married a very young and very vain girl—of delicate and aristocratic parentage—who had but one thought, and that one—dress. This inordinate vanity, strangely enough, did not show itself to John until after marriage, and the waking up from his dream of love and perfect congeniality was a terrible one. Her husband's comfort was nothing to her. How she could best secure the admiration of others was her only study.

Two children were born to them, and poor John tried to believe that the motherhood of the woman would be her salvation.

Not so. Disregarding all advice, she finally put a stop to her earthly career by the effect of a series of colds, brought on by dissipation. The little ones soon followed.

John had mourned them bitterly, and, with the sensitiveness of a noble nature, had never ceased to reproach himself that he had not pursued a different course in the management of his domestic affairs.

Two years had almost passed, and for the first time since the sad events John, Sr., had honestly spoken his thoughts, with what effect the reader is aware.

A few days after John, Jr., took passage in a French steamer, to the great delight of his father, who knew that he would return to his native shores a wiser and a better man.

Six months elapsed, during which time John, Sr., was very lonely, and had almost decided a number of times to join his son abroad, without waiting for the intelligence he had insisted on at parting. One day he received the following communication:

"ROME, ———, ———."

"DEAR FATHER—The best thing you can do is to make arrangements to join me here as soon as you can. I cannot say that I am really jolly; but I am content. Won't that do? I remain

"Your loving son, JOHN."

"Yes, sir," said John, Sr., as he folded the letter, and tucked it in his pocket. "That will do. If that scamp isn't in love, then I'm not familiar with the symptoms. Content? There's an indescribable romance about that word to me, and there always was."

The very next steamer outward bound had for one of its passengers John Harrington, Sr., and, after a few weeks of propitious travel, the two gentlemen joined hands in Rome.

"How do you manage to amuse yourself, John?" the elder inquired, the next morning at breakfast. "I suppose you have done all the cathedrals, statuary, paintings, etc., etc., etc. How do you spend your evenings?"

"Oh, I have found a few friends, of course," replied John, Jr., nonchalantly. "The society is very good here at present."

That evening Harrington the elder was formally introduced to Mrs. and Miss Claxton, artists, born and bred New Yorkers, who had been studying in Rome for more than a year.

Mrs. Claxton was a widow of thirty-six or seven, who really did not look a day over thirty, unusually prepossessing in manner and appearance, vivacious, and, at the same time, thoroughly

polished and dignified. She had been left in poverty by a reckless husband, and had managed by the sale of a few articles of value—hers before her marriage—to thus make the most of her own and her daughter's artistic talent.

Fanny Claxton was eighteen, and the very image of her mother. Everybody called her beautiful, and for once everybody was correct. Fanny was an enthusiastic lover of her art, and had made astonishing progress in her studies, and to this little haven of rest and recreation John, Jr., was accustomed to come whenever he felt so disposed, which was not infrequently.

"Here is the charm," thought the elder. "It's a queer thing, though, how things are managed in this world. That boy had to have an awful domestic experience, had to come out of it almost crushed, and, finally, was obliged to come to Rome to find a woman suited to him. He's a lucky dog this time, anyway."

Miss Claxton seemed strangely attracted to John, Sr. From the moment of their introduction, she had metaphorically snuggled right down under this gentleman's wing; indeed, after two or three weeks had passed, the young lady spent most of her leisure with him, Mrs. Claxton looking on with silent pleasure.

John, Jr., grew moody and sometimes refused to accompany his father on his visits, and affairs became so inextricably muddled, that both father and son were in a state of great perplexity. John, Sr., wished from the very bottom of his loyal heart that Fanny would not show him so much attention, for he had decided to offer himself to the widow, and he was perfectly aware that the girl had no feeling for him but that of friendship.

In this way a strange and unpleasant barrier was erected between father and son. The situation had become almost unbearable, when, one evening, John, Sr. found an opportunity of conversing alone with the young widow.

She had been for some time in delicate health, and the kind heart of the man had been sorely troubled in consequence.

"I am something of a physician, Mrs. Claxton," said he, on this occasion, as he sat in a chair beside the lounge on which she reclined. "I suppose you were not aware of that?"

"No, I was not," she replied, with a smile. "Would you like to prescribe for me?"

"A diagnosis is first in order," he answered. "In the first place, you are worrying yourself constantly with details—your responsibilities are more than you can bear."

"Well?" said she, sadly.

"Well," he repeated, after a moment's silence, "why will you not give me the power to act as your business manager and attorney?"

"You, Mr. Harrington?" she asked, without looking up. "What do you mean?"

"This only, my dear little woman: I want you to be my wife. I have wanted you ever since the first moment I entered your presence. I'm a pretty good sort of a fellow, and have all the money that we shall need."

Her answer was a burst of tears; but they were tears of joy, for the next moment her head—But, what nonsense; never mind the rest.

That night, as he entered his son's room, he was thus accosted by John, Jr.:

"Father, I start for home to-morrow."

"The deuce you do!" said John, Sr., with a shrug of his handsome shoulders. "What's that for?"

"Oh, nothing; only I'm tired of this."

"But I say, John, stay to the wedding, won't you?"

"Whose wedding, father?"

And John, Jr.'s face hadn't a particle of color in it.

"Mine, you gander! 'The nicest little woman in the world has promised to make me the happiest man in the world next week.'"

"I needn't ask who the little woman is!" said his son, walking to the window.

"No; I will tell you without asking, you donkey! It is—Mrs. Claxton!"

Of course there was a scene, and you can guess the rest.

A Fight for Life.

A MANUFACTORY of Lockport, N. Y., gets its motive power by way of a lock in a canal and a deep tunnel which leads to the factory. The water is shut off at the canal, and four men descend into the tunnel by a ladder to do some needful work. They have a lantern, and are at the far end of the dark cavern, when they hear a roaring noise at the end of the tunnel where they descended, and at which they will be obliged to make their egress, if they ever do. They are not long in doubt. The lock has broken, and water and ice are pouring down the shaft into their long, narrow house at a fearful rate. The water is already beginning to rise around them, and by the dim light of their lantern they see a huge body of ice grinding along against the sides of the tunnel, and coming rapidly toward them. No time is to be lost; they run toward the torrent, and plunge into it. The splashing water puts out their lantern-light, and they are in total darkness. There is very little, if any, chance for life, but they resolve to do their best to reach the mouth of the tunnel. It is like laboring against hope. The water becomes too deep to wade, and is still pouring in. Its roar is their death-knell. They swim the best they can, and are bruised and battered by the ice with which they are battling.

At length, completely exhausted and almost frozen, they reach the shaft, and, to their dismay, find that the ladder by which they descended into the tunnel is gone. It had been swept away by the torrent. They call, but no one hears them. There is no hope now, but they cling to the rough stones of which their tomb is constructed. They are only waiting for the rising flood to swallow them up. They have scarcely room for their heads between the surface of the water and the stone arch above. They feel that they are in their grave. In the darkness one of their number utters a cry of joy. His hand has struck something that does not feel like ice. It is the ladder which had lodged against a corner in the wall, and is not yet out of reach. They make one last desperate effort for life, and manage to run the ladder up the shaft. On it they come up one by one, trembling, out of their graves.

Early Arctic Explorers.

THE discovery in Nova Zembla of relics of the old Dutch navigator William Barents, or Barentsen, who lived in the sixteenth century, is a curious and interesting fact. The three voyages, undertaken by the Dutch at the instigation of the great cosmographer Peter Plancius, in which Barents was engaged, had for their object the discovery, by the Northeast Passage, of a shorter route by sea to China. In 1594 the first of these attempts was made, the merchants of Amsterdam and the States-General of the United Provinces and Prince Maurice finding the necessary funds. Barents sailed in a little fishing-smack on this voyage, and, exactly one month after leaving home, touched at Nova Zembla, in latitude 73 degrees 25 minutes, N. Sailing along the edge of the pack-ice, he gained the extreme northwest

point of the land, having had a hard fight for it. He calculated that he passed over 17,000 miles of water, and put his ship about eighty-one times. On this voyage he observed his position with great accuracy, using the instruments then known for that purpose—the cross-staff, quadrant, and astrolabe. At last, worn out with fatigue, the explorers were unwillingly compelled to return home.

In the second voyage a different route was forced upon them. Barents only sailed on this occasion to the entrance of the Sea of Kara and home again.

We now come to the third of these voyages—the most important, next to Hudson's, of all the voyages that have ever been made to the Polar Sea. This time the States-General withdrew their sanction to the continuance of the explorations, on account of the great expense, and the failure of previous attempts. The merchants of Amsterdam, however, still gave ear to the advocates of the scheme, and were induced to venture their money in a third attempt. Two vessels were fitted out; and Gerrit de Veer, who had written the history of the two previous voyages, went out himself on this occasion as second mate. These vessels sailed from Amsterdam, May 13th, 1596. The events of this voyage are stated at length by Gerrit de Veer, in the book he published on his return. He gives an account of the terrible Winter that ensued. In August they found themselves in the ice on the coast of Nova Zembla, in 77 degrees 40 minutes, N. After several fruitless efforts to extricate themselves, Barents was at last forced to give up the attempt; and "here they were forced, in great cold, poverty, misery, and grief, to stay all the Winter."

The seventeen stout-hearted Dutchmen set about constructing a house, in which to pass the long Winter months. They found, near enough for their purpose, a large quantity of drift-wood, composed chiefly of trees, torn up by the roots, that had grown upon the banks of a river in some more temperate clime in the northern lands of Europe or Asia. Of these materials they put together a compact little house, several views of which are given in the various editions still extant of the book containing the history of their voyages. In it they set up a Dutch clock, with a large bronze bell; here also they stored the collection of valuable engravings and other articles of art-manufacture, intended as presents to be made to great people in China, when that country should be reached. The then newest edition of a history of China, translated into the Dutch language, lay open on the table. After great sufferings in the long Winter months, Barents died on June 19th, 1597, just before the boats they had prepared for their escape from the long captivity were got ready for sea; the fifteen survivors at last, after a long and difficult voyage, gained the coast of Lapland, toward the end of August, and thence got home to their native Holland. So we lose sight of these hardy men, and but for an incident that happened recently, we might never have given them a thought.

But the other day Elling Karlsen, a Norwegian captain who has been engaged in the North Sea trade for the last eighteen years, reached the spot where Barents had wintered two hundred and seventy-eight years previously, and there saw the house standing at the head of the bay, just as the Dutchmen had left it so many years ago. The appearance was exactly as Gerrit de Veer had described it, and so it was in the interior. All the objects figured in our illustration were found, as will be seen—the clock and white metal cup of antique design, the halbert-head and trumpet, the book of navigation and the old Chinese history, with a number of other familiar objects, lay scat-

tered about; while upon the table lay a curious instrument, intended as an aid to navigation, which is carefully described in the writings, of Plancius, the inventor. This is the only specimen extant. It is in the form of a segment of a circle, and is graduated like a vernier scale, and its purpose was intended to assist in more accurately fixing the longitude of a place at sea; but it was soon found to be faulty in construction, and so became neglected.

The shoe of a little sailor boy, who died during the Winter, lay upon the table, near to his little flute, which even now, after so long an interval, gives out a few poor notes.

The Dutch Government has secured these precious relics for the National Museum at the Hague. Their preservation is another proof of the extreme purity and dryness of the air in high latitudes, where the process of decay seems to be arrested.

The Victims; or, That Charming Spot.

CHAPTER I.—MADAME DE LIVON AND HER VICTIM.

"Is thy decision irrevocable, Blanche?"

"Yes, *Monsieur Delécluze*. I have not the most remote intention of altering it."

"Oh, Blanche!" passionately exclaimed the gentleman, "give me but a glimmer of hope! I am devoured of thee, and, deprived of thy smiles, life will be—"

"Exactly what it has always been, cousin. You will rise at your usual hour, summon your valet, sip your chocolate, read the *Temps*, dress, ride out to the Bois, lunch at the Rond Poul, return to your hotel, dress for dinner, go to the opera or to some other place of amusement, see another *idol* within twenty-four hours, and be as love-begone as you are at this moment."

"Thou jestest with me, Blanche."

"Oh, no, I do *not* jest, *Monsieur Delécluze*. It is no light matter to have to refuse twenty suitors in one short week! Indeed, 'tis a most serious affair, particularly when my heart is already filled with the image of one before whom I forget all others."

"Thou hast a heart, then, madame!" murmured the young man, biting his lips, in the agony of the discovery.

The lady uttered one of those ringing laughs which only her countrywomen know how to give, and replied:

"By my faith, monsieur, but you are daring. Yes, I had a heart, which I have given to the most noble of his sex!"

"As I am one of the miserable rejected, may I inquire who is the fortunate individual?" said the gentleman.

"To be able to pick a quarrel with him, and call him out? Nay, monsieur. Bois de Boulogne, at four o'clock, and my idol shattered by your steel or lead!" laughed the lady. "Oh, no, my cousin."

"Blanche, I love thee most truly and tenderly, and it thou torturest me thus, I will end my life. I have always been devoted to thee, and upon my knees I beg thee to be mine."

"Oh, you are too droll, *Monsieur Ernest Delécluze*! That action at the *Comédie Française* would bring down the house. 'Tis a thousand pities thou art so rich, my cousin; the comedy is your proper sphere!"

"Nay, Blanche, I am not jesting," pleaded the gentleman. "It was I who watched thee when thou wert but a child, and loved thee then; I who devoured my heart when thou wert contracted to *Monsieur de Livon*; I who died a lover's death when thou married that terrible

monster; I who experienced a mental resurrection when the news arrived from Brittany that he had reclaimed his kindred below; I who counted the hours and seconds until once again we met; and I who am thy slave and cousin, and who love thee, worship thee, and will die for thee if thou wilt not be mine!"

"Excellent!" applauded the lady. "Compared with you, *Capoul* is weak and nerveless! Pray rise and be seated. May I offer you a bonbon?"

Ernest Delécluze mournfully kissed the fringe of the lady's garment, then rose, and bowing, left the *salon*.

Madame de Livon was a beautiful widow, about nineteen years old, who had lately sprung into prominence among the *beau-monde* of Paris. A year before, she had married a hideous old man, who, upon securing his dove, hurried her off to his country-seat, where she was kept a close prisoner, until death came to her rescue.

Forced into the union against her own inclinations, and, after leading a terrible life with the dreadful animal to whom she had been sold, *Madame de Livon*, in the first happiness of emancipation from her late slavery, determined to remain single, but to revenge herself upon the sex, by encouraging and then rejecting their love.

To this end she returned to Paris and entered society, where her youth, beauty and wealth soon brought a crowd of worshippers about her, among others, *Ernest Delécluze*, who was deeply and truly enamored of his fair cousin.

Twice had he proposed, and been rejected; twice had he declared that she must become his wife, or he would destroy himself. He left her presence bowed down, heart-broken and desperate.

"May I offer you a bonbon?" he muttered. "She laughs at my passion, and loves another. Who is it? I will go and visit that idiot *Tilovier*, who has never loved. In such society will I and my days!"

CHAPTER II.—COUNT JEROME TILOVIER AND HIS VICTIM.

WHEN her lover's footsteps had ceased to echo in the corridor, *Madame de Livon* summoned her attendant:

"Tina, I am not at home to any one but Count *Jerome Tilovier*."

"Out, madame."

"You may dress my hair, Tina."

The maid retired, and presently reappeared with the necessary toilet articles.

Madame de Livon took up a book, and began to peruse its pages, while Tina unbound her mistress's beautiful golden hair, and commenced to dress it in braids.

It was a charming picture; the lovely, almost girlish, delicately developed form of the lady, with her piquant, oval face, and tiny hands and feet, the latter incased in quaint Indian moccasins, contrasting with the ripe, ruddy beauty of her dark-eyed, brunette maid. No wonder the handsome *Delécluze* had thrice endeavored to win his cousin's heart; and could he but have seen her then, he would undoubtedly have repeated his attempt.

"Did you see Count *Jerome* upon the *Boulevards* this morning, Tina?"

"Out, madame."

"Was he looking well?"

"Out, madame, charming."

As the maid was replying, a knock was heard at the door, and a servant announced:

"Count *Jerome Tilovier*."

"I will be with him in one moment," said *Madame de Livon*. "Tina, envelop me in my Japanese robe. Unbind my braids, quick!"

The girl did as she was directed, and when she had released the golden tresses, looked admiringly at her mistress, and observed, with a half-suppressed sigh:

"How beautiful you are, madame!"

Gathering the warmly padded robe about her until it indicated the symmetry of her form, the lady viewed herself, then, preceded by her attendant, left the apartment.

Count Jerome was seated upon a sofa in the *salon*, employing his time and expanding his mental faculties by watching the motes play across a sunbeam that streamed through a narrow oriel window in one end of the apartment. He had come, at her special request, to visit one of the most beautiful women in Paris, she having written to say that she would be at home to him that morning; and yet, when almost in the presence of the fair divinity, he was watching—not for her footfall—but the atoms of dust that danced across the colored rays shining through a stained glass window.

This action was charmingly characteristic of the man.

He was of middle height, with one of those blonde English heads sometimes seen upon a Frenchman's shoulders; in outward appearance, gentlemanly and pleasing, but positively brainless; yet, strangely enough, the women almost worshiped him, and, what was still more astonishing, Madame de Livon was hopelessly in love with this nonentity.

It seems to be a provision in nature that some of the most beautiful and charming women should be united to idiotic and shallow-minded men. Doubtless this is ordained for a psychological purpose; but it always seems a thousand pities—in the case of Madame de Livon it was a million—that Titania should be thus enamored of an "epitome of nothing."

With just a little rustling, so as to give the watcher a gentle hint of her coming, the lady entered the apartment.

The count rose and bowed, then, with a pleasing nonchalance, observed:

"Do you know, madame, that I have never before seen those—atoms in a sunbeam so plainly?"

The glorious beauty smiled admiringly at him, and replied:

"Indeed! How *very* interesting!"

Then she gently loosened the silken cord about her throat, and left a space through which the fair neck and bosom gleamed so bewitchingly, that any one but the count would have "capitulated without terms."

In vain the lovely widow used her arts; but lost upon him were her smiles, her beauty of form so artfully denoted beneath the pliant robe, and her too evident looks of admiration.

Yet she loved on, and the gods did not change his blonde head into that of an ass.

He spoke of the opera, and of driving in the Bois, and delivered his weak brain of the abortive wisdom usually engendered by such intellects, while Madame de Livon dwelt upon his words as though an angel spoke, and became more enamored of him every moment.

At length he arose to leave, when she pressed him so earnestly to stay, that he yielded. Then, to his astonishment, she told him all her sorrows, and finally plainly hinted that he was the only being in the world for whom she had ever felt one atom of love.

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, he could not have exhibited more terror. Conceited as he was, the idea of matrimony was positively appalling. He fully believed that all the beautiful women in Paris were in love with him; but marriage, and to such a fiery, devouring, impetuous lady, was out of the question. True, he was not rich, but matrimony was not, under any circumstances, to be thought of.

Half frightened with her own impetuosity, Madame de Livon regarded him with pleading looks.

"Marriage! Oh, *mon Dieu*, madame, *c'est impossible*!"

"Impossible!" echoed the lady.

"Oh!" he gasped, feeling in his pockets—"oh!"



EARLY ARCTIC EXPLORERS.—RELICS OF PARENTS. THE DUTCH EXPLORER, BROUGHT FROM NOVA ZEMBLA.—SEE PAGE 331.

"Jerome, are you unwell?" cried madame, in affliction. "What is the matter?"

"Oh!" he repeated, in a most agonizing manner.

"What is the matter?" said the alarmed beauty, wringing her hands, and rushing toward the bell-rope.

Ar-r-ret-s, madame! Pour l'amour de Dieu, votre mouchoir!"

"My handkerchief?" repeated the lady.

"Où! où! où! madame! ah tishoo!"

Seeing that she had mistaken the cause of his agitation, Madame de Livon handed him her dainty cambric, and when his paroxysm subsided, made another attempt upon his heart.

"Count, I am—fainting! Oh!"

What could he do, insensible to her charms as he was, but catch her lovely form in his arms, and deposit her upon the couch?

"Shall I summon your maid?" he nervously inquired.

"A world of thanks! No, dear count; I am better; your touch has revived me!"

"Oh, mon Dieu! c'est terrible!" he exclaimed; and, regardless of the looks of the enamored beauty, seizing his cane, Count Jerome Tilovier rushed from the *salon*.

CHAPTER III.—A PARISIAN JOSEPH, THE THIRD VICTIM.

UPON finding himself safely out of the mansion, the count paused to think.

"I wonder if Saint Joseph was the man who had to escape from Madame Potiphar!" he mused. "If so, I think I will place myself under his protection after this!"

It may be imagined from the foregoing that the count was deeply moved—a *crêvé* Parisian never thinking of the saints unless in *extremis*, and even then being usually confused about their identity.

After wandering about for some time, he entered his *coupé*, which had been following him at a respectful distance, and drove home. Upon his dressing-table he found a perfumed billet, which ran as follows:

"DEAR COUNT JEROME—A billion of pardons! In tears I beseech thee to grant me one more interview! If I am refused, I die for thee!"

"BLANKCE."

"This is positively overwhelming!" exclaimed the now thoroughly roused victim, seizing a pen and rapidly scribbling off a reply.

"Count Jerome presents his most profound compliments to the charming Madame de Livon, and begs that she will not inconvenience herself upon his account, as he intends ending his earthly misery to-morrow at sunrise. He by this respectfully bids adieu until he meets her in Paradise, when madame, having rejoined her sainted lord, will no longer sigh for her unfortunate friend, TILOVIER."

"Bah!" he grimaced, "that will end the affair." And having sealed the billet, he dispatched it to the lady; then left for Vertbois, his country-seat.

When he arrived at the château, he was welcomed by his friend Delécluze, who had preceded him about six hours.

"Let us take a walk in the woods," said Ernest, "if you are not too tired, count."

"Oh, by my faith! no," replied Tilovier. "I am as fresh as a lark! I intend keeping awake for the next fourteen hours! We will walk for an hour, dine, sit up all night, and play *carté*, and retire about eight o'clock to-morrow for—a long rest!—(sighing, and thinking to himself)—"Yes, for me, a very long rest!"

"Good!" gayly answered Delécluze; "a most

excellent plan! We will walk in these woods" (to himself), "*where I can choose a quiet spot to which I can retire to-morrow with my only real friend—my pistol!*"

They linked arms and walked on until they came to a secluded part of the *bois*, where giant trees spread their branches and formed arches across the drives, and the underwood was so dense that they could scarcely see a rod ahead.

They halted before two monarchs of the forest, and, while pretending not to be paying particular attention, scanned them very closely.

"What a noble trunk the one next us has!" said the count (thinking); "*I'll hang myself from that first branch! It will be just about my height, and this is such a charming spot!*"

"What grand old trees, and how soft the moss is about their feet!" mused Ernest. Then he thought, "*And how easy to fall upon when the ball has done its work! 'Tis a charming spot in which to die!*"

"A franc for your thoughts, Ernest," cried the count.

"A Napoleon for yours, Jerome!" replied his companion.

"They are not worth so much!" laughed Delécluze, leading the way toward the château.

That night, after dinner, they drank the finest old wines, and became very boisterous, but both of them were too determined to confide their plans to each other.

"Another bottle of that Clos Vougeot!" cried the count to his attendants.

When the wine was brought, he ordered the man to fill two huge goblets. Then, turning to his guest, said:

"Delécluze, my friend and brother, I drink to that charming spot!"

"Thy mistress's lips?" queried Ernest.

"No, her arm!" laughed the count, bitterly. "Firm and well rounded, I will hang upon it!"

"I pledge the ground beneath my mistress's feet!" said Delécluze, mysteriously.

Each clinked the other's glass, significantly; as much as to infer, "Ah, if you only could fathom my meaning!" after which the count called for cards, and they played until the morning.

At six o'clock, Ernest, who had several times pretended to fall asleep, pleaded weariness, and retired to his room. Taking out his pistol-case, he withdrew one weapon, and thus apostrophized:

"Ah! thou charming little friend, so silent and so certain! *Hélas!* she will no longer scorn me when thou hast done thy duty!" Then, advancing to a mirror, he surveyed himself, and murmured: "Ah, you beautiful! so soon to be rigid in death, how wilt thou appear when the fatal bullet has done its work? Those eyes up-turned, those nostrils dilated, and that handsome mustache—by-the-by, I must retouch that with pomade"—twisting up the corners of his Napoleon, and arranging his imperial. "Ah, Ernest, thou art a gallant lad, but thou must die! Little friend, I embrace thee!"

After saying this, he tragically kissed the crest engraved upon the stock of the pistol; and, having penned a brief but passionate "farewell" to Madame de Livon, Delécluze took a parting glance at himself in the glass, and murmuring "*Pauvre enfant!*" left the château.

CHAPTER IV.—VICTIMIZED ALL ROUND.

WHEN the count had ascertained that Ernest had retired to his chamber, he proceeded to his own apartment, and opening a bureau, took from it a coil of silk rope, soft as fur and strong as steel.

Inserting his eye-glass in his left optic, he coolly surveyed the cord, and pronounced it perfect;

then retired to the cheval-glass, and rearranged his costume.

Two flies, chasing each other in wanton playfulness, attracted his attention, and he watched them for some seconds, entirely oblivious of the deed he intended to perpetrate within the next hour.

"*Diab! very strange!*" he mused, as fly number one crept into a crevice, out of the way of its companion. "I suppose that is the lady so persistently following the fugitive."

Then his ideas wandered back to the fatal cord, and he exclaimed:

"*Mon Dieu! I almost forgot my suicide!*"

Placing the rope in a fishing-bag, he threw the latter over his shoulder, and, taking a rod in his hand, slipped out of the house, and walked toward Vertbois.

He never for a moment reflected upon the step he was about to take, but amused himself with the surrounding scene, as though he had a long life before him.

Arrived at "the charming spot," he gravely mounted the tree, and proceeded to fasten one end of the cord to the lower limb; after this, he made a running noose at the other end of the rope, and calmly adjusted it around his neck. Finding that his hat and coat were encumbrances, he removed them, and threw them into the hollow of a neighboring tree. As the garments fell with a gentle thud among the decayed leaves, he heard the steps of some one approaching.

Leaning across the limb, so as to partly conceal himself from the gaze of the passer, the count awaited the arrival of the intruder.

With head uncovered, pale and sorrowful face, his dark curls faintly stirred by the morning breeze, with his eyes turned heavenward, and pistol in hand, Delécluze slowly approached, murmuring, as he came:

"Ah, Blanche, Blanche! would that by dying thus I could wed thee in another world! Farewell, this life, so hateful without thee! Farewell, this beautiful scene! Farewell for ever, Blanche de Livon! I die thinking of—"

Uttering these words, Ernest threw his head back, and glancing upward, pressed the weapon to his forehead, placed his fore-finger upon the trigger, and prepared to fire, when his eyes encountered the vacuous face of the count, who, when he had somewhat recovered his astonishment, exclaimed:

"*Bonjour, mon Ernest!*"

"Pardon!" cried Delécluze, in a startled tone, lowering the pistol, and throwing his head further back, so as to plainly make out his interrogator.

"Comedy or tragedy?" demanded Tilovier.

"Neither, my dear count; merely a rehearsal for a farce! But why that rope about thy neck?"

"Merely practicing a difficult gymnastic feat!" replied Count Jerome, releasing himself from the noose, and calmly unfastening the rope from the limb.

They left "that charming spot" like children when detected in the act of robbing an orchard.

"You mentioned the name of Madame de Livon during your rehearsal," observed Tilovier, after a long pause. "Are you—have you any acquaintance with that lady?"

"I was rehearsing the farce upon her account," significantly answered Ernest. "Now, as I have confessed to you, pray inform me for whose benefit were you practicing that gymnastic feat?"

"For the same lady," said the count, as unconcerned as though the question were an ordinary one.

"Madame de Livon?" cried his astonished companion. "You commit—"

"*Out, out, out, out!*" hastily rejoined Tilovier, anxious that his friend should not pronounce the word "suicide."

"*Ma foi!*" groaned Delécluze; "and thou, too, my friend, have yielded to that siren, and been rejected!"

"Oh, non!" conceitedly retorted the count.

"*À!*" ejaculated Ernest. "Why, I proposed to her three times, and upon each occasion was rejected! Would you credit it? the last time, after I had thrown myself at her feet, and sworn that I loved her very shadow, she coolly observed, '*Moy!* I offer you a bouillon?' *Sapristi!* how did she treat you, count?"

"Oh, I cannot complain of her coldness. On the contrary, she pestered me so with her demonstrations of love—actually going so far as to talk of marriage—to me!—marriage!—oh, ye angels!—that I determined to—end the matter, by—*in that charming spot*— You comprehend, my friend?"

"Let us take our revenge upon her!" said Delécluze. "Write and invite her to spend a day with us. Say that we have a surprise in store."

"I do not see what we shall gain by that," replied Tilovier. "Besides, I am still half afraid of her."

"Leave all to me," answered Ernest.

They shot and fished for a month, and the count had almost forgotten the lady, when, one morning, Delécluze wrote this note, which he read to his friend:

"Unable any longer to bear separation from thee, I beg that thou wilt come to Vertbois, and see the last of thy
ERNEST."

To which Tilovier lazily added:

"And of thy

JEROME.

"Three P.M. Friday."

This epistle was dispatched to Paris, and delivered to Madame de Livon, who replied "that she would be there at the time appointed."

Ernest next procured a cardboard, upon which he wrote:

"On the first day of July, 1867, in this spot, the Count Jerome Alphonse Louis Emile Tilovier intended to ———. And on the same day, and in this spot, Monsieur Ernest Edouard de Lisie Jean Delécluze intended to ———."

He left blanks after the last words of each sentence. When the ink was dry, he affixed the card to the now celebrated tree.

Next day, at two P.M., the friends, and a select party of their associates, male and female, to whom they had intrusted their plan, held a *fiute champêtre* in "that charming little spot."

"But for what have you left those spaces?" demanded a powdered belle, of Ernest.

"Hush! here comes Madame de Livon?" replied that gentleman.

Descending from her carriage, the lady, who looked more bewitching than ever, in her shepherdess costume, smiled upon her friends, and taking the arm of a gigantic blonde foreigner, who accompanied her, advanced toward the group.

In a moment, all anger vanished from the breast of Delécluze, while the count, who had never really wished to see her again, gazed at her in innocent amazement, as she calmly returned his salute.

Seeing the notice, and taking it for the programme of the *fiute*, she begged her companion to read it for her.

Approaching the tree, the fair giant read, in a stentorian voice:

"On the first day of July, 1867, in this spot, the Count Jerome Alphonse Louis Emile Tilovier intended to ———. What?" demanded the reader, turning to the count,

"Hang myself! if it's any interest to you," replied Tilovier. "Madame de Livon will comprehend why—but I concluded to live."

"You were wise, sir!" roared the giant, continuing his perusal. "And on the same day, and in this spot, Monsieur Ernest Edouard de Lisle Jean Delécluze intended to ———"

"Shoot himself!" laughingly added the lady, waving her hand to her friend to be silent. "Gentlemen, you have, I perceive, thought better of your rash resolves, and, wishing to be revenged upon me, have invited me here, in order that your friends might understand that you are not any longer my victims. Is this so?"

The count coolly bowed assent.

"Gentlemen, I thank you for your wish to humble me," continued the lady, in a bantering tone; "and being no longer a Frenchwoman, forgive my enemies! Cousin, permit me to introduce to you my husband, Baron von Haagen!"

"The fourth victim!" quickly remarked the

count, inspecting the blonde Prussian through his eye-glass as though he were on sale. "*Mon Dieu! I pity him!*"

"First I," added Ernest, "then herself, next Tilovier, and lastly this foreigner. 'Thank heaven!' he muttered, 'she has revenged our wrongs upon a foe to France!'"

The newly wedded pair were about to withdraw, when the count tore down the notice, and, bowing to the lady, said:

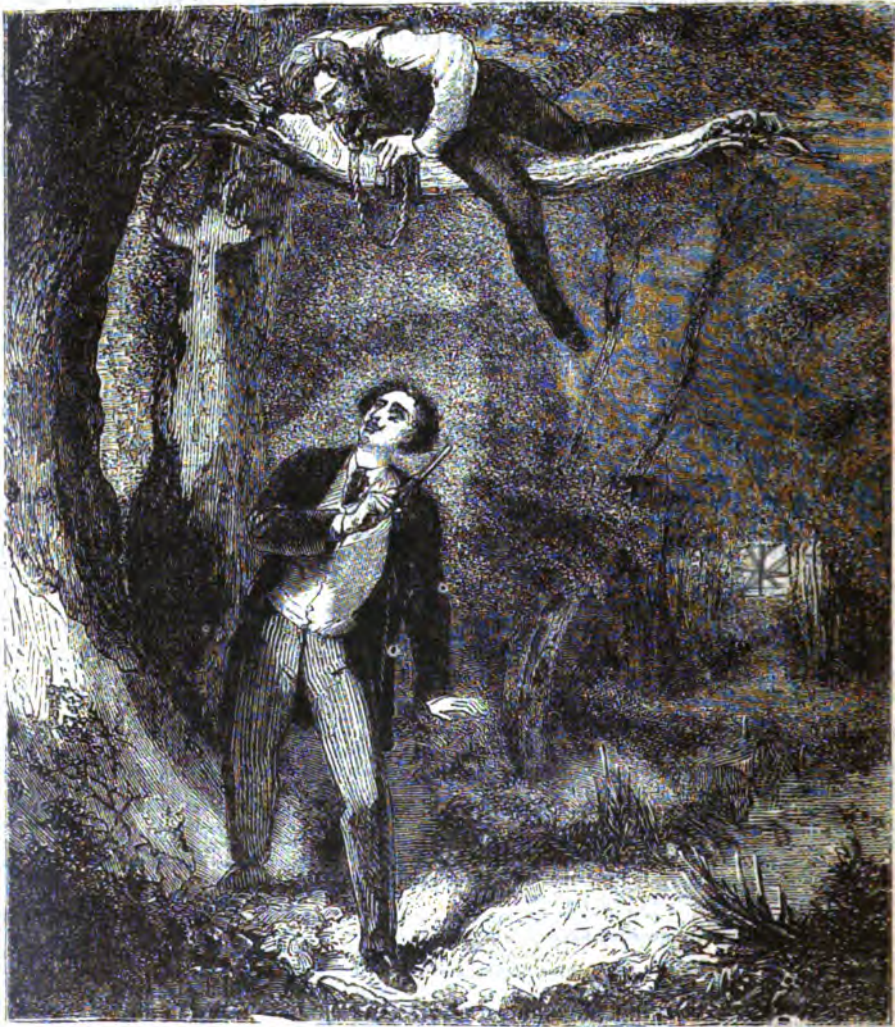
"Baroness, I beg that you will forget and forgive, and join our party. We, like your husband, must capitulate to the enemy."

When wine was served, Delécluze rose, and slyly proposed as a toast, "The victims!"

"The victims!" laughed the baroness.

"The victims!" cried the guests.

"*De Fidem!*" solemnly ejaculated the baron; and from that time forth, "that charming spot," in *le Vertbois* has always been called "*Les Victimes*."



THE VICTIMS.—"‘PARDON!’ CRIED DELECLUZE, IN A STARTLED TONE, LOWERING THE PISTOL, AND THROWING HIS HEAD FURTHER BACK, SO AS TO PLAINLY MAKE OUT HIS INTERROGATOR."



ONE, OR TWENTY?—"OH, WILLIE! HAVE YOU COME BACK AT LAST?" HIS BRAWNY ARMS ENCIRCLED HER GRACEFUL FORM FOR A MOMENT, THEN HE PUT HER AWAY."

One, or Twenty?

"JACK, please enlighten me a trifle in relation to the name and position of that exceedingly charming and exquisite specimen of Ludlow's feminine population."

When Tom Barry commenced speaking, Jack Collville wheeled his chair about on the pine floor of Ludlow's most prosperous hotel, and commenced looking.

"Ah, boy, it's no use!" said Jack, with a sad smile. "Not a bit of use, Tom. She is unapproachable."

"I presume she allows her name to be spoken,"

remarked Tom, following the graceful figure with eyes and thoughts, till his cigar went out.

"Why, that is Blanche Stanley, the prettiest, sweetest, neatest, smartest, richest, loveliest, and contrariest girl in Ludlow."

"You have studied her closely," said Tom.

"I am number seven on the list of her rejected suitors," sadly replied Jack.

"Well, you are frank about it. How high do the numbers run at the present time?"

"You notice that gentleman in the door across the way? He is the nineteenth."

"Nineteen! There surely should be another, to make the even score."

"There soon will be," said Jack, with a side-long glance at Tom.

But Tom did not take. He was very busy with the past.

"Stanley? Is it old Stanley's daughter, that used to live in that rookery down here at the Four Corners?"

"The same, Tom."

"Why, they were poorer than a picked chicken!"

"Very true, Tom; but a very large property fell to Blanche about a year ago. They were always fine people."

"Yes, I know. But wasn't there a chap named Waring paying some attention to Blanche about the time I left here?"

"Exactly, Tom. They were engaged."

"So I thought. Whatever became of him?"

"He went to California, to dig up a fortune."

"And she has waited?"

"Ever since, Tom. There's fidelity for you!"

"Pshaw! merely romantic. Give me an introduction, Jack. I have been away so long, that I'll not presume upon former acquaintance."

"Which was not remarkably close," said Jack.

"She was contumaciously poor then, you know. But about the introduction, Jack? I want to cure her of her folly. Wait five years for a man! You must be a spooney lot of chaps to allow it. I'll show you where you've fooled yourselves."

"Oh, I'll give you an introduction, Tom; but you must not blame me if I find yourself number twenty."

"Nor you blame me if I count as number one on the other list," was Tom's confident suggestion.

While they were talking, the subject of their remarks was hastening home with a letter she had just taken from the office. It was from Will Waring, and it told her that he was getting ready for home.

"I have not prospered so well as I expected," he wrote; "but I hope I shall not be less well come."

If he could have seen the look of love on her beautiful face, or felt the touch of her dewy lips as she kissed his name, or heard her trustful, patient whisper of constancy, he would not have doubted.

She told no one of this letter, for there were two long months yet before he could possibly arrive; but she could not hide her joy. Her aunt, who had kindly condescended to live with her, was the first to notice her buoyant spirits; but she was sadly at fault about the cause.

"Poor girl, she is learning to forget him at last. For my part, I don't see how she has held out so long, with so many good offers. But it may have been ordered all for the best, for that Tom Barry has been very attentive. Those Barrys are rich, and I do wish that Tom might—but, then, nobody can tell what the girl will do."

That was a very true saying. Nobody could tell. Even Tom himself, after two months of assiduous attention, was no wiser than on the day Jack gave him an introduction.

"Well, Tom, what's the number?" laughingly asked Jack, at his first meeting with Tom, after a two-months' absence. "How have you progressed while I've been away? One, or twenty?"

"I wish I knew, myself," said Tom.

"Whew! You're not getting spooney, with the rest of us, I hope?"

"Far from it," said Tom, straightening up with dignity. "I have not given up yet."

"Nor won't, probably, until after you propose," said Jack. "But I've got some news. Will Waring has got home."

"No! You're joking!"

"Not a bit of it. He came in on the train with me last night, though I did not let him know that I recognized him. He's the toughest-looking chap

I've seen this many a day. Absolutely low. Blanche never will look at him."

"Good!" exclaimed Tom, slapping Jack on the back. "That will count one for your humble servant, Tom Barry. She will see Waring some time to-day, probably, and give him his walking-papers. I will go down this evening, and make it all right. Jack, just accidentally call round there this evening about nine, and I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tom Barry—that is to be."

"I almost envy you," said Jack, turning away. There was a little sore spot yet in his heart.

Blanche Stanley sat by the window, reading. A man passed on the walk, and she lifted her eyes from the book, but dropped them again immediately, for it was only a stranger. Then she heard the door-bell ring, and she looked out. It was the same man—a laborer apparently, with coarse, faded clothing, a shocking hat, and the dirtiest of thick, heavy boots.

"A man to see you, ma'am," said the servant.

"To see me!" exclaimed Blanche. "Is it the same one who was at the door a moment ago?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"He didn't have any card?"

"No, ma'am. Such as he don't have 'em."

"Well, you may show him in."

"Into the kitchen, ma'am?"

"In here, John."

The servant hesitated, but a word from Blanche silenced him.

Blanche looked up, with considerable curiosity when the footman returned with the visitor, but hardly a second elapsed ere she threw her arms around his neck with a glad cry.

"Oh, Willie! have you come back, at last?"

His brawny arms encircled her graceful form for a moment, then he put her away.

"Blanche, do you realize how I have come back to you?"

"Oh, Willie! I realize nothing, only that you have come back!"

"Poor and ragged, Blanche; and—"

"Don't, Willie! your words hurt me. You are dearer to me than ever."

"God bless you, Blanche! This hour is worth all my toil and weary waiting. Oh! that I may ever prove worthy of such love! Can you forgive me, Blanche?"

"For what, Willie?"

"For ever doubting your love."

"Did you, Willie?"

"Sometimes I feared you would forget me. When I heard how rich you had become, I was very lonely. I could not make myself believe that you would care for me any more, and I resolved to put you to the test."

"Oh, Willie! when I loved you so!"

"Forgive me, Blanche. I will never doubt you again. And I will carry my foolish test no further. Blanche, I am not poor. I have amassed wealth, my love. I am richer than any man in Ludlow, thanks to your love, which kept up my courage. And now I'll leave you a little time, while I cast off this coarse disguise."

About nine o'clock that evening, Jack Collville happened around by Blanche's home. He was going softly up the steps, when the door was pulled hastily open, and the next that he knew he was sprawling on the walk, and Tom Barry bending over him.

"Why, Tom, what the dickens is the matter with you? You knocked me down."

"Oh, it's nothing, Jack; only, my number is—twenty!"

He who murmurs at his lot is like one baring his feet to tread upon thorns.

Found Dead.

DEAD!—found dead in the city street
By a watchman pacing his lonely beat!
Tenderly lit him, his form is so slight;
Carry him out of the blackness of night.
Lay him down here in the light of the lamp,
See the brown hair clinging, matted and damp,
Over the forehead, so blue-veined and white—
Dead in the street of the city at night!

A youth, and so handsome, with smooth rounded
cheek,
And the shapely white hands, too, of affluence speak!
And see! what is this? Ah, a tiny pearl case;
Open it—oh, what a beautiful face!
A girl with brown eyes, smiling, piquant, and rare,
And a glistening cloud of the sunniest hair;
And here is a letter, worn, blotched, and frayed,
Only these words from the whole can be made:
"My darling, the days have so drearily flown,
I am glad, oh, so glad! you are on your way home."

Sever one wave of the shining brown hair,
Treasure it kindly for somebody's sake;
Somebody murmurs his name in their prayer;
Somebody's heart will be ready to break,
When patient's waiting, as day follows day,
And never the cherished one cometh to greet.
Lift him up tenderly, bear him away—
Somebody's loved one found dead in the street.

Ruth's Secret.

It cost Ruth a desperate struggle against her timidity to undertake the trip to Carsonville by herself. It was a long, long way from her home, and the latter part of the journey lay through a wild, rugged country, inhabited only by the pioneers of civilization. But Ruth had for a long time been advertising for a situation as teacher, and this was the first answer her advertisement had received.

She had been offered, by the Rev. T. P. Ellison, Principal of the Carsonville Seminary for Young Ladies, the modest sum of twenty dollars a month for her services as assistant teacher in that institute; and although the salary seemed small, even in her unsophisticated eyes, and although Carsonville, when she had at last found it upon her atlas, seemed almost at the antipodes, it was so very far away, still she knew that beggars must not be choosers, that schoolma'ams were, by no means, at a premium, and that, if ever she were going to enter upon her chosen profession, it was high time she was about it. She therefore sent an acceptance to the Rev. T. P. Ellison, packed her trunk, bade farewell to the married sister with whom she had been living, and soon was pursuing her way westward as rapidly as the rumbling old stage-coach chose to carry her.

A week of constant staging would take her to her journey's end, but at the close of the seventh day she felt as if she could never live to see the end of either the week or her journey.

Up to that time two ladies of her acquaintance had been her fellow-travelers, and when they bade her farewell, she seemed all at once alone in the world, and she nervously clutched at the little Derringer in her satchel, and eyed the two other occupants of the stage-coach as suspiciously as if she beheld in each a disguised Jack Sheppard; yet there was nothing suggestive of danger in the appearance of either of the men, for although one of them owed immense quantities of tobacco, and was not always particular in expectorating outside of the window, and the other had a black bottle, with a corncob stopper, peeping out of one of his pockets, they both, in the face, looked as innocent as cows.

After a while, Ruth's feelings subsided to such an extent as to allow her to become exceedingly

sleepy, and, instigated by the example of her companions, she was fast settling into a comfortable nap, when a stir was occasioned by the stage stopping to change horses; and when it was ready to proceed on its way, another delay was caused by the arrival of a new passenger.

"I want a seat by you, driver," said the newcomer, whose face Ruth could see dimly by the light of a lantern which one of the men of the tavern held near the stage-window. It was a handsome face, but it was also a wild, dissipated, haggard face; with deep lines in it, which, as could be seen at a glance, were the effect, not of time, but of a roving, reckless, vagabond life. A pair of large, insane-looking black eyes lighted up this face, which had no hair upon it except a large, long, silky mustache. In stature, the stranger towered high above all the men who were standing around the stage, and he was as erect as an Indian.

"Sorry, sir," replied the driver, "but the seat by me is already taken."

"Hang it!" said the newcomer. "Where can I find a place, then?"

"There is lots of places inside, sir."

"Inside! Do you mean to insult me, sir?"

"There ain't no help for it, if you mean to go this trip. Outside is all taken."

"Confound it all, both outside and in! What the deuce do you—"

"Lady inside, sir," interrupted the driver, quickly.

"I beg the lady's pardon," said the stranger, looking with some interest into the stage-window. "Well, if I must, I must. Open the door, somebody."

The door was speedily opened, and the newcomer entered, settling himself on the back seat, by Ruth's side, the front seat being occupied by the two other inside passengers. By the time he was well seated, the stage had commenced its onward journey, and was rolling across an old clearing, which was brilliantly lighted up by the rays of the full moon.

Ruth again clutched her Derringer, and turned to examine her new companion more closely.

At the same instant, he turned toward her, and their eyes met.

Of course here instantly fell. There were not many eyes that could look full and fearlessly into those glittering, restless orbs that met the glance of the timid little schoolma'am.

"An escaped lunatic," thought Ruth, as she shrank back into her corner.

The stranger observed the movement, and half smiled.

"You are afraid of me?" said he, in a quiet, friendly, reassuring voice, which almost set Ruth at her ease.

"No," returned she; "that is, not more than I am afraid of everything else in this wild place."

"Wild place! Do you call *this* a wild place, where we are scarcely out of sight of one clearing before we are passing by another. Why, where do you come from, ma'am, if I may be so inquisitive?"

"From ——— County," returned Ruth.

"Ah, that is a place where people have no elbow room—are absolutely jammed together. I couldn't breathe in that locality."

"Where do you live?" asked Ruth, fast growing bolder.

"I reside in the suburbs of Carsonville—that is, my rancho is situated within less than twenty-five miles of the Court House of that city."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ruth. "Why, there's where I am going."

"You going all the way to Carsonville. What are you going to do there?"

"Teach school."

"The mischief you are! And which one of those sleeping gentlemen opposite is your escort?"

"Neither. I am traveling alone, and, oh, how I do hate it!"

The stranger half laughed.

"I never could see much use in an escort," said he. "Ladies generally do a great deal better when under the care of railway conductors and other officials. If I had a traveling sister, I should just turn her loose, and let her go it alone, knowing she would be well cared for by such people. Oh, dear, how much more I should be enjoying myself if you would only allow me to smoke!"

"Smoke by all means. It is your privilege."

"Not if you object to it."

"I don't object to it at all. I have always been accustomed to it. Please light your cigar."

"I never could say No to a lady; so here goes."

And the stranger struck a match, and in a few moments the air was redolent of tobacco-smoke, and Ruth, much to her own surprise, was chatting away, quite at her ease, with the tall, dark man beside her, while the two other occupants of the stage were slumbering peacefully on the opposite seat.

There were many topics to be discussed—the state of the roads, to begin with; then the state of the country, and its probable future; then Carsonville, and its inhabitants. It was decidedly improper to be talking so freely to a stranger, and Ruth knew it, and once in a while she would draw herself up, and try to resume her natural stiffness; but it was of no use. The person by her side was that most dangerous of animals, a fascinating man, and before Ruth Manning was well aware of it, he had worked himself into her confidence to such an extent, that she, cold and distant ordinarily, even to those who called themselves her friends, found herself talking to this entire stranger as if he had been her brother—this dare-devil vagabond who had *rose* engraved upon his forehead in unmistakable characters, and whom her clerical brother-in-law would have barred his doors against, and denounced as one given over to the enemy of souls.

About midnight, this person became taciturn, and Ruth, who had been awake nearly all the night before, relapsed into sleepiness, and was soon unconscious. How long she slumbered she knew not, but when she awoke, great was her surprise and mortification to find that her head was quietly resting against the shoulder of her companion.

"Oh, I didn't mean to!" exclaimed she, as she shrunk as far away from the stranger as the seat would permit.

"Didn't mean what?" asked he, in an unconcerned tone.

"To incommode you so. I am very much ashamed of myself, but I was asleep, and didn't know."

"I think there is a boarding-school ballad which says:

'You know we're not responsible
For what we do in sleep.'

I therefore make due allowance for your condition, and accept your apology without hesitation. Great Jehosaphat! that rascal of a driver must be either asleep or drunk."

This last exclamation was called forth by the stage making such a tilt to one side as to cause Ruth to fall unceremoniously into her companion's arms, and to awake the two sleeping beauties on the front seat.

"Hello there, driver! what are you about?" exclaimed one of them.

But there was no answer; and the stage (it was going down-hill) proceeded with accelerated speed, shaking as it went from side to side. Ruth's companion put his strong arm around her waist.

"No time for ceremony," said he. "It is the only way to keep you from being banged into a jelly. The horses are running awry."

It was all Miss Manning could do to repress a scream; but she summoned courage enough to look into her companion's face, and it reassured her.

The stranger looked as if running away were an everyday occurrence in his experience. But the motion became more and more violent, and soon a very sudden turn in the road, in which two of the wheels went over a high stump, caused the stage to upset, and then there was confusion worse confounded.

The horses struggled violently, the majority of the passengers commenced cursing and swearing at a great rate, it was discovered that the driver was missing, and, in short, there was a miniature Bedlam on that old bill-side.

Ruth's companion told her not to be alarmed; but she did not obey him, and was very much alarmed indeed. At length the inside passengers were extricated, the horses cut loose, and the discovery made that no bones were broken, and then the question arose:

"What was to be done next?"

"Let's go back," said the tobacco-chewing passenger.

"Where?" asked Ruth's new acquaintance.

"To the last place we changed horses."

"A dozen miles! I don't second that motion, for one. Let's hunt up the driver, and give him a beating, and make him tell us where we are."

As these words were spoken, the driver came limping up. He confessed that he was asleep when the stage made the first tilt, and had been thrown from his seat into a gully on the side of the road.

"And now the only thing to prevent your being lynched forthwithly, is for you to show us a house where we can be taken care of while you hunt up another vehicle for us. That one there is so badly smashed up, that its own mother wouldn't recognize it."

"We ain't more'n half a mile from Smiley's tavern," said the driver.

"Show us the way to Smiley's tavern then, instantler."

Thereupon the driver led the way, and the travelers followed in procession.

Ruth was supported by her new friend, with all a brother's kindness, but the road was so rough and she was so weary, and had received such a shock, that once or twice she felt like sitting down by the wayside, and begging her protector to leave her to her fate.

"Cheer up," said he, as he felt her leaning heavily on his arm. "Never say die! Even stage-drivers' half-miles *sometimes* have an end to them."

"This here one ain't got none," said he of the black bottle, who had overheard the last remark made.

"Fears so to me, too," said the tobacco-chewer. "If we have walked an inch sence we broke down, we have walked a mortal mile and a half."

"Well, what were your hoofs given to you for, if not for use?" said Ruth's friend. "I'll bet my bottom dollar they were not intended for ornament. Take care there, young lady; you came in an ace of tumbling into that bayou."

After another fifteen minutes' stumbling over stones, tearing through blackberry vines, and

jumping across bayous, the driver came to a stand.

"Thar's Smiley's tavern," said Le.

"Where?" demanded all the travelers, in a breath.

"To the right of us thar; don't you see that big house, with the fence before it? Smiley's got a powerful bad dog, and I'm kind o' 'fraid to venture in the yard this time o' night."

"And have you brought us all this thunderin' long way jest to let us stand here looking at a house?" demanded he of the black bottle. "Go in the yard, man, and pitch into the dog with your whip."

Being thus ordered, the driver advanced cautiously, and after a vast amount of banging and barking, Mr. Smiley was aroused, and opened his door for the unexpected guests.

An impromptu supper of bread and meat and milk was soon gotten up, and then the travelers were shown to their chambers.

When Ruth attempted, after a few hours' broken slumber, to get up next morning, she found that the thing was impossible. She was sore and stiff in every limb, and her pulses were throbbing with unmistakable fever. She could only sink back upon her pillow, and weep great scalding tears for her helplessness and loneliness.

When her indisposition was discovered, Mrs. Smiley, who was not unkind, brought her a cup of tea, and with it endeavored to administer a little comfort. But the tea was smoked, the cup which contained it was a thick delf one, very much rubbed around the edge, and the consoling words were coarse and ungrammatical.

Ruth, therefore, continued miserable until about the middle of the morning, when a voice, which had grown familiar to her the night before, was heard in the hall inquiring after her health, and soon afterward Mrs. Smiley entered her chamber, bringing a bouquet of delicately tinted prairie-flowers, which she placed in Ruth's hot hand. A card was attached to the bouquet, on which was written, "Compliments of Richard Rashleigh."

"He is powerful tore up in mind about you," said Mrs. Smiley, "and wants to know if you would like to see a doctor."

"I thought he had gone long ago," said Ruth; and the effort of talking must have increased her fever, for a deep flush spread itself over her face.

"One of them other men asked him this morning if he was going on," returned Mrs. Smiley; "but he says as how you was traveling under his care, and he wouldn't budge a foot till you was well enough to go, too."

"He is very kind," said Ruth, faintly; "and I hope by to-morrow I shall be able to go."

But the morrow came, and still traveling was an impossibility.

However, toward evening Ruth was able to creep into the little parlor of the inn, and then she was much edified by a conversation that was going on in the piazza, where a group of men were collected, busily employed in the destruction of tobacco.

"I say, Dick," said a rough voice, "what the mischief is keeping *you* here?"

"It's a free place," returned the voice of Ruth's *soi-disant* protector, "and I reckon I have as much right to stay here as any other man—that is, as long as my money holds out."

"Well, you needn't get into a passion about it," said the other. "I only thought you were due at the Lightwood Knob races to-day. I heard you were going to run Spitfire."

"I wouldn't insult Spitfire by running him against a parcel of snails. If there were a decent article of horseflesh to be run against, I wouldn't mind letting Spitfire show what he is made out of; but when it comes to such animals as Ned Sparkler

and Tom Dollihite are going to have at Lightwood Knob to-day, my horse and I are out of the ring."

"But Dan Thomson's Wild Cat was going to run to-day."

"Thunderation! You don't tell me so! If I had been there with Spitfire, wouldn't I have walked into Dan's small change! Oh, no, not a bit of it!"

"Wild Cat will run again at Licksillet day after to-morrow. You will be there, I suppose?"

"That depends upon circumstances."

"What sort of circumstances, in the name of heaven?"

But to this question Mr. Rashleigh, who was intent on lighting his pipe, made no reply. Mr. Smiley answered for him.

"Mr. Rashleigh has a lady under his protection, who is sick here, and can't be left."

"A lady under Dick Rashleigh's care! Whew!" exclaimed the first speaker.

"And why not a lady under my care?" demanded Mr. Rashleigh, fiercely. "Am I any less able to take care of a lady than another fellow?"

"Lord bless you, no!" exclaimed the other, in alarm. "I didn't mean an atom of disrespect to you; but you are as touchy as gunpowder."

"Well, then, stop your infernal *whewing*, or I will take you by the back of your neck and throw you so far out yonder that you will never be able to find your way back here again as long as you live! Do you hear me?"

"I ain't deaf," returned the other, meekly; "and you ain't whispering."

This soft answer seemed in some measure to turn away Mr. Rashleigh's wrath, and the original topic of conversation was resumed—the comparative merits of Spitfire and Wild Cat.

The next day Ruth was decidedly better, but Mr. Rashleigh was of the opinion that she was too weak for traveling, and with all the kindness and more than politeness of a brother, he devoted himself to her entertainment.

He drove her out in Mrs. Smiley's little spring-wagon, and when she returned, refreshed by the drive, he hunted up an old pack of cards, and the remainder of the morning was devoted to casino.

That afternoon a windfall was discovered in an odd volume of "Pendennis," and Mr. Rashleigh, making his companion establish herself on the sofa, read aloud to her until sunset, when the entertainment was varied by a short walk over the prairie.

The ranchero (for such Mr. Rashleigh informed Ruth was his occupation) and the schoolmistress were growing to be fast friends, and though the Autumn wind swept mournfully across the prairie, and the trees around Smiley's tavern (what few there were) were liveried in the most sombre color, Ruth no longer felt desolate—she was no longer alone.

The next morning the two travelers resumed their journey. A long, tedious journey it was; at least, some of the passengers complained of its being so. Somehow or other, Ruth didn't seem to mind it.

Lightwood Knob and Licksillet were soon passed, and then came what appeared to be never-ending stretches of prairie, varied by brown forests of stunted black-jacks. There were bayous to be forded, rivers to be ferried, slippery bridges to be walked over, fallen trees to be avoided; but fortunately there were no more accidents by flood and fall.

At length the city of Carsonville bore in sight, its white houses gleaming more whitely on account of the deep green of the pine forest surrounding them.

The schoolmistress gave a deep sigh as the stage stopped in front of the Veranda Hotel.

"Glad to get here?" asked the ranchero.

Now, Ruth had a very great horror of appearing fast; but, like the Father of his Country, she could not tell a lie, and though she dreaded to have her companion think she had the slightest objection to parting with him, she answered boldly:

"No."

"I pity you from the bottom of my heart," said Mr. Rasbleigh, "for I should much prefer being hanged, drawn and quartered to being condemned to teach the young idea how to shoot. But let me help you down these outrageous steps. The man ought to have been tarred and feathered who made them."

With the aid of the *ranchero*, Ruth accomplished the descent of the perilous steps in safety, and a few minutes afterward was seated in the parlor of the hotel, waiting for the carriage which Mr. Rasbleigh had ordered for the purpose of conveying her and her trunk to the seminary over which the Rev. T. P. Ellison presided.

Through a crack in one of the shutters she could see, on the piazza, the *ranchero*, the centre of an admiring ring of listeners, and conspicuous among them all for his height and beauty—conspicuous, too, alas! even in that crowd, for the multiplicity of his oaths, and the wild recklessness of his general language.

Ruth could hardly believe that it was the same man who had been her kind, gentle, courteous traveling companion, as she heard him, in the favorite dialect of the country, give some account of his late visit to Rakepocket, and the various chicken-fights and gander-pullings he had participated in during his stay in that interesting locality.

Mr. Rasbleigh was not aware that he was in ear-shot of the ladies' parlor, or such a deep flush would not have dyed his face when that fact was intimated to him by the proprietor of the hotel.

When the carriage made its appearance, Ruth was duly notified, and as she passed the crowd of men, who, with many admiring looks, and a few loudly whispered admiring words, made way for her passage to the vehicle, she was surprised and disappointed to find that her late protector was not among them.

She looked around for him, but in vain. He was nowhere to be seen, and as the carriage rolled swiftly out of town (the seminary was situated half a mile away) her spirits began to sink very rapidly, until, as she happened to cast one lingering, lingering look behind, she saw through the window a solitary horseman, whom, even in the distance and failing light, she recognized as her new friend.

He made no effort to overtake the carriage, but followed at some distance. As Ruth stood upon the front porch of Mr. Ellison's seminary for young ladies, where she and her trunk had been deposited, she turned, after ringing the door-bell, and saw the *ranchero* ride by. She bowed a farewell, but apparently he did not observe it, as he did not bow in return.

After watching him until he was out of sight, Ruth turned again to see a servant holding the door open, and regarding her with looks of mingled curiosity and amazement.

She gave her name, and was conducted into a very stiff-looking parlor, where two very stiff-looking people were waiting to receive her.

They introduced themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Ellison, but Ruth could hardly believe her ears. The gentleman, she thought, might have been the Rev. T. P. Ellison, but surely that lady was his twin-sister. They were as alike as two peas. In her virgin days the Rev. Martha Ellison may have had some individuality, but now she was only the echo of her lord and master.

After exchanging with her entertainers a few

orthodox remarks on the subject of the roads and weather, Ruth was shown to her room—an exceedingly diminutive apartment, which she was to share with the French teacher, Madame Victor. She found that lady sitting by the window straining her eyes over one of Sue's novels, which was hastily thrown aside when Mrs. Ellison entered.

The Frenchwoman was tall and yellow, and exceedingly strong-minded; but she was not ill-natured, and Ruth soon began to feel at home with her.

She assisted Miss Manning in making her toilet, and when that young lady had attired herself in blue merino, and wound her long hair around her head in her own peculiar style, madame pronounced her to be "*jolie, charmante, très spirituelle*," and the two teachers went down to tea with their arms around each other's waists.

When Miss Manning entered the dining-hall, "the eyes of one hundred pupils and the pupils of two hundred eyes" were turned upon her, and varied were the whispered criticisms of the girls. The stout ones said she was too thin, the tall ones said she was too short, the brunettes said she looked chalky; but they all agreed that she couldn't say *bon* to a goose, and for a day or two this conclusion seemed to be a correct one. Miss Manning was nervous and diffident, and when the girls were inclined to walk over her, she made no objection.

But this state of things did not last long. The new teacher began to assert herself, and after many vigorous battles with her classes, she at length brought them to own her sway.

She found teaching hard work, and as the weary months rolled by, she who had never been remarkable for her sprightliness began to grow so dull that everybody commenced to notice it.

"You will die of *ennui*," said Madame Victor, "if you do nothing after the fatigue of teaching but look out of that window. Why do you so incessantly look up that tiresome clay road? It has no scenery but gulleys and mud puddles."

Ruth started, and turned from the window. Nor did she again look up that road when madame was in the room.

The 14th day of February came, and the girls were half wild with the excitement of sending and receiving valentines.

Girls put on the young lady early at a Western boarding-school, and there was scarcely a demotelle of the senior or junior classes at the Carsonville Seminary for Young Ladies who had not one or more lovers.

"Here is a valentine for you, Miss Manning," exclaimed the monitrice, from the midst of the anxious crowd that had assembled around her. Miss Manning glanced at the address. The writing was the same as that on a card in her desk upstairs—"Compliments of Richard Rasbleigh."

She went to her room, and broke the seal. The monitrice had not been mistaken in the conjecture, for it was a valentine, containing some verses which had been read aloud to her at Sniley's tavern some four months before. They were those verses in Penderine, which are entitled the "Church Porch," and Ruth almost trembled as she read the last stanza:

"But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Languishing a minute,
Like outcast spirits, who wait
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it."

The envelope had fallen to the floor, while Ruth, with very red cheeks, was reading and re-reading the verses.

Madame Victor picked it up.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed she. "It is wonder-

ful! Your friend, whoever he may be, writes a hand that is the fac-simile of that written by a friend of mine."

"A friend of yours?" said Ruth, inquiringly (not having anything else to say), as she stretched out her hand for the envelope.

"Yes; but his name must not be mentioned aloud in this abode of sanctity. Mr. Ellison would not touch him—no, not with a pole as long as from here to New Orleans."

"He must be a terrible creature," said Ruth, becoming interested.

"Indeed he is, although he is a most delightful *saurien*. What think you? He planned an elopement with one of our *demoiselles* last year, and was very near putting it into execution. At least, so Mr. Ellison says, who intercepted the young lady on her way to the rendezvous, and made her confess everything."

"What became of her?"

"Her father was sent for, and she was taken home, much to my grief, for she was my best pupil, and pronounced French like a native."

"Did your friend marry her?"

"Oh, dear, no! He said it was all nonsense, and he had proposed to Miss Milbanke to elope with him, only for the want of something better to talk about. He is a terrible man among women, that same Richard Rashleigh."

"Richard Rashleigh!" Ruth dropped her valentine upon the floor, and was a long time in picking it up again.

Before she arose from her stooping posture, madame's attention had been attracted by the sound of carriage-wheels approaching the front door, and she went to the window to see if it were a visitor or a pupil.

Ruth quietly slipped from the room, and went out to walk in the pine forest. She could not make up her mind whether to be happy or miserable, but wept a little, and then smiled a little, and then called herself a goose, and wandered about until the sun went down, and then hurried back to the house in order not to be late at tea—an unpardonable sin in the eyes of Mr. Ellison. She *was* late, though; but, as it happened, it did not make any difference, as the Rev. T. P. Ellison was absent at a prayer-meeting in town.

* * * * *

Seated in Mr. Ellison's place at the tea-table was a stranger whom Ruth was not long in discovering to be the long-expected T. P. Ellison, Jr. He was a sandy-haired, gentlemanly-looking creature, whose face presented a combined likeness of father and mother, but had nothing to present in the way of expression.

But to the mother, who sat opposite to him at table that evening, "my son Thomas" was in every respect an Admirable Crichton; in the eyes of the *demoiselles*, who were ranged along the sides of the long table, he was a dear creature, with the loveliest mustache imaginable; Madame Victor pronounced him *un amiable garçon*; to Ruth he was only a nice young man.

Whatever he was, his coming, combined with the absence of his father, certainly brought sunshine to the house; and after prayers that night, when the girls ought to have been in their rooms, immersed in Fausquelle's "Grammar," and Hallam's "Middle Ages," lol they were dancing around the schoolroom, with Mr. Ellison at the piano, playing Strauss waltzes for them.

He was not a good musician, but he performed with good will, and the girls enjoyed themselves just as much as if Gottschalk himself had been playing for them.

After the dancers had waltzed themselves out of breath, the musician proposed a game of "I love my love," and in spite of Ruth's protesting that

it was a study-hour, the proposal was carried by acclamation.

There were so many players, that the alphabet had been used up as far as R before Mr. Ellison's turn came. Then that gentleman spoke as follows:

"I love my love with an R, because she is Roxy-checked; I hate her with an R, because she is Ridiculous; I took her to the sign of the Red-man, and treated her to Roasted chestnuts; her name is Ruth" (a glance at the teacher, "and she comes from Rhode Island.")

"No, she don't!" exclaimed one of the little girls, who had been listening with great interest to Mr. Ellison's speech; "she never was in Rhode Island in her life."

Ruth became truly rosy-cheeked at the chorus of laughter that followed this speech, and henceforward, among the girls, it was a settled thing that Mr. Ellison was Miss Manning's sweetheart.

This opinion gave Ruth but little uneasiness at first, for the young gentleman was a most convenient beau, and was quite as obedient to her bidding as could have been the slave of the lamp.

Hitherto Ruth had not been a general favorite among gentlemen, and the novelty of having a tall, broad-shouldered, mustached slave, was by no means unpleasant to her.

The Reverend T. P. and his wife did not seem to disapprove of their son's infatuation, for such might be termed the feeling which compelled him, on Ruth's expressing a wish for some Berlin wool, to seize his hat and rush off to town to procure it, without waiting to hear what color it must be; and when the schoolmistress happened to mention a fondness for horseback exercise, it was surely infatuation that induced her faithful knight instantly to expend all his ready money on a horse and side-saddle.

Madame Victor laughed at his exceeding youthfulness, but called him "*un ange*" and "*un bon garçon*," and really expended a good deal of French fondness upon him.

In the meantime, in spite of this devotion, in spite of the mustache, in spite of the jealousy of half the girls in school, Ruth Manning

— "passed on

In maiden meditation, fancy free."

That is, as far as T. P. Ellison, Jr.; was concerned. Nevertheless, a report went abroad that the two were engaged to be married; and when they walked to church together, as they generally did, the younger members of the congregation were inclined to nudge one another and giggle.

On one of these occasions a party of rancheros came into church together. This was a rare event, and caused a general stir among the congregation as they came striding in, wrapped in their brilliant-hued blankets, and with their huge Mexican spurs clanking upon the floor.

In spite of her position, as exemplar for the youthful flock at her side, Ruth followed the general example, and turned to look; but she quickly resumed her position, for, in that glance, her eyes had met those of Richard Rashleigh, and his were eyes that hers did not care to encounter, for they were bolder and brighter than ever—an index to the man himself; one "whose hate was fatal to man, as his love was fatal to woman."

Ruth had of late often heard his name mentioned, both in the school and in the town, and he was always spoken of as one to be feared and shunned; and yet Ruth had never burned that valentine. She had only put it away in the secret drawer of her desk, devoutly hoping that no miracle would ever happen to bring it under the eye of the principal of the school, in whose eyes the ranchero appeared second only to him who was once misnamed the Morning Star.

T. P. Ellison, Jr., regarded the man with more leniency, and was one day daring enough to mention to his father, at the dinner-table, that he had met Dick Rashleigh that morning.

"I hope that meeting will be the last one," was the severe rejoinder. "That person's name ought not to be mentioned in this house."

"Why?" was the son's innocent inquiry. "Do you not see that those young ladies tremble at the hearing of it?"

This trembling was an optical illusion of the good gentleman's; but he went on:

"Panama's maids shall long grow pale,
When Risingham inspires the tale:
Chill's dark matrons long shall tame
The froward child with Bertram's name."

"I can't see what that has to do with Dick Rashleigh," persisted T. P., Jr.

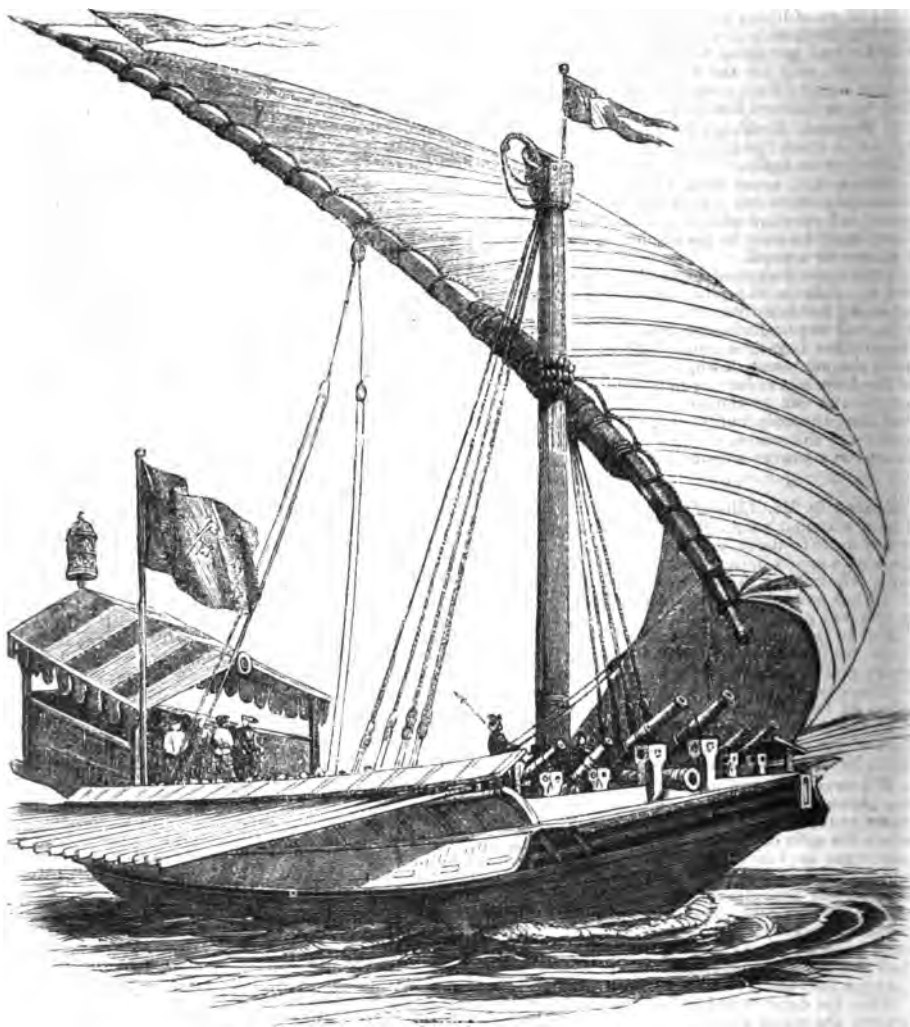
"Richard Rashleigh is a man, compared with whom Bertram was an angel of light," replied Mr. Ellison, in a stentorian voice. "Richard

Rashleigh is typified by that fiend who invaded Paradise, and tempted Eve to her fall; Richard Rashleigh is a pariah of society, and ought to be shunned like a leper."

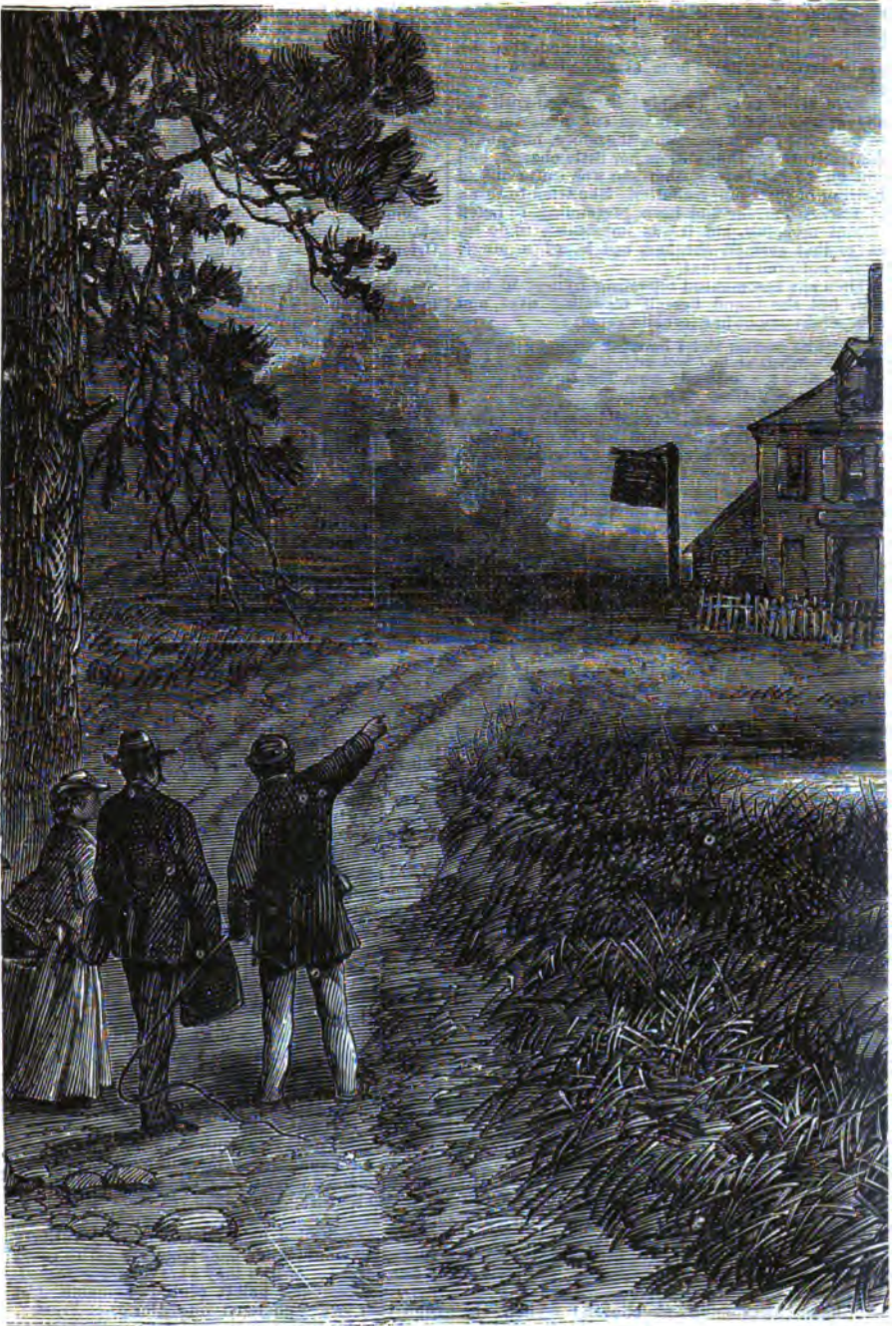
"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed madame, in a whisper to Ruth, "how ungentlemanly, not to say unchristian, to talk in that absurd manner against one whose misfortune it is to be too fascinating, and one, too, who has not darkened these doors (alas! they are the darker for his absence), oh, for so long!"

Darker for his absence! Ruth could easily imagine that; and as she was walking to church the next day, she thought of the dark eyes and brilliant smile that she had not seen since the first time she had traveled that road, and she could not help comparing them with the pale blue orbs and meaningless, good-natured smile of him who walked by her side.

She encountered a second fiery gaze from those dark eyes, as she came out of church that day, and the *ranchero* advanced two steps to meet her,



A PONTIFICAL GALLEY OF THE OLDEN TIME.—SEE PAGE 348.



RUTH'S SECRET.—“‘THAT’S SMILEY’S TAVERN,’ SAID HE. ‘WHERE?’ DEMANDED ALL THE TRAVELERS, IN A BREATH. ‘TO THE RIGHT OF US THAT; DON’T YOU SEE THAT BIG HOUSE WITH THE FENCE BEFORE IT? SMILEY’S GOT A POWERFUL BAD DOG, AND I’M KIND O’ ‘FRAID TO VENTURE IN THE YARD THIS TIME O’ NIGHT.’”

but a second thought seemed to strike him, and he drew back.

On her way home it occurred to Ruth that the

sudden retreat might have been owing to her escort’s coming up to her side at that moment. “He is always in the way when he is not wanted,”

thought she, and she cast a contemptuous side-glance at the youth, who was sauntering in lazy beatitude by her side, which, if he had seen, he probably would have been at some loss to comprehend.

Mr. Ellison never troubled her much with his conversational efforts. It was sufficient for him to be in her company. She, therefore, had abundant leisure for thought, as her little charges had run on so far before, that she was quite out of hearing of their noisy chatter. She tried to think of the sermon she had been pretending to listen to that morning, but it was impossible to do so, as of that sermon she had not heard a single word, not even the text.

Then she commenced repeating hymns to herself, but she found herself repeating over and over again one of her favorite verses:

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee."

She thought she had worked herself up into a Sabbatical state of mind, but her thoughts were thrown topsy-turvy again by the clatter of horse's hoofs behind her, and before she had time to collect them, a horseman galloped past, removing his hat, and bowing low as he went by.

It was the ranchero.

"I declare Spitfire is a noble animal!" exclaimed Tom Ellison, who had returned the bow which Ruth had not dared to respond to. "If Dick Rashleigh has won a dollar on that horse, he has won a thousand of them."

"Is Mr. Rashleigh such a *very* wicked man?" asked Ruth, hesitatingly.

"Well, no, he isn't exactly what I would call a wicked man; but he's an awfully fast one. He is said to be the best hand at poker in the whole country, and he drinks more whisky than any ten men *ought* to drink; and then he runs horses, and keeps game chickens, and plays thunder generally; but he is a very clever fellow for all that, and plays the fiddle—oh, you just ought to hear him! If the old gentleman wasn't so obstinate about it, I would go to see him just to hear him play. I reckon he is mad at me now for not going to see him, like I used to do, for he looked as black as the mischief when he passed us."

Somehow Ruth was not of her companion's opinion that the ranchero's black looks were owing to Mr. Ellison's want of sociability; but she kept her own counsel, and the two relapsed into silence.

Mr. Ellison, Sr., was absent from the dinner-table that day, so the girls were more conversible than usual.

"La! madame, guess who was at church to-day?" said one.

"The minister, I suppose," replied madame.

"To be sure, he was there; but some one else was there, too. Somebody you used to like."

"*Mon Dieu*, child, how can I guess, when I like so many people?"

"Well, then, it was Josephine Milbanke."

"*Est-il possible!* What was she doing there?"

"Saying prayers, and singing hymns, and yawning, and doing all sorts of things."

"Nonsense! What did she go there for?"

"To see her old lover, I reckon, for he was there too."

"Richard Rashleigh at church! Then the heavens are going to fall. I suppose the *vaurien* knew his lady-love was to be there."

"I suppose so. I should be surprised if he and Miss Milbanke didn't make a match, after all. She was dressed to kill, in a crimson silk with bayadere stripes, and a black lace bonnet. I declare, she looked like a Lady's Book picture with her finery on."

"Was the bonnet low on the forehead?"

"Yes, and she had an immense *châtelaine* braid, and the prettiest Grecian curls, etc., etc."

Ruth heard no more of the conversation, which had suddenly lost interest for her. Was it, then, nothing but the most egregious vanity on her part that had so flatteringly interpreted those dark, fiery glances? Were those verses so carefully locked up in her desk only the fac-simile of a copy that had been opened by jeweled fingers, and read by far brighter eyes than hers?

She had been introduced to Miss Milbanke in church that morning, and had been struck by her Oriental beauty—a loveliness which was rendered more Oriental still by the lack of soul. Was it that beauty which had lured the godless ranchero to enter a church-building?

Ruth looked in the glass many times that afternoon, when she ought to have been better employed, and every time she went away more displeased than before with the pale, careworn face she saw there.

Mr. Ellison, Jr., thought Ruth a beauty, but he was alone in that opinion. Even in her best days her looks had been nothing to boast of, and now, after several months of the worriment of school life, she was not far wrong when she said of herself that she looked like an invalid ghost.

"I wish I *was* a ghost!" exclaimed she, in a pet, as she threw "Hervy's Meditations" across the room. "If this is to be my life henceforth and for ever, I may as well be dead and buried at once."

And then, unconsciously, she began a phrase—

"Grammar, geography, spelling,
Spelling, geography, grammar,
Till over the sun's I fall asleep,
And am waked by the schoolroom clamor."

The days were slowly on during that Spring term. Mr. Ellison, Jr., continued to devote himself to Ruth, and soon developed into an unmitigated bore.

The schoolmistress tried in vain to induce him to transfer his affections to the old pupil and belle of the school; but all her quiet manoeuvres were in vain, and he continued to cast sheep's eyes at her to such an extent as to render her an object of extreme jealousy to the senior class, one and all of whom would have liked to catch the bean their teacher was so desirous of throwing away.

At length—worse than all—Mrs. Ellison became jealous—jealous of her son's devotion to a stranger, which caused an utmost undutiful neglect of maternal claims, and then things were worse than ever.

If it had not been for Madame Victor's cheerful companionship, Ruth was convinced she would have died of *ennui* and *les vapeurs* during the bleak, windy March, when, day after day, she was kept within doors by the tempestuous weather.

At length April came, with its birds and flowers, and Mr. Ellison, Jr., after being decidedly rejected for the dozenth time, went into business in a distant town, and then matters began to improve.

Ruth acquired a habit of taking long solitary walks, and would come back from them with roses in her cheeks. At first they were *souvenir-de-maison* roses—the palest pink imaginable—but soon they were changed into glories-of-France, and then Ruth was compared by her enemies to an Irish washerwoman.

The weather now permitted her to attend church regularly, and there was another church-goer as regular as herself in his attendance. For several Sundays the ranchero was to be seen in the strangers' pew, and the rector thought that he was rapidly converting him, and used to glance with

great complacency at the brand plucked from the burning. But, glance as often as he might, he never met the eyes of the ranchero; their regards were fixed on a front pew.

On the fourth Sunday in April, however, Richard Rasbleigh was missing from his place, and as Ruth left the church, she heard several remarks about his absence.

"What's become of St. Dick?" asked one dissipated-looking youth, of another.

"Guess he is backslid," was the reply.

"You bet!" said a third. "Dick has been on a bust ever since last Tuesday."

"The mischief he has!" exclaimed No. 1. "I thought his piety wasn't the genuine article."

"Well, I declare, I thought it was," said No. 2. "I was cattle-hunting with him last week, and I'll be blowed if he cursed more than a dozen times on the trip."

"Where is he?" asked No. 1.

"Down at Reilly's, and I guess Reilly has pretty well cleaned him out of all his ready money by this time; for, strange to say, Dick can't play poker worth a continental when he is tight."

Ruth passed on, and heard no more of this edifying conversation. And there were not even *souvenir-de-maison* roses in her cheeks when she reached home, after what seemed to her a fifty-mile walk.

The next day, in the midst of much quarreling and excitement, a May Queen was elected, and many hot discussions took place as to the best method of dressing up the long schoolroom for the May Day festival. Some of the girls were in favor of forest flowers, but the majority voted in favor of artificial.

"It will be so much fun to make them," said they.

"But those we made last year didn't look a bit like sure enough flowers," persisted the objectors.

"And what if they didn't? They were a heap prettier than sure enough flowers," exclaimed one of the little girls, indignantly.

The girls all laughed at this; but Madame Victor was privately of little Addie's opinion, and as that lady was the moving spirit at all holiday festivals, the artificials were decided upon, and, the following day, Ruth and one of the older girls were sent into town to purchase a supply of pink, blue, and yellow paper, for the purpose of getting these nonpareil floral treasures.

While her companion was busy in selecting the proper materials, Ruth began to look over the new novels on the counter, and as it took some time for the paper purchases to be completed, she had become quite interested in "L'Homme qui Rit," when a jaunty-looking stranger walked in, who was greeted by one of the clerks with the question:

"Well, Sanderson, where do you hail from?"

"From Reilly's to-day," replied the stranger, throwing himself into a chair, and staring impudently at Ruth.

"Well, and what's going on down at Reilly's?" asked the clerk.

"Dick Rasbleigh is going on down there in an awful way."

"What has he been doing?"

"Why, he has been marrying Nancy Reilly, for one thing."

"The mischief he has!"

"Yes; the wedding came off last night, and Dick was so drunk he didn't know what was going on no more than the dead."

"And he is married, sure-enough, is he?"

"You bet he is! Married as hard and fast as a magistrate can fix it. Maybe he won't be wrothy when he gets over his drunk, and finds out what he has been and gone and done."

"What the thunder did the girl marry him for?"

"Why, she didn't know no better, poor thing! She ain't much more than a child, and ain't got half sense no way, and Dick has been flying around her like a thousand of bricks ever since he got on this last bust. No, there ain't no harm in Nancy Reilly, and I'm powerful sorry for the poor critter, and no mistake."

"Dick will go 'way and leave her in less than six months."

"You may bet your bottom dollar on that. Dick had no notion of marrying nobody, not even Susan Victoria, much less common folks like them Reillys."

"Why, he needn't give himself no airs; he ain't no great shakes himself."

"Dick Rasbleigh ain't! You better not let him hear you say so. Why, I know all about Dick. Me and him are thick as pickpockets whenever he gets tight, and I reckon he talks more to me than he does to any other man in these diggings. He is a regular college-bred chap, he is, and his old dad's got no end of money, and lives in one of the finest houses in Newarleans. Dick and the old man fell out about—"

"Miss Manning," said the pupil. "I can't find any blue paper here of the right shade; let's go over and see if Stacey & Harris have got any."

Ruth shut up the novel in which she had seemed to be so deeply immersed for the last few minutes, and followed her young companion across the street. Stacey & Harris had the desired article, and the list of purchases was soon completed.

"Oh, won't we have a nice time!" exclaimed Ruth's companion, as they proceeded homeward. "The only thing I object to is the queen being so sinfully ugly. It is a pity popular people can't always be good-looking—is not it, Miss Manning? Now, I should like for the queen to have real black eyes (the speaker was a brunette) and cheeks just as red as roses. Good souls, Miss Manning, ain't you got a fever? Your cheeks are redder than I ever saw them before."

"No," replied Ruth; "I never was so well in my life."

"Well, that's a blessing. It would be a dreadful thing to have you getting sick when we want you so much to help us with our speeches. I declare, you would make a splendid queen yourself, for your eyes are looking so big and bright. If 'my son Thomas' was to see you now, he would be worse off about you than ever."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Ruth, with a light laugh.

And then she and her companion entered into an animated discussion of the arrangements that were to be made for the festival—a discussion which lasted until they arrived at Mr. Ellison's door.

But the much-talked-of festival was fated not to come off.

The measles made its appearance in school next day, and by the end of the week half the girls were down with it. Recitations came to an end for the time, as the teachers had their hands full of nursing.

Ruth proved herself an adept in her new vocation. She never seemed to need rest, sleep, or food, but ministered untiringly to the wants of the numerous *impatient* patients who were under her care.

There was no dangerous case among the pupils, and in a few weeks they were all convalescent, and scholastic duties recommenced.

Then Ruth's strength seemed suddenly to fail her, and she caught the measles, and took to her

bed. It was a very light attack, so the doctor said; but somehow the patient grew weaker and weaker, and medicine seemed to have no effect whatever.

In a few days the doctor began to look very grave about the new patient.

"It isn't the measles alone that is using her up so," said he to madame; "but there must be something else with it. I could cure the measles, but I shouldn't be surprised if there was something out of gear about her heart or her head, which will be harder to manage. Has she been afflicted with any grief or trouble lately?"

"No," replied madame, decidedly; "she would have told me if such had been the case, for I am her most intimate friend, and she loves me like her sister. Oh, doctor, don't say she is very ill indeed!"

"But she *is* very ill, indeed," replied the doctor; "and if she ain't better by to-morrow, we must send for a consulting physician."

The morrow came, and there was no use in sending for a consulting physician, for the patient was a great deal better; at least so one could not but think, in looking upon the pale, peaceful corpse, that, covered with white rose-buds, lay on its bed, with hands crossed upon its bosom as if in prayer.

Yet there was no need for prayer now. All of Ruth Manning's prayers had been said; she had shed her last tears, writhed in her last agony, and was now gone to find her treasures where, during her short, blameless life, she had been endeavoring to lay them up.

The funeral came off the next day, and there was a large attendance, although Ruth was but little known throughout the community. Many persons were attracted thither by the sad yet beautiful sight of a procession of young girls, dressed in white, with long streamers of black crape, and bearing baskets of white flowers. The funeral was soon over, the grave filled and plentifully bestrewn with roses from the baskets, many tears had been shed, and the convulsive sobbing that was heard among Ruth's pupils when the first few spadefuls of earth fell heavily upon the coffin was stilled to silence, and the girls and teachers left the graveyard to return to the school, and then fully realize for the first time that a gentle spirit had passed from among them.

After they had gone, the crowd soon dispersed, except a few loiterers who lingered in the graveyard, reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. Mr. Sanderson was one of these.

"I declare," said he to one of his cronies, "I'm powerful sorry that nice-looking little schoolma'am has upped and died."

"She was too good for this world, I guess," said another. "Them sort always dies young."

"Tom Ellison was spooney about her, was he?" asked Sanderson.

"Not as I knows on," was the reply.

"Whr, it seems to me I heard somebody say so not a thousand years ago. Yes, it was down at Rashleigh's ranche I heard it. Bill Simpson was the one told us. He said they was engaged, and would be married as soon as Tom could make money enough to run a wife on. By-the-way, did Tom and Dick Rashleigh ever have a falling out?"

"No; Dick and old man Ellison had a rumpus some time ago, but Tom didn't take sides."

"Well, it might have been on the old man's account, then; but Dick cursed Tom up and down that night, when Bill Simpson happened to mention him; but he took it out cussin' him, and when he was done, he fixed up a tremendous bowl of rum punch, and drank so often to the happiness of the young couple (Tom and the schoolma'am), that he was gloriously corned by the time the

liquor give out. 'Twas the next day after that that he got on that big bust at Reilly's."

This kind of conversation lasted a short time longer, and then Sanderson and his companions left the graveyard, to return to more congenial haunts; and during the rest of that long, bright May day the new-made grave was visited only by the Spring birds, who seemed to be singing songs of the Resurrection, so cheerfully did they warble forth their melodies.

At length the sun went down, and with the twilight came another visitor to the graveyard. It was tall, dark man, who fastened a large, black horse at the gate, and with rapid strides found his way to the fresh mound. He stumbled against it in his haste, and then all his strength seemed to desert him, and he fell prostrate upon the grave, and sobbed and almost screamed as with the passionate grief of a child, striving wildly to clasp the flower-strewn hillock in his arms.

The tempest of grief was violent in that bosom which had never known control, and it lasted until the shouts and laughter of some night revelers in the distance seemed to startle the mourner; and, leaving the graveyard as speedily as he had entered it, he threw himself on his horse, and disappeared in the gathering darkness.

A Pontifical Galley of the Olden Time.

THE Popes, as a maritime power, seem a strange incongruity. Yet the Papacy was for ages the great patron of geographical science and navigation, and Rome, being the centre to which men resorted from all parts of the world, was really the best place for such studies, and consequently became the seat of schools where cosmography and navigation were the great object. The walls of the Papal palace are adorned with maps, painted on them, showing the progress of discovery.

Hence the Papal navy, though small, was under men of science; and it was no holiday work. The Popes were the warders on the ramparts of Christendom, watching the progress of the Turk. Their voice often summoned the dormant nations to leave their petty jealousies and meet the common foe; and their galleys, with those of the Knights of Malta, bore the first brunt of the battle on the wave.

A thing of the past the Pontifical galley looks, but every American youth knows that, till the navy of the United States broke the spell by bearding the corsairs in their den, most of the European nations paid an annual tribute to those pirates.

The Frozen Bridegroom.

UNOBSERVANT of her own beauty seemed Alice Gray, the minister's daughter and belle of Georgetown, as, followed by her dog Brutus—a large black animal, of the Newfoundland breed—she strolled along, one pleasant morning in June, by the banks of the sun-crimsoned Red River, her broad straw hat hanging by its strings to one white, rounded arm, her long, dark-chestnut hair falling in natural, curling rings to her hollow back, her oval cheeks glowing with rich warmth, her brown eyes beaming bright, sweet expression beneath her arched brows.

With the keen pleasure of health, she watched the nimble squirrel darting up and down the trunks of the trees, the golden oriole flashing through the tinted mist, and the flocks of pretty pigeons shooting, with whistling wings, over the tall poplars.

Suddenly a blast of wind blew the girl's hat from her arm into the river. Brutus, springing after it, soon had it in his mouth, but while mounting the steep, vine-covered bank, he was caught in some strong tendrils, when, striving vainly to extricate himself, he must have broken his legs, but for a stranger, who, emerging from behind a mound not far off, ran and rescued him.

As the dog deposited the hat in the hand of his mistress, she, blushing deeply, thanked the stranger, who, she noticed, was a tall, handsome fellow, with a rich, brown complexion, blue eyes, and coal-black hair.

The girl's father, who had been attracted by the furious barking of the dog, now arriving, added his thanks to those of his daughter.

During the conversation that followed, the young man gave his name as Henry Norton, and learning that he was an artist, out here from New York city to sketch Northwest scenery, Mr. Gray cordially invited him to his house.

"Have you yet come upon anything of interest?" he inquired, as they walked toward his dwelling.

"Oh, yes, sir," answered the artist, looking straight at Alice, whom he thought the most interesting of anything he had yet seen.

Arrived at the house, he passed, in the society of Mr. Gray and his daughter, the pleasantest hours he had ever known. His visit was a prelude to many others, and in due time, the young people being mutually attracted, he and Alice were engaged.

This was in November; the wedding-day was appointed for January, 1873.

On the morning of this day, Henry was up early in the little public-house, about five miles north of Georgetown, where he lodged. As the marriage-service was to be performed at night, he intended to start for Georgetown during the afternoon.

On the previous day, however, having left the minister's house at four o'clock for a settlement a few miles to the south, where he had engaged a tailor to make his wedding-outfit, and where he had expected to be detained until the following day, he would probably be looked for from this direction. He had, however, transacted his business much sooner than he anticipated, and had gained his lodgings before night.

The wedding-morning was cold and gloomy, the wind whistled dolefully, and dark-gray clouds presaged a storm.

At about ten o'clock, the snow began to fall thick and fast.

At four o'clock, Henry left the public-house for Georgetown. Along the road the snow was up to his knees, while in some places it had drifted to the height of six and ten feet. As he proceeded, the way became more difficult. He was often obliged to walk a long distance to get round some huge drift, so that hours passed ere he had made the first two miles of his journey. The wind, blowing furiously, was keen and biting, seeming to pierce him to his very vitals. He felt chilled and benumbed, while the tremendous exertions he had already made had nearly exhausted him.

Nevertheless, he pressed on, almost smothered by the whirling clouds of snow, which, sweeping along before the icy cyclone, blinded and confused him.

Moving on as fast as his benumbed limbs would permit, a feeling of irresistible drowsiness stole over him, while now and then his brain seemed to go round and round, adding greatly to his confusion.

Here and there, like sheeted spectres, towered great drifts, which seemed to whirl about, mocking him, as he waded on through hollows and rifts, up to his arm-pits.

Suddenly a terrific gust swept down upon him,

barling him prostrate, face downward, in several feet of snow. He staggered up, and pressed on, feeling, however, that his strength was fast leaving him, while that terribly keen, cold air—peculiar to the Northwest—seemed to turn to ice the very life-currents in his veins.

Wild and fiercer raged the storm. Whirlwinds of snow and particles of ice—"demons of the frost," as they were—circled round and round the lonely wanderer, seeming to shriek in his ears. But he still had sense enough left to realize that the shrieks he heard were those of the blast, although strange noises and curious sights, foreign to the storm, would now and then intrude on his bewildered brain, until he would suddenly start, and realize, with a feeling of inexpressible horror, that he had been walking in a drowsy, dosing, half-dreamy state, which was fast getting the better of him.

At last, far ahead of him, he saw the twinkling lights of the minister's dwelling.

He pressed on, his half-benumbed limbs feeling like leaden weights, which he was compelled to drag after him.

And now all the demons of the elements seemed to conspire against him. The snow and ice dashed fiercely into his face, and it was only by superhuman exertions he could keep himself from falling down and sinking at once into the cold sleep of the frozen.

He kept up, however, until within fifty feet of the minister's house, when he sank up to his arm-pits in a snow-filled hollow, from which his little remaining strength refused to extricate him, and where he believed he must die.

Right ahead of him was the house of his beloved. Through the lighted windows he beheld some of the invited wedding guests moving to and fro, and could see beyond the tasteful green wreaths and other ornaments hung upon the wall, in honor of the occasion. There, too, gleaming redly and brightly, tantalizing his vision, was the large Morning Glory stove, its mica windows showing plainly through the open doors leading into the back parlor.

Yes, all was light and warmth within, while the faces he saw were bright and happy, for no person there, expecting him yet, dreamed of his situation.

No, they would not watch for him yet; so he must perish miserably out there in the hollow, only fifty feet from the house, with his paradise, as it were, before him, and almost within his grasp!

The thought was terrible—almost maddening—and yet he had not the power to free his half-frozen limbs from the deep snow-rift.

His eyes were now becoming dim, but he could still see in those lighted windows, although now and then a strange mist seemed to gather before him.

There they still were, those happy wedding guests, and soon a white curtain, which had hitherto hidden one of the windows, was raised, and he beheld the table, flashing with its silver and china, set for the wedding, and containing its tempting repast.

And now an entrancing vision came and stood by the window—his own Alice, radiant as an angel in her wedding attire.

A little apart from the guests she stood, and took out her watch, looking to see how near the time when she should expect him!

He knew such was her thought by the bright blush and sweet smile, to hide which she turned her face toward the window, her gaze seeming to fall directly upon the hollow from which her perishing lover was watching her.

The mist now was gathering thickly before him, obscuring that bright vision.

He raised an arm, and shouted hoarsely; but the angry, howling winds drowned his faint voice. His head sank back, and the drowsy stupor, which had so long been struggling to gain the mastery, overpowered him.

That slumber from which there is no awaking was creeping upon him, and with a sudden sensation, as of something dragging him lower and lower down under the snow, he became unconscious.

Wonderingly he at length opened his eyes, to find himself lying in a warm, brightly lighted room.

Terrible pains racked his limbs, but friends were around him, doing all they could to relieve him; and his head was pillowed on the bosom of Alice Gray, her sweet brown eyes looking down on his face.

"Saved, saved! See, he has come to!" she wildly cried, showering kisses upon his face.

He learned that he had been saved by the dog Brutus, which had fortunately discovered him in time, and while endeavoring to drag him to the house, had, by its barking, attracted thither Mr. Gray and several of the guests, who, expecting to meet him some distance ahead in the other direction, had just started out with lanterns.

They found, about half way between the hollow and the house, the noble dog, its teeth fastened in Henry's coat-collar, by which it held above the snow the head of the young man, covered with stiffened locks and myriads of icicles.

A few days after, Henry being almost as well as ever, the postponed marriage-service was performed before an additional number of guests, present among whom was the dog which had so nobly saved the bridegroom's life.

Double Identity.

"WATSON—A respectable, middle-aged Protestant woman as companion to an invalid."

Margaret Chester read this out slowly at her aunt's breakfast-table, and, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes, said quietly:

"Aunt, I think I'll apply for that."

Mrs. Chester—a prim old lady, of the most starched and decorous of persuasions—looked up in speechless horror, and no less speechless astonishment.

"Yes, aunt," the young incorrigible went on, unmovedly. "I think I will. To be sure, I am not respectable, nor middle-aged, nor a Protestant."

Mrs. Chester was galvanized into speech.

"Margaret," she said, jerkily, "do not say such atrocious things. You will call down a judgment."

"Well," returned the indomitable maiden, "I am 'unconverted'; you said so the other day; so I'm no Christian, much less a denominational Christian; and as to being 'respectable,' you always said I was a scamp. I can manage the middle-aged part of the affair: one of your wigs will fit me."

The old lady rose in stately disgust.

"I wonder why the Lord lets some folks talk like animals that have no reason," she mused, half aloud. "Margaret, reach me my knitting, and wash up the china."

The china was rare old Dresden—a fortune in itself—and was held too sacred for the servant's careless fingers to handle. Margaret quietly did as she was told, and slipped out of the room, turning round on tiptoe to glance over the book that had made her aunt fall asleep so soon. It was headed, "The Path that goeth down to Hell."

The girl had not gone many minutes when an elderly woman entered the room, simply dressed in a neat cotton print, cheap black shawl, and Quakerified bonnet. Large, ill-fitting gloves, thrifflily mended, and eminently representing that poverty which respects itself, covered her long hands.

She coughed once or twice, to rouse the attention of Mrs. Chester, who was still dosing over the Downward Path. When that excellent old lady awoke, and saw her companion, her first movement was that of surprise. The stranger spoke first.

"Perhaps, madame," she said, in a low voice, "I am intruding; but knowing the house so well, I asked the servant to let me find my own way to you. You may remember Prudence Clarke?"

"Of course. Poor Prudence!" sighed the old lady.

"You have not forgotten her misfortunes?"

"No, indeed! I pray God to have mercy on her. But what of her?"

"I am her daughter, madame. I look older than I am, and well I may, for I feel as old as the hills. I have gone through a great deal of trouble, and have to work hard for my living. What I was going to ask you was this: whether, for the sake of old times, and of your old friend, my mother, you would kindly recommend me to a lady who wants a nurse. I have worked at sewing until I got sick of it, and if I could get this place, it would suit me much better; and the lady offers me a home."

Mrs. Chester was very soft-hearted, and not only complied with her poor visitor's request, but likewise begged her to accept, if only as a loan, a slight sum of money to cover current expenses. After some hesitation, the stranger yielded. Mrs. Chester went back to her book, and forgot both her niece and her old friend's daughter in a maze of torturing doubts as to the future "Path."

Presently Margaret came in, flushed and buoyant, with her arms full of lilacs and white horse-chestnut blossoms. She looked like Hebe playing with Flora—the incarnation of life and health.

Mrs. Chester asked her where she had been.

"Why, the flowers should tell you—in the garden. But I have been somewhere else, too. Rum-maging among Mrs. Chester's old wigs."

The old lady tried to frown, but had to smile instead. Then she told her niece about poor Prudence Clarke's daughter, and what had passed between them.

Margaret listened attentively, and then, with audacious gravity, asked:

"You would not be so kind as to give me such a recommendation, for instance, auntie?"

Mrs. Chester turned petulantly away.

"You carry the joke too far, Margaret," she said, in the severest voice.

The post came in as usual the next morning, and among the letters for the girl was one from her cousins, asking her to come and spend a month at their farm, about forty miles across the country.

"Shall I say Yes?" cried she, delighted. "Can you spare your torment, auntie?"

The old lady replied as she was wanted to.

"But I shall have to give up my invalid," said Margaret, in a tone of mock regret.

Her aunt said nothing.

"Perhaps I may grow 'respectable,' and become a 'Protestant' during this next month, auntie," she continued. "There is no knowing whether there might not be a 'revival' down at Cousin Alfred's."

"Do not tempt Providence, child," said Mrs. Chester, reprovingly; but Margaret only said:

"By-the-way, if that is at all likely, I shall not

need my new hat with the rose-colored ribbon, nor that pretty lilac-sprigged sunshine. Gold ornaments, too, would be out of place. If I do not feel the 'Spirit moving me' within a week or so, I can easily send for my things. You know Alfred says his wife has imported a new clergyman down there lately—that is, her influence has helped to bring about the change. Shall I try to marry him, auntie?"

"Margaret, you are incorrigible."

"You see, conversion means turning. Suppose I convert him to me, it is likely he will then turn me to his religion. I am not sure, however, that he is not a Presbyterian."

The old lady groaned, and turned away from the pretty jester. A few hours later she was alone, and missed the little willful, heedless thing.

Margaret Chester certainly left her aunt's cottage, and took the train for her cousin's home; but when the latter was just expecting her, they received a letter instead, begging them to let her defer her visit till another month had gone by, but not to write again about it, as her aunt would be fidgety about such changes and counter-changes, and it was as well to spare her nerves.

Alfred and his wife and sisters were simple, straightforward people, and thought no more about it.

Meanwhile, in another household, distant a hundred and fifty miles from the Chesters' village, and situated in the suburbs of a fair-sized country town, an event occurred which produced a tiny ripple of excitement.

An old maid dwelt there among her pet animals, her fancy work, and her tracts. She was hopelessly paralyzed, but her brain was as active as ever, and another old maid, her confidential housekeeper and only attendant, was all the company she ever had. She had taken lately to energetic efforts in favor of her church and parish, and required the assistance of a person possessed of more general education than her ordinary deputy.

One evening the garden-gate was noiselessly opened, and a quiet figure in a cotton print, black shawl, and dowdyish bonnet, modestly rang a short peal on the house-bell.

The housekeeper, not over polite to persons whom she suspected of black designs against her own sovereignty, spoke snappishly to the stranger before the latter had opened her lips.

"Guess you've come after the situation, eh? Well, well, maybe you'll be the lucky one."

"Miss Sartoris knows all about me. I wrote to her yesterday, and inclosed my papers. I think it is all right; would you go and see?"

The housekeeper thought the shabby stranger rather high and mighty.

When Miss Sartoris first saw her, she looked curiously at her, and then at an open letter on the table.

"I should have judged that you were younger than you appear, Miss Clarke," she said.

"I am younger than I look, madame; but, I presume, the difference is the right way."

"By all means. You are a Presbyterian, I understand by your letter."

"I have lived most of my life among Methodists, madame, but my mother was a Presbyterian."

"I think, then, that your former associations will serve you best here. Our church is Methodist Episcopal, and it is chiefly for religious work that I shall require your services. Mrs. Chester, I suppose, was your last employer, though she does not mention the fact directly."

"I have lived with her fourteen years, madame, and, indeed, have only left her for a time."

"Indeed!" said Miss Sartoris.

The house was dead in its stillness. A lean, earnest-minded clergyman sometimes came in of an afternoon, and twice a week a conference of solemn, elderly members of the female congregation assembled in the lower room, that was dignified by the title of parlor. It was a bare, unfurnished, unfledged-looking room, with a gaunt sewing-machine in one corner.

One night the housekeeper was startled at hearing a voice in the garden, singing a melody that was not quite a hymn. Could it be that quiet, old-fashioned Miss Clarke, who read accounts like a clerk and sermons like a clergyman, and could help with the washing, the baking, and the preserving, without soiling her hands or clothes even a little bit?

Three long weeks had gone by, when a second minister appeared. He was genial and charming, very refined, passably young, and not very handsome. He seemed a great scholar, but was just as earnest as his unlettered brother about parish work.

In conversation, he happened to mention his neighbors at Auckley—Alfred Chester and his admirable wife.

Miss Clarke looked up with a transient gleam of interest, and then resumed her work.

The next day the visitor returned to his own flock, and by the end of the first month Miss Sartoris was so in love with her new friend, that she told her she did not think she could ever let her go back to Mrs. Chester.

"I am afraid, dear Miss Sartoris, that I shall have to go to-day, just to settle some little matters there. I shall see you again, though."

The invalid drew herself up.

"My dear Miss Clarke, your engagement binds you to me."

"Of course; but I cannot help leaving you for a day or two. Trust me, dear madame; I will tell you why when I return."

Miss Clarke's manner was inscrutable to-day—loftier than it had ever been before, but mixed with a certain spice of suppressed merriment.

She went away, and did not write for three days.

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Chester was delightfully surprised to receive back her mischievous elf of a niece.

"But why did you never write?" she angrily asked.

"Excuse me, aunt, but there is a person with me," replied the girl, hurriedly, "whom I should like you to see. Poor thing! she must have gone down to the kitchen," she said, as she opened the door, and scanned the narrow passage.

A few minutes later the "person" timidly knocked at the door.

"Come in," cried the old lady, impatiently.

She was wondering in what new freak Margaret had been indulging.

The "person" came in, and in Margaret's cheery voice called out:

"Well, aunt, don't I look respectable, and middle-aged, and Protestant enough now to nurse the old women, and eat their dinners for them?"

The bewildered old lady stared at Margaret's print dress and cheap black shawl. The child went on volubly, laughing all the while:

"You see, you recommended poor Prudence Clarke's daughter, and so she went, and found the place very good, but horribly dull. Prudence Clarke, junior, did not get converted, except into bones, for the food was not abundant. But Miss Sartoris is a dear old thing, and I am going back to her, if you don't want to keep me after I've been somebody's humble servant. Prudence Clarke never had a daughter, you dear old auntie:

she had a son, a young man, who got 'converted' (into a pawnbroker, I believe), after he had run through his scapegrace father's fortune, and is now fattening, as the penny-a-liners would say, on 'the misfortunes of the helpless and needy multitude.'

"For mercy's sake, hush, child!" cried the overpowered old lady, as she slowly realized the horrors of the situation; but she was gradually so far pacified as to promise to go with her niece on a visit to Miss Sartoris and Alfred Chester.

We pass over the astonishment of the former, and the extravagant merriment of the latter, at Margaret's escapade; and when the new clergyman, according to the plans, was asked to meet the guests at dinner, and take in Miss Margaret Chester, his surprise and gradual enlightenment served to entertain the whole party all the evening.

Margaret led the conversation to religious gatherings, and mentioned Miss Sartoris's piety.

"Oh, you know her?" he asked, with slight interest.

"Why, I met you there; don't you remember?"

"I confess I do not."

"Your work was so absorbing. Mine was only writing down from dictation."

"Why, it was I who dictated. Where were you?"

"Right in front, at the low table."

"Nonsense; there was an old lady in black there."

"Was there, really? And suppose I wore black?"

"You?" and he looked at her coquettish bows of lace and blue ribbon, her half-bare arms and Penopadour costume.

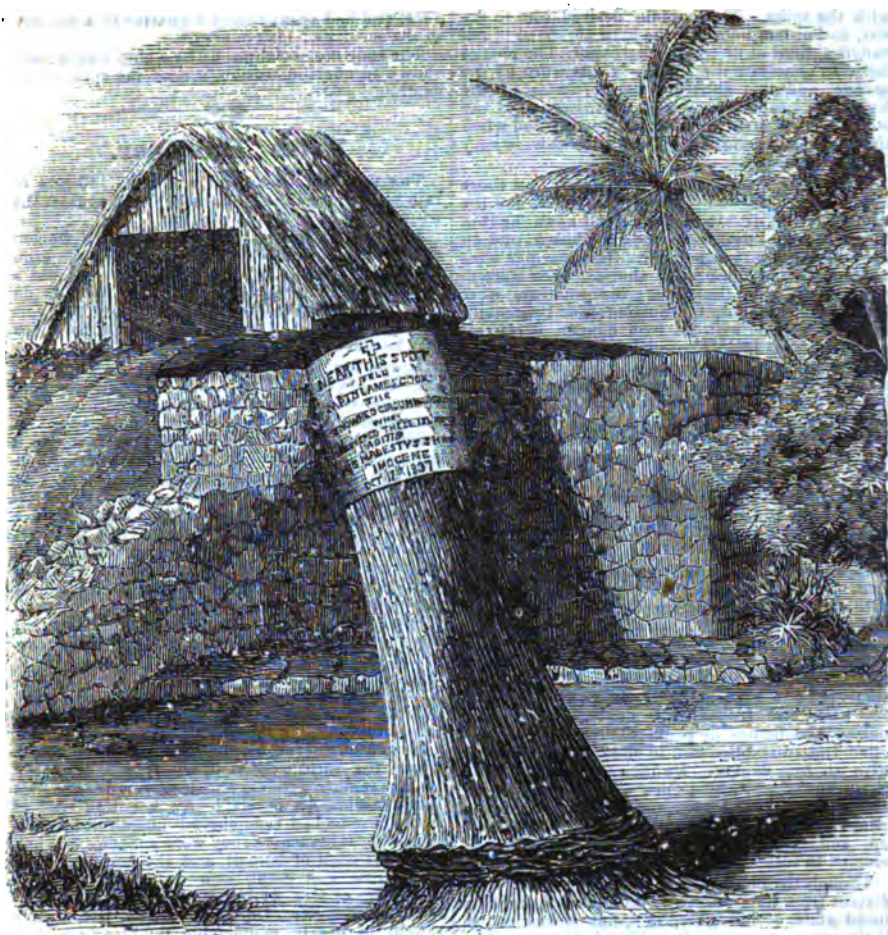
When the mystery was revealed, he became dreadfully embarrassed, and actually avoided his old acquaintance! Mrs. Chester sounded him as to his religious views, to relieve him, she said. They rang true, according to her, and he rose in her estimation, all the more, because he evidently regarded Margaret with admiration. She flirted with him most outrageously, and bade him remember that "Miss Clarke was forty, wore rusty black, and was pious. *Miss Chester* is unregenerate," she added. The clergyman led the life of a mouse neither in nor out of the cat's teeth, but just within their reach, till at last, one morning when he had ventured to be a little tenderer than usual, his ladylove suddenly turned and put her hand in his, saying:

"Yes, Mr. Mormon, if you like to marry Miss Clarke and Miss Chester, too, you may have them, but you will have to take two mothers-in-law, Miss Clarke's mistress and Miss Chester's aunt!

"I do not object to either," said the minister; and there the matter ended.



DOUBLE IDENTITY.—"WHEN THAT EXCELLENT OLD LADY AWOKE, AND SAW HER COMPANION, HER FIRST MOVEMENT WAS THAT OF SURPRISE."



SCENE OF THE DEATH OF THE CELEBRATED NAVIGATOR, CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

Scene of the Death of the Celebrated Navigator, Captain Cook.

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, born at Marton, in Yorkshire, England, rose by his own merit to command. In 1755 he was master of the *Mercury*, in Sir Charles Saunders's fleet, which co-operated with Wolfe in reducing Quebec. Cook performed the perilous duty of taking soundings to enable the ships to take their positions before the city, and on one occasion narrowly escaped with his life.

But we can speak only of his death. In his visit to the Sandwich Islands, the pinnacle of the *Discovery* was plundered, and the *Resolution's* cutter was detached from the buoy at which she rode, and carried off by the natives. In the Society Islands, when acts of this nature had been committed, the expedient of keeping one or more chiefs as hostages had frequently been adopted with success; and on this occasion Captain Cook determined to carry the king himself on board the *Resolution*, feeling sure that the detention of their king would induce the people to deliver up the cutter and the articles plundered from the pinnacle. Accordingly Captain Cook landed with nine marines and a lieutenant. In the village

the usual respect was shown him; and on his inquiring for the King Terreeboob and his two sons, the lads were at once brought to him, and he was conducted to a house where he found the old king, who had just awoke from sleep. Terreeboob made no objection on being invited to spend the day, with his two sons, on board the *Resolution*. He prepared to accompany his friend Cook; but his favorite wife, who seems to have suspected some design against the king, passionately dissuaded him.

Terror and suspicion quickly spread. Presently Terreeboob himself became alarmed, and sat down on the ground with a troubled countenance, evidently undecided what to do.

At this critical moment news of an untoward incident was brought, and spread like lightning. A chief of the first rank had been killed by a shot fired from one of the boats, and this news was brought just as Cook was walking slowly toward the shore. The intelligence roused the natives to fury. They sent away the women and children, put on their war-mats, and armed themselves with their spears and with stones. A man advanced toward the captain, brandishing an iron spike in one hand and a stone in the other, threatening by his gestures to fling the stone and to stab Cook

with the spike. The captain desired him to desist, and at length, when the man persisted in advancing, fired at him with small shot. The charge failed to penetrate the thick war-mat worn by the savage, and this apparent harmlessness of the European weapons increased the insolence of the islanders. A rush forward was made; and when the marines at length fired, the natives were very little intimidated.

Indeed the crowd was now so great, that those in front were pressed onward by the rest, and the whole roaring, frantic mass rushed upon the thin line of marines drawn up upon the beach, and on the unfortunate commander. The marines were unable to stand against the shock. They were at once forced into the water; four of them were killed, and three others wounded. The lieutenant, severely stabbed with an iron dagger, barely escaped with his life. Fortunately he had reserved his fire, and was enabled to shoot a savage dead who rushed forward to dispatch him after inflicting the first wound. The crews in the boats now began firing at the assailants, but amid the confusion of getting the wounded marines into the boats, and the horror and excitement of the moment, they could effect little.

Cook, meanwhile, was pursuing his dangerous way toward the nearest boat. He was observed making for the pinnace, holding his left hand against the back of his head to guard it from the stones, and carrying his musket under the other arm. An Indian was seen following him, but with caution and timidity, as if undetermined how to proceed. At last he advanced upon him unaware, gave him a blow on the back of the head with a large club, and then precipitately retreated. The stroke seemed to stun Captain Cook. He staggered a few paces, then fell on his hand and one knee, and dropped his musket. As he was rising, and before he could recover his feet, another Indian stabbed him in the back of the neck with an iron dagger. He then fell into the water about knee-deep, where others crowded upon him, and endeavored to keep him under; but, struggling very strongly with them, he got his head up, and casting his eyes toward the pinnace, seemed to solicit assistance.

Though the boat was not above five or six yards distant from him, yet, from the crowded and confused state of the crew, it seems it was not in their power to save him. The Indians got him under again, but in deeper water. He was, however, able to get his head up once more, and being almost spent in the struggle, he naturally turned to the rock, and was endeavoring to support himself by it, when a savage gave him a blow with a club, and he was seen alive no more.

Thus, by a sudden outburst of suspicious rage among a nation of fickle savages, perished this truly great and useful man. It seems strange that the lieutenant, who commanded the launch, should have returned to his ship without making an attempt to recover the mutilated body of his unfortunate commander, which lay for some time abandoned upon the beach.

He seems, however, to have been bewildered, and not unreasonably, at the suddenness and violence of the attack, and did not consider himself justified in exposing the men under his command to the chance of the return of the savages in mass, flushed with victory.

Captain Clerke was obliged to open a negotiation with the people for the recovery of the commander's remains. At length this was effected, and the bones of the great navigator were committed to the deep in the bay he himself had discovered, amid the sincere lamentations of the sailors, whose respect and affection he had nobly gained. He had not quite completed his fortieth

year, and had spent nearly a quarter of a century in the service of his country.

The rude memorial put up by a ship's crew, and shown in our illustration, marks the spot of his death.

Miss Falconer.

THE day had been wild and wet. Sheets of rain had deluged the landscape, swept against the windows, beat upon the car-roof.

It was growing dark now. The two women sitting together near the door could not see each other very plainly. They were strangers, but a little acquaintance had sprung up. Women do not fraternize so readily as men. They lack cordiality, heartiness, warmth. So the talk had been fragmentary and interrupted.

It was not so much the fault of the woman in the window-seat. The other was reticent and cholly, answered in monosyllables and in a cold, constrained voice. She wore a gray shawl—a faded, threadbare thing; but she wore it like a princess. A black veil was wound about her hat, and draped in folds over her face, partly hiding it. Through the meshes, her dark, watchful, frightened eyes peered out upon the world, in a strange, hunted fashion. Her red lips were set and tense. Her complexion was white, flushing at intervals when some one opened the car-door hastily, or faces stared in among the crowds at the stations.

She looked as if she might go off into hysterical spasms at any minute. She was evidently bearing all she could bear. It was horrible to have to talk.

Yet, her companion kept up an unceasing small dribble. She was a little, trim woman—sallow, thin, cultivated in a narrow, unsatisfactory fashion, educated to the verge of pedantry—a woman with whom the world went well, who ran handsomely in her shallow groove, and intensely to her own satisfaction. An egotist! All her talk was of herself. She had been abroad—acquired the modern languages where they were spoken. She had made the most of herself, and she had done very well. She was going now to teach the three daughters of Mrs. Arthur Dunham. Did her collocutor know Mrs. Dunham? She “had always taught in highly respectable families”—with a little air of self-complacency.

The woman in the faded, threadbare, gray shawl, which she wore like a princess, looked at her—looked and listened. A little, hard, mocking smile crept about her red lips. She was thinking what a miserable, narrow, selfish little creature this was. So well-to-do, comfortable, conceited. Her clothes were fine and well-made; her gloves neat and ladylike; the reticule in her hand was real Russia leather. There was a little silver plate upon it, and graven thereon a name—“Susan Falconer.”

Miss Susan Falconer had done very well for herself, thought the woman, bitterly. And she! Oh, God, what a muddle life was!

“Would you hold this a minute for me?”

The woman in the gray shawl passively received the little Russia-leather reticule into her hands. Her companion half rose to adjust her dress—there was a crumple in the rose-leaves somewhere.

The train sped on in the gathering darkness. Suddenly there was an awful, convulsive quivering, as of some gigantic monster in his death-throes—an appalling shock—a sensation of swift, crushing pain, and the woman in the gray shawl knew no more.

There was a downy softness all about her, s

feeling of delicious quietude, that lapped her in such perfect bliss, she could almost think she had been translated to heaven. She must have been asleep. It was so long since she had known what sweet, refreshing sleep was! But she must rouse herself now, or James—

She opened her eyes. What was this? The room was strange to her. Louty, frescoed walls, with pictured swinging baskets of flowers, in warm, vivid tints; luxuriously draped windows, high, carved chairs; and at one side a ruddy glow—an open coal-fire.

She moved. A torment of pain seized her, and forced a groan from her lips.

Instantly there was a soft footfall on the carpet, a rustle of dainty garments; some one leaned over her—a lace sleeve brushed her cheek.

"Uncle," called a low, eager voice, "she is awake!"

Through her fluttering consciousness, a tall, dark figure was seen to lean near.

"Drink!" said a masculine voice.

She drank. She never thought of resisting that quiet, gentle tone of command.

It was wine and water. It warmed her pulses—stimulated her torpid brain.

"Where am I?"

The question struggled feebly from her lips.

"In my house. I am Doctor Dunham. There was a railroad accident, and you were brought here."

Her great, limpid eyes labored up to his face. It was a kind, cordial face, not much the worse for two-score years of earnest, honorable work—a face that women and children instinctively trusted. Some dim consciousness of it made its way slowly into the woman's torpid brain. Very slowly and vaguely memory began to stir.

The doctor saw it.

"You are beginning to remember. You were on your way here to teach my sister's children, so you have a strong claim upon us. We will take good care of you, Miss Falconer."

A faint, auroral glow of surprise flowed over her face.

"I—I—"

"Hush!"—with gentle authority. "Rest easy, and sleep. To-morrow we can tell how soon you are likely to get up. If you suffer pain, send for me."

A soft touch of the hand, a kind smile, and he was gone. Out from the shadow at the foot of the bed came a pretty Creole maid, who smoothed the bed-drapery, gave her a sup of broth, bathed her temples in cologne-water, with a noiseless step and delicious softness of touch.

The woman lay and thought, incoherently, it is true, but with a vein of sanity running through the web of fancies. By turns she slept, and always, as soon as she closed her eyes, she seemed to be in the railway-car again. A little, prim, well-appointed figure sat by her side. Then there was a horrible, ghastly vision—a broad crimson splash of blood upon her shawl, a hot jet spurted upon her face. She grew sick with terror, and cried out. Instantly the little Creole maid was beside her, cooling her face, wetting her parched lips.

At times other figures moved mistily about the room. A kind, authoritative voice issued orders, gave directions. She listened, in a sort of curious wonder. Was it she about whom all this trouble was taken? she who— She shuddered, and grew sick again.

So days passed, and one morning she woke free from fever, her pulse steady, her head clear.

Zoe laughed down at her, with her great dusky eyes.

"Miss Falconer is better. De doctor will be glad of dat; so will de young ladies and de mistress.

Nice ladies, miss, and de doctor, too. A real prince he be."

The girl gossiped thus while she made her patient's toilet, washed her face in scented water, and brushed out her long, bright hair. At last she brought out a dainty wrapper of rose-colored cashmere.

"Stop!" cried the pale creature on the bed, growing yet paler. "Whose is that?"

"Lord bless you, miss! dis's Miss Sue's. You see you ain't got a bressed ting ob your own. Trunks all smashed to splinters; nothin' left 'cept de little reticule in your hand. Lucky you held on to dat. Dat's de way de doctor knowed you. Lord, now! you're so pale. Don't fret, honey. De young ladies got clo's enough. Don't wear half on 'em. Dey'll get a chance to do some good."

The lightsome creature chatted on. The woman under her hands submitted passively. But in her white face and her dark, haunted eyes a struggle went on.

At last Zoe withdrew, and gazed smilingly at her work.

"You do look just lovely. And now I'll tell de doctor you're ready to see him.

"Wait a minute!"—painfully. "Was there—anything—in my dress-pocket?"

Zoe nodded, and brought a small portemonnaie.

"Now you can go."

When the room was empty, the woman opened the portemonnaie. It had a little money—a very little—in it, a few papers, and a small plain gold ring, marked, "J. to H." On the inside of the leather case, in gilt letters, was "Helen Mercer."

She gathered up the currency, with a sort of pitiful smile, and, creeping to the grate, threw the portemonnaie, with the remainder of its contents, upon the glowing coals. White and panting, she tottered back to the rocking-chair, and was hardly seated before Doctor Dunham entered.

His eyes brightened transiently at sight of her, then his fine dark brows were knitted slightly.

"So! you are better—and yet, you are ill. What have you been doing to yourself?"

She smiled a twilight blush suffusing her white cheeks.

"Only walking once across the floor. I am tired of being so still."

And then she blushed again, for this semblance of a lie.

"Tired! Ah! no wonder!" His voice was indescribably gentle and kind. "But we will have you out directly. To-morrow you shall drive. This very day the girls shall come in to see you. I've had to make myself very terrible to keep them out, I do assure you."

"You have been infinitely kind to me."

"Tut—tut! 'Tis nothing. Repay me by getting back your roses."

They were in splendid bloom now. He thought as he looked at her that he had never seen anything so lovely, so pervaded by that exquisite aroma of womanliness, which is rarer than diamonds.

And she? God knew why this man seemed so good, so god-like to her. When one has lived *à la-à la* with beastliness ten years, one knows the worth of manhood.

He talked with gracious ease, tempting her soul to unfold before him, and let its fragrance slowly out. Very white and pure and odorous of heaven he found it. He went away at last, smiling to himself as he strolled along the corridor.

"How is she, uncle? Can we go in and see her now?"

Two rosebud girls flung down their Christmas embroideries, and rose eagerly. One plucked him by the sleeve.

"Speak, uncle! Has she bewitched you?"

He roused himself, colored, laughed.

"You little goose! Yes, you can go, but don't talk her to death. Marjorie, you'd better go, too, and keep them in check."

Mrs. Dunham hesitated.

"It seems to me we are all paying court to our governess."

"For shame, Marjorie! Think of her escaping from that holocaust. Besides, Miss Falconer is a lady."

He spoke with some displeasure.

Mrs. Dunham came up softly to make her peace.

"Of course she is a lady, and a very charming one. I am prepared to be very good to her, but not to the extent of giving her my brother."

She dropped a light kiss on his cheek, and tripped away.

The doctor stood gazing out of the window. There was only the belt of Norway spruces in their sombre green, and a glowing background of orange sky. But rosy visions flooded his imagination, and he stood still while the sun went lower, and the glow faded, and the moon hung her silver sickle aloft.

Up-stairs in the lonely room she lay crouched among the cushions, her head bowed in deepest humiliation.

"It is only for a little rest—a short, sweet respite. And I have been so tossed about, so terribly used!"

She shook with great sobs, and the three who came to her door heard the sound of weeping, and stole away softly.

"Poor thing!" said the mother, pitifully. "Her nerves are completely wrecked by that horrible scene. But 'tis kindest to go to her. Let me go alone."

An hour later the pale, worn face lay on Mrs. Dunham's bosom, and she was sleeping soundly.

"How beautiful she is!" thought the lady. "I am almost willing Robert should fall in love with her."

The Winter flew. Already the blue-birds were singing in the garden. Miss Falconer—we will call her so with the rest—had been an inmate of Doctor Dunham's family four months. She knew portions of the family history, for Mrs. Dunham was loquacious and communicative. She knew that the elder brother had been a martyr in our civil war, and left his wife and children a sacred charge to Robert Dunham. She knew that all Mrs. Dunham's friends expected the present agreeable relation would culminate in a closer and tenderer one, and she knew well that the lady herself would have smiled upon such an arrangement.

Sometimes she wondered why Doctor Dunham did not show himself more eager to secure a lady so pretty, vivacious, intelligent, and well-bred. But Dunham was no ordinary man. With a nature of less sweetness his strongly marked individuality might have been repellent, but to Miss Falconer he was simply the most interesting and lovable man she had ever known.

But did she love him? She thought not. She would have told you that her heart was dead, buried fathoms deep under cruelties and oppressions. What was she, that she should love! But does the heart always know itself?

They all loved her, the girls with an enthusiasm almost amusing. Mrs. Dunham admitted that she would be quite perfect if she were not so unconquerably reticent. Doctor Dunham had to confess this fault with some pain. Why need she be so unwilling to speak of herself?

"If she only knew how she might trust me! If she only knew how the smallest detail of her life would interest me!"

For he no longer denied to himself that he loved

her, that all his life would be bare and desolate without her. This confession waited on his lips only until occasion should woo it forth. It came unexpectedly, as the supreme hours of our lives always so come.

He had tempted her out into the garden one moonlight night. She had a nervous fear of the darkness, started and trembled at shadows, shivered at a rustling in the shrubbery, and was otherwise curiously whimsical. But all this he attributed to the great shock her system had sustained at the time of the accident, and time would cure her, he trusted. Now he led her out into the scented, blooming garden with a sweet sense of triumph. Speech that was silver and a silence that was golden flowed in between them. Her hand touched his arm softly, the delicious sense of her presence thrilled him. Suddenly she dropped his arm, half cried out, and stood white and quaking.

"For heaven's sake, my darling, what is the matter?" he cried, thoroughly startled.

She did not mind the caressing word.

"I saw him!" she gasped.

"Him—who? Of whom are you afraid?"

Then, as she did not speak, he continued, passionately:

"In God's name, Miss Falconer, trust me! Don't you know that I love you as my life! Come to my heart—be my wife! If you have an enemy in the world, let me deal with him."

He held out his arms to her. The pathos and tenderness of his face implored her. Impetuously he drew her near him.

She wrenched herself away.

"It cannot be! I have no right to your love!"

Her voice was a sharp cry.

"No right!" he echoed, bewildered.

She faced him, white as death.

"Doctor Dunham, all these months I have been living a lie."

He was stunned beyond words. With an awful sob she fell at his feet. He raised her in his arms, held her to his heart. At last—

"I know not what you mean," he said; "but this I know: nothing can make any difference with the fact of my love for you."

"Oh, let me go!" she pleaded. "I will tell you all soon. Let me go now."

In compassion he led her to her own door, and then went down to wait with what patience he might.

Ten minutes later she heard the door-bell ring, as one might hear one's own death-knell. When, in a few minutes, she was summoned to the library, she was prepared—as one is prepared for the scaffold. What agonies she underwent in the interim none but God and herself knew.

When she entered the library, a tall, stout man, who stood with his back to the fireplace, smiled significantly, and said, in a peculiar tone:

"Ah! Helen, I've come for you, you see. I told you that you could not hide where I would not find you."

Doctor Dunham's face was working strangely.

"He says you are his wife. Is it true?" he asked, quietly.

"Yes. It is true," she said. "I told you I had been living a lie. I have. I am not Susan Falconer. She was killed in the seat beside me. I was fleeing from him. He abused me. The bruises on my body were not put there by the railway accident—they were marks of his fist, of his cane, of his boot-heels. It was such a temptation. Oh, you cannot know! He said he would pursue me to the ends of the earth. Oh, Doctor Dunham, forgive me!"

"Forgive you!"

His voice broke. She saw the unchanged love in his eyes. She caught his hand, and covered it

with kisses. A rude clutch tore her roughly away. She cowered before that brutal face, livid with anger.

"No more fooling. Pack up, and get ready to go with me."

Doctor Dunham's eyes blazed.

"Be careful, sir. This lady is under my protection."

The man sneered.

"I beg pardon. My right is prior. She is my wife."

"You see," she cried, in a tone of agony, "there is no help. Oh, my God!"

Doctor Dunham put his arm around her, and led her from the room.

"Go up to your chamber. He shall not take you away by force. I will defend you with my life and fortune."

She went away. A stormy scene followed in the library. In the midst of it Rose Dunham came running in, as white as ashes.

"Oh, uncle, come! Miss Falconer!"

They ran up instantly. There she lay upon her pillows, pale and still, the sweet eyes closed, the tender lips rigid, the bright fair hair straying about in sweet disorder. On the table a note.

"Forgive me. You could not help me. Many persons have tried to do so, but he conquered them. I have suffered so much."

They stood around, awed and silent.

"You will leave her with me now?" said Doctor Dunham, turning around upon James Mercer.

"Oh, yes. You are welcome to her now;" and wheeling on his heel, he left the apartment.

Doctor Dunham leaned over the bed, and tears and kisses rained upon the unconscious face.

"Oh, my darling! No young, and suffered so much. All my love came too late—too late."

Such a heaven of love! Such a paradise of tenderness! But she was past all knowledge or need of it. They all stole away, and left him alone with his beautiful dead.

The Meanest Man at Blugsey's.

TO MINERS, whose gold-fever had not reached a ridiculous degree of heat, Blugsey's was certainly a very satisfactory location. The dirt was rich, the river ran dry, there was plenty of standing-room on the banks, which were devoid of rocks, the storekeeper dealt strictly on the square, and the saloon contained a pleasing variety of consolatory fluids, which were dispensed by Stumpy Flukes, ex-sailor, and as hearty a fellow as any one would ask to see. All thieves and claim-jumpers had been shot as fast as discovered, and the men who remained had taken each other's measures with such accuracy, that genuine fights were about as unfrequent as prayer-meetings. The miners dug and washed, ate, drank, swore and gambled with that delightful freedom which exists only in localities where society is established on a firm and well-settled basis.

Such being the condition of affairs at Blugsey's, it seemed rather strange one morning, hours after breakfast, to see, sprinkled in every direction, a great number of idle picks, shovels and pans; in fact, the only mining implements in use that morning were those handled by a single miner, who was digging and carrying and washing dirt with an industry which seemed to indicate that he was working as a substitute for each and every man in the camp.

He was anything but a type of gold-hunters in general: he was short and thin, and slight and stooping, and greatly round-shouldered; his eyes were of a painfully uncertain gray, and one of

them displayed a cast which was his only striking feature; his nose had started as a very retiring nose, but had changed its mind half-way down; his lips were thin, and seemed to yearn for a close acquaintance with his large ears; his face was sallow and thin, and thickly seamed, and his chin appeared to be only one of Nature's hasty after-thoughts. Long, thin gray hair hung about his face, and imparted the only relief to the monotonous dinginess of his features and clothing.

Such being the appearance of the man, it was scarcely natural to expect that miners in general would regard him as a special ornament to the profession. In fact, he had been dubbed "Old Scrabblegrab" on the second day of his occupancy of Claim No. 82, and such of his neighbors as possessed the gift of tongues had, after more intimate acquaintance with him, expressed themselves as doubtful of the ability of language to properly embody Scrabblegrab's character in a single name.

The principal trouble was, that they were unable to make anything at all of his character; there was nothing about him which they could understand, so they first suspected him, and then hated him violently, after the usual manner of society toward the incomprehensible.

And on the particular morning which saw Scrabblegrab the only worker at Blugsey's, the remaining miners were assembled in solemn conclave at Stumpy Flukes's saloon, to determine what was to be done to the detested man.

The scene was certainly an impressive one: for such quiet had not been known at the saloon since the few moments which intervened between the time, weeks before, when Broadhorn Jerry gave the lie to Captain Greed, and the captain, whose pistol happened to be unloaded, was ready to proceed to business.

The average miner, when sober, possesses a degree of composure and gravity which would be admirable even in a judge of ripe experience, and miners, assembled as a deliberative body, can display a dignity which would drive a venerable Senator or a British M. P. to the uttermost extreme of envy.

On the occasion mentioned above, the miners ranged themselves near the unoccupied walls, and leaned at various graceful and awkward angles. Boston Ben, who was by natural right the ruler of the camp, took the chair—that is, he leaned against the centre of the bar. On the other side of the bar leaned Stumpy Flukes, displaying that degree of conscious importance which was only becoming to a man who, by virtue of his position, was sole and perpetual secretary and recorder to all stated meetings at Blugsey's.

Boston Ben glanced around the room, and then collectively announced the presence of a quorum, the formal organization of the meeting, and its readiness for deliberation, by quietly remarking:

"Blaze away!"

Immediately one of the leaners regained the perpendicular, departed a pace from the wall, rolled his tobacco neatly into one cheek, and remarked:

"We've stood it long enough—the bottom's clean out of the pan, Mr. Chairman. Scrabblegrab's declined biters from half the fellers in camp, an' though his gray old topknot's kept 'em from takin' satisfaction in the usual manner, they don't feel no better 'bout it than they did."

The speaker subsided into his section of wall, composed himself into his own especial angles, and looked like a man who had fully discharged a conscientious duty.

From the opposite wall there appeared another speaker, who indignantly remarked:

"Goin' back on bitters ain't a toothful to what he's done. There's young Curly, that went last

week. That boy played his hand in a style that would take the conceit clean out uv an angel. But all to once Curly took to lookin' flaxed, an' the judge here overheard Scabblegrab askin' Curly what he thort his mother'd say ef she knew he was makin' his money that way? The boy took on wuss an' wuss, an' now he's vamoused. Don't b'lieve me ef yer don't want ter, fellers—here's the judge hisself."

The judge briskly advanced his spectacles, which had gained him his title, and said:

"True ez gospel; an' when I asked him ef he wasn't ashamed of himself fur takin' away the boy's comfort, he said No, an' that I'd be a more decent man ef I'd give up keards myself."

"He's alive yit!" said the first speaker, in a tone half of inquiry and half of reproof.

"I know it," said the judge, hastening to explain. "I'd lent my pepperbox to Mose when he went to 'Frisco, an' the old man's too little fur a man uv my size to hit."

The judge looked anxiously about until he felt assured his explanation had been generally accepted. Then he continued:

"What's he good fur, anyhow? He can't sing a song, except somethin' about 'Tejus an' tasteless hours,' that nobody ever heard before, an' don't want to agin'; he don't drink, he don't play keards, he don't even cuss when he tumbles into the river. Ev'ry man's got his p'intas, an' ef he hain't got no good uns, he's sure to hev bad uns. Ef he'd only show 'em out, ther might be somethin' honest about it; but when a feller jist eats an' sleeps an' works, an' never shows any uv the tastes uv a gentleman, ther's somethin' wrong."

"I don't wish him any harm," said a tall, good-natured fellow, who succeeded the judge; "but the feller's looks is agin the reputation uv the place. In a camp like this here one, whar society's first-class—no greasers nur pigtals nur loafers—it ain't the thing to hev everybody around that looks like a corkscrew that's been fed on green apples and watered with vinegar—it's discouragin' to gentlemen that might hev a notion of stakin' a claim, fur the sake uv enjoyin' our social advantages."

"N-none uv yer hev got to the wust uv it yit," remarked another. "The old cuss is too fond uv his dnat. Billy Banks seen him a-burin' pork up to the store, an' he handled his pouch ez 'twas eggs instid of gold dust—poured it out ez kearful ez yer please, an' even scraped up a little bit he split. Now, when I wuz a little rat, an' went to Sunday-school, they used to keep a waggin' at me 'bout evil communioation a-corrupin' o' good manners. That's what he'll do—sust thing yer know, other fellers'll begin to be stingy, an' think gold dust wuz made to save instid uv to buy drinks an' play keards fur. That's what it'll come to."

"Beggin' ev'rybody's pardon," interposed a deserter from the army, "but these here perceedin's is irreg'ler. Tain't no square thing to take evidence till the pris'ner's in court."

Boston Ben immediately detailed a special officer to summon Old Scabblegrab, declared a recess of five minutes, and invited the boys to drink with him.

Those who took sugar in theirs had the cup dashed from their lips just as they were draining the delicious dregs, for the officer and culprit appeared, and the chairman rapped the assembly to order.

Boston Ben had been an interested attendant at certain law-courts in the States, so in the calm consciousness of his acquaintance with legal procedure he rapidly arraigned Scabblegrab.

"Scabblegrab, you're complained uv for goin' back on bitters, coaxin' Curly to give up keards, thus spoilin' his fun, an' knockin' appreciatin' observers out uv their amusement; uv insultin'

the judge, uv not cussin' when you stumble into the river, uv not bevin' any good p'intas, an' not showin' yer bad ones; uv bein' a set-back on the tone uv the place—lookin' like a green-apple-fed, vinegar-watered corkscrew, or words to that effect; an', finally, in savin' yer money. What hev you got to say agin' sentence bein' passed on yer?"

The old man flushed as the chairman proceeded, and when the indictment reached its end, he replied, in a tone which indicated anything but respect for the court:

"I've got jist this to say, that I paid my way here, I've asked no odds of any man sence I've ben here, an' that anybody that takes pains to meddle with my affairs is an impudent scoundrel!"

Saying which, the old man turned to go, while the court was paralyzed into silence.

But Tom Dossier, a new arrival, and a famous shot, stepped in front of the old man.

"I ax yer parding," said Tom, in the blandest of tones, "but, uv course, yer didn't mean me when yer mentioned impudent scoundrels?"

"Yes, I did—I meant you, and ev'rybody like yer," replied the old man.

Tom's hand moved toward his pistol. The chairman expeditiously got out of range. Stumpy Flukes promptly retired to the extreme end of the bar, and groaned audibly.

The old man was in the wrong; but, then, wasn't it too mean, when blood was so hard to get out, that these difficulties *always* took place jist after he'd got the floor clean?

"I don't generally shoot till the other feller draws," explained Tom Dossier, while each man in the room almost wept with emotion as they realized they had lived to see Tom's skill displayed before their very eyes—"I don't generally shoot till the other feller draws; but you'd better be srry. I usually make a little allowance for age, but—"

Tom's further explanations were indefinitely delayed by an abnormal contraction of his trachea, the same being induced by the old man's right hand, while his left seized the unhappy Thomas by his waist-belt, and a second later the dead shot of Blugsey's was tossed into the middle of the floor, somewhat as a sheaf of oats is tossed by a practiced hand.

"Anybody else?" inquired the old man. "I'll back Vermont bone an' muscle agin' the hull passel of ye, even if I be a deacon. 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about him that fear him.'"

"The angel needn't hurry hisself," said Tom Dossier, picking himself up, one joint at a time. "Ef that's the crowd yer travelin' with, and they've got a grip anything like yours, I don't want nothin' to do with 'em."

Boston Ben looked excited, and roared:

"This court's adjourned sine die."

Then he rushed up to the newly announced deacon, caught him firmly by the right hand, slapped him heartily between the shoulders, and inquired, rather indignantly:

"Say, old Angelchum, why didn't yer ever let folks know yer style, instead uv trootin' round like a melancholy clam with his shells shut up tight? That's what this crowd wants to know! Now yer opened down to bed-rock, we'll git English Sam from Sonora, an' git up the tallest kind uv a rasslin' match."

"Not unless English Sam meddles with my business, you won't," replied the deacon, quickly.

"I've got enough to do fightin' spectral ices."

"Oh," said Boston Ben, "we'll manage it so the church folks needn't think 'twas a set-up job. We'll put Sam up to botherin' yer, and yer ken tackle him at sight. Then—"

"Excuse me, Boston," interrupted Tom Dossier,

"but yer don't hit the mark. I'm from Vermont myself, an' deacons there don't fight for the fun of it, whatever they may do in the village *you* hail from." Then, turning to the old man, Tom asked: "What part uv the old State be ye from, deacon, an' what feigned ye out?"

"From nigh Rutland," replied the deacon. "I hed a nice little place thar, an' wuz doin' well. But the young one's eyes is bad. None uv the doctors thereabouts could do anythin' fur 'em. Took her to Boston; nobody thar could do anythin'—said some of the European doctors were the only ones that could do the job safev. Costs money goin' to Europe an' payin' doctors—I couldn't make it to hum in twenty year; so I come here."

"Only child?" inquired Tom Dosser, while the boys crowded about the two Vermonters, and got up a low buzz of sympathetic conversation.

"Only child of my only darter."

"Father dead?" inquired Tom Dosser.

"Better be," replied the deacon, bitterly. "He left her soon after they were married."

"Mean skunk!" said Tom, sympathetically.

"I want to judge as I'd be judged," replied the deacon; "but I feel ez ef I couldn't call that man bad enough names. Hesby was ez good a gal ez erer lived, but she went to visit some uv our folks at Burlington, an' fust thing I know'd she writ me she'd met this chap, and they'd bon married, an' wanted us to forgie her; but he was so good, an' she loved him so dearly."

"Good for the gal," said Tom, and a murmur of approbation ran through the crowd.

"Of course, we forgave her. We'd ber done ef she married Satan himself," continued the deacon. "But we begged her to bring her husband up home, an' let us look at him. Whatever was good enough for *her* to love, was good enough for us, and we meant to try to love Hesby's husband."

"Done yer credit, deacon, too," declared Tom, and again the crowd uttered a confirmatory murmur. "Ef some folks—deacons, too—wuz ez good—But go ahead, deac'n."

"Next thing we heard from her, he had gone to the place he was raised in; but a friend of his, who went with him, came back, an' let out he'd got tight, an' been arrested. She writ him right off, beguin' him to come home, and go with her up to our place, where he could be out of temptation, an' where she'd love him dearer than ever."

"Pure gold, by thunder!" ejaculated Tom, while a low "You bet" was heard all over the room.

"She never got a word from him," continued the deacon; "but one of her own came back, addressed in his writing."

"The infernal scoundrel!" growled Tom, while from the rest of the boys escaped epithets which caused the deacon, indignant as he was, to shiver with horror.

"She was nearly crazy, an' started to find him, but nobody knowed where he was. The postmaster said he'd come to the office ev'ry day fur a fortnight, askin' fur a letter, so he must hev got hers."

"Ef all women had such stuff in 'em," sighed Tom, "there'd be one fool less in California. 'Xcuse me, deac'n."

"She never gev up hopin' he'd come back," said the deacon, in accents that seemed to indicate labored breath; "an' it sometimes seems ez ef such faith'd be rewarded by the Lord some time or other. She teaches Pet—that's her child—to talk about her papa, an' to kiss his pictur; an' when she an' Pet goes to sleep, his pictur's on the pillar between 'em."

"An' the idee that any feller could be mean

enough to go back on such a woman! Deacon, I'd track him right through the world, an' just tell him what you've told us. Ef *that* didn't fetch him, I'd consider it a Christian duty an' privilege to put a hole through him."

"I couldn't do that," replied the deacon, even ef I was a man uv blood; fur Hesby loves him, an' he's Pet's dad. Besides, his pictur looks like a decent young chap—ain't got no hair on his face, an' looks more like an innercent boy than anythin' else. Hesby thinks Pet looks like him, an' I couldn't touch nobody lookin' like Pet. Maybe you'd like to see her pictur," continued the deacon, drawing from his pocket an ambrotype, which he opened and handed Tom.

"Looks sweet ez a posy," said Tom, regarding it tenderly. "Them little lips uv hern look jest like a rose when it don't know whether to open a little further or not."

The deacon looked pleased, and extracted another picture, and remarked, as he handed it to Tom:

"That's Pet's mother."

Tom took it, looked at it, and screamed:

"My wife!"

He threw himself on the floor, and cried as only a big-hearted man can cry.

The deacon gazed wildly about, and gasped:

"What's his name?—tell me, quick!"

"Tom Dosser!" answered a dozen or more.

"That's him! Bless the Lord!" cried the deacon, and finding a seat, dropped into it, and buried his face in his hands.

Stumpy Flukes, under the friendly shelter of the bar, was able to fully express his feelings through his eyelids, but the remainder of the party, by taking turns at staring out the windows, and contemplating the bottles behind the bar, managed to delude themselves into the belief that their eyes were invisible. Finally, Tom arose. "Deacon—boys," he said, "I never got that letter. I was afeard she'd hear about my scrape, so I wrote her all about it, ez soon ez I got sober, an' begged her to forgive me. An' I waited an' hoped an' prayed for an answer, till I growed desperate, an' came out here."

"She never heard from you, Thomas," sighed the deacon.

"Deac'n," said Tom, "do you s'pose I'd hev kerried this for years"—here he drew out a small miniature of his wife—"ef I hadn't loved her? Yes, an' this, too," continued Tom, producing a thin package, wrapped in oileskin. "There's the only two letters I ever got from her, an', just 'cos her hand writ 'em, I've had 'em just where I took 'em from for four years. I got 'em at Albany, 'fore I got on that cussed tare, an' they was both so sweet an' wifely, that I've never dared to read 'em since, fur fear that thinkin' on what I'd lost would make me even wuss than I am. But I ain't afeard now," said Tom, eagerly tearing off the oileskin, and disclosing two envelopes.

He opened one, took out the letter, opened it with trembling hands, stared blankly at it, and handed it to the deacon.

"That's my letter now—I got 'em in the wrong envelope!"

"Thomas," said the deacon, "the best thing you can do is to deliver that letter yourself. An' don't let any grass grow under your feet, ef you ken help it."

"I'm goin' by the first boss I ken steal," said Tom.

"An' tell her I'll be along ez soon as I pan out enough," continued the deacon.

"An' tell her," said Boston Ben, "that the gov'nor won't be much behind you. Tell her that when the crowd found out how game the old man was, and what was on his mind, that the court

was so ashamed of himself that he passed around the hat for Pet's benefit, and"—here Boston Ben thoughtfully weighed the hat in his hands—"and that the apology's heavy enough to do Europe a dozen times; I know it, for I've had to travel myself occasionally."

Here he deposited the venerable tile with its precious contents on the floor in front of the deacon. The old man looked at it, and his eyes filled afresh, as he exclaimed:

"God bless you! I wish I could do something for you in return."

"Don't mention it," said Boston Ben, "unless—you—you *couldn't* make up your mind to a match with English Sam, could you?"

"Come, boys," interrupted Stumpy Flukes; "it's my treat—name your medicine—all high—all charged?—now, then—bottom up, to 'The meanest man at Blugsey's'!"

"That *did* mean you, deacon!" exclaimed Tom; "but I claim it myself now, so—so I won't drink it."

The remainder of the crowd clashed glasses, while Tom and his father-in-law bowed profoundly. Then the whole crowd went out to steal horses for the two men, and had them on the trail within an hour. As they rode off, Stumpy Flukes remarked:

"There's a splendid shot ruined for life."

"Yes," said Boston Ben, with a deep sigh struggling out of his manly bosom, "an' a bully rasser, too. The Church has got a good deal to answer fur, fur sp'illin' that man's chances."

Tattooed Head of a Chief of Easter Island.

We give a portrait of a Chief of Easter Island, and merely add an account of the manner of tattooing, as performed by a professional *matai*. The instruments used are made of human bones

(*os ili m*), and are generally five in number, to suit the various patterns in the design, which is most elaborate. They vary from the eighth of an inch to an inch in width, all being the same length, about an inch and a half, and attached to reed handles, about the thickness of one's finger, and about six inches long; in shape they look like so many diminutive carpenter's adzes, the edges being serrated like a fine-tooth comb. A little mallet is used to tap the instruments, which is held in particular manner under the thumb and over the forefinger. The rapidity with which the *matai* works his fingers, the precision with which he moves the instruments and punctures exactly the right spot, and the regularity of the tapping with the mallet, are extraordinary. The mixture used to impregnate the skin and produces the blue-toned color, is made from the ashes of the *lama*, or cocoa-nut, and water. Into this the instrument is dipped every few moments, and with every tap of the mallet, it passes into the skin. The design or pattern of the tattooing is in the main alike throughout the group, though certain districts have what may be called coats of arms in addition—some animal usually, which serves to distinguish a man when slain in battle—and each generation has some particular trifling variation. When about as much as the palm of one's hand is done, which occupies upward of an hour, the lad rises and another takes his place, and in this way five or six subjects may be operated upon in a day, sometimes not so many. Each lad's turn comes round about once a week, according to the number of the party; and until the skin is thoroughly healed, they look most hideous objects, hobbling about in every variety of contortions, and fanning off the flies with little white switches of *man*.

* Thrifty Youth bought a marriage license on condition that half the money should be given back if he couldn't get the girl.



TATTOOED HEAD OF A CHIEF OF EASTER ISLAND.



THE FIG TREE OF PARADISE.

The Fig Tree of Paradise.

On the uttermost point of land formed by the confluence of the stately, wonderfully clear waters of the famous Euphrates with the less broad and muddy, but scarcely less famous Tigris—both of which rivers originate in the alpine regions of northern Koordistan, whence they roll, the Tigris in the north and the Euphrates in the south, through the entire length of Mesopotamia, finally effecting a junction at the point above referred to—there is the village of "Gorna," or "Korna," whence the joint waters of the two streams flow, under the name of "Shât-el-Arab" (Arab River), toward the Persian Gulf, receiving, but a few hundred yards below the village, and on the left bank of the "Shât-el-Arab," the stagnant waters of the Shaab or Korchâ (the "ch" pronounced gutturally, as in "loch"), which river originates in the snow-covered peaks of the Persian province of Looristan, glides sluggishly through the extensive and deadly Samargha Swamp, and mixes, just below the village above named, its stagnant waters, of an inky hue, with those of the mighty "Shât-el-Arab."

A lovelier and more picturesque spot than this Arab village, snugly ensconced in a cluster of overgreen, date, fig, pomegranate, lemon, and

orange-trees, at the confluence of those three mighty rivers, so different in their characters, can hardly be found in parched and desolate Mesopotamia. But what makes the place, though scarcely known to the civilized world, of great interest to all, is the staunch belief of the Turka, Arabs, and Persians, as well as of many of the most prominent *savans* of the civilized world, that it is the sight of the famous Garden of Eden of the Bible, (Genesis, chap. i., v. 14.)

Korna being the first fuel station of the steam-boat which carried me as a passenger on her up-river trip from Bassora to Bagdad, about the end of March, 1866, the boat was compelled to stop there for an hour, at least.

I naturally felt an ardent desire to see an old and knotted wild fig-tree, pointed out from time immemorial, by the natives of that locality, to visitors, as a descendant of the identical fig-tree (Genesis, chap. iii., v. 7) that, some 5,875 years ago, had the unspeakable honor of furnishing the material to our common parents, Adam and Eve, for their first clothing. I therefore repaired to the famous tree, in company with two European fellow-passengers and the captain of the steamer—the latter of whom kindly proffered us his services as "cicerone."

Though harboring some doubts with regard to

the pedigree of the fig-tree, which the good people of Korna are so anxious to show to visitors, I could not help feeling some emotion when we arrived near the spot, pointed out by an old silver-bearded Arab as the ground once trodden by that happy couple, our first parents.

The tree in question was hidden in a cluster of trees of different species, not more than five hundred yards distant from the place where our steamer lay, but it appeared to me easily recognizable by the knotted and scarred appearance of its trunk, the bark of which was covered with initials of names of former visitors. There were several names, in full, engraved on the trunk of the tree—two or three of which would certainly never have been left by their respective owners, to record their folly, if these parties had not also believed in the historical identity of the spot, if not in the reputed descent of the tree itself.

After fully satisfying our curiosity with regard to the famous tree, we turned to retrace our way to the steamer, when it occurred to us that it was customary for visitors to take a small supply of the first clothing material of our ancestors along with them as a "souvenir" of the memorable spot. We therefore returned to the tree, which, by-the-way, is about twenty-five feet in height, with a knotty, knobby, nearly erect trunk, about three feet in diameter, branching out about twelve feet from the ground, and tried to get some leaves by means of a walking-stick; but the lower branches were already stripped of every leaf, and we could not reach high enough to procure any. I therefore determined to climb the tree and take my choice of fruit and leaves; but lo! I had scarcely embraced the gnarled trunk, when a beautiful snake, of magnificent green hue on the back, and a yellowish-white on the belly, shot out of a hole in the tree, just above my head, at a spot where a branch had once been broken off.

The nimble reptile dropped down into the dry grass which grew in tufts all over the ground, and disappeared before we could make any attempts to dispatch it. It was about five feet long, but scarcely more than the thickness of the little finger in circumference round the largest part of the body. It belonged to a species very abundant in the gardens and plantations of India, and some portions of the Persian Gulf, called the "whip-snake," from its slender body resembling the thong of a whip. This kind of snake lives almost exclusively on trees with luxuriantly green foliage, where it can easily hide itself, being of the same hue, and darting from beneath the leaves upon birds, mice, squirrels, etc.

I subsequently saw several specimens of this beautiful snake in the gardens of Bagdad, where they are very fond of hiding beneath the foliage of the orange-tree, in rose and jasmin-bushes. The whip-snake is said to be very venomous.

This incident of the serpent's presence rather served to strengthen our belief in the identity of the spot. Having made sure, by battering the apparently hollow trunk of the tree with the stick, that it contained no more snakes, I crawled up and obtained a good supply of the celebrated leaves, which we intended to dry and take to Europe. I don't know whether my companions succeeded in taking them so far. I did not, I am sorry to say, for certain very estimable young ladies of Bagdad, Aleppo, and Smyrna, on learning that I had in my possession some of the leaves with which Mother Eve made her first attempt at dressmaking and tailoring, managed to bore me entirely out of them.

However, if any other young lady should wish to see Mother Eve's first article of dress, she has only to apply to Captain H—, of Bagdad, Mesopotamia, who, by-the-way, though a married man, is a gallant old fellow, who will be happy to oblige

her by calling at the "Original Millinery Store" in Korna, and procure the coveted article.

As I was gazing upon the site of ancient Paradise, I thought I might just as well profit by the opportunity to ask L— for the tree which produced the fatal apple, the tasting of which plunged the up to then apparently perfectly happy couple into so much trouble; but nobody seemed to know anything about the latter, though I could scarcely believe the apple-tree had gone, especially when I looked in the direction where the snake had vanished in the manner mentioned. All the episodes of the last days of "Adam and Eve in Paradise" involuntarily flashed through our minds—nay, some of us actually turned round more than once on our march back to the steamer, almost dreading to see the Cherubims, with their long and flashing swords, follow us (as they did Adam and Eve of old), in order to regain the leaves and fruit we had stolen from the fig-tree of the Garden of Eden.

The Ghosts of Pine Hills.

"You must be prepared to put up with some inconveniences, Harry," Coleman Hastings said to me, as we were driving rapidly from the railway station at G— to his residence at Pine Hills, "for the house has been in the sole care of a housekeeper, and maids, and a gardener, for six years. I would not return there now, but my mother's death makes it absolutely necessary for me to give some personal attention to affairs there before I sell the place."

"Sell Pine Hills!" I cried, in amazement.

"I certainly shall never live there voluntarily," was the brief, stern response. "I must overhaul some papers, and attend to strictly personal property, and then I put a bill upon the house."

"The house your grandfather built for his heirs for ever," I said—"the house that is a by-word in the whole county for comfort, beauty, and, until you went to Europe, for hospitality as well."

"The house in which I suffered the crowning agony of my life," he answered, "that will be haunted to me by the saddest memories of my lost happiness. Here we are!" he added a moment later, as we drove up the wide, pleasant avenue to the steps of the handsome stone mansion. "Mrs. Hurd is ready for us, I see."

And indeed the house looked little enough like a place deserted for six years. It was early Fall, just pleasantly cool outside, but a little chilly and damp within close walls, yet a pleasant warmth greeted us from crackling coals piled upon open grates in every room we were to occupy.

Coleman made me welcome, attending to my comfort in every way; but from the moment his foot crossed that threshold there fell upon his handsome face a cloud of such deep sorrow, that it seemed indeed as if every memory of the pleasant rooms was a separate agony to him.

Feeling no right to intrude upon his confidence, for I was his companion in the capacity of legal adviser in winding up his mother's affairs, I did not question him. Yet, as his own schoolfellow, and the son of his mother's lawyer for many years, I felt a keen interest in him, and stole glances at his sad face over my book, till one of them caught his eye. He spoke at once, jerking out his words abruptly.

"Did your father ever tell you why we went to Europe, Harry?"

"I thought you went to study painting in Italy, and your mother for her health. I was at college at the time."

"Then, you never heard of Grace Pierson?"

"Never," I answered, pitying the agony the utterance of the name seemed to cause him.

He was silent a moment, evidently battling with deep, overpowering emotion. When he spoke again, he schooled his voice to a deep monotone, that was as steady and passionless as if he was reading from a book the words he uttered.

"I told you the house was haunted," he said; "every room has its own ghost story. Where you sit, in that deep arched bay, my mother sat on the night when Grace Pierson, in her heavy mourning dress, came to be her companion, to read to her, write her notes, and drive out with her. I stood here where I am now when she came in. She was timid, for this was the first time she had left home since father and mother died, and she was left penniless. She was never very brave, rather shy and shrinking in manner. I see her now as she comes in with faltering footsteps, her soft blue eyes downcast, the color blushing on her round smooth cheek, and the golden curls half hiding her face. It was but common courtesy to bring her a chair, to try to set her at ease. Mother was always cold to strangers, though she meant kindly by the orphan girl, the daughter of an old friend."

He was silent a moment, then resumed his story in the same measured tones.

"This room is crowded with memories, Harry. It was here I heard Grace read aloud to my mother, giving new beauty to every author by the sweet musical voice. It was here I heard her sing in her clear silvery soprano. It was here I learned to love her. Come with me!"

He opened a door leading from the drawing-room into a small boudoir fitted up with taste and elegance.

"In here I surprised Grace one day weeping. She would have fled from me, but I loved her, and every tear hurt me, so I held her fast till she told her sorrow. My mother had discharged her! I understood it all. She was poor, shy, and without social importance, and mother desired a greater match for her only son. But I loved her. I told her my love here, and she hid her blushing face upon my breast, confessing she loved me. That is the haunt of this room."

He passed me as he spoke, and crossing the hall, opened the door of a library, where he paused before resuming his story.

"We had a stormy interview here, mother and I, for I was right in my anticipation of her deep displeasure. But I was of age, master of the house, wealthy in my own right. Above all, I was her only child, so she gave way at last, and Grace received her kiss and words of blessing. They were happy days that followed."

Again he paused till he opened the door of a small room lending from the library, and fitted up for an artist's studio.

"In this room I painted Grace's portrait. Draw back the curtain from the large painting behind you, Harry."

I obeyed him, and stood silent in admiration of the exquisitely lovely face and figure upon the canvas. The picture was a full-length portrait, life size, and it seemed as if the beautiful girl it represented would step from the canvas presently to comfort the sad eyes and face gazing upon her.

"I painted her as Spring," Coleman said, "because, after our betrothal, she seemed to me the very embodiment of joyous youth. The sweet shyness never quite left her, but she was so happy, so frankly glad in my love, that her very face seemed transfixed."

"It is very beautiful," I said. "I do not wonder you loved that face."

"She was as pure and good as she was beautiful," he replied. "After we were betrothed, she took off her mourning at my request, and, as it

was Summer time, wore white constantly. It was seeing her coming in from the garden, laden with flowers, and wearing her soft white dress, that first suggested the picture to me. I twisted a wreath of blossoms into her golden curls, and sketched my picture at once."

Softly he drew the curtain over the lovely picture, and left the room. Ascending a flight of stairs, he next entered a bedroom, draped with pure white, and kept in order by evidently loving hands.

"Here I saw her last," Coleman said, "when she lay sleeping in death, her hands crossed over the pure heart that had never harbored an evil thought. She was ill two weary days with a strange lassitude, my mother said; then she died. They tell me I was mad for days after; I do not know. There is a blank in my memory here. Come!"

Down the stairs, out at the hall-door, down a shady lane, and at the entrance to a little country church-yard, he opened a gate. Not far from this, he stopped before a tall marble shaft, upon which was one word only—"Grace." Here the forced calmness gave way, and, bowing his head upon the iron railing, Coleman Hastings broke into that agony of weeping that only a strong man can ever experience. The railing firmly shook under the convulsive sobs that seemed rending his very heart in twain. It was a grief too sacred for any intrusion, and I softly stole away, and walked about amongst the quiet dead, until my friend recovered his composure, and joined me.

"Harry," he said, gently, "do not think me unmanly. I can never tell you how I loved her—and she died of a broken heart!"

"A broken heart!" I cried, in amazement; "when you loved her so devotedly?"

"I cannot explain to you what I hardly understand myself," he replied; "but my mother's last illness was one long delirium. She raved constantly of Grace, and for the first time I suspected that she never really gave way to me about my marriage, but had some scheme to persuade Grace I was playing her false. My cousin Clara, who was like a sister to me, was in Italy, and we corresponded frequently. As far as I could judge from mother's incoherent ravings, some of Clara's letters were altered to appear ardent love epistles, instead of the sisterly documents they really were. I cannot tell exactly. Some keen self-reproach tormented mother, and she was constantly trying to tell me something about Grace. God forgive her if her cruel misrepresentations really shortened that young, pure life!"

We returned, in silence, to the house, and were summoned at once to dinner. It did not surprise me that my host barely touched his food, nor did I wonder that he was sad and thoughtful during the evening. It was still early, when, pleading the fatigue of our journey, he proposed retiring.

We found Mrs. Hurd had made ready for our use two communicating rooms, upon the same floor as the one Coleman had taken me into in the afternoon, but upon the opposite side of a wide hall. I was tired, and soon fell asleep, but Coleman sat up reading, keeping a shaded lamp burning upon his table.

It was after midnight when I heard a gasping cry from Coleman, and, sitting erect in bed, saw, through the open door, a sight that fairly chilled me. Coleman had dropped his book, and, leaning forward with extended arms, his face pale as that of a corpse, was looking at the apparition of his lost love.

Dressed in flowing white garments, the lovely spirit smiled, and seemed to melt away in the dim light at the further end of the apartment. With an appalling cry, Coleman fell headlong upon the floor, in a fainting fit. It was a long time before

I could restore consciousness to the overwrought frame, and before morning he lay tossing in fever. All day I watched beside him, Mrs. Hurd giving motherly care and directions, and seeming to understand the case thoroughly.

"It is wrong to fret," she said, to me; "but if ever there was a sweet angel in the world, it was Miss Grace."

"Were you here when she died?" I asked.

The old woman drew close to me before she spoke, in solemn, mysterious tones. "I was here when she died, but we were all sent away after the funeral—everybody about the place but one old man, and none of us came back till Mrs. Hastings took a notion to go to Europe. She sent for me then, and I hired what girls I pleased. The old man was gone, and nobody about here ever saw him again, though some said he went out West to a married son, and they did say he bragged about having a heap of money. It was strange, altogether. Miss Grace died awful sudden, though the doctor did say her heart was affected. I don't know. We all saw, except Mr. Coleman, that the old lady felt dreadful about the match. Mr. Coleman was very anxious to get married soon, but his mother put it off and put it off, till poor Miss Grace lay in her shroud, and that was the end of it.

She left me then, to attend to household matters, and I returned to the bedside of my friend. He was tranquil, but talked incessantly, in a low tone, of Grace, of the painting, of the sweet face in the coffin, till night shadows fell, and he slept peacefully under the influence of a powerful anodyne.

I heard all the sounds that warned me the household servants were stirring; Mrs. Hurd came in to bring me a pot of coffee, and leave me a bell to summon her if she was needed, and, after a few words, left me again. My watch was drowsily quiet, and I was beginning to feel my eyelids droop, when I heard close beside me a deep sigh. Rousing instantly, I saw a white-robed figure glide past me, and stand by Coleman's bed. The dim light of the shaded lamp was yet sufficient to convince me that again the apparition of Grace Pierson was visiting the scene of her past happiness. The sweet face was that of the painting, but wan and white, the large eyes sad and wistful, and the golden hair hung loosely over the white robe. Yet, as I looked, my heart throbbing rapidly, the conviction stole over me that this was no fleshless ghost, no visitant from another world. Even as the thought forced itself upon me, the white-robed figure moved from the bedside, across the room, across the hall, into the apartment where Coleman had told me the corpse of Grace had lain in her coffin. For a moment that recollection paralyzed me; then I arose, and, crossing the hall, carrying the lamp in my hand, opened the door of the room where the spirit had entered. One glance showed me the prostrate figure of the girl upon the floor, and bending over her, I knew that she lived and breathed, though she lay in a death-like trance.

It was the work of a moment to raise her and place her on a low couch in the room, and then summon Mrs. Hurd.

The good woman, supposing my patient was worse, hurried to my side, and we crossed the hall hastily. The cry the housekeeper gave when she saw the white, prostrate figure on the couch, convinced me that it was, indeed, Grace Pierson who lay there.

"Can the dead come back?" she said. "Is she dead now? Oh! what is it all?"

"She is not dead," I answered, "but insensible. There is some mystery here, but this is no time to talk of it."

"No, no! Get me the hartshorn and some

water from Mr. Coleman's room. Poor dear! pretty dear!"

And, crying bitterly, the good woman worked to restore consciousness to the death-like figure before her. We were chafing the cold hands, forcing wine between the pale lips, and trying every remedy within reach, when, looking up, I saw Coleman, partially dressed, standing in the doorway. Evidently the bustle had wakened him, and he had tried to dress himself. Looking from one to the other in a vague, uncertain way, like one still half asleep, his eyes fell upon the face he had supposed hidden under the sod for six long years. With a cry of "Grace! Grace!" he sprang to her side, and, kneeling beside the couch, rained kisses upon her face, her hair, her hands, calling upon her by every endearing name.

The voice of loving agony accomplished what our restoratives had failed to effect. The great blue eyes opened, and looked into the face bending over them.

"Coleman!" she whispered. "Is it Coleman?"

"Darling!" he answered. "Grace, darling! Oh! if this dream could last, and we never waken."

"You will not let them take me again, Coleman?" she said, in a faint, weary voice. "I have been hiding in the woods since I escaped; but I came here last night, and again to-night. You will let me stay?"

Coleman looked at her, at me.

"Am I really awake?" he gasped. "Grace! Grace here! Not dead!"

"You are awake," I said, "and need all your composure. There has been some foul play here."

Even while I spoke there was a violent ringing of the door-bell, and Mrs. Hurd hurried away. In a moment she returned, and beckoned to me.

"You had better go down," she whispered. "I will stay by them."

I went into the hall, where the housekeeper had lighted a lamp before opening the door. A gentlemanly-looking man, with two sturdy men behind him, stood awaiting me.

"I am sorry to disturb a house at this hour," said the gentlemanly-looking individual; "but one of my patients has been tracked here, and I come to relieve you of the charge."

"Send those men out, and come into the drawing-room," I said. "Now, sir," I added, as he complied with my demand, "who are you, and who is your patient?"

"I am Doctor Varnham," he answered, smoothly, "and have a private insane asylum about five miles from here. My patient is a niece of Mrs. Hastings, now in Europe, and was placed in my care six years ago by that lady."

"You are not aware, then, that Mrs. Hastings is dead?"

"I was not. Her niece escaped from my care three days ago, and we are pretty sure she is in the house. One of my men saw her enter the grounds an hour ago."

"The lady you seek is here, but will not be restored to your care. Mrs. Hastings is dead, and her son is here to attend to the estate. I am his lawyer, and have full authority to say to you that no bills for the care of your patient will be paid in future."

"I must see Mr. Hastings."

"I would strongly advise you not to see him," I said, hotly, "as the lady you have had in custody six years is his promised wife. Her insanity remains to be proved; but it may be hard for you now to see the man who has been grossly deceived about his betrothed wife for six years."

The man's face grew white, but he stammered out something about insults and revenge, and left me. I barred the door, and returned to the room above.

Grace was lying still upon the couch, and Coleman kneeling beside her. As I entered, she said, still in the low voice of extreme weakness:

"I awakened from the death-like trance to find myself an inmate of an insane asylum. I have never been mad, Coleman, though I have feared for my reason in some of the scenes of horror I have witnessed. When I saw you last night, I heard a stir in the next room, and I feared they would take me away again. To-night a man started toward me, and I fled away. But you will not let me go back, Coleman?"

"Never, never, darling!"

"Mr. Coleman," said Mrs. Hurd, "if you do not wish her to die, you must leave her to me a while. She is exhausted. Fannie is making her some soup now, and you must coax her to drink this wine, and then let me get her to bed. You should be down yourself again, too."

Mechanically Coleman obeyed the kindly directions, and we left Grace with Mrs. Hurd, and returned to Coleman's room.

"I can scarcely believe it yet," he said to me. "I could not see a dog suffer as my mother has seen me suffer for six long years!"

"How was it all?" I asked.

"As far as I can understand, Grace took some sleeping-draught that gave the appearance of death. She was conscious of all around her, but held in a numb torpor, unable to move. She knew she was confined, placed in a dim vault; the coffin opened, and she lifted out and put in a carriage by my mother and an old man-servant about the place. A long drive followed, and she was carried into a house. Then she awakened to find herself an inmate of an insane asylum."

We talked of the strange providence that had brought us home at this time, until Mrs. Hurd came in.

"She has eaten a little soup, and is sleeping like a baby," she whispered. "Now, Mr. Coleman, try to sleep yourself. I'll watch Miss Grace as if she was my own child."

I repeated the urging, and Coleman lay down, and was soon in a deep slumber.

There were days to follow of deep anxiety, for the life of the fair girl seemed to hang upon a thread. She was exhausted by the strain of six years, and the three days, when, without food or shelter, she hid in the woods.

But care, good diet, and, above all, hope and love, were successful nurses; and before Christmas there was a quiet wedding, and Coleman Hastings was settled for life amid the ghosts of Pine Hills.

The Sorcerer's Revenge.

THAT sounds rather melodramatic, doesn't it? I can see your nose curling in the most contemptuous manner, and I can hear you say very energetically, "Pooh!" You imagine that you know my marvelous story already—that it is a tale of knights, fair and false dames, villains, castles, dungeons, balsters, poison, duels, and other probabilities of similar character; but it is with the intensest sort of satisfaction that I inform you of your mistake, for my sorcerer was the mildest person possible, and his revenge was from *his* point of view—*his*, you know—a sublime joke.

He had an absurd name—Cousin Rollo, like a Newfoundland dog—the Rollo being a contraction, of Rolloway. But he was very handsome, and big, and cumbersome, and useless, and being also extremely fascinating (without the least intending it—so be overred) many people—not I among the number—called him "The Sorcerer."

A person—even a sorcerer—must have some provocation to revenge, and Cousin Rollo had

his. I gave it him. Yes, it is quite true, strange as the acknowledgment may seem: and this is how the affair was.

Hem! (dear, dear, how long I seem beginning!) Summer before last, Charlotte Raynor—a very pretty friend of mine whom I had not seen since schooldays—came to Cedar Farm to pay me a visit. Cousin Rollo by some accident was at the house about the same period. Of course they met. I can recall this minute the very old tree under which they encountered each other, and the mischief in my tone as I introduced her as Miss Raynor. I also remember quite as well "The Sorcerer's" superbly condescending, "Very glad to-know you, indeed."

He walked with us—such a lazy walk, too!—down the lane to the gate where there were vines of wild fox-grapes (the wildest imaginable, judging by the taste), and, I think, said about seven words. In vain did I, for his own sake, try to draw him out. Count d'Orsay himself, who was so desperately clever in this way, couldn't have done it. So by the time we had got back to the house I was provoked enough to have boxed his ears. Defeating the temptation to do this, I quitted him, and went with Charlotte up-stairs.

"Well, what do you think of him?" I asked, possessed of some faint hope still.

The truth is, I had been writing him up to the skies in a most ridiculous fashion in my letters, and the present misconduct on his part made my rage doubly bitter.

"He seems stupid," said Charlotte, frankly.

"I assure you he is quite the contrary. The most fascinating gift he has is his conversation; but he does not value it. Sometimes he gets these fits of silence."

"He may have been thinking," suggested Charlotte, a little ruefully; "but I must say it was very impolite and ungallant to think in the presence of ladies. But, Marian, why did you introduce me as—?"

"For a reason of my own," I returned, interrupting her question. "I was sorry an instant afterward; but I don't regret it, now, a bit. If you will excuse me a second, I'll go down-stairs and have a quarrel with him."

"Oh, don't quarrel on my account! I forgive him everything."

"Well, I shan't be so lenient," I returned, very earnestly, and then I left her.

Rollo was sitting on the piazza staring dreamily at the last of the sun. He had melting blue eyes, and at this moment a world of poetry seemed to be lying in their liquid depths. Where were his thoughts now? I wondered, as I paused in the doorway. What tender and exquisite conceptions threw their veil over that nobly beautiful face, standing out so clearly in the faint crimson light of the departing day? In the next minute I knew, for he had heard the rustle of my dress.

"Cold chicken for tea again?" he asked.

This was enough to have provoked a saint. I am not a saint, and don't pretend to be.

"I've just been wondering," he continued, "if it is to be the cold corpse of a fowl again; and if it is, you may count me out. That venerable bird we attempted to vanquish last night conquered me, for one, completely."

"Cold chicken is too good for you," I answered.

"You deserve much worse."

"Ah, I never get my deserts, as you know."

"Tell me this: do you intend to continue to treat Miss Raynor as you did this evening?"

"How do you wish me to treat her?"

"Make yourself agreeable."

"And have her fall dead in love with me!" said the wretch. "That would be kind."

"Are you sure you could win her heart, my invincible cousin?"

"Quite."

"Then try it."

"If you insist, I will. Anything to be obliging."

Well, we did *not* have cold chicken at tea that evening; but something or other very much nicer. All I remember about the matter is, that Rollo was entirely himself. He talked charmingly, ate voraciously, looked his best, and cast glances at Charlotte tender enough to have subdued her heart without further struggle.

After tea we went out upon the piazza again. With my purpose in view, I left the two together about nine o'clock. The moon was up, and it was the night and place for sentiment. Rollo did not miss this advantage; but continued his flirtation with greater warmth than ever.

At last came the time for retiring. Charlotte rose.

"Going?" he asked, plaintively.

"Yes. It is half-past ten. I am very decorous," she answered.

"Half-past ten! Impossible!" he said, with most regretful surprise, staring at his watch. "How the time has flown! Miss Raynor, let me assure you that this is the shortest, the delightfulest evening I ever passed."

"Oh, Mr. Sydenham!"

"On my honor! Ah, it is so dull here—that is, it has been," he added, sadly. "My life for the last few years has been one long, long, melancholy, dreary dream."

"Why, I am sure Marian is an interesting girl—extremely entertaining," said the sly Charlotte.

"Yes," he sighed, "Marian is good enough in her way—very good; but then I—I—somehow I—"

And here the theatrical impostor broke down.

"Well, good-night, Mr. Sydenham."

"Won't you—won't you let me shake hands with you?" he asked, his voice quivering. "I should like so much to be a friend of yours—a true friend. Ah, me, Miss Raynor, it is a bitter thing to say at my age that I never had one!"

She gave him her hand, and he pressed it. At last he let it go, and turned from her. She pretended to go in and away; but, with me, whom she beckoned from my hiding-place, stole back on her tip-toes, and listened.

"A-a-gh!" we heard him sigh, taking a cigar from his pocket. "Quite neatly done, by Jove! Poor thing, she's gone—struck dead—quite through! But it's not my fault, luckily."

Then he sat down again, and smoked, and thought—perhaps, as before, of the poetical subject of cold chicken.

The flirtation continued, of course, next day. The lovers—I shall call them lovers to save roundabout expressions—rode out together. It was not a very spirited ride, so Charlotte afterward told me, from an equestrian point of view; for "The Sorcerer" was still winding his charm. They merely dawdled along, making dreamy love—though never uttering it directly—and were, upon the whole, very happy. There is something delicious, you know, even in make-believe.

In the evening it rained, so the piazza again was, of course, out of the question. But the piano indoors did nearly as well. Rollo could sing (a trumpet, sweet baritone), and his music was consistently that of passion. Charlotte sang also in the same strain, and then they sang together. Piano-strings and heart-strings have strange, bewildering sympathy, and they certainly appeared to find it so.

How much I should like to continue in detail this marvelous flirtation! But alas! my foolish little pen has run away from my fingers already, and I must call it back. You have concluded some paragraphs ago that Charlotte and I were conspirators. It is quite true. We had banded

together to mortify my handsome cousin's vanity and self-conceit.

Success—the success I aimed at—seemed after a week or two to be approaching very slowly. I rather blamed my ally, and, in fact, I took her to task.

"Charlotte," said I, "you don't encourage him enough."

"I don't! What more would you have me do? Assault him violently with my displays of affection?"

"Not at all; but—but—well, you are a woman, and you should know."

The next event—we were always having "events" in our part of the country—was a sort of picnic on an eminently unhistorical spot called "Balboa's Peak." Nothing that I could find out had ever happened at this place; but we considered it very famous, and decidedly our point of interest.

We rode there, having made quite a large party, and encamped exactly in the shadow of the summit. And for an hour or two, in various ways, we had a good deal of wild amusement. But what furnished me with the most pleasure was to perceive the change which had gradually come over Cousin Rollo. He lay under a tree smoking, drinking occasionally of some champagne we had skillfully decanted (and spoiled, of course), and staring dreamily at Charlotte. She was, with several others, engaged in an exciting game of parlor billiards—the board having been laid upon some boxes, and serving very well indeed under the circumstances. Her face was shadowed by the most amazing little straw hat, and her figure came out well in a dress of blue and green. As she flitted about in humming-bird fashion she was certainly remarkably pretty, and it was easy to perceive that her beauty and fascination were at last taking effect.

The billiards done, lazy Rollo rose and yawned, and dawdled over.

"How bored you must be, after that dreary game!" he said to Charlotte, looking down into her shy eyes.

"Not very much bored," she answered. "Why?"

"Let us walk. There's shade over yonder, and we can be cool as we please. Have some champagne?"

She declined, and they at once set off. I felt my heart beat hopefully, for I thought the end of my scheming was nigh. Together they went, saying very little until they were quite hidden from us by the trees. But once out of view, and assured of the safety of the retreat, they, with significant abruptness, grew weary and sat down.

"The Sorcerer" disposed himself in such a position as to lose nothing for want of room, and this was done by loling upon the sward (bow affected this sounds!) at his unsuspecting victim's feet.

"Charlotte!" he said, in a half whisper.

She blushed, and trifled with a ribbon.

"I am very miserable!"

"You, Mr. Sydenham?"

"Yes; nearly a broken man. This smile, I sometimes wear when I can call it up, is a hollow mask; the tone of my voice now and then detect in my voice is false—is a hideous lie!"

She gave vent to a pretty little shriek, and placed her hand upon his lips. He took the hand away, but held it.

"Will you promise not to be offended if I confess all?"

"I—I hope you have not done anything wrong, Mr. Sydenham. I hope you have not been guilty of any crime."

"I am guilty; but it is for you to say whether of a crime. I love you!"

His head dropped upon her knee.
She burst into the merriest of mocking laughter as she cried.

"Oh, you are jesting, Mr. Sydenham! You don't love me, I know."

"I do—I worship you! It began in foolish flirtation; it has ended in real, mad passion. Oh, I shall die if you do not marry me before another month has passed!"

She laughed again.

"Marry you? I could never do that. It is impossible!"

"Impossible! No, no; it is easy—it is necessary."

"I assure you it is utterly impossible; and it is a great crime, indeed, for you to even pretend you love me."

"A crime! How?"

"Don't you know how?" asked Miss Innocence. "I am sure you do."

"I do not know," he returned, earnestly.

"Oh, dear! what a strange thing! Why, Mr. Sydenham, I am married already!"
He bounded to his feet, and glared down upon her.

"Married already!" he repeated, hoarsely.

"Yes, for a whole year. I am Mrs. Charlotte Raynor, undoubtedly."

He seemed frantic and bewildered; but he had comprehended all. Shame and mortification, mingled with fierce rage, filled his handsome face, and made it contorted.

"Let us return," were his next words, in a low voice. "This indignity is Marian's work as well as yours. She shall pay for it, by heaven!"

Charlotte acknowledged afterward that she was really terrified; and, indeed, when he had come back to our little camp, and I saw the dangerous light in his eyes, so was I.

"You have won now," he hissed in my ear; "but those laugh best who laugh last."

And with these words he mounted his horse and rode away.

Two hours afterward the picnic broke up, and Charlotte and I went home together, both very penitent. At the house I learned that Rollo had taken his baggage, and gone to the station, half a mile distant, without any explanation or farewell.

I wrote to him immediately, apologizing and regretting most humbly; but he took no notice. I wrote again, appealing to his tenderest feelings in all the ways I could think of; but still ineffectively. Then I gave him up.

My surprise was consequently great, when, about a year afterward, I received from him the following note:

"DEAREST MARIAN—I made a fool of myself to get angry with you about the imposition you and Mrs. Raynor practiced upon me; and I apologize, hoping I may be forgiven. The only means you can adopt to satisfy me of your forgiveness are an immediate acceptance of the invitation I now extend you to visit me in Matchleigh—or, rather I should say, *vs.* My sister is very ill—indeed, confined to her room, and as I have a friend stopping with me, and no means to entertain him, I am almost in despair."

I was very glad to make our quarrel up, and I wrote that I should come at once; and two days afterward, after a great deal of railroading and staging, the ancient village of Matchleigh, from owning a population of 249, had increased in this regard to a population of 250.

I met Rollo, looking better than ever, at his door, holding out his arms in the most hospitable and cousinly manner, and I flew into them to receive the kiss of reconciliation.

"Now let me see sis," said I, meaning his sister.

"No," he returned, rather gravely; "impossible at present. The fact is, we don't know what

is really the matter with her. To be on the safe side, the doctor has warned everybody off for the present."

I expressed natural regret, and then we went in. Shown my room, it did not take long for me to refresh after the fatigue and disorder of travel. Dinner was very near when I descended, and went into the library.

There I perceived, sitting on a lounge, in an easy, graceful attitude, a man perhaps thirty years of age. He was tall, slender, and dark—dark hair, dark eyes, dark dress. He was yawning over a book, from which he lazily raised his eyes as I shut the door.

I felt, as was very natural, much embarrassed, and did not know whether to retreat or advance. He relieved me by rising, with a smile on his face, bowing, and pushing forward a chair.

"Pardon me, but this is Miss Latham, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Rollo should be here to introduce us; but as he is not, we will introduce ourselves. I am Major Lockwood, his friend."

I don't remember what reply I made, for I was still quite duttered; but I sat down, and he began to talk. He showed me the book he held, which was an edition of Sardou's plays—the "Benoitton," and I don't know what else; and it was of plays he spoke. Though the subject was of small interest to me, he made it very tolerable, and permitted me to see that he was exceedingly clever.

In the midst of the conversation Rollo entered. "Good friends already!" he exclaimed. "I am glad to see that, as it saves me the bore of introducing."

Dinner was presently announced, and I went into the next room on the major's arm.

The wine seemed to produce a singular change in him. My first impression—produced it is impossible to say by what means—had been that he was naturally of a grave and reserved character, and that in talking about plays, actors, light literature, etc., he was, through consideration for me, unbending himself. But now my ideas changed entirely. I concluded, after listening to him for some time silently, and with close attention, that he was rather frivolous than not—the frivolity making uneasiness and *awkward*. His wit was refined enough, but fantastic; and this whimsical fashion of dealing occasionally with very serious things increased my wonder more and more.

Another matter which I observed was the understanding that seemed to exist between Major Lockwood and Rollo. Two or three times their eyes met, quick signals were interchanged in the mere glance, and if the former had been talking especially wildly, he ceased; or, if he had been silent, he commenced to talk again.

At last I determined to exercise useless conjectures no longer than I should be able to have conference with Rollo alone. The opportunity came when dinner was over, and the major had gone to his room.

"How do you like my friend?" asked Rollo, smoking *as usual*.

"Very much; but he is odd, I think."

"My dear Marian, a man of his wealth, talents, and experience together, has the right to be anything. He is fabulously rich, cousin."

"Why has he wandered down here to Matchleigh?"

"His whim and my persistent solicitation."

"How long will he remain?"

"It is uncertain."

Hoping you will gather as much as you may from the last seven or eight paragraphs, I shall proceed more rapidly.

After two or three days I was really astonished

to observe how well Major Lockwood and I had become acquainted. We were together almost constantly, and he had won upon me more than any person of his sex (*I think*) had ever succeeded in doing before. The frivolity of his conversation insensibly made itself felt rather as a charm than otherwise; and, despite the dark eyes, hair, and complexion, he appeared handsome.

So, more than a week passed, and as Rollo's sister was fairly on the way to convalescence, I felt happy.

But, one evening a shock disturbed the serenity of our moral atmosphere, so unexpected, that it dashed nearly all my pleasure to the ground.

Cousin Rollo was a great favorite with everybody at Mutchleigh, and especially with his own



GALLE AND THE CINQALÉ. E.—SEE PAGE 371.



GOING TO GATHER FLOWERS.—SEE PAGE 371.

sex. Some of his gentleman friends had come down from the metropolis to get his aid in an enterprise they had formed, and they paid, on the evening of their call, rather a long visit. The news of their presence seemed to disconcert Ma-

jor Lockwood greatly; but he saw me to my room, and descended, much as it was against his will, again to the library.

I had been reading about two hours, and was half asleep, when suddenly from below a terrible

shriek rang out. Immediately there was a hurrying of feet, a noise of scuffling, shouts and cries, and then all was once more silence.

It is needless to describe my alarm, nor the relief I felt when, about twelve o'clock, Cousin Rollo, very grave and frightened, entered my room.

"Marian, I must apologize to you for the brawling you have, no doubt, heard; but it shall not occur again. Those people who called on me were some literary and theatrical fellows from town, and one confounded idiot drank till he made even a greater fool of himself than he naturally is. I warned them Lockwood would stand no nonsense."

"What has happened?" I asked, more alarmed than before.

"Nothing absolutely serious; at least, I hope so, for your sake. The fact is, at the moment the wine began to circulate, one of my fine friends took it into his weak head to have a lark with Lockwood. The major stood it pretty well for a while, but at last got angry, insulted his tormentor grossly, and there was a row—a serious row. Lockwood would have torn him to pieces if we hadn't pulled him off. As it is, he swears to leave Matchleigh at the moment he can quit his room, which is impossible at present on account of—*is short, not to put too fine a point on it—a black eye.*"

"This is disgraceful, Rollo!" said I, reproachfully.

"I know that as well as you. Lockwood is dead struck with you, and wouldn't have you see that mournful optic for all his money. So be sure, when you meet him again, to make no reference to it."

Two or three days afterward, Rollo's sister, now completely recovered, gave a party. She was to descend from her chamber of illness—whence she had not emerged—in full dress, and give us all a dramatic surprise.

That night the weather was stifling, and it was astonishing that any one should attend. But the parlors were full, and when the orchestra struck up, in walked, on her brother's arm, the recovered invalid.

Sis, as we called her, except for a little pallor, looked well as I had ever seen her. I went up and spoke to her, among the first.

"How odd it is that I should be here so many days without seeing or speaking to you! But it was your fault, traitress!"

She laughed, and told me of her fondness for "dramatic surprises" like the one she had prepared, and then others approached and separated us. But where was Major Lockwood? I had looked at my watch twenty times. Would he not come? All through the dances (warm amusement, I assure you) I hoped, and hoped, and hoped. Just as I was about to give up, I perceived him in the doorway. He beckoned me, and I went over. The music was crashing its wildest, and the dancers whirling their maddest, when he took my hand and drew me into the hall.

"I do not wish to be seen here," he said, rapidly; "let us go out into the grounds."

I placed my arm in his mechanically, and we passed through the front door, and down the piazza-steps.

You know how houses are situated in a village like Matchleigh.

We went on silently till we reached a rustic fence, railing in the garden. Then we paused, the stars out, the moon shining down upon us, a waterfall tumbling in the distance, the air sick with languor and perfume.

"I go away to-morrow," he said, abruptly.

"Why so soon?" I asked.

"Do not demand to know that. Let me make speak my heart before I leave you. I love you!"

Old words, old words, yet ever new! I trembled.

"Yes," he continued, in a strange tone, "that is the fatality of our race—to love! If I could only pity as well as love!"

He uttered this sentence mournfully; his voice died away in a faint whisper.

I stared at him, surprised.

"But mercy dwells not in this bosom, alas! for you! I love you, and all that I love must perish!"

His dark eyes began to glitter fiercely. He drew forth a long, lithe stiletto. Its blade quivered like the tongue of a serpent.

I was too terrified to do anything but stare at him with uplifted hands.

"You must die, Marian, here! Your hour has come! Heaven has decreed it!"

He advanced toward me.

"Help! help!" I shrieked.

By an amazing effort, I recovered the use of my limbs, and ran—ran, I knew not whither, screaming for assistance.

He followed, still holding above his head the gleaming dagger.

"Do not seek to escape me!" he shouted, "for it is useless. I love you, and my love is death."

I gave one last scream as he closed upon me, and flung me to the ground. I saw the moon, the stars, heard the distant cataract, inhaled the soft perfume of the night, and then became unconscious.

When I awoke from my stupor, a crowd of the ball-room guests, many with lights and torches, stood around me.

They bore me back to the house, and placed me upon a sofa. For the first time I discovered that I had been wounded slightly in the arm. The party was already broken up; in an hour all the guests had gone.

Two weeks afterward I left Matchleigh, and went home. Immediately upon my arrival—or nearly so—the following letter reached me:

"MATCHLEIGH, September 3d.

"DEAREST COUSIN—Though you asked for no explanation, I feel it my duty to give one. I have had my revenge. Blessed thought! It is odd that so clever a person as you should have failed to discover my absurd friend Lockwood's fracture in the upper story; and it is especially odd that you did not suspect something after that little row on the evening my literary and theatrical friends visited me. Literary and theatrical friends? I nearly expire, lazy as I am, with laughter when I think of it. My dear innocent, had you once caught a glance of those ingenious gentlemen, you certainly could not have been further deceived. Keepers of a lunatic asylum are unmistakable like policemen in plain clothes. If you caused me to love a married woman, I caused you in my turn to adore a lunatic. Who has had the best of it? We are enemies now, of course, which is very proper, for you were getting too fond of me entirely. Adieu. R."

Yes, he had plotted for revenge, and had accomplished it. Major Lockwood was indeed insane, and the brawling I had heard was caused by his resistance to the persons who had come to conduct him to an asylum. Upon Rollo's promises they gave up the idea until I should go away from Matchleigh; and what the result of this indiscretion was you have seen.

After reading the infamous letter printed above, I took a copy of it, for use here, and then burned it. Its author and I never wrote or spoke to each other again. I try not to hate him, and I have already succeeded so far, that I merely—despise him.

Going to Gather Flowers.

Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers?
Who its love without them can fancy—or sweet
floor,
Who shall even dare
To say they sprang not there,
And came not down that Love might bring one
piece of heaven the more!
Oh, pray believe that angels,
From those blue dominions,
Brought them on their white laps down 'twixt
their golden pinions.
I haste to cull these treasures,
Matchless works and pleasures,
Every one a marvel more than thought can say!
I revel in the flowers
That light on fields and bowers,
And in their lavish sweetness half stifle wanton
May.
Then haste, fair maid, nor linger,
But gather in, fair singer—
What blossoms like thy own sweet self this
weary world illumines.

Galle and the Cingalese.

THE chief items in the modern trade of Galle are coal for the steamers, and specie imported, as silver from Bombay, and gold from Australia. The contrasts to be seen in the harbor are curious; passengers (generally in the beautifully slender outrigger canoes of the Cingalese) are landing from or embarking in the great steamers (those modern triumphs of navigation), while the primitive dhonies from the Maldives (formed sometimes entirely of the products of the cocoa-nut tree) are sending on shore their lading of salt fish, mats, cowries, and tortoiseshell. Side by side, too, we may see a vessel with coals from Cardiff, and one with ice from Wenham Lake; the contrasted crystals, dark and bright, glancing in the sun; blocks of solidified heat from the repositories of the geologic ages in the Old World, and masses of intensified cold from the waters of the New.

Galle is famous for its carved furniture in ebony, calamander, satin, and other cabinet woods. Dressing-cases and work-boxes, ornamented with porcupine quills; models of elephants cut in ebony and ivory; paper-weights and knife-handles made of elephants' grinders (never to be confounded with the tusks, though the latter are in commerce denominated "teeth"); with tortoiseshell bracelets, chains, paper-knives, and other articles more or less useful and ornamental will be pressed on the attention of visitors. And when the Moorman lapidary or peddler approaches with the famous gems of Ceylon, visions of Arabian Nights' splendor are conjured up, and the stranger will feel as Miss Jewsbury (Mrs. Fletcher) felt when she touched at Ceylon, *en route* to India:

"And when engirdled figures crave
Hed to thy oscom's glittering store;
I see Aladdin in his cave—
I follow Sinbad on the shore."

Our illustration on page 368 shows the dress of the Cingalese of Galle, who are not all, however, of one race.

A Month's Memory.

"LIFE has no place for regrets, Mr. Edgerly."
"I sometimes think it has place for nothing else, Miss Winchester. What a Summer this has been!"

"Yes, and now the Summer is past. But the harvest is not ended, so I can't fit the two parts of the text together. Do you remember that frightful sermon we heard at the camp-meeting two weeks ago? 'Ugh!' with a little shiver; 'it was enough to make one's flesh creep prematurely—the worm that dieth not!' what a horrible idea! and to preach such things, too! Why, it is all I can do to conceive of such a thing as death, and as for hell—I don't believe there's such a place!"

Small wonder. What had death to do with this glorious young creature, with the very wine of life flowing through her veins? She looked immortal in her beauty, the lovely flush on her face, the sunlight on the burnished hair, the gems upon the white neck and exquisite arms which gleamed through the black lace draperies.

"I don't wonder you find it hard to believe," her companion replied, as he looked at her. "Do you believe in eternal youth, Miss Winchester?"

"Yes, and in everything that makes life attractive, and fills up the days with the pleasures they were meant to hold. Can you imagine me in gray hair and spectacles, Mr. Edgerly?"

"Hardly," he answered, laughing at her fancy; "but somehow I wanted to speak of the past and present, and you have gone a long way off into the future. I am going home to-morrow."

"To-morrow! I had not supposed you thought of leaving so soon. A sudden decision, is it not?"

"No. I have said nothing about it, for it was not a pleasant thought to me."

"And you believe with the philosopher, that 'the art of life is to avoid everything disagreeable.' I quite agree with you."

"But, unfortunately, disagreeable things cannot always be avoided. Do you know how I dread to say 'Good-by' to you, Miss Winchester?"

"Why, it cannot be very difficult to pronounce a word of two syllables, can it? If so, I would advise you to do as I used to do with the 'sevens' in my multiplication table—skip it. I never *could* remember 'seven times nine,' and am in a fog now as to whether it makes eighty-one or sixty-four."

Of the track again, and apparently without an effort. He looked at her curiously, and with a quicker heart-beat than usual, for this woman held his life in her hands, and he must know what she would do with it.

"I cannot 'skip it,' as you recommend, Miss Winchester. These four weeks have taken me very near heaven, but I must leave it now, unless I can enter in and possess the kingdom."

No mistaking him this time. He held her hands close in his, and his eyes searched her face for his answer. It was downcast and troubled, the smile gone, and instead a little tremble about the delicate mouth.

Two young men abruptly opened the door of the smoking-room, which led out on that corner of the piazza, and Mr. Edgerly and his companion resumed their walk, gravely and more slowly than before.

"Margaret," he said, softly—"for it is always Margaret in my heart—you have given me the right to expect an answer to the question which you knew would sooner or later—"

"Oh, dear!" she interrupted, impatiently, "I've torn my dress;" and she dropped his arm to examine the rent. "I must have caught it on a nail. Too bad, isn't it? Now, Mr. Edgerly, you will excuse me, won't you, while I go in search of my sister, to repair damages. I generally find her, with needle and thread in hand, expecting me, for I'm in a chronic state of needing to be *sewed up*."

There was no smile on his face. Instead a white,

fixed look, which startled her even in the dim August twilight.

"But my answer, Miss Winchester?" The grasp of his hand on her arm hurt her. "When may I see you again?"

"I—if—this evening—yes," she stammered, confusedly, and left him standing in the hall, while she went hurriedly up-stairs to her own room.

"Such an escape!"

Margaret Winchester dropped breathlessly into the nearest chair, and fanned herself violently.

"What now, Maggie?"

Her sister Mary, sitting quietly by the window, with a book in her lap, did not seem particularly curious or sympathetic. Margaret's scrapes and escapes were too common to excite much comment.

"Oh, Mr. Edgerly captured me half an hour ago on the piazza. I've been afraid of him for a week, for I knew what was coming. I did everything I could to prevent his saying it—even started a theological discussion—think of that!—but it was of no use. I pretended I had torn my dress—expected he would express sympathy and distress over such a lamentable accident; not a bit of it. I could only get away at all by promising an answer to-night. Oh, dear!"

"Margaret," and there was a touch of pity in the tone, "I'm afraid there will be a great many 'oh dears' in your life before you get through with it. Your faculty for getting yourself and others into trouble is unlimited. What do you mean to do with young Edgerly? I warned you long ago. If you could show him no consideration, one would suppose your own self-respect and Colonel Reade would have——"

"Don't mention him," with a little shrug of the shoulders; "he would kill me if he knew. Do you know, I am sometimes so afraid of him that——" Another "oh dear" crept in between the words. "Mary, I'd give the world if I had not got to marry Colonel Reade."

Her sister gazed at her blankly.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know what I mean."

She rose and paced the floor excitedly.

"We need his money badly enough," with a little harsh laugh, "and Fifth Avenue is preferable to Fourth Street, of course. I love wealth and I love position, and I took them because they were offered, I suppose. Anybody would have done the same, wouldn't they?"

She faced herself in the glass, and gazed at the reflection with troubled eyes.

"Mary, there's no use in deceiving oneself, though it is a very easy thing to do, as I am beginning to find out. I don't suppose you ever considered me a marvel of devotion to Colonel Reade. I liked him well enough, of course, but—I wish I was out of it."

Her sister's face was a study as she gazed out of the window, but she gave no sign that she heard her.

"If it was you, now, that he was engaged to, it would be an example of the fitness of things. You are so much more suitable every way, and, if the truth was told, probably like him quite as well as I do. Mary, what *shall* I do with John Edgerly?"

"Margaret Winchester"—her sister had risen and stood before her, stern and angry—"for once let common sense and principle influence you. I never knew till now that I had a sister mean enough to pretend love for a man whose money was the sole object of her affection. I am glad you are honest at last, though you have duped me as skillfully as you have him. If you love John Edgerly, tell him so; if not, ask him

to forgive you, if he can, for the mischief you have done."

She went out, and the door swung to heavily. Margaret, crouching on the floor, with her head on a little footstool, wept miserable tears, and weighed, as many a woman has done before and since, love and lucre in the scale of her affections.

"I cannot afford it," was the decision reached at last. "John Edgerly's affection is too costly a luxury for me. I can't pay the price;" and the tears started afresh, and she hated herself for allowing him to come so gradually into her heart. "But Colonel Reade won't be here for a week yet. He need never know. I must have some happiness to-night. I will let him love me—I will let him——" and the burning face was buried in her hands, with the thought unfinished—"then I must tell him, I suppose. It won't be harder for him than for me, at any rate. It's dreadful—everything is. Oh, dear me!"

"My darling, I dared to hope for this. I knew you did not mean to kill me at the last—yes, kill me, for it would have been the same as that to send me away from you. I never lived till now."

The quick music rang out from the ball-room in jubilant strains, which chimed with the triumph in his tones.

He held her close, as if he could never let her go, kissed the red lips and the sunny hair, looking at her as a man only looks at the woman who makes his world.

"Tell me again, Margaret, that you *do* love me—tell me——"

"You know it, but——"

She sat upright a moment, and put her hand over her eyes.

"But suppose I should tell you——"

"You cannot tell me anything that I dread to hear now. You are mine for always, Margaret;" and the face was down upon his breast again.

"I beg your pardon"—a deep voice, with a strange vibration in it, and they started suddenly. "I had no idea I should be so *mal à propos*. I was told that I should find Miss Winchester here. I fancied I had some claim on the lady which warranted my intrusion; but, as she is yours—for always—with fearful emphasis on the slowly uttered words—"I must have been mistaken."

Margaret did not look up; she could not. A little gasping cry, that was all, and she sat quite still.

"Some claim, sir?" repeated John Edgerly, standing erect. "Please explain, if I understood you."

There was perfect calmness and courtesy in the tone. No suspicion as yet of the truth.

"Simply the claim which a man has upon his betrothed wife. Miss Winchester has been engaged to me for half a year. Of course, under these circumstances, I resign my right to her henceforth. Allow me to tender you my hearty congratulations upon your acquisition of *such a woman*! Good-evening," and the courtly Colonel Reade was gone again.

A horrible silence. They did not even look at one another. At last:

"Margaret, is it true—what this man says?"

No answer. The guilty face hidden, the head bowed upon the hands.

"You don't speak," in a rough voice, terribly shaken; "well, I don't wonder. What could you say? How easily women send men to the devil—such women as you, you beautiful—*kar!*"

Not a sound from the cowering woman before him. His wrath melted suddenly. The agony of a great grief asserted itself.

"You might, at least, have been honest with me. If you could not have given me your love, you could have let me believe in your truth and

honor. That's gone, too, now. Why did I ever know you?

She looked up at last, timidly, and put out both her hands.

"Have you no mercy, when I love you so?" she whispered.

"Please, spare me any further exhibitions of your hypocrisy, Miss Winchester. I believe—my God! how I believed in you an hour ago!—I believe there *is* a hell, and my worst wish for you is, that, as you have thrust me into it, you may escape it yourself."

The *Cosmopolitan*, bound for Liverpool, had been out two days. On the third, two ladies, both in deep mourning, and leading a beautiful four-year-old boy between them, came up on deck, where Captain Hayward found comfortable seats for them, and lingered to talk a few moments.

"A chilly day, Mrs. Reade. Look out, my little man, or the wind will have you off, your legs there!"

A tall, slender man, with his face partly hidden by the shawl wrapped about him, caught the

name, and stopped short in his measured pacing to and fro. The thoughts crowding through John Edgerly's mind were extremely bitter ones. He recognized the sisters at the first glance, and stood watching them, secure himself from observation.

"So he married her, after all. Did he love her as I did, I wonder? Oh, Margaret Winchester, heaven grant that the gall and wormwood you gave me to drink may never be held to your lips!"

A little movement on her part caused him to resume his solitary promenade.

"Will her husband recognize me, I wonder? I could scarcely see him in that dimly lighted room seven years ago. Seven years! I have changed some in seven years. Perhaps Margaret would not know me now."

A sudden impulse led him to walk near her. She lifted her eyes, looked at him wonderingly for an instant, and then sprang to her feet. There was no further test needed. He regretted that he had made the experiment.

"I accidentally heard your name spoken a few



A MONTH'S MEMORY.—"MARGARET DID NOT LOOK UP; SHE COULD NOT. A LITTLE-GASPING CRY, THAT WAS ALL, AND SHE SAT QUITE STILL. 'SOME CLAIM, SIR?' REPEATED JOHN EDGERLY, STANDING ERECT."

minutes ago, Mrs. Reade. I had no idea we were fellow-passengers."

Her face was colorless. The old beautiful flush had faded years before.

"You mistake, sir. My sister—Mary, you remember, Mr. Edgerly. This is Mrs. Reade, Mr. Edgerly; her child, too. It is six months since her husband died."

Courteous greetings were exchanged. A good many little things fall into a gulf of seven years, which are easily ignored, and it is not worth while to look down too deep.

"Then you are Miss Winchester still?"

"For always, Mr. Edgerly."

The words were unfortunate. They jarred a chord which led a long ways back, and both recalled the time when a similar sentence had been uttered and repeated.

"Do you remain abroad long, Mrs. Reade?" he said, turning toward her.

"Probably for many years. I may never return, in fact. My husband's relatives are all in England, and my future home is with them."

This woman had loved her husband, and sincerely mourned him.

The "fitness of things" had been demonstrated in this case, and the union had been a happy one.

"And you, Miss Winchester?"

"Mary has made me promise to stay with her for a while, at least—a year or two, perhaps."

"And then?"

She shook her head.

"I never look into the future, Mr. Edgerly."

"You were not averse to it once. I remember your asking me if I could imagine you in spectacles and gray hair. You have not reached them yet."

"Not quite. Doubtless they are waiting for me, though. I shall get to them in time."

"You once considered them great calamities. Are you reconciled to the prospect?"

"Certainly. I hope I am a wiser woman than I was then."

Perhaps she was. At least she was a graver and sadder one. Less beautiful than in the old time, not less lovable, as he realized full well.

Her sister and the child had strolled away a little distance. They were quite alone.

"Your life has been happy one, I trust, Miss Winchester?"

She flashed at him a quick look; then her eyes fell, and the tears filled them.

"As happy as I deserved. And yours?"

"My chance for happiness died long ago. I have had but one thing to live upon during these seven years."

"And that?"

"A month's memory."

A little pause. She could not lift her eyes, lest he should see the tears they held.

"I loved you, Margaret. It may be strange, but I love you just as well to-day."

"You could not trust me. Well, I was not worthy of it. Perhaps if you knew all, you would say my punishment had been sufficient. But tell me, if you can, that you have forgiven me. I will ask nothing more."

I don't think she doubted it in the next moment when she looked up into his face. If she had sinned, she had also suffered; and so was she forgiven, "for she loved much."

The Timon Blood.

SEMANTHA'S STORY.

It was the Timon blood that did it. The Timon blood was Indian!

I recollect the first day I took service at Birchlands. I had come to tend the squire, who had the gout, and was so cross nobody could live with him—at least, if they cared for being snapped and snarled at, as if he were a caged hyena. The gout makes one a terrible sufferer, I know, but old Squire Clare was high-handed in his younger days. He had a florid face and bloodshot eyes, sitting up there in his chamber, nursing his bandaged foot; but I remember him a slim, fair young man, trim and gay, and going with Mary Timon.

Mary Timon was old Doctor Nettleby's adopted daughter, but she was an Indian girl. He brought her right off the Iowa Reservation when she was two years old, adopted and educated her; and, though she was swarthy and wild-looking, she was handsome as a queen at sixteen years old; I can't help but say that for her.

That long, black hair of hers hung below her knee. She had a color in her cheeks like the red in an opal, and eyes that seemed to have a spell in them.

I've watched her riding with her father, wheeling on that black horse of hers, her jetty hair floating out like a banner, her odd face all in the sun, with something wild and exultant in it. She loved the sun and the wind, and would run, bare-headed, over the hills of Sutherland, like a deer.

Well, when the young squire married her, it made trouble in his family, for there is a prejudice against Indian blood, you know; and, though Mary Timon was the belle of the town, there were many who shrank from having their blood handed down by an Indian woman.

But Squire Clare was, as I said, high-handed. He loved Mary Timon, and he married her, though all his relations waged war on him.

Well, she bore him two children. They were daughters. Peace was the oldest, and, like the squire, fair and fresh-colored, with blue eyes. The youngest, Mabel, was a Timon.

They called her Mab. And, really, she was more like an Indian than her mother.

Mary Timon grew pale and mild, with nursing her children and tending her house; but Mab came up, dark and wild and graceful as a young panther. She had a furious temper, her nurse has told me, but her father idolized her, and the family were all warned not to provoke her.

The morning I came to Birchlands, those girls were fifteen and sixteen years old. The housekeeper was showing me the way to the squire's room, when there came a bounding on the great oak stair, and we heard a voice a-singing:

"We were two daughters of one race,

She was the fairest in the face;

The wind is blowing in turret and tree!"

and down danced Mab Clare. She had on a boating dress, all of scarlet, and her black hair, beautiful, almost, as her mother's, hung loose on her shoulders, and she had a bow and arrows in her hand.

"Peace and I are going to Green Island. Don't expect us back until night, Aunt Phoebe," she said to the housekeeper, and went on, without giving me so much as a look, though I couldn't keep my eyes off her.

"How proud she looks!" said I to Phoebe Brown. She appeared as if she were going to speak, but didn't, and we went on to the squire's chamber.

Well, I had my hands full, right off, with the old man, you may believe. His wife had been dead a year, and Peace had been trying to tend him, but couldn't very well; and he was that unreasonable and exacting, that I had to set my foot down, as if he were a child, and refuse to yield to half his requirements. If I hadn't, I

wouldn't have got a wink of sleep, or moment of rest, from one week's end to another.

Well, it was a great, handsome, disorderly house; for, what with Phoebe Brown being a raid of the squire's temper, and these girls tramping off over the country at all hours of the day and night, there was no mistress to it. Peace was a large, fair, quiet girl, and would, perhaps, have staid quietly at home, but Mab must be always ranging, and she took Peace with her—Peace and Archie Cameron.

Cameron was a young Scotsman, and his heart was set on the eldest of the squire's daughters—you could have told that with half an eye. And he was rich and a favorite with the squire, and all might have gone well but for the coming of Eugene Luxare into the town.

He was a young French doctor. He came first on a visit to Rutherford. And after his first visit to Birchlands—what brought him I don't know—he was there all the time.

The two young men were both loving Peace Clare. As for Mab, she would have none of their courting; but she was young—her time had not come.

She loved her sister, though, and was proud of her. And she favored Archie Cameron for Peace's husband.

At length Peace was wearing Cameron's ring. I thought Doctor Luxare would quit coming to Birchlands after that, but he didn't. The four were riding, and boating, and walking, more than ever.

When Fall came, Archie Cameron was called to Scotland. An uncle there had left him some property. He'd better have married Peace then, and taken her with him; but he didn't, and so I have this awful story to tell.

Cameron went to Glasgow. He was gone all Winter, and Peace never heard a word from him.

A shadow was over the house; all was changed from the old, lively ways. Peace mourned like a dove, and Mab, with her great, glooming eyes, looked dangerous.

One day Doctor Luxare rode up, as he often did, on his little white mare Zephyr. He was a slight, dark man, beautiful as Lucifer, I used to think—for I never liked him.

He came up on the piazza where the girls were sitting, and I heard him tell them that Archie Cameron was married to a young lady in Glasgow.

Peace did not speak, but got up to go in the house, and fell down in a swoon.

Well, her heart was nigh broken. She loved Archie Cameron true; and we all had thought he was fonder than life of her.

Her health failed, and Mab (who was savage-like to every one else) tended her like a baby. The love between those sisters was beautiful.

Doctor Luxare was there every day with his hot-house flowers and fruit, and his books and pictures, for Peace. It's a wonder that none of us suspected the truth. But he kept on, and managed his case, and by-and-by Peace was engaged to him.

But she wasn't the Peace of the Summer before. She looked five years older. Her girlhood seemed all gone, though she wasn't eighteen years old. It was a dreadful thing—her disappointment.

Then Doctor Luxare was in a hurry to be married. Mab opposed this. She had always quarreled with him, constant; but he had his way, as he had always done, for Mab fell sick of a fever, and he had Peace to himself, and overpersuaded her. It seemed as if he cast some kind of spell over the poor girl.

When Mab was better, they were all ready to be married. Mab was only able to sit in her chair

and see the ceremony, her face white as her dress. But the excitement brought out two coal-red spots on her cheeks.

But Peace was not to go away from Birchlands until Mab was able to travel with them. And a fortnight went by.

But the sick girl's spirits did not come back. She sat still and brooded. Her eyes had an evil look, I thought. And it was plain to be seen that she hated Doctor Luxare. She hated him, then, for marrying Peace.

Well, one day there came to her a letter under cover to her father. So I found out it was from Archie Cameron, in Glasgow.

I've read that letter since she died, and know how he besought her, by past happy times, when she treated him as a sister, to tell him why, in the long eight months, Peace (whom he loved with all his heart and soul and man's honor) had not written to him. It was plain to be seen that he loved her true, and had never thought of marrying another. When I gave the letter to Mab, she had been sitting all day in the north drawing-room, reading a book of Indian tales full of horrible revenges and atrocities. I see how she looked now—stuffy-like. I think the drega of the fever was still in her blood.

She would have Peace sleep with her that night, because she had dreadful dreams which frightened her, she said. And Peace consented, and says that Mab went to sleep that night in her arms.

But I believe Mab Clare never slept again after she read that letter!

At midnight I heard a stealthy step past my door going up to Doctor Luxare's room.

Just as the clock struck two, there came a devilish shriek from that chamber. It made my blood run cold. I heard the squire in his bedroom spring up, swearing.

Shouts and screams and mad cries—all the house rang with them. I found myself in Doctor Luxare's room, never knowing how I got there, and oh, heaven! may I some time forget the sight! (but I think I never shall). There lay the dead man, barking, head downward, from the side of the bed, and dripping with gore, while his sister-in-law, stark mad, *scraped his scalp in the air*, and screamed without ceasing.

The men servants bound her and locked her up in her room, but she never ceased that exultant cry until she died.

At daybreak, never for an instant sane again, her spirit went out from amongst us. Poor child! she looked so young and harmless in her coffin, I forgot what she had done. Her father said it was the fever come back that caused it all. I think it was the Timon blood, but she was not to blame for either. The good Lord, who gave her her strange life, will know how to deal with her, I am sure.

But it killed the squire, and Peace never went over the doorstone for three years. She seldom spoke. It seemed as if she was trying to forget herself in living for others. And she wore the look of a saint.

No one ever heard her mention Eugene Luxare's name. He had stolen the letters that came from Archie Cameron, and that is what separated Peace and Archie.

It was three years before Cameron came back to America. He had been wandering all over Europe, trying to forget his trouble, for no explanation had ever come to him in Glasgow of Peace's apparent neglect.

As soon as he set foot in New York, he heard how affairs had gone at Birchlands. Then Peace got a letter that he was coming to see her. She seemed to dread his coming; but when she saw the sight of his face, she fell into his arms, and wept as if she would weep her life away.

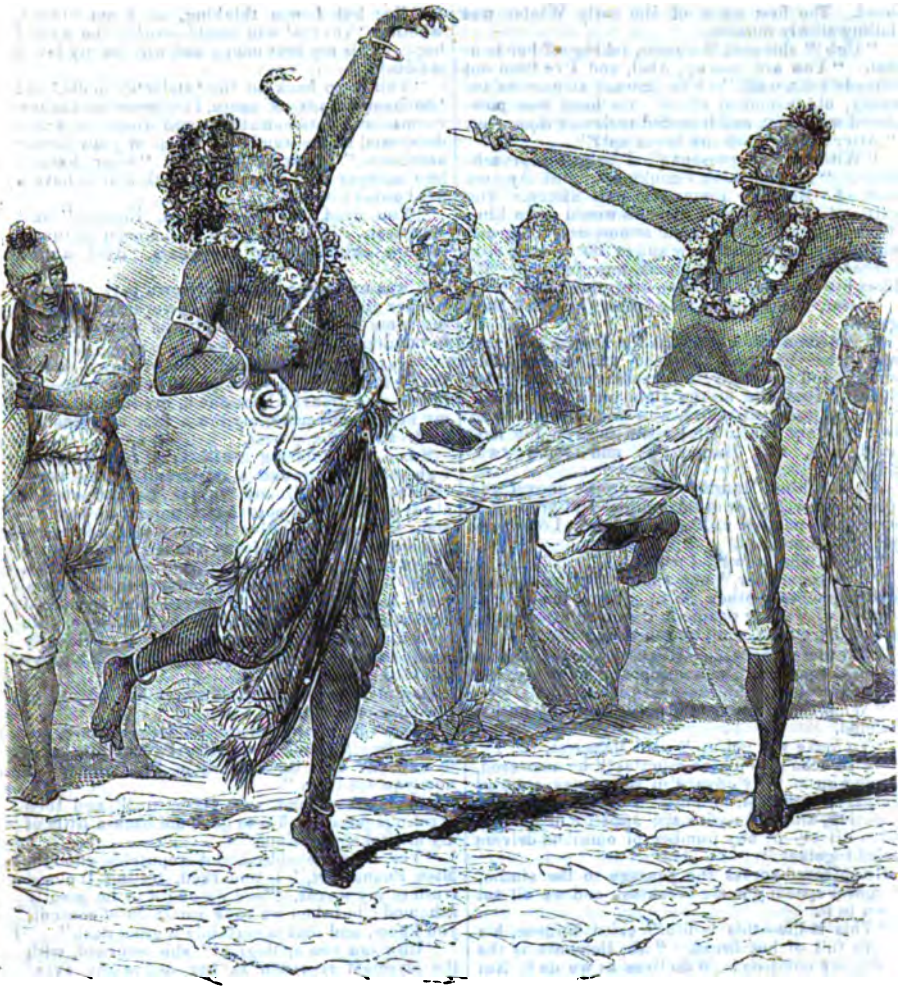
Oh, but it's good to find a true friend, after years of sorrow and loneliness! Love brought Peace a new life. She came back to health and happiness, and married her heart's choice. A quiet wedding, but full of truth and content. I never saw a sweeter one.

Absent-Minded People are Funny.—Sir Isaac Newton wasted his servant to carry out a stove that was getting too hot. A fellow stole his dinner before his eyes, and he afterward thought he had eaten it, because he saw the dishes empty. A Scotch professor walked into the middle of a

horse-pond while pondering on Final Causes. Benjamin Franklin punched down the fire with the finger of a young lady sitting at his side, and severely burned the lily-white poker. A gentleman in Troy received a letter in the dark, used the letter to light a lamp, and looked about for it to read. Père Gratty, one day in Paris, thinking he had left his watch at home, took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go back after it. Neander, the church historian, used to go to his lectures in his night-cap and night-gown, and sometimes walk in the gutter. But all those cases do not equal that of the man who takes a paper year after year, and always forgets to pay for it.



THE TIMON BLOOD.—“AT MIDNIGHT I HEARD A STEALTHY STEP PAST MY DOOR GOING UP TO DOCTOR LUXARE’S ROOM.”



HINDOO LIFE.—DANCE OF SUNYASSEES AT THE FEAST OF CHARRUCK POOJAH.

Hindoo Life—Dance of Sunyasseees at the Feast of Charruck Poojah.

The strange worship of the Hindoos, strange alike in its belief, its teachings, and its ceremonies, has often been treated of generally, but we think the picture we here give is as new as it is startling.

This festival of the terrible deity Siva is celebrated in the month of Choitro, which corresponds to our March.

Siva the terrible is both judge and executioner. Fear prompts a devotion, and the festival is prepared for by a month of daily ablutions.

Those who take part in the ceremonies are called Sunyasseees. They are to be seen scattered through the streets, dancing in groups, with the tongue, sides, or some other part of the body pierced through with cords, and skewers of wood or metal.

Our illustration represents one of these barbarous scenes. A man is dancing, attired in red silk, adorned with all his wife's jewelry, and with bells on his feet. Through an orifice in his tongue

writes a water-snake, which he holds by the tail. Another man, with a piece of bamboo an inch in diameter thrust through his tongue, and held upright or moved around, pirouettes near the former.

This is the Hindoo mode of paying vows made to Siva, consisting, as will be seen, in self-mutilation, or in suffering more or less acute, self-imposed, and endured with stoical indifference.

In a Christian the revolting ceremonies of this worship excite only the liveliest horror.

"Thyrza."

SEVEN—eight—nine! I was thinking of the mouse who ran up the clock, and then ran down again, when I heard footsteps. They were Margaret's. Next minute in she came. Her face was a little flushed; but the same thoughtfulness was in her eyes that had been there for weeks.

I was sitting before the fire, my old pipe in my mouth, and my venerable sealskin hat on my

head. The first snow of the early Winter was falling slowly outside.

"Ugh!" shivered Margaret, taking off her bonnet. "You are just up, Abel, and I've been out already for a walk." She glanced at her melancholy, old-fashioned clock. Its head was powdered with dust, and it looked ancienter than ever.

"After nine! Had my breakfast?"

"Without you present?" I asked, reproachfully. "Do you think I could pour out my own coffee? Besides, Eugene is still asleep. The rattle of the cups and saucers would wake him. Then I should exist in an atmosphere of growl all day. You know how sullen he is when disturbed in his third or fourth morning nap. He likes his beauty-sleep above everything else."

"Dear, dear, what a lazy fellow!" sighed Margaret.

It is necessary to know, as the French say, that we three—Margaret, Eugene and I—occupied jointly and severally, four rooms on the third floor. Room one, on the right-hand side of the corridor, going up-stairs, was our studio; room two was my apartment; room one, on the left-hand side, was Margaret's; and room two, Eugene's.

After sighing, Margaret took up the shovel and tongs—we were now in the studio—and proceeded across the passage to Eugene's door. I observed her, rather amused.

"Well, what now?" I asked.

"You remember," she said, "that we read in Montaigne the other night about the proper method of waking people in the morning—that is to say, by music. Let us rouse Eugene."

With these words she struck up a dreadful clatter on the panels. The door opened suddenly, and Eugene presented himself, ready dressed.

"What the deuce is this noise about?" he exclaimed.

"To make you get up," said Margaret.

"I've been up—ten minutes!" he answered, coming out. "By Jove, I'm hungry as a bear! Margery, breakfast, or I die! I dreamed all night of eating, and woke with the appetite of an omnibus-driver—of any number of omnibus-drivers rolled together."

He shivered across the passage to the studio, Margaret speedily made breakfast, and we all sat down to it.

"This is life—this is life!" cried Eugene, his mouth full of hot bread. "Ah, Bohemia is the world, my children! Who lives as we do? Not kings, by my faith. What day is it?"

"Tuesday."

"So it is. This Tuesday last year I didn't know you, Abel, did I? But my education has vastly improved since. And you, *pauvre diable*, were daubing flats at the theatre, getting ready for the Christmas pantomime! Who would have supposed you would in a few short months—ere yet your brushes were old—be sitting here eating rolls, drinking coffee, paint-pots all around you, and the fair face of "Thyrza" on an easel at your back!"

"Thyrza!" I exclaimed, my heart beating. "This reminds me that Miss Pauncefort will be here to-day."

I jumped up quickly, and seized a baize cloth. Then I paused at the beautiful face my fingers had created upon the canvas. Oh, so like, so like—and yet so unlike! My past, my dream of the future, my whole life, were there in those deft touches of a pencil. "Thyrza!" Not Byron's, but mine!

"Admiring yourself in the mirror?" asked Margaret, mischievously.

These words brought me to my senses, and, with the cloth, I shut out the vision. Then I came back, rather sheepishly, to the table.

"No; but I was thinking, as I am always, whether 'Thyrza' will really—*really*—be what I hope. It is my first effort, and will be my last if it fails."

"You'll go back to the 'stalactite halls,' and 'enchanted grottoes' again, I suppose—and scene-rooms—and flats—and flies—and wings—and borders—and actors—and all the rest of your former associates," growled Eugene. "Dear Nature, how sharper than a serpent's tooth is it to have a pig-headed pupil!"

"You need not be alarmed, Eugene," said Margaret. "'Thyrza' will be the most fortunate picture exhibited for five years. Abel knows that."

It was useless to add, on my own part, anything further about it; they both, however, were awaiting some reply, when happily the door-bell rang in the depths somewhere below.

We started up, and ran to the window. It was she! The carriage—her uncle getting out—the flutter of a dress! I sat down, my face burning, my nerves quivering, my brain in a mad ecstasy of dread and happiness.

Some one entering recalled me to my senses. I glanced up through a mist, and beheld her—radiant, beautiful, and so far beyond me—as always. How my poor heart pained at that instant is the one positive memory of my life; recollection of emotion fades, though few of us are aware in what degree; but this of mine never has.

Mr. Bertram—a placid, characterless old gentleman—stood near her. I blessed him because I knew that it was through him she had come. He looked around very much bewildered; evidently it was a new thing for him to get into such a gipsy establishment as ours.

Happily, Eugene and Margaret had plenty of presence of mind.

"Don't look astonished," said the former, appealingly. "I told you, Miss Pauncefort, what to expect. You have heard of Bohemians, and now you see them."

She laughed, and said, "Oh, no!" and then greetings passed. These gave me back a little of my mental equilibrium.

"Yes, we are shabby and disreputable enough, Miss Pauncefort," I remarked, feeling the sad truth of my words, "and we ought to be greatly ashamed; but then we have our share of content, you know, and that is certainly a great deal."

"How can you apologize!" she returned, with the sweetest reproach in her marvelous eyes. "This is all so good and romantic that I should love it! No constraint, ceremony, or formality, and everything in common. Ah, me! it is so like a book, that I cannot believe it to be altogether real."

"You see of this dingy side only the bright side—if I may say so," I returned, growing easier. "Oh, Miss Pauncefort, if you knew the truth, and experienced it, you would find very little romance in soiled carpets and broken furniture, misty windows, and such set tables as that by which you stand!"

I wonder now why I uttered all this to her, and at that time—and, above all, so seriously. Somebody who will read this may guess. The pen in my hands puts down the fact, and dismisses it.

The mind of good Mr. Bertram was still in confusion. His idea of life was the conventional one of steady old gentleman, and here he had got into a region of which he had had previously no conception. I can recall him now—and I do with a smile—looking helplessly about, and then at Maud, for some enlightenment.

We talked much longer in this way, and then she asked Eugene about his picture. To see it was the object of her visit—and to see mine; but mine, I determined, she should not look at while

I was by. That face would tell too much; and but ~~as~~ known, all would end for me!

Eugene had done something out of Shelley, taking for his title some lines in the "Julian and Maddalo." But he had done his work well, despite its intangibility—if I may use the expression; and he had no false modesty about claiming what his application and genius merited. And how foolish and ashamed I felt as I noted this!

I did not dare show my dear "Thyrza," much as in my heart I believed in it, loved it, and felt the pride of knowing it was mine. All because she was there—and she was Thyrza the real—and would discover at one glance what was burning my very heart out!

I was no talker; but heaven knows I was eloquent then over my friend's picture. Indeed I was mad and ridiculous about it, and said things over it and before him that no auctioneer, anxious to get rid of it, would have uttered. The consequence was, Eugene thought me chaffing him, Maud supposed, perhaps, I was a sort of toady, old Mr. Bertram wondered; but Margaret, sharp girl, alone knew the truth.

Of course, my turn came at last. I flatly refused to uncover the canvas. The excuses were stupid, and all blunders; but I was firm as the gates of death, and so everything ended by my resolution prevailing.

Maud came back to the previous subject, evidently still in doubt with regard to my singular commendation of Eugene's picture.

"You two are wonderful friends," she said, looking at us. "I think I never heard your story."

"It would bore you," I answered. "People only tell stories in melodramas. I know by experience, having been the author of several, and having acted in them likewise."

She raised her eyes, considerably astonished. My feeling was, as I have tried to indicate already, one partly of recklessness that morning, and I went blindly on:

"Oh, it is true! I have been everything in my time, Miss Pouncefort, and I am not old as Nestor, either. Eugene here took me directly from the theatre, not more than a year ago."

"This is very interesting," she said, really in earnest, sitting by the table. "But everything is so here."

"Yes," I continued, "in one sense. That was interesting, too—to paint scenes, and translate French plays, and act in them afterward; but a great many people would deem it very disreputable. At any rate, I lived by it in tolerable content till Eugene got to know me, and induced me to quit that way of life, and adopt another—his."

"This?" she murmured, glancing around.

"I came here with Eugene, and he introduced me to Margaret, his sister," I continued, taking Margaret's plump hand. "He told me he was pretty sure I could paint better things than flats for a second-class theatre, and insisted that I should try. What were the odds to me? I consented, on the simple condition that we should all live together, occupying the four rooms on this floor, and asking no questions of the past. My childhood had been bitter, and I did not wish to recall it."

"That suited me down to the ground!" laughed Eugene.

"I began 'Thyrza'—I've been at it ever since—it is almost finished. There, you have the whole history of the modern Damon and Pythias, Miss Pouncefort!"

She was thoughtful for a moment or two, and then she looked up and spoke:

"How singular! All living together, and each ignorant of the other's mysteries! You have mysteries, of course?"

"Yes, undoubtedly. We are the best of friends, and we believe the philosophy of true friendship, and the only means to maintain it, is—not to be confidential."

A bright laugh sparkled at her lips, and she signed to me to proceed.

For example, neither Eugene nor Margaret knows anything about me, except that I was formerly an actor, author, and scene-painter. Now, of Eugene I know, on my part, nothing, except that he receives disagreeable letters, and often has his own letters returned. And of Margaret's affairs I am more ignorant still. She has the deepest mystery of all—it is, in fact, unfathomable. Whole hours together is she shut up in her room, and both Eugene and I are devoured by anxiety to know what she is doing there. Yet, we dare not ask."

Margaret, dear girl, blushed, but every one else was greatly amused.

"How very, very strange!" said Miss Pouncefort. "But how came you to think of calling on me, Mr. Craddock? You seem to be a very misanthropical hermit, happy only in your own society and your room."

My heart began to beat again, but I managed to conceal this agitation, and continue:

"Eugene again! Mr. Bertram bought one of his pictures, and introduced him to you, and, afterward, he introduced me. Ah, Mr. Bertram," I added, turning to the old gentleman, warmly, "you are responsible, you see, for Miss Pouncefort's acquaintance with such a vagabondish sort of a character as I am!"

"True, true!" murmured Mr. Bertram, quite in earnest, and receiving everything I said as a fact. "And the end is," I concluded, "that you do us the honor of paying us a visit this morning, Miss Pouncefort."

Here the interest of the conversation—except, alas! for me—ceased.

She soon rose to go.

"I've been here an hour and a half!" she said, looking surprised at the ancient clock, with the powdered head. "How time slips by when we wish it to stay!"

She went away from us then, and I resumed my sealskin cap and my old pipe, and sat down before the fire. Margaret carried the table, and what was on it, across the passage into her room—she, I need not pause to say, was our housekeeper and all—and then Eugene and I were alone.

He caught my eye wandering about the wretched room, and at last falling fondly on the baize that covered "Thyrza." He kicked a stool over to mine, and lighted his pipe with a coal.

"What's the matter?" he asked, puffing meditatively.

"Nothing."

"Nothing, I have found, always means a very serious something," he answered, through a villainous cloud of smoke. "Tell me, Craddock."

I turned to him, and dropped my face on his great knee. It was babyish, but only a man would have done it—and that I feel even now.

"Eugene, it is useless to hide my heart and love, or think to hide it, under the paint of a picture, and the picture under a green cloth!" said I, huskily. "I am mad—mad!—worse than mad! I worship Maud Pouncefort, and she can never be mine—never be mine! How like the old dreary melodramatic lover the phrase sounds—and yet, none other can so well be used here!"

"Very true; but let us talk like people in real life. First of all, why?"

"Do you think she would marry me—a Bohemian, a vagabond, and outcast?"

"Women have done such things. What else?"

"Oh, I am so poor!" I groaned, clinching my teeth in bitter rage.

"Poor!" he repeated, crossing over to the picture, and removing the cloth. "You are rich! This is a fortune in itself, and none can tell what further fortune it may bring, besides."

I looked at the glorious face, and a storm of thoughts swept over my soul. My companion roused me by touching my shoulder.

"A while ago," he said, smiling, "you made an observation which was very true. You said, 'The philosophy of true friendship, and the only means to maintain it, is—not to be confidential.' You have just told me your secret."

"Yes," I answered, rather surprised.

"This is the beginning, though the fault of it is not absolutely yours. Next I shall involuntarily tell you my secret. Then Margaret will, perhaps, reveal hers."

"And after that?" I asked, growing more in doubt.

"After that, I hope, nothing more," he returned, laughingly. "There will have been three secrets told, that is all."

"Three!" I repeated, petulantly, for I hated this mystifying manner of talking. "And why only three? Why not four as well?"

"Four!" he said, thoughtfully.

"Yes, four."

"It is not impossible," he answered.

We went on in our usual way, if not absolutely happy, at least quietly and in contentment. If I felt the misery of my own position, I did not show it, because, in the first place, I am not one of those who find relief in laying their hearts bare before others; and, in the second, all that I might say, however eloquently dwelt upon, would have merely bored Eugene, and by no means have excited his sympathy.

With the conversation detailed above, the matter of my love dropped. If we spoke of Miss Pauncefort or "Thyrza," it was not kept in our minds constantly that I was pining away of hopeless love for the former, or dreaming to gain her by making fortune and fame out of the sale of the latter.

Eugene amused himself at this time chiefly in sketching for a high-class periodical, and illustrating the third edition of a novel which had created a recent and very remarkable sensation. His picture hung in the frame he purchased for it on the day after Miss Pauncefort's visit, and he seemed, now that he had finished it, to feel no further interest in his career.

But it was not so with me and my "Thyrza." I worked at it steadily, touching it anew in a thousand places, spoiling it sometimes and enhancing its beauty at others, and, with every speck of color that I laid upon the canvas, putting more of my life there. Poets do these things with their verses, painters with their pictures; but these two classes of human beings only. The recollection of this fact was the solitary excuse that I offered myself for my own pardon.

With all my dreaminess, I looked upon the practical side of affairs so often and so earnestly, that I felt all that was wrong in my course, and saw plainly and justly what of it deserved mitigation. Therefore, I add that, had I been anything but what I was—or hoped and believed I was—the passion for Miss Pauncefort should not have devastated those fresh years of my strange youth as I permitted it to do.

To confess the truth, I am quite sure that, with all my apparent industry and earnestness, I was secretly moping. A feeling closely resembling a positive recognition of this fact came over me twenty times a day.

For example, I slept badly, and awoke early in the morning always tired, and never in good spirits. My appetite—this is a prosaic thing to

mention perhaps—was capricious, but rarely what it might have been. And I was morbidly restless.

When I was not brooding over "Thyrza," I was reading; and it will furnish an excellent illustration of my peculiar state of mind at that period when I mention that I could read nothing but Jean Jacques Rousseau. You may yet see in my old portfolio a crowd of quotations from his works, especially from the "Confessions," where I was constantly meeting tones of feeling that he had experienced in exact and thrilling sympathy with my own.

How well, and with what ease and pleasure, do I even now recall two or three lines of the Third Book.

"I, was restless," he writes, "absent, and thought ul; I wept and sighed for a happiness I had no idea of."

These phrases, it is true, are, after all, little to the purpose, and were less so then, because I neither wept nor sighed; but I suffered, and Rousseau had suffered, and in reading his story, I seemed to be almost telling him my own.

Margaret was more mysterious than ever. She remained in her room nearly all day, and, when she came out of it, her thoughtfulness was so great, that she was almost as much in a dream as I was myself.

Thus in a week we were no more the merry Bohemians we had been previous to Miss Pauncefort's visit. How do these changes come about? Nothing had occurred to bring this, except what I had confessed to Eugene, which, after all, was essentially nothing; but the alteration of the social atmosphere was decided.

In the perfect indifference to each other's welfare formerly, there was actually a strong anxiety felt by us, though rigidly concealed, that we should be jointly and separately happy. But now there was more outward ceremony—let me rather say, show of interest—and undoubtedly less real regard. This matter displayed itself in little things, as circumstances of consequence invariably do.

But we managed to get on, as I have related, quietly and with apparent contentment; and, finally, the evening arrived when it was necessary for Eugene and me to return Miss Pauncefort's visit.

He was "in his growls," as he expressed it, but not the old, funny growls, as I could well perceive. That morning a letter had come to him which had by no means brightened his day. Yet, at my bidding, he shook off all ill-humors when we went out together; and, as we took our way, he became almost frolicsome.

The Pauncefort parlor was rather full; it was something of a regular night, as I believe society people term it, and I hoped to be, at least, let alone. The madame received me graciously, and Maud, with effusion.

But "Thyrza" haunted me even there.

"This is the artist of the mysterious picture," said Maud, gayly. "He keeps a beautiful face under a veil which is not to be lifted till exhibition day. It is the face of 'Thyrza.'"

"Byron's 'Thyrza,' I suppose," said a man present, who, I believe, wrote poetry, as he fancied. "Yes, quite a good idea, too. Who sat?"

It is a wonder I was not embarrassed and unable to answer; but it was not so with me, and I replied simply, but with intensity that was almost epigrammatic:

"A lady!"

The fever and gloom which possessed me kept me throughout the evening very silent. Plenty of subjects came up which I might have monopolized, had I chosen, but I did not; and I feel quite certain that those present, who were strangers to me, either considered me affected or a fool.

At last Miss Pauncefort went to the piano, and I hoped I should be consoled for all by her music. I knew how well she could play when in the mood, and I fancied that she was so now. It was true. The melody came from under her fingers so marvelously, that I could have listened in ecstacy for ever. Whatever it was that she was executing—I know nothing of such things, except that I am able to distinguish 'good music from bad—it was certainly in every way—to use a vague and poor phrase—"grand."

But there is not always to be found an assemblage of auditors who will listen in perfect silence even to a Gottschalk or Thalberg; on the contrary, in a *salon* or parlor, the first key struck gives the signal for an undertone accompaniment of chat. Beneath the storm of the music, if I may be allowed to use a fantastic figure, people get *en rapport* with each other with as much ease as when standing under the same awning during the progress of a thunder-storm. I will go so far as to add that Doctor Johnson may have been thinking of the latter half of this when he made that famous observation about Burke. And the case was as usual here.

Miss Pauncefort had not played three passages when the usual buzz and hum began; and, having no one to talk to himself, and perceiving that I also was isolated from the rest, the writer of poetry, to whom I have already referred, came clandestinely over to me, and took the seat next to me.

"How came you to select 'Thyrza' for your picture?" he asked.

"I can't well answer," I returned, frankly. "You write; how does it happen that you take one subject rather than another?"

"Well, a man who writes poetry," he said, "usually finds his verses come of themselves. Whatever he may entitle his subject, I believe that, with the real poet, the constant subject is himself. You will tell me that Byron is the solitary example of this. I consider that, in the truest sense, all other great poets are as egotistical as he was."

"It may be so," I returned; "but painters, if they possess this weakness—or strength, as you choose to call it—have not as easy means of displaying it. We go—when we are about to begin, at least—first of all, to pure nature. Consider what beautiful simplicity there is in our art when we, the best of us, use models! Look at the faces in pictures; they are not imaginative, but real. A painter comes to a house like this some evening; he sees a face—a face, perhaps, like Miss Pauncefort's, who is playing so beautifully there—and he thinks that he can produce a grand Saint Cecilia out of it, and he goes home and tries."

"Miss Pauncefort wouldn't be pleased with any painter who would be so bold as that," said my companion, losing the main subject, and listening with some attention to a magnificent composition the lady he spoke of was performing.

"You think so?" I asked, the fatal tremulousness and despair rushing back upon me.

"I know so. She would be sure to misunderstand the best of motives in a case of that kind, and the gentleman, whosoever he might be, would surely go overboard."

The music ceased.

Miss Pauncefort, on leaving the piano, noticed the deadly pallor of my face. She approached me, and I stood up with my hand to my forehead.

"You are ill!" she said, surprised, and anxiously.

"Yes," I answered, hastily. "I have taken no exercise of late, and I am suffering for it."

I must go into the air. I think I shall be able to slip away without being perceived."

Bidding her a hurried good-night, I left the room quietly, and went rapidly home. It was not very late, but Margaret had gone to bed, and the fire was smoldering. I sat down before it, according to my old habit, and pondered.

Something was in my mind, but should I do it? Once done, it was a deed not to be undone. I remember that I compared myself at the moment to a man about to commit murder.

I noticed a book on the table before me—a manuscript volume, in the handwriting of Eugene. Wondering what it could be, unless, perhaps, a novel he was secretly writing, I took it up. Then I discovered that it was his journal, and, without pausing a moment to reflect, I read the day's entry.

"Letter from my sister, short, pointed, and final. She tells me my mother would not recognize or receive my last message. This is what I expected. I see that her terms are unconditional; but that shall never make me haul down my flag. All will end in an armed peace. What a mother! Lysurgus would have married her, had she lived in Sparta in his time. I've been thinking all day of Miss Pauncefort. To-night Abel and I visit her. Poor fellow, he grows wilder every day. If he only knew that I am as madly in love as he! My love ruins me, unfortunately; his may not. Hoigh-ho! it is a strange world, as sages have discovered before to-day."

The book dropped from my fingers. Then he loved her, too, and had concealed the truth as well! Now I knew why he did not choose to listen and advise me when I unbosomed what I supposed to be my secret.

I had, in the next instant, made my resolution. This love was wrong, and had been so from the first. I had gone out of my sphere. The end must be inevitably fatal. Any pity I might get upon confessing it, which my madness might, in some feverish hour, lead me to do, would be contempt, and I knew that I was not the person to calmly submit to even *his* contempt. Ah, what folly to wrap my heart up in fooleries that were fragile as glass, and could never protect it if a crisis came! No; I must live for the future my own appointed life, and must not suppose that, because I could paint a clever dream—an commonplace phantom—I was better than my birth and fortune had created me. It was enough to believe in "Thyrza," and end there. This was my creed of few words, my romance of but the first chapter and the catastrophe. I rose, with these thoughts burning like lava in my soul, and went over to the easel. The haize was again sleeping upon the glorious face, as the magic veil nurses in secrecy a brilliant future. My hand touched the very corner of the cloth, but I dared not raise it. No dread of myself restrained me; but I was determined to begin my soul's mortification there.

I knew that I loved the picture—that it was the best part of me bodied forth upon the shadowy world of canvas—that now was the last hour. Yet I held back the fingers that were so eager to afford me one final look, and at last drew them slowly away.

With another effort of a newly known but iron will, I seized a knife near, and cut the picture away. The fire was still smoldering—almost gone. Upon the dying embers I threw the tattered shreds, and all was consummated.

Then I quietly returned to my seat, and once more raised my companion's book. The next paragraph was as follows:

"Abel, in his vapors the other day, expressed a notion that he should soon find out four secrets as well as three. This, doubtless, was said

because, as ladies and gentlemen used to express themselves in the time of the Regent, he had a megrim in his head. But Abel is not inquisitive, or he must have found out my secret long ago. Margaret's secret will follow, and then how foolish we will all seem, to have kept our mysteries in the dark! We are playing parts in a novel, and possibly some of us will write the book some day. I hope the *dénouement* and catastrophes will be both startling and dramatic; and, to confess the truth, I think it cannot be otherwise. Adieu, my day. When I speak upon this paper again, I shall address that man of promises whom we call Monsieur To-morrow."

When I looked at the fire again, what I had thrown in it had become but feathery ash. All was out, and black.

One—two—three! Somebody touched me on the shoulder; I opened my eyes—did *not* rub them, for no sleeper does that except on the stage—and saw Eugene standing by me.

"Just home?" I asked.

"Yes, Miss Pannecourt told me you had gone away because you were ill. If you are ill, why are you sitting here in the cold? The fire is out."

"So it is. The clock has just struck three. I was dreaming, but I heard it. How flushed you look!"

"Yes; champagne."

He came closer, and sat down on his stool, as he so often did in the day-time.

"I say, Abel, don't my eyes look funny? They feel so. I've got a secret for you."

"A secret?" I repeated, mechanically.

"Yes. What is the use of playing such a game of silence and mystery? I am tired of it. Listen to me."

He bent down toward me affectionately.

"Margaret is not my sister; she is my wife!"

"Your wife!"

"Yes. I was discarded at home by my mother after the marriage. That explains my Bohemianism. You must have understood that I was living below my position."

"Margaret your wife!"

"True as tradition! Good-night."

He went away from me, across the corridor, to his room. What he had said came back at the same moment.

"This is the beginning, though the fault is not absolutely yours. Next I shall involuntarily tell you my secret. Then Margaret will, perhaps, reveal hers."

My first thought on the following day was of Eugene's love, which had not, happily, proved to be love for her whom I loved. So thrilled was I by this knowledge, that I laughed again and again at our games of hide-and-seek, and at my own obtuseness in not discovering the truth at the beginning.

When Eugene came in, he looked at me rather sheepishly, but I speedily set him at his ease.

"I congratulate you, old fellow," said I, gayly.

"She is one woman in ten thousand, and I don't blame you for permitting your affection for her to take the precedence of your interest."

"You believe my mother will be reconciled at last?" he asked, rather anxiously.

"There is no question of it. Mothers invariably give in. It is woman's nature, you know."

"Ay; but my mother is very different from the sex in general," he said, ruefully.

We were much easier with each other than we had been for a long time, when Margaret entered, and was informed that I knew all. She called me names for being so stupid as not to find out Eugene's secret for myself, instead of having it forced upon me; but I took the delightful liberty

of stopping her reproaches with a kiss, and then we sat down to breakfast as merry as possible.

"To-morrow shall be a holiday with us—a feast-day!" cried Eugene. "You shall lift the curtain that conceals your picture, Abel, and Miss Pannecourt must be here to see it."

What would they say to know my crime of the preceding night? I had only to approach the easel and raise the cloth, and all would be understood. But I determined to retain my secret still.

"Yes," I answered, "I promise to raise the mysterious curtain. You see I have doubly concealed it."

It was true that, having wrenched out the painting, and stifling the pride and vanity which moved me to take a last look, I had also thrown upon the fire the baize. Over the whole easel I had now draped a white sheet.

"How much you love your 'Thyrza'!" said Margaret. "She is certainly well covered. I suppose you would commit suicide if anything should happen to her."

I listened to this speech with a sad smile. I could well afford to be amused.

"What could happen to 'Thyrza' here?" I asked.

"Many things. The house might burn down, for example, or some rogue might get in and carry the picture away; or, suppose, in raising the drapery, you should find some other painting on the easel, and not yours."

"That would be impossible."

"Not at all. Miracles occur daily. There are plenty of necromancers in the world yet, and no lack of enchantment."

"Well, I should be satisfied," I answered.

"You would be, first of all, much surprised."

"Certainly."

"Then angry."

"No."

"Then grieved."

"Not at all."

"And at last resigned."

"I should be resigned at the beginning."

Eugene put down his cup.

"I don't believe that, my good friend," he said.

"You may take the easel as it stands, and all on it, and put it into the fire," I returned.

"It is too large to go in, as you well know. Your indifference reminds me of Byron's. He used to ostentatiously fling poems into the fire, but he always had another copy."

"Test me."

They did not. There was a sound of wheels crunching over the ice in the street, and presently the door-bell rang a blithe, merry peal. The echo of this tintinnabulation sounded in my heart. He was right who said that, if he were dead, having loved so well, the tread of his love upon his grave would wake him.

And she came in—furred, rosy, chilly, laughing, lovely. Mr. Bertram, as usual, frosty and stupid, also appeared. His remembrance of his previous visit was evidently lively; but he seemed better pleased with our arrangements than before—in fact, I suspect he was beginning to be quite delighted.

"Now, Mr. Craddock," said his charge, radiantly, "there must be no excuses to-day. Mr. Leonard assured me last night that your 'Thyrza' was all ready for exhibition. I have come very far, and through air that has nearly bitten my nose off, to see it. What sacrifices I make to art!"

"Perhaps you are only curious," I returned.

"Curious to have the first peep, I grant."

"You will be much disappointed," I sighed.

"No, no!"

"Ah, yes, Miss Pauncefort; you will be even shocked."

She looked at me with much wonder in her face.

"Shocked!"

"Yes, I wish, on my truth, that I had never found cunning enough in my fingers to paint even the scenery for a theatre! I wish I had never touched brush or canvas!"

"Why do you say this?"

"Because my passion for art has never brought me anything but misery!"

A light seemed to dawn upon her.

"You believe that you have not been able to reach your ideal. That is the case with genius always."

"Genius! The word mocks me, Miss Pauncefort; I have no genius."

"But you are clever, and cleverness is a kind of genius. Haven't I guessed your trouble?"

"Only in part. Let me repeat to you a parable. A certain man painted a face he had seen and—fancied. It was to him and everybody a wonderful face. But after he had put the shadow of this face as well as he could—and that was poorly indeed—on canvas, he began to fear the real face would never smile on him again."

She knew all. My heart beat and trembled. But her answer was ready.

"This is not a parable—it is not a fable."

"What if it be not?"

"You have painted my face, Mr. Craddock, and called it 'Thyrza.' I understand what you fear; but you need fear nothing!"

She gave me her hand.

"Huzza!" cried Eugene. "Sound trumpets, strike alarm-drums!"

I fell into my chair, mad with shame and remorse. It was too late—too late!

All stared at me in silence. At last Eugene shook my arm roughly.

"What is the matter now?" he asked, in a tone of exasperation.

"The matter!" I repeated, like a man in a dream.

"Yes. Have you lost your wits, or is this a recollection of melodrama? Oh, dear! what an idiot a man is who has ever been connected with the stage! He's an actor to the last!"

"No; this emotion is not theatrical or affected, Eugene," I answered, steadily. "In another minute you will readily grant me that."

I rose, and went over to the easel. I pulled away the white drapery, and laid bare before them all the ghastly truth.

"What have you done with your picture?" almost screamed Eugene.

"Last night I cut it up and threw it into the fire!" was my calm answer.

I must be pardoned if I come back once more to my dramatic instincts, and say the group around me then would have formed such a tableau and climax for a play as would have insured its success for ever.

Miss Pauncefort was pale and full of pity for me; Eugene flashed murder from his angry eyes; Mr. Bertram was, as always, in a mental fog; but Margaret—what can I say of Margaret? There she stood, leaning against the table, her mouth open, her eyes distended, her face the blankest astonishment.

She was the first to break the silence.

"Cut it up and threw it into the fire!" she repeated, gasping.

"Yes; without even lifting the baize to take a last fond look."

"You have not destroyed 'Thyrza'!" she said, wildly; "you have destroyed my 'Endymion'!"

"Endymion!"

"Yes! For months I have been secretly paint-

ing it in my room. I placed it on your easel last night to surprise you, and took 'Thyrza' away!"

"Then 'Thyrza' is—"

"'Thyrza' is intact!" she cried, with joy mad as my own. She sprang away from us, and ran to her room, and in the next instant stood by us again, my darling "Thyrza" in her hand!

I confess that I wept as well as Margaret and Miss Pauncefort; I confess that Eugene seized Mr. Bertram by both hands, and reared him up and down the room like a lunatic; and I confess, alas! that Mr. Bertram was amazed and indignant, and swore. But we were so happy!

"And this was your secret," I said, at last, turning to Margaret; "an 'Endymion'! Who could have supposed it! Now, poor picture, it is ashes!"

"A fate well merited," returned Margaret. "I should have only found it a thing to blush for; it was truly very, very bad!"

Dear Margaret, she thought more of her "Endymion" than she pretended to think, I know; but she was not sorry that, by its destruction, "Thyrza" had been saved.

Heigh-ho! The story is done, I suppose. Yet I may as well add that "Thyrza" was a wonderful success, and brought me, as I had hoped, both fame and money. I painted on, growing better in my art as I grew older, and at last one fine morning the other "Thyrza"—*aha* of the flesh and blood and marvellous beauty—and I were married. A week before that, Eugene and Margaret went down into the country to see his mother. The old lady, in a day or so, was as fond of her son's wife as he was. Now Eugene is at peace, and has but one enemy in the world—Mr. Bertram.

"That young man is decidedly mad," says Mr. B., sometimes. "His lunacy will show itself one day, mark me! My life was in danger by him on a certain occasion, and I was frightened out of my wits, by Jove!"

A French Story.

The following story, which is going the rounds of the French papers, ought to serve a useful lesson to practical jokers:

Two diners who were known to each other were sitting at the same table in a restaurant in the Place de Chateau d'Eau, one of them, joking with the mistress of the establishment said: "I must have some fresh lobsters, otherwise I shall kill you."

His neighbor, a young man of about twenty-five years of age, then drew from his pocket a small revolver, which he handed to him, saying, in fun: "Here is something that will enable you to accomplish your crime."

The revolver was examined, and returned to its owner, who had scarcely time to remark that it was loaded, when, owing to some defect in its construction, one of the chambers exploded, fortunately without injuring any one. A crowd, however, collected outside the restaurant as though some tragedy had just occurred, the agents of the police came up, and the unfortunate delinquent was carried off to the commissary of police to give some explanation of the affair.

In the meantime an individual present, who had up to this moment kept in the background, but had a perfect knowledge of the hero of the adventure, ran to the lodging of the latter, declared to the landlord that a murder had been committed by his tenant, and that he himself was an agent of the police come to make a thorough search of his rooms.

The doors were accordingly thrown open to him without hesitation, and after he had completed his

investigations, he retired with an air of much dignity.

A short time afterward the owner of the revolver, who had been set at liberty by the commissary of police, returned home, and, to his astonish-

ment and disgust, found every drawer and cupboard open and empty, and all his money gone. The so-called agent of the police had managed to get clear off with his money and goods to the extent of eight thousand francs in value.



"THIRZA."—"I SEIZED A KNIFE NEAR, AND CUT THE PICTURE AWAY. THE FIRE WAS STILL SMOLDERING—ALMOST GONE. UPON THE DYING EMBERS I THREW THE TATTERED SHREDS."—SEE PAGE 377.



MY NARROW ESCAPE.—“I GRASPED AT THE STAIR-RAIL, AND CAUGHT IT JUST IN TIME TO SUPPORT MYSELF. CARRIE CAME RUNNING OUT, HER FACE PALE WITH ALARM.”

My Narrow Escape.

I NEVER told anybody how very, very near I was to death that night, just a year ago; but as I can now look back and calmly recall each thought, each word, each act, I think I will write it down as a warning to all who may find themselves similarly circumstanced, hoping, with all my heart, that the number may be few.

In the first place, my name is Frederick Putnam. I am, and have been for the last ten years, the foreman and bookkeeper of the large lumbering establishment of William Winston & Co., and hope to be for another decade.

Mr. Winston is the resident partner and manager of the manufacturing part of the business. The other members of the firm, of which there are two, live in the city, at the foot of the lake, and attend to the sales of lumber, which we send them by vessels.

This is by far the largest share of what the mill cuts, although the amount of our sales directly from the mill, to supply the country to the west of us, is quite large.

Well, one cold December evening, just as I was preparing for home, I heard footsteps on the creaking snow outside, and presently the office-door flew open, as though some one in haste had

given it a push, admitting a tall, stout, well-dressed man, with a small traveling-bag in one hand and a shawl thrown over one arm.

I was alone, Mr. Winston having gone to the house some half an hour before, locking the safe, in which we kept our books and papers, and taking the key with him, as usual.

I had already closed the damper to the stove, put on my overcoat, and was just in the act of turning down the lamp—but of course I waited.

"Good-evening, sir," said the man, bustling up to the stove, and kicking the damper open with his right foot. "Has Winston gone to the house?"

I answered that he had.

"When? I was afraid of it."

He drew out his watch—a very fine one, I thought.

"I shall not have time to go up," he said.

"The train is due in fifteen minutes."

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked.

"I wanted to leave some money with Winston. I intended to stop in town a day or two, but I have just got a dispatch that calls me home."

"What name, sir?"

"Anderson, of Andersonville."

I knew him then, though I had seen him but once before. He had been one of our best Western customers. I say *had been*, for the reason that during the past year his payments had not been so prompt. In fact, he was considerably behind, and Winston had that very day told me to write him, and "punch him up a little," as he expressed it. The letter was then in the breast-pocket of my overcoat.

"You can leave the money with me, sir, and I will give you a receipt."

He seemed to hesitate, which nettled me somewhat. I have never blamed anybody since, however.

"How much is my bill?" he asked, eyeing me sharply.

I answered promptly, for I had struck the balance not more than half an hour before:

"Eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents."

"Humph! less than I supposed. Write out a receipt for that amount."

He left the stove, and came and looked over my shoulder while I wrote.

"It is all right, Mr. Putnam. I know you now. You've been with Winston a long time. I can tell your signature anywhere."

He drew from an inside pocket a large black wallet, very round and full, and counting out eleven different piles of bank-notes, he told me to run them over. It was a short and easy task, for each pile contained just ten one hundred dollar bills.

The balance was in fives, tens, and twenties, and it took more time to count them; but at last we got it, so that both were satisfied.

At this moment we heard the whistle for the station. Anderson sprung for his traveling-bag, and giving me a hasty hand-shake, was off on the run.

I closed the door, and counted the money again. Finding it all right, I wrapped a piece of newspaper around it, and slipped it into my overcoat-pocket.

I did not feel quite easy to have so much money about me; but as Winston's house was at least a mile distant, I concluded to keep it until morning, when I could deposit it in the bank.

I closed the damper again, drew on my gloves, took the office-key from the nail just over the door, and stepped up to put out the light. As I did so, I saw a bit of paper on the floor, which, on picking up, I saw was the receipt I wrote for Mr. Anderson. He had dropped it in his hurry. I

put it in my pocket, and thought no more about it, only that I would mail it to him. I would have done it then, but as the last mail for that day had gone out on the train which took Mr. Anderson, I could do it just as well in the morning. Then, too, I was in something of a hurry that night, for I had an appointment; and I may as well state here that it was with a young lady, who, I hoped, would be my wife before many months.

I hastened to my boarding-place, ate my supper, and then went over to Mr. Warner's, wearing the overcoat with the money in it, as I did not feel easy about leaving it in my room. Carrie was at home, of course, as she was expecting me, and, leaving my coat and hat in the hall, I went into the parlor.

I do not think a repetition of our conversation would be very interesting, so I will pass it, merely remarking that nothing occurred to disturb me until I arose to take my leave.

Carrie went into the entry for my coat and hat, that I might put them on by the warm fire, but she came back with only my hat.

"Why, Fred, you certainly did not venture out on such a night as this without an overcoat?"

"No coat!" I exclaimed, in a dazed sort of a way, for the thought of the money, flashing upon me so suddenly, had almost stunned me.

The next moment I tore past her like a madman, as I was. The coat was gone!

Then I was unnerved. I grasped at the stair-rail, and caught it just in time to support myself. Carrie came running out, her face pale with alarm.

"Oh, Fred! are you sick? Let me call mother and the doctor! You are as white as a sheet!"

"No, no, Carrie!" I entreated. "There, I am better now."

And I was better. I was strong, all at once—desperately strong. And what brought about this change? That simple receipt which I had in my pocket. Anderson had nothing to show that the money had been paid; and was not my unaided word as good as his?

I was foolish enough to believe that I could brave it through, and I grew confident and quite easy at once.

"There, Carrie, I am much better now. The room was too warm, I guess. So some sneak-thief has dodged in, and stole my coat? Well, let it go. It was an old one, and now I'll have a better one."

"But was there nothing in the pockets?" asked Carrie.

It is strange how suspicious guilt will make us. I really thought that Carrie suspected me, and an angry reply was on the end of my tongue. I suppressed it, however, and uttered a falsehood instead.

"Nothing of consequence, Carrie. A good pair of gloves and some other trifling notions."

"I am glad it is no worse, Fred. Now, if you will wait just a moment, I will get you one of father's coats to wear home."

Thus equipped, I left her.

You may guess that my slumbers that night were not very sound, nor very refreshing. I never passed a more miserable night, and in the morning my haggard looks were the subject of remark.

"Why, Fred, you look as though you had met a legion of ghosts last night!" said Winston.

"What is the matter?"

"I had a bad night of it," I answered, with a sickly smile.

"And you'll have another, if you're not careful. You had better keep quiet to-day. By-the-way, did you write to Anderson?"

I do not know how I managed to reply, for the question set me to shivering from head to foot,

and I was so weak that I could scarcely sit in my chair.

I must have answered in the affirmative, however, for he said:

"Then we may look for something from him to-morrow, or next day."

Immediately after he added:

"Why, Fred, you shiver as though you had the ague, and you are sweating like a butcher! You're sick, man! Come! jump into my cutter, and I'll take you home."

I was glad of the chance to get away, and reaching my room, I locked myself in.

Winston sent a doctor round, but I refused to see him. Then Winston came himself, but I would not open the door. Then my landlady came, then some of my fellow-boarders; but I turned them all away.

Ah! those were terrible hours that I passed, and the night coming on brought me no relief. Can you not guess what I was meditating? Coward that I was, I had at last resolved upon self-destruction.

I commenced my preparations with the same calmness and deliberation that I would have used in the most common transaction. I wrote a short explanation for Carrie; another for Mr. Winston; a third for my poor mother; and I sealed them all. In a fourth envelope I inclosed the receipt to Mr. Anderson.

All this accomplished, I went to my secretary and took out the weapon of death. It was simply a revolver, small and insignificant enough in appearance, but all-sufficient.

Having examined the cartridges, to make sure that there would be no failure, I sat down before the fire to gather courage.

It may be interesting to know that no courage came to me, for the desperation—the growing fear of life—I can in no wise call by that name. It was simply cowardice. Yet, whatever you may term it, it was all-sufficient for the time. It nerved my arm, and, lifting the revolver, I placed its cold, death-dealing muzzle against my forehead.

In another second I should have been lifeless; but just as my finger began to press the trigger, there came a tap on my door.

It startled me, and hastily concealing my weapon, I called out that I could admit no one.

"Not me, Fred?"

I knew Carrie's voice, and a yearning to look on her loved face got the mastery of me. Quietly slipping the tell-tale letters, which I had left on the table, into my pocket, I opened the door.

"Oh, Fred, you are real sick!" exclaimed Carrie, the moment the light fell on my face. "Why did not you send for me? Aren't you better?"

"Worse," I answered, huskily; "but, Carrie—Good heavens!"

As I uttered this exclamation, I started back, and then forward; and then—I hardly know what, for, hanging across Carrie's arm, was my overcoat!

Recovering from my astonishment, I snatched it from her, and thrust my hand into the pocket. I drew out *seven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents*.

You have heard about, and perhaps seen, the singular capers of a madman, or the wild antics of those crazed with rum, or the grotesque dancing of savages. Well, judging from what Carrie told me, and from the appearance of my apartment after it was all over, I am led to believe that, were it possible to concentrate the three above-mentioned species of demons into one, their capering and dancing would appear tame in comparison with mine that night.

But I cooled down after a while, and just in time to save Carrie's head a thump from the chair

or the washstand, which I had selected as partners in my crazy walk.

Then I asked for an explanation. It was the simplest thing imaginable. I do not know why I had not thought of it before. It was simply a blunder of Carrie's father. He had mistaken my coat for his own, and worn it down-town, never dreaming that a small fortune was lying idly in the pocket.

Well, I didn't have the brain fever over the affair, but I was the next door to it. I made a clean breast of the whole thing excepting my attempt, or, rather, my resolve, at self-destruction. No one ever guessed that part of it, and I tell it to-day for the first time.

I sent Mr. Anderson his receipt, handed over the money to Mr. Winston, and went right on with my duties, a wiser and a better man, I hope. And to-morrow, God willing, I shall lead Carrie to the altar.

The Pirate's Pledge.

In the early part of the present century there were numerous piratical crafts boldly flaunting their black flags over the American waters, and spreading terror among the fleets of peaceful merchantmen that daily plodded their toilsome way across the ocean.

One of the latter—a large packet-ship—was swiftly sailing along, one pleasant afternoon, in the year 18—, bound from London to New York; and within a few hundred miles of the latter port, when the lookout in the maintop suddenly startled all on deck by a loud "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" called out the captain of the packet-ship.

"Coming down astern," was the quick reply.

"What do you make her out?" again asked the captain.

After a few moments' hesitation the seaman replied: "One of those armed cutters in the American service, sir, or—a pirate, and under a full press of canvas."

An exclamation of dread went up from passengers and crew, and while the latter set to work to meet the onset of the sea-robbers, if it should come to the worst, and to spread more sail on the ship, the former stood together in anxious groups, intently watching the rapid advance of the strange sail which, with startling rapidity, was overhauling the vessel.

Among the passengers, necessary to present to the reader's notice, were three persons, whose appearance attracted marked attention, for they possessed the unmistakable air of belonging to the highest sphere of the social world.

The trio consisted of Sir Morton Herman, with his wife and daughter, the latter a sweet-looking girl, with a wealth of golden hair, dark violet eyes, and a *petite* and graceful form, set off to advantage by her close-fitting traveling-suit.

A shade of deep anxiety rested upon Sir Morton's face, as he noticed the splendid sailing qualities of their pursuer; and, turning to his wife, he said, in a low tone:

"If he prove a pirate, my dear, doubtless you and I can purchase our freedom by a large ransom; but, I fear me, Adelaide's beauty will now prove her worst enemy."

"God preserve her and us from harm!" returned Lady Herman, fervently; and just then the object of their conversation joined them, wearing around her neck a heavy gold chain, with a diamond-studded arrow ornament attached.

"Why, Adelaide—why did you put that on?" ejaculated Lady Herman, catching sight of the bauble.

"Because, mother, it was, you remember, given

to my uncle as a pledge, by the pirate Lafitte, when he captured him, and it may serve us now," answered the maiden.

"True, Adelaide; I had myself forgotten, and commend your presence of mind," answered her father; and then he turned to once more gaze upon the strange sail, which had approached to within a mile of the ship, and all saw now that the stranger's decks were armed and crowded with men.

"We are doomed, Sir Morton. For, see, they outnumber us ten to one," said the ship's captain, sadly; and as he spoke, there came a flash and boom of a gun, a ball whistled by, and at the same moment the "Skull and Cross-bones" flag ran up to the stranger's peak.

"What would you advise, Sir Morton?" asked the captain of the packet.

"That non-resistance will save us trouble, and perhaps we can buy off; while, if we resist, it will but infuriate them to such a degree that we may expect no mercy."

"It is our only chance," answered the captain; and he instantly gave orders to bring the ship to.

On dashed the pirate craft, a rakish, graceful schooner, carrying four guns, and with her decks swarming with men, while aft, upon the quarter-deck, stood a young man, evidently her commander, dressed in a brilliant uniform, and indolently smoking a cigar, as he coolly gave his orders to his helmsman.

Soon the pirate vessel rounded to under the ship's stern, while a clear voice hailed:

"Ship ahoy!"

"Ahoy the pirate!" answered the captain, aloud, and then, turning to Sir Morton, he continued, in a low tone: "It is some satisfaction to call him by his name, the infernal pirate!"

"What ship is that, and whither bound?" called the pirate's clear tones once more.

"The *Gazelle*, from London to New York."

"I'll come aboard of you," and in a few moments more the schooner, by a skillful manoeuvre, was laid alongside of the ship, while her commander, and a dozen of his wild-looking crew, sprang upon the deck.

All on board the ship were struck by the remarkable appearance of the young pirate commander, who, hardly over twenty-one, was of a magnificent, manly build, and possessed a sea-bronzed face of strange beauty; for, were it not for the dark mustache, daring look upon the mouth, and flashing eyes, one would believe it the face of a woman, and a handsome one, too.

With a quick step, the chief advanced to the quarter-deck of the ship, his piercing eye taking in all around him, and, falling upon the passengers, he quickly raised his plumed hat, as he observed that there were ladies present.

"Pardon me, ladies, but I am a free rover, and needs must earn a living on the high seas. Captain, I would examine your cargo. Fear not, sir; I never rob a man of his all, and your and your passengers' valuables and property are safe; though, had you resisted me, 'twould have been otherwise."

The voice as well as the appearance of the young pirate captain impressed all who heard it, and, with self-congratulations at his prospects brightening, the captain of the merchantman turned to conduct his captor into his cabin, where the eye of the chief fell upon Adelaide Herman. His face lighted up with admiration, and bowing low, he said:

"Pardon the fright I have given you, lady; but, after I claim a portion of this cargo, I will take from your midst my hated presence. Ha!" and, as he spoke, the eyes of the corsair fell upon the rich ornament worn around the neck of the maiden.

Instantly his face changed, and, removing his hat, he continued, politely:

"Consider me not impertinent, lady, but will you permit me to examine that chain and the charm attached?"

Without hesitation Adelaide stepped forward, and the pirate took hold of the trinket. After examining it attentively, he said:

"Captain, I will not trouble you longer. Your ship is free to go on unmolested, for this lady wears the pledge of safety—a pledge given by our chief, and one which I always respect. To your vessel, men!"—and the young commander turned to his crew, who were crowding closely around him.

"And why, captain?" asked a burly seaman, stepping forward.

The face of the chief lit up with an expression of danger to his opponent, but he remarked, quietly:

"I never allow my orders to be questioned; but in this case, for the sake of peace, I will explain that a passenger on board this ship wears the 'Pirate's Pledge,' and, therefore, I will protect the vessel and those on board."

"Is it Lafitte's pledge?" asked the seaman.

"It is, sir."

"He's been dead three years, and I don't see why we should honor his pledge."

"Therein we differ—I will honor it; so to your vessel, men."

"I, for one, will not go without booty, and beauty, too. I see we can get it if we want it," replied the seaman, with a glance at Adelaide and several other of the lady passengers.

"Will you to your vessel, sir?"—and the eye of the chief fell on the mutineer.

"Not without spoils, and—"

"To the schooner, sir!"—and the hand of the pirate captain fell upon his pistol; and, as the seaman sprang toward him, there followed a flash, report, and heavy fall upon the deck, for the ball had entered the heart of the mutineer.

Drawing his sword like lightning, the chief cried, in ringing tones, while his eyes fairly burned with angry light: "Hounds, back to your vessel!"

A slight hesitation, and then the pirate crew slowly fell back and obeyed the order, while their leader followed them with his eye until they had crossed the bulwarks, bearing the body of their dead companion, and then turning to Adelaide, he said:

"Lady, you have saved the ship; but I am sorry yourself and friends had to witness an act of piratical justice, for, to govern the wild spirits around me, I must be severe, and perhaps cruel. Now permit me to say farewell, and wish you *bon voyage*."

The pirate chief turned to leave the ship, when Sir Morton Herman stepped forward, and, with a strange look in his face, said:

"Will you kindly permit me a word with you in the cabin, chief?"

The pirate looked surprised, bowed acquiescence, and followed the baronet, who, when seated, said:

"Will you permit me to glance at that sword, sir, which you wear?"

"Without a word it was handed to him."

"Pardon my curiosity, but where and when did you get this weapon?"

"I am told it was my father's, sir, and, I believe, he was an officer in the English army."

"I am desirous of asking you a few more questions, and would feel obliged if you would answer them, for much depends upon it; and also if you will permit me to call my wife and daughter here, as well as the ship's captain."

"Certainly, sir. In any way I can serve you,

command me," answered the pirate, with a surprised look upon his face."

"I would ask you, sir," commenced Sir Morton, when all had assembled, "to tell me more regarding this sword you wear."

"Then allow me to say that I am a 'child of the sea,' for I was picked up in an open boat, adrift on the ocean, containing, besides myself, the dead bodies of a lady, a female servant, an officer and his *valet*."

"Lafitte, the pirate admiral, discovered me, took me aboard his vessel, buried the bodies of the dead, and reared me as his *protégé*, for I was then but five years old."

"Since the death of the chief, Lafitte, I have arisen to the command of the schooner alongside, and though evidently born a gentleman, have been reared as a pirate."

"But the sword, sir?"

"That, with a miniature worn around the neck of the lady, who, doubtless, was my mother, Lafitte gave me ere he died."

"You have the miniature?"

"Here it is, sir."

And taking from around his neck a chain and locket, the pirate handed it to Sir Morton, who, after glancing at it, and apparently much affected, said:

"Captain, you have been very kind, sir, and now let me speak for a moment, and explain the cause of my questioning."

"My brother, Lord Edgar Herman, was a general in the British army, and, twenty three years ago, while coming from Canada in an English ship, was captured by the pirate Lafitte, then just commencing his piracies, who, in return for some kindness rendered him by my brother, presented him with that golden pledge you observed around the neck of my daughter."

"Arriving in England, just in time to be present at my marriage, Lord Herman presented the pledge to my wife as a wedding-gift, for, as you see, it is a costly and beautiful affair."

"Shortly afterward, my brother returned to America, and married a New York lady, after which he once more resumed his military duties in Canada."

"There was born to my brother and his wife one child—a boy, who now, if living, would be in his twenty-second year; and, with an heir to his title and estates, he resigned his commission, and set sail for England, accompanied by his wife and son. That was some sixteen years ago, and the ship in which he sailed was never heard of, until about two months since a sailor came to see me, and said he was one of the crew of the ill-fated vessel, which had been wrecked in a storm, and that he and another of his comrades had escaped in an open boat, and were afterward picked up by a fishing-smack off Newfoundland."

"He also stated that my brother, with his wife, son and two servants, had been washed away in another boat."

"Now, sir, to obtain a clue from some Maine fishermen, whom this man told me had been reported as finding several shipwrecked boats about the time of the loss of my brother, is the object of my trip to America."

"That sword is one I have often seen my brother wear, while in my hand I hold his own miniature—hence you are his son."

The pirate chief had evidently expected what was coming, but, bowing his head upon the table, he remained thus for some moments after the baronet had ceased speaking, and then, looking up, he said, in a low tone:

"You have but spoken the truth, sir, I feel; circumstances, over which I had no control, made me a pirate, and often have I longed to escape from it and raise my head as the equal of, my

honest countrymen; but, knowing no other life, branded as a corsair, I have not known whither to turn, and though guiltless of the foul crimes laid at my door, I am still the pirate *Herman*."

"The similarity of the name has often struck me, for your fame has spread abroad, sir; but how came you to be named thus by Lafitte?"

"It was the name on the linen I wore when found. But, oh! is there no hope for me?"

And the pirate's face grew bitter in its sorrow.

"Yes; I welcome you as my nephew; and here are your aunt, Lady Herman, and your cousin, Adelaide. But, in the eyes of the law, you are an outlaw, and I must return to England in the first ship that sails, and, placing the entire facts of the case before your sovereign, beg for your pardon, which I have every hope can be obtained. But you—"

"Will sail south to the rendezvous of our fleet, disband my men, break up our stronghold, and in disguise seek England, and meeting you, learn my fate. If it is to be still branded as an outlaw, I will seek some foreign land, and live an honorable life where I am unknown."

"You are a noble fellow, and too good for a pirate," said the ship's captain, bluntly. "You will be pardoned, I hope. But what about your treasures—"

"I have laid up little by piracies, my dear sir; but that little I will return to good by bestowing it upon some charitable institution. Besides that, I have a few thousand pounds found upon my father's body, and it will bring me on to England."

The young pirate chief was then warmly welcomed by all present; for his nobleness in respecting the pledge, and his quick punishment of the man who would have robbed them, had won their admiration and respect.

After arranging that the matter should be kept quietly between themselves, and appointing a place of meeting with his uncle Herman, the reformed corsair chief left the ship, and returning aboard his own vessel, set sail for the southern seas.

Six months after the overhauling of the English packet-ship *Gazelle* by the pirate schooner, Sir Morton Herman, with his wife and daughter, arrived in Lisbon, Portugal, and put up at a fashionable hotel in the city.

An hour after their arrival, the servant ushered into their parlor an elegant-looking young man, dressed in the height of fashion, who was warmly welcomed by all.

It was Edgar Herman, Lord of Hazelbrook, who had once been Herman the Pirate, but whose sins of piracy had been pardoned by his king, as he held the young man irresponsible, under the circumstances, for his life of carnage and robberies upon the high seas.

Thus Lafitte's *protégé* became the wealthy and noble Lord Edgar Herman, and a year after his *entrée* into the society of his native land he led to the altar his beautiful cousin Adelaide, who, in wearing the Pirate's Pledge, had found for herself a cousin and a husband.

Skeggs, the Pawnbroker.

CHAPTER I.

THAT all is vanity was never better proved than in Skeggs, the pawnbroker's shop. A single glance told the story of many a downfall, else how came that *cinque-cento* locket in the show-case; that shield, embossed after the manner of Benvenuto Cellini, over the door; that copy in Parian of the "Venus of Milo," and that ermine cloak,

with a lining of rose-colored satin, fantastically thrown about said Venus, as a veil to her radiant charms?

The *cinque-cento* locket had been put in pawn by a needy novelist, who had run out of pens, ink, and paper; the embossed shield, by a "sport," who had won it at cards, when over the water, at Baden-Baden. The Venus had belonged to a *danseuse*, upon whom it had been bestowed by a Wall Street broker, and the ermine cloak to a *oi-devant* belle, whose father had gone to those amiable beasts called "the dogs," on Black Friday. "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity!"

Skeggs had often thought that himself, being a thinking man; but just now Skeggs was thinking of matters quite different—he *had found something*.

Being in quite comfortable circumstances, and having acquired a certain knowledge of the beautiful from the fact that his business often threw the beautiful in his way, Skeggs found a certain pleasure in holding on to the more choice of the forfeited collaterals in his establishment, and in putting upon them what is technically termed a "fancy price" when chance brought some lover of *bric-à-brac* to his store in search of something that the pawnbroker was reluctant to part with.

Oddly enough, he had taken a strange fancy to an ugly Renaissance writing-desk in his possession, which had been secured by him at the sale of a portion of the furniture of that odd and, as people had said, miserly old Griffith Selden, whose money had all gone to his niece, Rosa Selden, leaving Jeannie, or Jean, the child of his own sister and Harry Mainwaring, "out in the cold."

Rosa, it was true, was just the dashing sort of girl that would know how to spend money; and, ah! such a beauty! Her flashing, dark eyes, her rich, chestnut hair, her dazzling complexion would at any time have attracted notice to her. Now, with all the advantages of wealth, the fair creature resembled some glittering butterfly, dressed in the splendors of its sparkling Spring.

But Jean? Ah! Skeggs remembered Jean Mainwaring as the girl who had so startled him on entering the store, with an old white shawl thrown over her head, her delicate face half in shadow, but so like, our queer old connoisseur immediately decided, to the copy of the "Beatrice Cenci" he had sold last week to a certain railway king, whose ignorance of art matters did not prevent his recognition of its loveliness.

What had brought Griffith Selden's niece to a pawnshop?

Poverty! The knife was at her throat. The landlady who let her poor little room in yonder tenement-house—a decent and a clean specimen of that sort of thing, and free of vermin and rickety doors—had signified that "no credit weren't a-goin' to run on in this here house no longer; an' if yer don't pay up, out yer go!" at which refined and enlivening expression of the fiat of fate Jean Mainwaring, after a few of those tears that orphans in great cities are often doomed to weep, had taken down the bronze clock, with the Psyche holding her butterfly, that was the last relic of former prosperity—the last gift of the dead uncle who had left her penniless—the last link that bound her to the higher grade of society, and reminded her of the admirers who had praised it and her.

What would it bring at that pawnbroker's shop at which, in returning from the studios where she "posed for the draped," Jean had so often seen haggard-faced men and women, and skulking, ragged children slip in as if ashamed?

Her last shilling had gone for that day's food. She had no appointment for some days to come at any art-studio, and while the wolf of hunger—an

animal with which Jean was growing painfully familiar—must be fed, another wolf, in the shape of the belligerent and vituperative landlady, must be fed also, or she would spring from her lair, and spread consternation upon the path of Time.

The clock brought fourteen dollars—it had cost seventy-five—and while Jean, with trembling hands, pocketed the money, it struck her that the old pawnbroker glanced at her oddly, and very respectfully, too, for that kind of person, called her Miss Mainwaring as he handed her a ticket, and hoped she would not get wet in the drippings of the doorway, for it was a "bad night," he said—"a real December thaw, and villainous under foot."

"How did he know my name?" pondered Jean, as she returned to her shabby lodgings; and the girl's cheeks burned with hot shame, as she remembered her father, the unsuccessful—if to be rich is to be successful—poet, who had been so proud of his stately cognomen. "If mother or he could see me now!" murmured Jean's pale lips, that had once been so warm in rose-leaf color.

Who will blame the burning tears for falling?

Or who that believes in the soul's immortality, and the return to earth of spirits to watch above the beloved, will wonder that, as the tears fell, they dried again, and a strange peacefulness came over poor little Jean, though still out in the snow and rain, with nothing but a shawl between her and the "cold, could blast"?

"Angels," as "Little Breecobes" tells us.

Well, certain it is that, while Jean shivers through the wet, Skeggs the pawnbroker, in his Renaissance desk, *has found something*.

CHAPTER II.

"But I never loved her!" exclaimed the individual whom the journal of fashion, when mentioning his presence at Long Branch or Saratoga, invariably qualified as the "elegant and accomplished Mr. Raymond Tremaine."

"Oh, I know better!" archly replied Miss Rosa Selden, tapping Mr. Tremaine with her fan, and looking at him sideways from her dangerous dark eyes. "Everybody said you were engaged to her. I'm sure I thought so."

"Everybody had better mind their own business," answered Raymond Tremaine, with more temper than elegance; "and as for you, I cannot imagine how you could have taken such a preposterous notion into your head. Did the girl ever say that I proposed to her?"

"Jean? Oh, no! Jean was very reserved—very close-mouthed, I mean—a stuck-up thing!" replied Rosa.

"What's become of her?" demanded Tremaine, with rather more eagerness than was altogether consistent with the feigned effort to suppress a yawn.

"Dear knows! I don't!" replied the heiress. "She got upon her dignity after the will was read—never even asked me for a dollar; and I'm sure I would have given her a fifty-dollar note with pleasure, if she had. When I came in from walking one day, she had gone, taking with her only her clothes and the furniture of the room that Uncle Selden fitted up for her in the second story, right over us, up there."

"And have you never heard anything of her since that time?"

"Yes," drawled Rosa, lazily; "somboidy—said—one day, that she had become a model for draped figures, and went to artists' studios. I suppose she goes to S—, and A—, and E—!" she laughed, and appeared to consider the whole thing an excellent joke.

Oh, Raymond Tremaine!—sitting there quietly

—bow your miserable heart leaps up and down at tidings like these! Jean Mainwaring, the exquisite creature, whom even your egotism knew how to recognize as one in a thousand—as beautiful, as talented, as lovely in mind and character—she an artist's model!

It was but a part of such a nature—that of a poor man—rich, selfish men's sons are often that!—too lazy to work—to have left the penniless orphan, his betrothed, to woo the heiress.

Raymond Tremaine, at twenty, had declared that genius cannot be fettered. The wings of his Pegasus must not be held to earth. He must travel and “see things,” “do Europe,” and, when he had discovered the peculiar bent of his talent, it would be time enough to return, and then, as his sire announced, he would be expected to begin to settle down and do something:

“Unless, Ray, my boy, you set your wits to work, and catch an heiress, as your father was wise enough to do before you.”

The attitudes of receptivity assumed by Tremaine were many and various. He had tried smoking opium, frequenting Bohemians, eating hashish, visiting the *Eat Mobille*, and “all that sort of thing;” but the “peculiar bent of his genius” still remained a mystery. He had only found out one thing—that he hated to be poor, and loathed the thought of work.

“There is that artist, Jack Greyson, that used to go to old Selden's before he cut up rough and left all his money away from poor little Jean. Why can't I paint pictures like that chap? That would suit me now! But the idea of going to father's counting-house, and sitting mewed up at a desk all day!—why, I couldn't stand it! It would kill me; and, hang it, I want to live!”

And yet the scamp I am engaged in depicting had talent, and could write delicious verses when not too lazy to dip the pen into the ink and describe the scenes where he had wandered, with a gift of imagery that ought to have made him—so gifted—a better man.

“What are you thinking of?” jealously demanded Rosa, whose last whim had been to fancy herself in love with Raymond Tremaine, and who did not like that in her presence he should indulge in such reveries as that into which he had fallen since her communication with regard to Jean Mainwaring.

“Only this, Rosa, that if you will consent to be my wife, I shall be proud and happy to be so honored,” replied Tremaine, looking neither proud nor honored, but excessively gloomy and bored to death, as had become his habitual state of mind since the disappearance of Jean.

Rosa simpered, as empty-headed women will when proposed to, tried to do the emotional by letting her head fall upon the broad shoulders of her handsome suitor, who klased her, as in duty bound, and a day or two after, the same journal I have before alluded to, mentioned in its “fashionable intelligence” that “Mr. Raymond Tremaine, son of one of our most noted capitalists, would lead to the hymeneal altar Rosa, sole heiress of the late Griffith Selden.”

CHAPTER III.

FOURTEEN dollars, sad to say, will not pay for food and lodging for an unlimited period of time; and when at last every article in her possession had been sold, save and excepting the clothing upon her back, poor Jean Mainwaring fell into that despair by which, too often,

“The pale old lips of Death are fed.”

That fierce and impracticable party, the landlady, was not to be appeased by any such peace-

offerings as promises to pay at a later and brighter period, when the wherewithal should have been well earned by Jean's patient sittings to the artists, who had not recently required her services.

The heart aches to write the scene so oft enacted, but, in the biting cold of the later December, alone, trembling and weeping, and thrust forth by that implacable hand, Jean Mainwaring, who, a few short months before, had known no sorer thing than kindness, went forth houseless and homeless, into the city's streets:

She wandered on without sensation, after her first few tears, except of a dull heartache and a faintness—she had eaten no food that day—that was not exactly hunger, and wandering thus, in a sort of dull delirium of despair, she forgot that shame of her poverty that, since the downfall of her fortunes, had kept her away from the thoroughfare of the rich and prosperous—glittering, stirring, gay Broadway—and found herself suddenly opposite Grace Church.

In the confusion of her bewildered thoughts she paused without observing that she had done so, and turned her weary but beautiful eyes upon the scene before her, which many passengers had paused to gaze at.

It was a wedding. The ceremony was over, and the bride and groom—the later very gloomy and weary-looking, though very handsome in form and face—were emerging, surrounded by their escort, from the arched doorway.

Jean, in her shabby attire, stood still, staring wildly. What was this? Could it be he, Raymond Tremaine—he for whose presence she had sent up so many heartfelt prayers to unheeding heaven?

A wild shriek broke from her lips, as she rushed forward and seized his arm; then, while the startled crowd turned to see what had caused the thrilling cry, she fell to the earth like a stone.

And he, Tremaine?

All was forgotten in that mad moment when the exquisite face, pale as marble, and full of beautiful love and piteous despair—love such as, well he knew, no throb would ever awaken in his fashionable bride, fair Rosa Selden—gazed up at him.

“Jean! Jean! my little Jean!” burst from his lips, as he raised her from the ground, and, to the horror of every bystander, kissed the deathlike lips that had so wildly uttered his name.

It was the last time in his life that the better nature of Raymond Tremaine asserted itself. Bride, father, wealth, position, friends—everything was forgotten in the agonizing moment when he thought her dead who was the first, last woman for whom his heart ever beat with the emotion of love.

A moment more, and the world's claims had resumed their sway. The first groomsman took from Tremaine's arms the swooning form of Jean, while Rosa, infinitely disgusted, and quite unfashionably indignant, entered her carriage without aid from her husband, and wishing in her “heart of hearts” that she had not surreptitiously wiled away, after the fashion of Vivien, another woman's lover, “for things to turn out this way!” muttered she, her eyes blazing with anger.

The groomsman, meantime, suggested, as the carriages rode off, and Scandal rejoiced in a fresh budget, that the fainting girl should be carried into the church, and “somebody should do something,” which valuable idea was carried out by the usher, who absolutely effected the getting together of half a glass of water, with which he sprinkled Jean in a most stolid and condescending manner, the result being her revival, and her sitting up in the pew with staring eyes and a trembling frame. But in the crowd there had been one who had not lost sight of Jean since the day when, in the old Renaissance writing-desk, his

luck had led him to *find something*; I mean our friend Skeggs, the pawnbroker.

"I know the young lady, and will see her home," said Skeggs, coming up to the usher, who was still placidly sprinkling the reviving Jean as though she had been some novel species of *roses alba*, and he a judicious gardener who was desirous of not overdoing the thing.

The snuffy respectability of Skeggs, upon whom his quality of connoisseur in pictures and *bric-à-brac* had conferred a certain look of scholarliness, induced the stolid usher to say:

"In that case the quicker the better," and upon that hint Skeggs, offering Jean his arm, set forth for the classic precincts of his pawnshop.

Arrived there, Jean fainted again, and as she revived for the second time with the valuable aid of some raw brandy held to her lips by the smiling Skeggs, he remarked:

"Don't do it again, Miss Mainwaring; it's dreadful, and it won't do. Besides that, it isn't worth while. You mustn't faint again—you needn't faint again. *You're an heiress!*"

Jean stared.

"Yes," sententiously began Skeggs; "I'll explain."

Walking to the Renaissance writing-desk, the pawnbroker took from a secret drawer a document, neatly folded, and duly signed and sealed, which bore the startling heading: "My will, Griffith Selden, temporarily deposited here," and which went on to state that the said Griffith Selden, being of good health and sound mind, did therein and thereby revoke the will by which he had left his property to his niece, Rosa Selden, and in this, his *last* will and testament—an assertion duly proved by its date—did devise and bestow upon Jean Mainwaring, the daughter of his beloved sister, Mary Selden, and Henry Joyce Mainwaring, the whole amount of property of which he stood possessed, leaving only an annuity of one thousand dollars, and a present of one hundred dollars, to Rosa Selden.

The document lacked nothing to make it valid, and Jean remembered the reiterated assertion of a certain obscure but honest lawyer, to the effect that there had been, to his certain recollection, a later will than that which had made Rosa Selden sole heiress of her eccentric uncle.

The will had not been forthcoming at the time, and the word of George Grant, who had witnessed it, went for nothing.

"And you shall be righted," added Skeggs, the pawnbroker, striking his hand violently upon the table before him, where the will lay outspread. "I don't know who'll be sorry for your selfish cousin, who has never had the grace to care for you or to look you up."

And Skeggs, the pawnbroker, still further insisted that Jean should take as her own private lodging his little parlor, and make herself at home there for the time-being.

"The lawyer will call on you this evening, Miss Mainwaring," added he. "He's a smart man, Grant is, and he says there'll be no difficulty in your being righted."

As the old man spoke, a well-dressed and fine-looking man entered the store, and coming up to Skeggs, demanded:

"Can you tell me where I can find a Miss Jean Mainwaring, who, I am told, lives somewhere near here?"

"Who may you be?" gravely demanded the pawnbroker.

"I am John Greyson, the artist, to whom Miss Mainwaring has been so kind as to sit once or twice, and I am very anxious to secure her services again," replied the newcomer, in a gentlemanly tone.

Jean rose to her feet, for she remembered that

this one friend had been faithful through all. Poor as Jack Greyson, as his friends called him, had always been, he had never failed to pay Jean punctually and liberally for her sittings, and Jean knew, as women know these things, without being told, that the penniless artist loved her with a love deep and true.

"I have been ill to-day," murmured she, "and cannot sit as yet, but I—I will call when I am better, Mr. Greyson—indeed I will."

The young artist recovering from his surprise at finding Jean in a pawnbroker's shop, came forward, and drew her to one side.

"For God's sake, Jean, come away!" said he. "This is more than I can bear, I that saw you six months ago the idol of a wealthy uncle in a luxurious home. This is too much. You must not try to struggle an hour longer. Jean, if you are not afraid to venture, place your little hand in mine, and say, 'Jack, I'll be your wife.'"

Jean who had wept so bitterly that morning when houseless and homeless, Jean who had learned so late the value of a true heart that loves *not the gold, but the girl*, placed her slender hand in the manly grasp of poor Jack Greyson, the artist, and replied:

"Jack, I'll be your wife; but it is not Jean Mainwaring, the poor model, whom you wed, but Jean the heiress of Griffith Selden's wealth, and the woman who knows at last that a true heart is earth's best possession."

Of course the will was disputed, but in the course of a few months' time Jean Mainwaring stood in her own rightful home. She added to the annuity left to Rosa another thousand, and gave her the most desirable house in the real estate left by old Griffith Selden. But Rosa never forgave her for having been the true heiress, and abused her roundly at all times.

As for Skeggs, the pawnbroker, he has become a wine-merchant, with funds furnished by Jean Mainwaring—now Mrs. John Greyson—and is very prosperous.

And Raymond Tremaine?

Well, he and Rosa are separated, and Bumer says that he gambles.

"Anything," he says, "for excitement."

Celestial Space.—When astronomers assure us that the diameters of the circles which the planets describe in their perpetual revolutions round the sun are millions of miles, how is it possible for the mind to take in an idea of the space or room in which such globes as those of eighty or ninety thousand miles in diameter are running, thirty times more rapidly than a cannon-ball, without the slightest interference with others? Space—without limit! There is no boundary, no barrier, no precipitous termination, but space for ever and ever, and there the intellect leaves the pursuit—the brain of man cannot grasp it! But there is something more perplexing in the belief that interminable space is filled with billions, ay, with countless organized worlds, beyond all human computation, far exceeding our own in grandeur of proportions, physical resources, and beauty, so immensely distant that no telescope can ever survey those on the nearest border of that celestial space which they occupy; and yet still beyond and beyond, so far that the light they send abroad, at the speed of one hundred and ninety-two millions of miles in one second, may not reach the earth for a hundred of millions of years to come, and there again and again there are globes infinitely multiplied. Space, then, is a field in which the Almighty displays the majesty of His supreme power.



HOD, RATHER!

IRATE BRICKLAYER (who has taken offense at some remark of Pat's).—"You jist come down here, an' I'll black yer two eyes for ya!"

PAT (on the ladder).—"Faith, thin, me friend, y'r'e moighty kind; but it wouldn't be comin' down I'd be if ye offered me TWICE AS MUCH!"

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

1.—CHARADE.

I sat in my armchair reading
A book of wondrous lore,
And I read my whole, with bated breath,
To my uncle, who's eighty-four;
And he gravely sat there opposite,
Where oft he had sat before.
With his primal clasped by his withered
hands,
He loved to linger there,
To try and listen to what I read
As I sat in the other chair;
But he's rather hard of hearing now,
And silvery white is his hair.
And this is the story I read to him
(I grew interested soon):
"Behold the city of Venice
Beneath the light of the moon,
Which shimmers over its palaces
And the face of the broad lagoon.
"Over the Adriatic
There rowed a gondolier;
His form was tall, his face was bronzed,
And his eye was dark and clear;
And the sweet, sweet sound of his light
guitar
Rang merrily far and near.
Each journey, though, has my second,
And he hastily dropped his oar,
And the keel of the gondola touched the land
As he leaped upon the shore—"
But here I stopped, for my uncle gave
A loud and startling snore.
And when he awoke, he said, gravely:
"The tale was as good as could be,
Though the hero was much to be pitied
If catarrh and rheumatics had he,
Which, of course, came about through rowing
A gondola over the sea.
"Young men are exceedingly careless,
And were all just as careless of old;
If he'd put on a great coat and muffler,
He would never have caught such a cold;
But catarrh and rheumatics would punish
him well
(Serve him right!) for being so bold."
And he sat there, opposite, smiling
And shaking his frosted old head,
As he glanced where I sat with the volume,
Which had not been properly read;
And I thought it as well not to tell him
He had twisted the narrative's thread.

2.—CROSS WORD PUZZLE.

My first is in martyrs, but not in slave;
My second is in William, but not in Dave;
My third is in vicious, but not in strong;
My fourth is in right, but not in wrong;
My fifth is in brandy, but not in wine;
My sixth is in dinner, but not in dine;
My seventh is in dollar, but not in cent;
My eighth is in Christian, but not in repent;
My ninth is in pantry, but not in shelf;
My tenth is in preserves, but not in deff;
My eleventh is in marvel, but not in wonder;
My twelfth is in tempest, also in thunder;
My thirteenth is in year, also in day;
My whole a character in Jack Harkaway.

3.—HIDDEN TOWNS.

A solicitor lost his wig and gown near the border of our garden in a bed for daisies, just where the lane ends; and then Hal rested upon the bank before fording the river with a wicker-basket; so Pat ran down to the hayrick, and laughed till he cried.

4.—CHARADE.

Out in the fields, where the bird-boy roves,
And the oak and the ash are seen;
And drooping bells of the hyacinths move,
Are my whole, in gold and green.
Their first, when evening closes in,
And the hissing urn replies
To a voice that is never at rest within,
Upon the table lies—
And children ask it, in innocent glee,
In part with that, which is not of me.
My second, as well, on the table seen,
Holding the cheering fare,
Tell of colors black and green,
And homes of our ancient care—
When the good old mother all great men love,
Prized them at heart, as 'twere sweet to prove.
My whole are but innocent flowers, whose blooms,
In the open light of day,
Blushed with the tinge of his glorious beams,
Bask in the sun's proud ray!
And yet they're so simple, these flowers, I fear
You will see not the care that hath wrought
them here.

5.—PALINDROME.

I'll certainly begin my riddle just now—
But first you must promise me, and make a vow
That the answer you will to no one tell,
Whether you know them or not very well;
But let them seek for me alone,
Then they will prize the task when done.
So far as I've got—I must trouble you a little
more,
Just to pick my head out of a solitary score.
Then, in addition to that, join one and six,
And the half of a century to the end of it fix.
Now, as this brings my riddle to an end,
I hope you'll be total when an answer you send—
Any riddles or a letter about some questions to
inquire.
Dear friends I have finished, and I willingly retire.

6.—CHARADE.

My first in many a field doth grow—
Most easy 'tis to guess;
Without it we should come to woe,
To trouble and distress.
My second in a farmer's barn
You very oft may find;
And when I say 'tis made of yew,
It may come to your mind.
My whole is but my second, too,
And used to carry in
My dear and precious first; so you
To guess may now begin.

7.—TRANSLATIONS.

1. As I stand, I am the abbreviated name of a great prophet; change the vowels consecutively, and I become the place where he was preserved from danger, a tap-room wrangle, a Spanish title, and a clamorous creditor. 2. As I stand, I indicate a body; change the vowels and I am reminded of Joseph and his brother Benjamin, an unmarried lady, rural verdure, and an obsolete term for a scramble. 3. As I stand, I am either a male or female companion; change the vowels, I reduce to measure, I am proverbially little, and I never join in a chorus.

8.—ENTRANA.

Oh, how many tales of me could be told,
By the young and the poor, the rich and the old!
For I never do good wherever I am,
Although I have been from creation of man.
No legs have I got, yet how swift do I go!
And often I cause the blackest of woe;
But if you transpose me, a man's name I show—
A Scriptural one, I would have you to know.

9.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

If you will read my primals down,
An animal they'll give;
The initials then to you will show
Where it delights to live.

1. Most ladies like my first to get.
2. A town in France for this one set.
3. For this find out a Russian town.
4. And to break loose, you here put down.
5. 'Tis the great question of the day,
To tell if he is what they say.

10.—CHARADE.

Reader, in thy fancy view,
Mid the scenes of strife and war,
Where the soldiers, brave and true,
Calmly sleeping are:
'Tis my first.

Next in dim cathedral aisle,
Lit by early dawn's first ray,
Pause and listen for a while
Till thou hear'st my second say
Day hath burst.

Those who love poetic lore
Must have heard an author's name,
Often o'er his works must pore
Not unknown to fame;
He's my whole.

11.—CHARADE.

My first's a useful article
Of everyday attire,
Whose modern styles and fancies
One cannot quite admire.

My next's a common color
In nature and in art;
My whole an evil passion
In many a human heart.

By mitred heads my first's esteemed
When it is made my second;
It then becomes a prize indeed,
Worth competition reckoned.

12.—THREE ACROSTIC.

My initials and centinals read from below,
The field of a mimic battle will show.
My initials read down will present to your eyes
A lady who there no one well can despise.

1. Odd capers in the first line place;
2. Officers, but not our ladies, in this are seen;
3. Remove what you would next efface;
4. In history this word oft writ has been;
5. A cottage reversed will a picture give,
To form my last as sure as you live.

13.—CHARADE.

The father leaves his happy home,
To first he has to go;
And now he joins a gallant band,
To face a mighty foe.

My second joiners use to part,
However strange it seem;
Though often by the hand 'tis worked,
It also goes by steam.

Unhappy whole! What hast thou done
That thus thy blood was shed?
The tyrants triumph'd over thee,
Whilst Justice hung her head.

14.—DECAPITATION.

Behead a priestly garment, and have vermin;
behead again, and it is refreshing.

15.—SQUARE WORD

Memoranda; musical dramatic composition; a
kind of voice; to corrode; a Scripture name.

16.—TRANSLOCATIONS.

1. As I stand, I am an article of wearing apparel; change the vowels consecutively, and I become a playful female name, a dangerous consequence in a duel, the temper of a violent man, and a Laplander's dwelling-place. 2. As I stand, I'm commonly known by my bark; change the vowels, and you will have me at your fingers' ends; next, I am sometimes called Jupiter; I then become a matter of weight, and, proverbially, a large quantity. 3. As I stand, I signify a kind of communication; change the vowels, I become a man's name, a French adjective, expressive of satisfaction, and a capital theme for a dance where there is plenty.

17.—ENIGMA.

If one thousand and one you trace,
Together with two fifty's, they will make,
For certain, the name of a place
Where a thief you may easily take.

18.—ENGLISH TOWNS.

1. A place of rest and an English dramatist;
2. A utensil and a weight; 3. A sharp thorn and a stream; 4. Fresh and a town in England; 5. A color and a lady's name; 6. Part of a gun and a wine; 7. A mineral and a tree; 8. A circle and a forest; 9. A vegetable; 10. Part of the face; 11. A fruit and a preposition; 12. An English river and a passage.

19.—TRANSUTATION.

Change the head of a condiment, and have something to give light; change again, and I am before your eyes.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC., IN
MAY NUMBER.

1. Washington, Longfellow, thus—Weasel, Apollo, Sabian, Heating, Infect, Needie, Gravel, Trowell, Otto, Narrow. 2. T-ran-sit—transit. 3. Twine, wine, twin, win. 4. Gnome, Nazam, ozone, manor, emery. 5. Pektan, enode, korst, adest, Netta. 6. Words, swords. 7. Edward Bulwer Lytton—Eye Ball, Dauby, Water-elephant, Arrow-root, Regenbrat(O)n, Deser(t)ion. 8. Eel, the Porpoise, the Sturgeon, the Star-fish, thus—

TURTLE	TURBOT	TIN
HUMBLY	HUMBER	HEN
EUROPE	EMBERS	HERL
PHY	SIN	SAW
OLIVE	TALON	TEN
RIGID	UTTER	APR
PARTS	RAPID	RED
OPT	GUN	FAT
IRWELL	EXETER	INGRIA
SUMMIT	ORIENT	SUMMER
ENTIRE	NIMBLE	HORNET

9. Sword-blade. 10. Star: Luminary, theatrical, in flag. 11. Level. 12. Mother-in-law. 13. Places, Levant, avenge, Candia, engird, steady. 14. Beaumont, Fletcher, thus—Ballif, Emanuel, AlivE, UnresT, ModoC, Oilcloth, Newcastle, TenoR. 15. Bloomfield. 16. Savonarola. 17. Elvas, slave. 18. Young, owner, uncle, Nelly, greyA. 19. Apace; paled, along, cease, edges. 20. Nectar-in-e—nectarine; r-as-p-ber(y)-ry(e)—raspberry; dam-son—damson; ap(e)-ple(a)—apple; pea-ch(air)—peach; g-rape—grape; goose-b-(p)erry—gooseberry; p-ear—pear; mul(e)-b-err-y—mulberry; o-range—orange; (e)sberry—cherry; cur-r-ant—currant. 21. Shipwreck. 22. Bee, bear, beast. 23. Nonce, ovals, Naisa, Clare, Essex.

The extent to which doctors differ is amusingly illustrated by three or four pamphlets now before us, of which the main object is to advertise some patent medicines, and which also contain suggestions regarding diet. One of these cautious people against eating any kind of fish whatever, whether fresh or salt. Another cites the case of a patient who, when on the verge of the grave from dyspepsia, was recommended to go and live in a lighthouse, from which he emerged thoroughly recovered after six months' diet of fish exclusively. The same authority interdicts the use of hashes of all kinds, thereby virtually obliterating boarding-houses, but, oblivious of the treacherous trichina, recommends as a wholesome esculent ham, either raw or boiled. A third authority up-sets a fourth, who recommends hard-boiled eggs as most easy of digestion, by averring that eggs, to be digestible at all, should be eaten quite or nearly raw. To a hypochondriac a careful perusal and comparison of these conflicting recommendations must be highly assuring.

One of our neighbors had just put on his pants, the other morning, when he immediately took them off again, under the impression that they were haunted. The kitten was pulled out by the tail and drowned.



ACT 1.—Codlin plants his Cabbage. Doobs, next door, contemplates the proceedings with withering scorn.

A Mathematician.—“Oh, dear!” blubbered out an urchin who had just been suffering from the application of the birch—“oh, my! they tell me about forty rods make a furlong, but I can tell a bigger story than that. Let ‘em get such a plaguy lickin’ as I’ve got, and they’ll find out that one rod makes an acher.”

“Keep ‘um for my Homesty.”—The story runs that a Southern gentleman once hired a negro servant, who, shortly after his installation, in putting to rights his master’s room one day,

found a silver dime. On his master’s return, the servant presented him with the money, but the gentleman declined to take it, saying to the negro, “Keep it for your honesty.” Not long after the gentleman lost his pocket-book, and after an unavailing search for it in every other direction, suspicion fell upon Sambo, who finally confessed that he had it, and pleaded in excuse that he found it. “Found it! What if you did find it, why didn’t you return it to me, you black rascal!” said his master. “I keep ‘um for my honesty!” triumphantly exclaimed the colored gentleman.

There are two eventful periods in the life of a woman—one, when she wonders whom she will have; the other, when she wonders who will have her.



ACT 2.—Doobs's Diabolical Deed. He cuts the roots of the Cabbage, and replants it.



ACT 3.—*The Cabbage languishes. Codlin wrongfully suspects an innocent party. N. B.—The party in question is a big worrum.*

Wasting Time.—One day a grand official happened to be passing through a Government-office with which he was connected. There he saw a man standing before the fire reading a newspaper. Hours afterward, returning the same way, he was shocked to find the same man, legs extended, before the same fire, still buried in the columns of a newspaper. "Hullo, sir!" cried the indignant head of the department, "what are you doing?" "Can't you see what I am doing?" was the answer. "Sir, I came through this office four hours ago, and found you reading the paper; I return, and you are still wasting your time in the same manner." "Very true; you have stated the case to a nicety." Hereupon head of department naturally fires up. "What is your name, sir?" he says. "Well, I don't know as my name is any affair of yours—what is your name?" "Sir, I would have you know that I am the So-and-So of the post office!" "Indeed! well, I am very glad to hear it. I am, sir, simply one of the public who have been kept waiting here four hours for an answer to a simple question, and I shall be much obliged if you will use your influence to get me attended to."

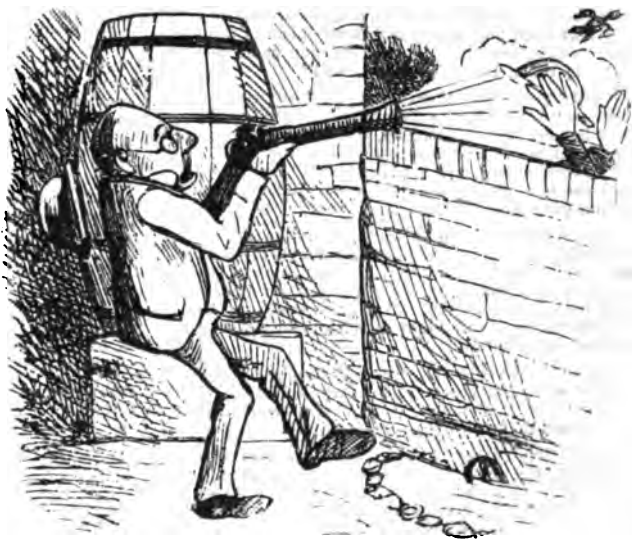
Any Money.—No matter how many kinds of lovely flowers a young woman may have in the garden of her soul if she hasn't anemone (any money).

A Wonderful Wife.

—"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?" said Mrs. Black. "A chicken, madame," said the husband. "Roast or boiled?" asked the wife. "Confound it, madame, you ought to know what I like!" The dinner-time came, and on raising the cover of the dish he called out: "Boiled chicken! I hate it, madame! A chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled!" Immediately his wife raised a cover for another chicken, roasted to a turn. "Madame, I won't eat roast chicken! You know how it should have been cooked." Just then a broiled chicken, with mushrooms, was placed on the table. "Without green-peas?" roared the grumbler. "Here they are, dear," said Mrs. Black. "How dare you spend my money in that way?" "They were a present," said his wife. Sandy in desperation

rose from his chair. He was going to say, "How dare you receive a present without my leave?" but he looked at his wife's smiling face, and then he smiled too; and they do say he never grumbled again.

The suffering lad who infests the neighborhood of the up-town hotels, barefooted, these cold nights, appealing for charity, deserves encouragement. He takes two great risks, first of catching cold by going barefooted, and second, of losing his shoes and stockings, which he leaves in a neighboring doorway while he plies his vocation.



ACT 4.—*Codlin lets fly with his blunderbuss. Doobs, chuckling behind the wall, unwisely pops up his head a little too soon.*

A Starving Woman in Paterson, New Jersey, driven to an excess of desperation that savors of mad despair, was actually forced to spend her last six dollars for a wig. Pity the sorrows of the poor.

At a party, while a young lady was playing with peculiar brilliancy of touch, a bystander bachelor exclaimed, "I'd give the whole world for those fingers!" "Perhaps you might get the whole hand by asking," said the young lady's observant mamma.

Hadn't Thought of That.—"Mr. McLean," said General Dix to Washington McLean, who had provided himself with an immense demijohn of whisky, which he wanted sent to General Roger A. Pryor, in Fort Lafayette—"Mr. McLean, why should you expect me to send a jug of whisky to General Pryor, I should like to know?" "Because," was the reply, "General Pryor likes whisky." Dix hadn't thought of that. The reason was a perfect novelty to him; so he smiled, and passed the jug.

Codfish and Congress are much more alike than most people suppose. A codfish, it is said, deposits 8,000,000 eggs a year, and of all these but 100 are worthless, while of every 8,000,000 Bills passed by Congress, scarcely more than 100 are worth the paper on which they are printed.

"What," exclaimed the fashionable Fitzwiggles to the exquisite Miss La Sparrowgrass—"what would you be, dearest, if I should press the stamp of love upon those sealing-wax lips?" "I," responded the fairy-like creature, "should be stationery!"

"The evidence shows that he sot up with her night after night, and they sqoze hands and talked soft, and I think she ought to have about \$23 damages," was the charge of a Kansas judge to a jury in a breach of promise case.

During the prevalence of cholera, the Roman authorities punched and fumigated all letters from suspected places, but one of the clerical town councilors complained of their inconsistency, for while they were so particular about letters, they allowed telegrams to come in without fumigation. Noticing an incredulous smile, as he supposed, on the faces of some of his audience, he drew several telegrams from his pocket, and threw them on the council-table, saying, "Gentlemen, you seem to doubt it; there, then, is the evidence."

Novel Way of Running a Boarding-house.—"What do you do with so much?" said a gentleman at the South End, the other evening, to a beggar-boy, who had a basketful of provisions, and was soliciting more. "Mother got three new boarders last night, and two other fellers left without paying her anything."

"Respectable People" are a singular set in Portland. Within a week one respectable citizen was caught stealing jewelry, another with kid gloves stole a ham, a third was arrested for stealing spoons, and a fourth, a "prominent citizen," was picked up at midnight in a state of almost hopeless intoxication.

"Where did you learn wisdom?" inquired Diogenes of a man esteemed wise. "From the blind," was the reply, "who always try their path with a stick before they venture to tread on it!"

Settling men say that if pianos stand north and south, the tone of the instrument is much improved. This is true—especially when the piano is thumped by a learner. About one hundred and fifty miles north and south of you is the proper position for the instrument to stand when being manipulated by a young thing taking her first lessons.

The following sweet dispatch passed over the wires to a Maine girl: "To—: Your life is a rich bouquet of happiness, yourself the sweetest flower. If northern winds whisper southern wishes, how happy you must be. Good night. Happy dreams, sweetlove. Frank."

The following dialogue was overheard in Vicksburg: "Say, Jim, Ise noticed somefin' in dis town, is you?" "I dunno whedder I is or no, Si, what is it?" "It's dis: Is you noticed when a strange darky come here, dat 'mounts to somefin', de white folks say, 'Who's dat colored man?' but de collard people say, 'Who is dat nigger?' Jim, a nigger ain't got no sense, nohow." "Dat's so, Si, sho's yer-born."

Never Interfere.—When you have interfered in a family fight, and been knocked down stairs by the brutal husband, and had a kettle of hot water poured on you by the ill-treated wife, console yourself with the reflection that the memory of noble and useful acts wrought in early youth is like the coral islands—green and sunny amidst the melancholy ocean. After it has happened to you several times, you will decide that you have laid up memories enough of that sort, and will never interfere between them and wife.

"Farewell Eyes."—A Worcester oculist was called upon by a tough old customer of sixty, whose eyes showed plainly that brandy-and-water was no stranger to him, and his breath corroborated painfully the statement of his eyes. The doctor examined him and suggested that ardent spirits might have something to do with his condition. "Oh, no," said the fellow, "I don't drink enough to hurt anybody; I take something stimulative when I get up, and then again just before breakfast, then only once at eleven o'clock and a little dose before and after dinner to help digestion—don't take anything more till four o'clock, and only a little more before and after supper and just before I go to bed." "That all?" said the doctor. "Never take anything more unless somebody asks me," said the man. "Well, sir," said the doctor, "I think I can cure your eyes, but it will be necessary for you to leave off drinking entirely." "What!" said he, in amazement; "can't I take just a little?" "No, sir; not a drop, and if you do not leave off drinking you are liable to become blind." "Then, farewell, eyes," said the old toper, as he seized his hat and made for the door, evidently afraid the doctor would prescribe for him before he could get out.

Swift, in passing through the county of Cavan, called at a homely but hospitable house, where he knew he should be well received. The Lady Bountiful of the mansion, rejoiced to have so distinguished a guest, runs up to him, and with great eagerness and flippancy asks him what he will have for dinner. "Will you have an apple-pie, sir? Will you have a gooseberry-pie, sir? Will you have a cherry-pie, sir? Will you have a currant-pie, sir? Will you have a plum-pie, sir? Will you have a pigeon-pie, sir?" "Any pie, madame, but a mappie."

The Best Yet.—The first prize for the best conundrum was awarded to our printer at the conclusion of an entertainment the other evening. It was this: "Why was the Shah of Persia, during his visit to England, the best card-player in the world? Because the swells zure up their *c woe*, the workmen threw up their *spades*, and the ladies were within an *ace* of losing their *hearts* when he showed his *diamonds*."

A Terre Haute Man, who has been trying to make both ends meet, is living on head-cheese and ox-tail soup.

A Tipsey Man. some little time back, got into a car in Boston, and became very troublesome and annoying to the other passengers, so much so that it was proposed to eject him; but a genial and kind-hearted reverend doctor, who was also a passenger, interposed for him, and soothed him into good behavior for the rest of the journey. Before leaving, however, he scowled upon the occupants of the car, and muttered some words of contempt, but shook hands warmly with the doctor, and said: "Good-day, my friend; I see you know what it is to be drunk."

Judging from Appearances.—A Boston lecturer the other night repeated a story which an old lady once told him. This lady at one time kept the most select boarding-house in Cambridge, near the college. One day, a seedy-looking man, with unkempt hair and beard, came to her door and asked for board. "Sir," she said, "understand that I receive none but gentlemen into my house." "Very well," he replied, "I will go elsewhere." "And who do you think that shabby fellow was?" the venerable lady said to the speaker. "He was no less than Prof. John Quincy Adams, now President of the United States!"

A Paradox Below Stairs.—A good paradox is sometimes refreshing, especially if it be as reasonable as one just given to the world by a French dramatic author. At the moment when most households are convulsed by questions of economy, and the lavish expenditure of housekeepers or cooks is a matter of regret and perplexity, this audacious person stands up for extravagant cooks. He has, however, some excuse for the immortal eccentricity. Having lately engaged a cook, and being accustomed to verify his expenses daily, he soon perceived that his new acquisition was saving for him at the rate of fifty per cent. The fowls she supplied, according to a system of housekeeping in use abroad, were charged at half the price demanded by her predecessor, and every item in her house-book was equally moderate. She was, besides, an accomplished artiste. Thus supplied with excellent dinners at the lowest possible price, the dramatist's satisfaction with his household was at its height, when a commissioner of police, followed by several of his subordinates, appeared to arrest his domestic treasure. She proved to be one of a gang of women employed by an association of thieves to gain the confidence of householders by a combination of economy and culinary skill, with a view to the introduction of their male confederates into their masters' dwellings by means of keys made from wax models taken by themselves. Her disenchanted employer means to look out for a cook who will rob him aboveboard.

An amusing circumstance took place some time ago at a village between Helmdale and Kirkwall. The mail-cart passes late at night or early in the morning, and it is the practice of postmasters, in various sub-offices, to make up the mails and take them to their bedrooms, so that when the knock of the mail-guard is heard, the postmaster has only to run to the window and hand out and receive the bags. On the occasion in question the guard awakened out of a sound nap one worthy official, who, in a half-somnolent state, rushed to a chair, and taking them up by the braces, which he imagined to be the straps of the mail-bag, handed out of the window his trowsers. The guard, running to the conveyance, was about to utter the customary "right," when he was surprised by the unusual lightness and length of the bag. A little examination revealed the mistake, and, rushing back, he alarmed the worthy official with a loud and angry, "Halloa there! ye've gien me a bag open at three ends. Rise, man, tak' in yer breeks, and gie me the bags."

Lunatic Debaters.—A gentleman was taking a walk one day in the vicinity of a lunatic asylum near Edinburgh, when he was accosted by a man of respectable appearance, and the asylum referred to formed the topic of conversation. "It is a wonderful place that," said the man. "Everything is in such excellent order—so agreeable, too. They have concerts and balls; and, more than that—what do you think?—they have a debating society!" "Indeed," cried the gentleman—"a debating society!" "Yes, they are debating just now, and, if you like," suggested the man, "I will show you how they proceed. But, when they see you, take no particular notice. Should they address you, merely say, 'Let me not disturb you, gentlemen; I am daft.'" The lunatic—for such he really was—conducted the gentleman into a room of the asylum, and left him, not in the presence of lunatics, but with the Board of Directors, who were just then sitting.

An English Army Officer was quartered, a few years ago, in the height of the Fenian disturbance, at Killarney, where the troops were accommodated, as is by no means unusual in Ireland, in the workhouse. Being in search of a new sensation, he bethought himself of paying a tailor's bill, addressing, of course, from "The Workhouse, Killarney." Back came the answer by return of post. The tailor was pained to see so good a customer reduced so low; he could not think of accepting the amount due to him, which he begged to return; and if a ten-pound note would be of any service, he should be happy to send it.

Last Week, in Ohio, a young lady died from what a round-head old doctor said was "heart-clot, or embolism of the main fine of the heart," but she revived in an hour, and it was found had been temporarily choked by a chew of gum which she had swallowed.

A Dismal Way to Come at It.—Dean Ramsay tells a story of a Scotch beadle, who had taken a fancy to the manse housemaid. At a loss for an opportunity to declare himself, one day—a Sunday—when his duties were ended, he looked sheepish, and said: "Mary, wad ye tak' a turn, Mary?" He led her to the churchyard, and, pointing with his finger, got out: "My fowk lie there, Mary; wad ye like to lie there?" The grave hint was taken, and she became his wife, but does not yet lie there.

At a very successful *dance* in Cincinnati the other night a man burst into tears when the medium described very accurately a tall, blue-eyed spirit standing by him, with light side-whiskers and his hair parted in the middle. "Do you know him?" inquired a man at his side, in a sympathetic whisper. "Know him? I guess I do," replied the unhappy man, wiping his eyes. "He was engaged to my wife. If he hadn't died he would have been her husband instead of me. Oh, George, George!" he murmured, in a voice choked with emotion, "why did you peg out?"

"**Rose**, my dear," said a mother to her daughter, "if you are so stiff and reserved you will never get a husband." "Ma," replied the young lady, "unless the poets tell fibs, a primrose is not without its attractions."

Women and Looking-glasses.—A married man says a looking-glass affords a woman a marvellous amount of comfort and gratification. He says his wife thinks just as much of consulting her glass when she ties on her apron as when she ties on her bonnet. When there is a knock at the door, he goes there at once; but his wife, on the contrary, ejaculates, "Mercy! Joseph, who's that?" and dashes for the looking-glass the first thing.



A PRESCRIPTION THAT WORKS BOTH WAYS.

STOUT PARTY.—"Why, how do you do?—going South?"

THIN PARTY.—"Yes, my Physician says I must fatten up—I'm quite run down."

STOUT PARTY.—"Why, how can that be? My Doctor has ordered me South to get some of the fat off."

A Span of Horses in a small Wisconsin town, which are kept for trading and speculation exclusively, have a little history of their own. They sold in Green Bay for 65 cents. Then they rapidly rose in value until they brought \$5. Excitement running high, and appearances indicating that they would soon be able to stand alone, they were put up at a raffle, and seventy-five tickets were sold at \$1 each. A Depere man won them, and thought himself lucky, but after feeding them ten dollars' worth of hay and oats, he became discouraged, and sold them for seventy-five cents. The man who got them traded them to a barber for two months' shave, and the barber went out the other day and hung himself. The result is that the horses are now without a protector.

The contentment of the clerical mind was beautifully exemplified at a recent festive gathering in Dublin, the feast being "tea." The lady of the house asked the Reverend Father O. O'J. if he took milk in his tea. "Faith, an' indeed I just do that, madame, when I can't get cream," was the ready reply.

If you don't see what you want, ask for it," is posted up in a conspicuous place in a Logansport grocery. A native stepped into the establishment last week. He saw the card and remarked, "I want a ten-dollar bill, and I don't see it." "Neither do I," was the laconic reply. The native looked further, but he advised the grocer to "take down that sign."

How to Predict the Weather.—The following lucid directions for self-training as a weather prophet are not, we believe, from the Bureau over which "Old Probabilities" presides, but they bear internal evidence of coming from some high scientific authority: "If you wish to know whether it is going to storm or not, all you have to do is to mind the storm vortex, and see which side of it is the most moist. Multiply this by the square of the latent heat, subtract the time of day, and divide by the weathercock. The result will be the rarefaction, plus the thermometric evolution of the north pole; and then a wayfaring man, though a natural know-nothing, can tell what will follow."



WHO WON HER?—"DUFOUR JUMPED UP, SWEARING FLUENTLY IN HIS NATIVE TONGUE, CURSED WRAYTON, CURSED THE KICKING HORSE, CURSED LOULE, AND MOST EMPHATICALLY CURSED CAPTAIN BROWDEN."

Who Won Her?

"I don't think there is a man in the world whom my daughter Victoria would marry."

Commodore Wharton spoke with complacency. Durrington was present, and Wrayton, Browden, and Armand Dufour.

"Zounds! but I think the old fellow is right," whispered Durrington, and Wrayton heard in silence. Browden looked across the piazza at them expressively, and Dufour made a little gesture of deprecation.

"But her young sister—is she also hard-hearted?" he asked, with a rather perceptible French accent.

"Loule? Oh, that's another matter!" laughed the commodore; and then he threw away his cigar, and said: "Gentlemen, shall we go to the billiard-room?"

In a moment the long lower piazza was deserted. The odor of the cigars still lingered with the fragrance of the pillar-roses, and as the voices of the gentlemen died out across the garden-path, a white kitten stole out of the wide hall-door, and looked

after that haunting terror of her life—Timon, the commodore's mastiff.

"Daffy-down, where are you?"

The imperious voice of a young girl—a little beauty of sixteen, with germander eyes, ripples of banded hair, oleander complexion, and dimpled hands of snow.

"Daffy-down, come here instantly!"

But the kitten scampered away mischievously—bounding across the verbena beds, disappearing under the rose-bushes.

"Oh, dear! what shall I do?"

"What is the matter, Louie?"

An elegant woman of six-and-twenty, with lustrous brown eyes, and a pale oval face, severe and sweet, dressed for driving, and drawing on a glove in the doorway.

"Why, I tied my locket on my kitten just for fun, and she has run away with it."

"Dear Louie, how careless!"

"I know; but I thought the door was shut. Victoria, what shall I do? She always runs when I want to catch her. If Timon sees her, there will be a chase, and the locket will be sure to be lost in a scramble through the bushes. Mamma's picture is in it, you know."

Victoria Wharton passed quietly down the path. By the rose-bushes she gently called the kitten. Daffy-down came out, arching her tiny back. Victoria lifted her softly.

"Here, Louie! take the locket off her, and don't be so careless again. I am going to drive to Boxford. Shall be back to dinner."

Proud as a queen she looked in the little basket-carriage, the plume of white in the soft velvet cap, the serene, sunlit face over the dress of gray.

"Pride is vile in a woman!" exclaimed Der-
rington, lounging at the billiard-room door. And again Wrayton made no reply.

"A woman should be weak, clinging—nothing without support—needing protection," continued the former.

"Then, Miss Wharton certainly cannot be a favorite of yours," said Wrayton, smiling.

"But she is *deuced* handsome," murmured the captain.

Havenside was running over with visitors, as was usual in the Summer, when Commodore Wharton kept open house for his friends. Victoria was mistress of the old mansion; Louie was everybody's pet. Though the house was half the time filled with men, neither were engaged to be married. Victoria, as they said, was unapproachable; Louie was guarded by her sister as the apple of her eye. But the latter was born with a spice of coquetry, was conscious of her beauty, not indifferent to admiration, and yet was a child at heart.

After all, beautiful Havenside was not a heaven upon earth. When the commodore had the gout, he was frightfully cross. At all times he missed his wife, and was dissatisfied with Victoria's ministrations and executive abilities as a house-keeper. It was mere whimsicality. She was the most skillful of nurses—the best of house-keepers. She was always serene and sweet, and beautifully dressed.

"Pon honor, I tinks Miss Victory jess dus her dooty all de time, an' nebbber tinks what she likes best," said old Aunt Effie, the colored cook at Havenside.

And Aunt Effie was right.

Victoria's father sometimes wondered if his daughter knew how beautiful she was. The exquisite profile, the wealth of braided hair, the penciled brows and lustrous eyes, sometimes struck his attention with sudden anaze.

"A fine girl—a fine girl! But not as beautiful as her mother," he would add.

Victoria Wharton's heart no human being had ever known. Louie, of whom she was carressingly fond, felt the reserve of her sister's character. Cold, unloving *some* thought her. She was not that.

"That kind of woman who will bear knowing."

So thought Browden after a stealthy absention of two months. A man of mean spirit, but a good sailor, and Commodore Wharton was not a judge of character.

Browden determined to propose to Victoria Wharton. He had a new and magnificent house at Broad Run. He owned a superb yacht, the Arrow; and, though his tastes were not exactly the same as Miss Wharton's, he argued that he had as good a chance to win her as any man. "A handsome woman, with no nonsense about her," he pronounced her; and, inspired by his approval, laid his fortune, and such a heart as he had, at her feet.

Victoria courteously declined.

Amazed, and, with smarting self-love, the captain retired. Having once attracted her attention, looked his passion into those beautiful eyes, his hopes had gained strength, and his mind confidence.

Yet her answer was an unmistakable refusal.

She made an enemy. Henceforth Captain Browden hated her—hated her fair, mild face, her calm eyes, her serene, smiling lips, the very sound of her rich silken dress, as she composedly passed him by.

He still frequented the house as the commodore's guest, dined at Havenside, smoked and told stories beside the pillar-roses.

He seldom saw Victoria; but Louie was here, there, and everywhere.

One night he became Dufour's confidant.

"The *petite* one! Is she not charming?"

"Very pretty," indifferently.

"To win such a wife as that—so fair, so gay, so young! what would a man not do?"

The tone of unmistakable enthusiasm attracted Browden's attention.

"But the beautiful Victoria makes an ugly duenna of herself," said the little Frenchman, de-
apondently.

A pretty fellow, of schoolgirl hero style, suave in manners, jetty mustache, curled locks, and unexceptionable costume. Browden looked him over carefully. Let him run away with Victoria's pet—rain her, if he liked. What a rare revenge!

"Do you love Miss Louie?"

"Ah! who could help it?"

"Then be a man. Don't be balked by another woman. Elope with the girl."

Dufour started, stared.

"Ah! if one *dared*! But the commodore?"

Browden glanced toward the hall-door, fancying he heard a step. A piazza under open windows was not a good place for confidences. He took his companion by the button-hole, drew him down the terrace-steps, into the still, moonlighted garden.

"I *must* say no, Mr. Wrayton."

"Is this irrevocable, Victoria?"

"Quite. I do not wish to marry."

She was a little paler than he had ever seen her, but still utterly lovely. From her truthful eyes to her light foot she suited him so perfectly, that in his heart he fell down and worshiped her.

Really, he was quieter, more dignified than usual.

"Pray let me assure you, then, that no word or act of mine will ever recall to your mind my hopes; and so I need not be banished, henceforth, from Havenside, because I have dared to love you?"

"No, no! You will find us all your friends here, Mr. Wrayton," earnestly.

After he had gone, she wondered at herself that she had said that. She mused a moment, taking up her father's tray of coffee, for the commodore was confined to his room. His old enemy, the gout, had seized him.

"Yes, I was right," said Victoria; "here is where I am needed. I could not leave Loule and my father."

She served the commodore, and sat down in his room with her sewing—a dress of *tulle* for Loule's birthday party.

"What are you strudging over that finery for?" growled the commodore among his cushions.

"It's Loule's dress, father. The dressmaker sent it home this morning. It needs to be altered a little, and there is not time to send it back to Miss Thredroon."

"Make Loule do it herself; that girl's spoiled!"

"Father, I try to save her care. She is so young! That must come, by-and-by. Let her be free and gay while she is a child."

The "child" was lingering under a locust tree with Armand Dufour, her cheeks suffused with blushes.

"Yes; I do love you, of course. But Victoria don't want me to have any lovers," pouting her her pretty lip.

"How horrible! How cruel! Does she want you to grow into a lone old woman, with no husband, no place, no home? Will she bid you live without love, *ma petite*? Mignon, you were born for love! This silky hair, those soft hands, these fragrant lips, were made for it."

His passionate kisses frightened her, and yet had for her a fascination.

"Stay! stay!" he said. "Most beautiful little one, do you not believe that I love you?"

"Yes; but it is wrong, Mr. Dufour, because my sister will not be willing!"

"*Sacre!* A sister is not first in a beautiful woman's heart. Listen to me!"

Loule's birthday party. The parlors were lighted. There were flowers on the piano; a servant appointed to serve icecream. The friends of the family and a few school-girl intimates were assembled. Loule was pretty as a fairy in her dress of *tulle* with rose-lined ribbons.

But they remembered afterward that she was flushed, quick-breathed, nervous, all the evening. When dressed for the occasion, she had not come, as usual, to Victoria to be inspected and kissed.

It was about eleven o'clock in the evening when Captain Durrington stepped to Mr. Wrayton's side, and whispered a word in his ear. The latter started, glanced searchingly over the company, from which Loule and Dufour had disappeared, and followed Durrington from the room out upon the moonlighted piazza.

By-and-by Wrayton came back. He looked at Victoria. She had been singing. She stood by the piano, unusually animated and beautiful. That pure, fair beauty had never been so dear to him as now, that he pitied her. He gained her side, and whispered in her ear:

"Please come with me a moment. I have something to say to you."

She looked at him in wonder, but took his arm and went out upon the piazza.

He told her as gently as possible what had been discovered—that Armand Dufour had eloped with her sister Loule; that they had been gone an hour, with two fleet horses.

"My God!" she cried.

He expected that she would faint, but she did not.

"What can I do? My father is ill! There is no one to help me!" she moaned.

He told her then what had been done. His own horse had been harnessed, and he had firearms.

"I will kill him before he shall get off with her. But I think I can overtake them. They are on the road to Buxford; probably intend to be married there to-night. There is a cross-road which can be used to lead them off this side the village. I think I can do it."

As he spoke, a man brought around, his horse and buggy, the glossy coat of the Black Hawk throwing off flecks of light.

"Can you compose yourself, and go back to the company?" he asked. "All will be well, I think, and it will save scandal."

He looked down on her quivering, white face, read her agonized desire to follow her sister—to go with him. But he said, with a tightening about the heart:

"No; the less weight for Prince the better; and I think you had better stay here with some excuse for Loule's absence."

Then he bent down and kissed her.

He was gone. She waited a few moments in the dark, then went back to the company.

The two fleet horses darted through the lights and shadows of the long turnpike. Both faces within the carriage were pale—Loule's from excitement, Dufour's with fear. He had been flushed with triumph until a few moments back, when he heard a long, powerful stride behind. They were steadily pursued.

"I expect, really, you know, that Victoria will never forgive me," quavered Loule's babyish voice.

Dufour did not reply, though he had hitherto talked as eloquently as circumstances would permit.

Loule had not discovered that they were followed, having no mind for such a development.

"If she never did, and papa went into one of his awful rages, I think it would be horrid, anyway," continued the little doll, beginning to cry.

Dufour muttered an oath. He saw the carriage, through the trees, coming up on the shorter parallel road. He recognized Wrayton's Black Hawk. In a moment more he saw Wrayton.

He snatched the whip from the socket, and lashed the horses.

"Stop!" called Wrayton.

The strokes upon the wet flanks of the two horses were his only answer.

"Stop, or I'll fire!"

For a moment the two carriages ran side by side. Then there was a flash, a report, and one of the span tumbled dead, dragging down his companion, and overturning the carriage.

Wrayton was on his feet in an instant. He assisted Loule from the *débris*. She was not hurt, though she wept frantically.

Dufour jumped up, swearing fluently in his native tongue, cursed Wrayton, cursed the kicking horse, cursed Loule, and most emphatically cursed Captain Browden.

"He planned it all! Why should I run away with a sniveling schoolgirl? *Sacre!* A pretty work this has made. I am ruined—lost! My arm is broke! My leg is broke! A thousand fiends take the night's work!"

Wrayton put Loule into his buggy.

"Good-evening, Mr. Dufour! I will relieve you of the care of this lady—all I can do for you. You will do well, perhaps, not to obstruct the road any longer than is necessary."

A shrieking malediction followed him, and he drove away with the sobbing Loule.

The guests were all gone when they arrived at Havenide.

"Such a pity that dear Loule Wharton should

have an ill turn on her birthnight, and desert so early!"

Victoria was alone, watching at a window of the dim, fragrant parlor. She saw the buggy coming up the drive.

Wrayton lifted Louie out upon the terrace. There was a rustle of silk, a low cry, and she was clasped in her sister's arms.

"Oh, Louie!"

MIDNIGHT. A repentant girl kneeling in her chamber, a knowledge of her escape deepening and broadening her childish heart. To Victoria, her loving sister, she could never express affection or trust enough.

She was alone at last. Victoria had left her to say her prayers.

Wrayton was walking the piazza in the moonlight when "proud" Victoria Wharton stole to his side, and laid her hand upon his arm.

They looked into each other's eyes; she had no words in which to express her gratitude. Oh, that lovely, lovely soul!

"Victoria, you let me kiss you before I went. May I do so once more?"

She kissed him back.

"Dearest," he said, "you would not kiss me unless you loved me?"

"No."

Roland Wrayton won her.

The Artist's Story.

IN a portfolio of pictures I but seldom open, pictures that are a mute record of many a heart-struggle, many a buried pleasure, many a conquered agony, there is one whose contemplation tears open wounds that can never heal, whenever I take it in my hand, to ponder upon the sad story of the only woman I ever loved.

Before my hand grows stiff with age, or my heart lies cold in death, I may nerve them to add a companion-picture, recording the end of the painful story, as this one does its sunny opening. But not yet, not, perhaps, for many years, can I attempt the task that will so tear my heart-strings.

Sixteen years have passed since I drew the fair face of Agnes Courtland, in the first flush of girlhood, with only the shadow of womanhood in her dark eyes. She was very beautiful, very bright. The large brown eyes that look out from my cherished picture are full of animation, and the sweet, childlike mouth is dimpled with smiles, the parted ruby lips revealing rows of pearly teeth. The rich auburn hair, falling in a profusion of natural curls, seems to prison sunbeams in its meshes. Even in the slender, graceful figure there is a buoyant grace, as if dancing would be the spontaneous movement of the tiny feet.

I was just twenty-three when I bestowed my choicest orations and most loving skill on the picture. I had met Agnes Courtland at my aunt's, and been introduced with much *empressment*, for I was a favorite nephew, and Agnes was the child of an old schoolmate.

From the very moment when the sweet, bright face looked into mine, the little hand met mine in cordial greeting, I loved her, and tried to win an answering love in the joyous heart.

We were companions through a long, bright Summer, driving, riding, boating, croquetting, singing, sketching together, Aunt Peggy smiling benignly upon us, and I yielding entire devotion to the sweet witcheries of my companion.

She was very childlike, seeming to find pleasure and pain in trifles, as children will, and feeling each keenly. A flower, a sketch, a view, would call the bright color to her cheeks, the smile to

her lips, and often a look of rapture into her eyes. A dead bird, a grieved child would bring the ready tears and gentlest, kindest sympathy.

Everybody loved her, though she seemed to make no effort, beyond her spontaneous sympathy and cheerfulness, to attract attention or admiration.

She was so frank with me, so ready to enjoy any pleasure I offered, so evidently fond of my society, that I lived in a dream of hope and love till Autumn, when I told her what I dared to aspire to, and asked her to be my wife.

She looked into my face with such sorrowful surprise and consternation, that I needed no words to tell me all was over.

"I thought you knew!" she said.

"Knew what?"

"That I am engaged to my cousin, Ross Courtland."

"I never knew it," I said, bitterly enough.

"Indeed," she said, earnestly, putting her hand upon my arm, "I thought Aunt Peggy told you. I never thought you cared for me except in a kind, brotherly way. Will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you for being the brightest, dearest, and sweetest of women!" I said, anxious to banish the sorrowful look from her soft eyes. "I can wish you all happiness," I added, and then I could bear no more, but broke away, and wandered about in the woods, till the house was closed for the night.

I was softly opening the hall-door, when my Aunt Peggy suddenly emerged from the drawing-room, and led me there, in solemn silence.

"You are blaming me," she said, as she took a seat on the sofa, and drew me down beside her: "and, perhaps, not without reason. Yet, I hoped I was securing the happiness of both yourself and Agnes."

"When you knew of her engagement?"

"My dear, that is schoolgirl's talk. There is no recognized engagement between Ross Courtland and his cousin. They are cousins, three times removed, but, unfortunately, have been much thrown together since childhood. When Agnes came to me, her mother begged of me to drive this folly from her mind, and I hoped you would entirely supersede the hero of her nursery and schoolroom."

"Then, her mother disapproves of her suitor?"

"Evidently you do not know Ross Courtland. He is about thirty-five, a dark, reserved man, sombre in manner, handsome in a satanic style, not at all to my taste, and poor as a church-mouse."

"And she loves him?"

"So it appears. I fear her wealth has been the magnet that has made him throw off his gloomy, reserved manner, to court her fresh young heart. I am so vexed! The man is a perfect contrast in every way to Agnes."

"But if there is nothing against the man's character," I said, "and Agnes loves him, why should her choice be opposed?"

"Probably it will not be, if she really loves him. We all hoped it was a mere girlish fancy."

I thought of the earnest eyes that looked into mine when Agnes told me of her engagement, and I knew, however great the contrast between her and her lover, he had won her love.

The next day, I put my crayon picture in my portfolio of treasures, and left Aunt Peggy's.

One year later the daily papers informed me that Ross Courtland and Agnes were married, and I tried to hope for happiness for the woman whose sweet face was the fairest picture earth held for me.

I traveled for several years, studying my art in Italy, Paris, and London, gathering sketches in Switzerland, upon the ice-bound coasts of Norway

and Sweden, in the sunny fields of Spain, and amongst the mountains of my native country. I met friends and made acquaintances, my name became known amongst artists, and I had advantageous orders and grew rich; but never could lovely face or sweet voice blot from my memory the face or voice of Agnes Courtland, whose love was not mine.

I returned to New York, after eight long years of travel, and took rooms in a pleasant boarding-house in Twelfth Street, where Mrs. Preston, a widow lady, of uncertain age, presided over the beefsteaks and coffee, and collected heavy weekly payments, in consideration of the fact that her house was first-class, and select.

My studio was a second-story back-room, and my bedroom the hall-room thereunto appertaining. I had taken formal possession, and was arranging my personal belongings, when a sudden sharp, strange noise startled me. It was like the cry of an enraged animal, and seemed to come from the room adjoining my own. Twice I heard it, and then a man's voice, not very loud, but strained and unnatural, burst into a volley of the coarsest abuse and threats. The words were so violent, that I felt I must be ready to burst the communicating door, to prevent murder, perhaps. I stood near it, when a heavy fall startled me. Then I heard a woman's voice, clear and sweet.

"My poor darling, are you hurt?"

A moaning sob answered her, and I judged she was soothing and comforting the man who had been lavishing such foul abuse upon her.

Puzzled, yet not liking to interfere, I turned again to my own occupations, and heard no more, until the dinner-bell called us down-stairs.

Opposite to me at the table was a lady, whose face at once attracted my artist eyes. She was slender, and very pale, seeming to be ill, or just recovering from sickness. Her features were very delicate, too clearly defined for health, and her complexion was of a deathly pallor. Large brown eyes, and a profusion of auburn hair, were the redeeming beauties of this pallid yet lovely face. What attracted me most was the expression of the eyes. They were like those of some timid wild animal, hunted to death, startled, wild, and pleading. Every unaccustomed noise brought this expression, and she would shrink as if she dreaded a blow. She conversed but little, and ate hurriedly.

We were rising from the table when she met me on my way to the door.

"Am I so altered, you entirely forget me?" she said, in a low voice.

I looked at her in amazement. Surely this worn, wasted face was that of a stranger.

"My name is Courtland—Agnes Courtland," she said, smiling sadly at my start of surprise.

"Pardon me," I said. "You must have been very ill."

"Oh, no. I am never ill. To-morrow I must introduce you to my husband. He is not well to-night."

To my still further amazement she preceded me up-stairs, and entered the front room adjoining my own—the room from which I had heard such strange sounds a few hours before. Could it have been her husband whose voice I had heard? Could it be such coarse abuse as his that had stricken the youthful bloom and beauty from her face, reduced her to such a shadow—a ghost of her former self?

The next morning, at breakfast, I was introduced to Ross Courtland, and found him inclined to court my friendship. In a week he was a constant attendant upon my hours of painting, and had now my cordial liking. A connoisseur of no mean merit, he had studied art at home and abroad till his criticisms were golden guides. Bril-

liant in conversation, deep in grave studies, he was the most fascinating man I ever met.

As we became more intimate, Agnes would bring her sewing into the studio, and work as we chatted and painted. During these hours I could see that she watched her husband furtively with anxious eyes. There could be no doubt of their strong, mutual affection; it was proved in a thousand ways, and her devotion was the most tender and submissive I ever saw. No word contradicted or opposed him, however exacting his demands; and yet it did not seem fear, but love, that actuated her.

I was busy upon a landscape; and one morning, when Mrs. Courtland came in, I called her to see a new feature.

"I have made these children crossing the brook like my fancy of Ross and yourself when you were children," I said. "The little girl is like my first memory of you, only more childlike, and that boy has an infantine copy of your husband's features."

While I spoke she stood as if spellbound, gazing at the canvas. I looked in her face for an answer to my words. Whiter it could scarcely be, but the large eyes were dilated with that wild look of terror I had seen once before; her lips were parted, as if the very breath came painfully.

"Ross! Agnes!" she said, in a low, heart-broken voice, and fell fainting at my feet.

Startled, I raised her and put her in an arm-chair, giving her wine, and trying to revive her. In a few moments she opened her eyes and smiled—a sad, sweet smile.

"Dear friend," she said, "will you grant me a favor, unquestioning?"

"Most certainly."

"Do not let Ross see that picture—those children!"

I could not entirely control the surprise in my face. She spoke again with an effort that was painful to see.

"We have lost our little ones," she said.

Without a word, I took my canvas from the easel, and put it into a large closet; but I was not quick enough.

Before I had so fitted it that the door would close, Ross Courtland entered the room.

"Agnes, will you drive with me?" he said; then turned to me. "Why are you putting that away? Stand aside; I cannot see it. Stand aside!"

As he spoke, he playfully pushed me to one side, and the picture was uncovered before him.

With a yell of rage, he sprang at the canvas, and began to tear and scratch it with his fingers, uttering cries such as I had heard upon the night of my arrival, cursing and swearing in words frightful to hear, bringing his wife's name into phrases of bitter threatening, yet not offering her any violence.

In vain I tried to calm him. He abused me roundly, till finally, with an unearthly yell, he sprang into the air, and fell heavily at our feet, in writhing convulsions.

During the whole painful scene Agnes had kept her seat, white and still, offering no word in answer to the abuse poured out upon her; but as he fell, she came to his side. Loosening his collar and necktie, she waited until he was exhausted and still, when she opened the door between the rooms, and asked me to lift her husband upon the bed.

"He will sleep now for several hours," she said.

"But I cannot leave you alone," I said. "He may waken and injure you."

"He will not hurt me," she answered, sadly.

"But this is dreadful!" I cried. "Is he often so? You should have protection."

"You have a right to some explanation," she

said, in her low, gentle voice, that was now ever dull and sad, "When my husband's insanity first betrayed itself, my friends interfered to have him placed in an asylum. They found it impossible. With a cunning I cannot understand, he baffled all medical investigation. You have seen him every day for nearly two months. Should you have suspected a deranged mind?"

"Never."

"Only when alone with me have these paroxysms attacked him. They are of short duration, always ending in the convulsions you have witnessed."

"And the exciting cause?"

"Varies. To-day it was the picture. We had two lovely children; but, when they were of an age to speak, Ross took a violent dislike to them—so great, indeed, that I sent them to my mother, fearing for their lives. They sickened and died of scarlet fever."

She could not speak again for several minutes. Then she said:

"It is best so. The curse will not fall upon their innocent heads. I hold my own life of so little value, that I am insensible to fear. While Ross lives I will try to make him happy."

I urged in every way that she should not be alone with a maniac, but she sadly shook her head, and answered me as before. The only concession I could gain was a promise to draw the bolt of the communicating door whenever the attacks of insanity came on, that I might enter the room, if necessary for her safety.

I could not rest. The hideous danger ever hanging over the woman I had never ceased to love haunted me. If I left the studio, I invited Ross to accompany me, this giving her some hours of rest.

I tried in vain in these hours of intercourse to discover any trace of the mental infirmity that broke out in such sudden, appalling ferocity. I could only discover the cultivated mind, refined intellect and entire rationality that had baffled the physicians.

But, with my mind on the rack, I found out why the pale face had obliterated all trace of its sunny youth. After the household were all abed, Ross Courtland would go out, and often remain until daylight, while the patient wife sat waiting his return with a sick dread of some horror to come. Several times I softly followed him, to see if he drank, gambled, or visited any haunts of vice.

I found he only walked at a rapid pace from street to street, apparently unconscious of any aim, only trying by quick exercise to chase some chimeras, or shake off some haunting image. Hour after hour he would thus travel till the gray dawn drove him home.

Notwithstanding our constant intercourse and sincere friendship, I had never won the confidence of Ross Courtland. He would chat upon all general topics for hours in his brilliant or deep manner, holding me in interested silence, but of himself he never spoke. I tried in vain to gain any clue, by allusions to his youth, to the cause of his terrible malady. Either unconsciously, or with the cunning of insanity, he always baffled me.

Indirectly I tried to gain some further revelations from Mrs. Courtland; but she shrank so visibly from all allusion to her frightful burden, that I could not press the subject. All I could do was to keep Ross with me as much as possible. I knew that she felt safe when he was beside me, and once I ventured to assure her I would be true to her trust in me.

My task was easier because he seemed to have no friends and no business. Agnes was wealthy, but she had gradually shut herself out entirely from society, and the two seemed to live only for

each other until I came. It seemed for a time almost a special providence that made Ross Courtland seek my friendship, and the worn face of his wife grew a little less weary after the long hours of peaceful rest she thus secured.

Chatting one morning, as we three were together in my studio, Ross suddenly asked me to paint for him his wife's portrait.

"But I am not a portrait-painter," I said.

"Nonsense. I have seen many of your faces. Besides, you knew Agnes in her girlhood."

"But a portrait of her girlhood would not now resemble her," I said. "The face of every one alters in maturity."

"Paint me as I was at Aunt Peggy's," said Agnes, smiling. "Can you remember my rosy cheeks and curls when you look at my matronly face and dignified coiffure?"

"I will show you the rosy cheeks and curls," I said, opening a drawer, and taking out my long-cherished crayon.

As I placed the picture upon the easel, I saw a cloud, like a fleeting shadow, pass over Ross Courtland's face. Instinctively I drew a little nearer to Agnes; but, with a courtly smile, Ross lifted the picture, and took it to the window.

"This is very like," he said. "I remember Agnes well when she returned from that visit. You have improved wonderfully in many respects, but you never made a more lifelike face than this."

"I considered it good," I said, thrown entirely off my guard, and coming to his side.

"Very good. She has altered, grown pale and thin since the Summer when you courted her under the trees. Heart-sick perhaps, madame," he added, fiercely, turning to his wife, "fretting, pining for your old lover."

The gentle lip quivered a little at the insulting address, but Agnes never spoke. Fearing any advance of mine would only add to the absurd jealousy, I did not dare to step between them, and watched painfully. The smooth, courtly smile, returned, and the picture was placed again upon the easel.

Thinking the danger over for this time, I turned to alter the shades round the window, when the horrible cry I have tried to describe startled me.

In the second of time Ross had sprung upon his wife, thrown her to the ground, and was clutching her slender throat in his powerful grasp.

I called for help, trying in vain to loosen the grip of the strong hands. Screaming, cursing his gentle wife, he held her down in spite of my frantic efforts, till her struggles ceased, and she lay cold and still.

Men came pouring in from the house and from the street, and we mastered the maniac, who fell into strong convulsions, and then deathlike sleep. Mrs. Preston and the ladies lifted Agnes, and carried her to her room, while a physician was summoned; but before the wretched man awoke, the gentle spirit of the fair wife, who had given her life for love, passed from earth to heaven.

Mercifully, the murderer was pronounced insane, and placed in a lunatic asylum, where he died a few months later.

In my memory, painted in vivid hues, is the companion picture to the crayon portrait of Agnes Courtland. I may never transfer it to paper or canvas, but death alone can blot it from my heart. It is the picture of an exquisitely lovely face resting upon the satin pillow of a coffin. In the soft auburn hair starry white flowers are wreathed, and snowy blossoms are strewn over the folds of the shroud, and lie upon the waxen hands.

When the coffin-lid hid the picture from my

eyes for ever, the story of my love ended. I waited patiently till death brings me once more to the presence of Agnes.

The Belle of Holatown.

We met at the Governor's ball, and from that moment I was what hunters term "a gone coon." Our last dance, "The Night Bell Gallop," did it. We were sane when we commenced, but the soft face upon my shoulder charmed my senses, while the mad whirl of the step, and perfect harmony of the music, carried us into a realm where we floated to celestial harmony for a few centuries, then came gradually down to the ballroom, and found that we had been dancing for some moments after the music had ceased.

We retired to a cool and, I may as well confess, somewhat dark corner of the balcony, and looked out over the sea. Time, 2 A. M.

My companion was tall, exquisitely formed, lithe, and had the most beautiful teeth and eyes I have ever seen.

We did not refer to our little *faux pas*, but looked up at the moon, and simultaneously exclaimed:

"What a lovely time for a walk!"

One of my brother officers described our next proceeding as "quietly slipping off into the grounds," but that was calumny.

I have omitted to say that my name is Algernon La Tour, and I was at that time first lieutenant of the U. S. frigate *Ou-da-wout*, then anchored in Georgetown Harbor, Barbadoes, W. I.

Miss Dora knew it, however, and before we were well out of hearing, told me that she doted on sailors.

The garden, or "ground," as they called it, was not extensive, and the paths were narrow and dusty, so we wandered into a field, and walked round and round the Governor's cow, which very properly stared at us, and seemed to wonder what it all meant.

Dora was delightful, charming, romantic, and fond of sailors. And I—well, *poor* me is the only term, unless you can understand that I was madly and earnestly in love with a girl whom I had only known five minutes.

I was probably somewhat precipitate, and the cow evidently thought us a nuisance; for, after giving a dozen slow warnings, it suddenly charged upon us, and I saved the beautiful being of my adoration from—running away. We both thought the situation very romantic, and Dora *clung* to me and trembled, while I faced the cow, upon which it muttered a "mou" of derision, and walked into the darkness.

The rest of the time we spent in wandering about the garden, and relating our experiences. We both disliked that peculiar specimen of the species *homo* called a British officer; not the naval fellows, but the *landed* darlings attached to the general's staff.

I was glad that Dora hated them, and we became greater friends than ever.

When the party broke up, and I was compelled to say good-by, we were engaged.

People on shore may laugh at this, but they should remember that sailors have to be very expeditious in their affairs *du coeur*. Landmen have *always* to do it in, while we are here to-day and gone to-morrow, and are consequently compelled to hurry up, or pine without "some one to love us." There is only one drawback. We sometimes forget our being sealed to a lady in the last port when we come to anchor in a new place, and it is a difficult matter to correspond simultaneously with half a dozen charmers.

I once knew many fellows who did this, but

they used "manifold writers," and I was never addicted to that sort of deception.

To return to my affianced. We exchanged rings and cards, and upon reaching the ship, I found that her "bit of pasteboard" bore the following:

"MISS DORA SEGUIN,
"SEGUIN ESTATE, HOLETOWN."

I had promised to call upon her the next day, but the captain took it into his head to keep me on board, so I wrote to Dora.

It is probable that what I sent was little better than the incoherent raving of a fever-patient, but I was terribly in earnest. I know one part ran thus:

"Life without you, my darling belle of Holatown, will be a blank; and if I am not permitted to revisit this dear spot, or, if I imagined that circumstances were about to part us for ever, I'd die of grief, and my weary, sorrowful soul would hover about the palm-trees which adorn your charming Venetian dwelling."

I am of opinion that I wrote a great deal of sad rubbish, but her reply was a *star*. Disembodied souls flapping about "from palm-tree to palm-tree," which, I believe, was really the way I expressed myself, was mild Italian imagery compared to her reply:

"Mr Soul's Idol—When I gaze across the black gulf yawning between us, my heart-strings, tuned by the joy of meeting one who can worship me with all the ardor of a Medici, burst from the restraints imposed upon my sex by autocratic custom, and I tell thee, my beloved Algernon, that, though seas may dash their angry waves, lightnings flash about thy devoted head, and the whole earth be reduced to chaos, I am *thine*!"

This wonderful epistle wound up by praying for my quick appearance at Holatown:

"Fly, then, oh, beloved—fly upon the wings of true knight-hood to my bower at Holatown! It is not a romantic name, my Algernon, but love drapes the word in a boundless wealth of ecstatic flowers, and imprints its æsthetic touch even upon names like this."

Now, I thought this stuff sublime at that time. I read it over every few moments, and showed it, in confidence, to the doctor, who said it was "baldersdash."

Excepting upon matters of duty, we never spoke to each other for three years after that.

I felt that Dora and myself were a sort of Pyramus and Thisbe, with the cruel "servants" of Uncle Sam for "wall." So, yearning for sympathy, I confided in the second lieutenant, a splendid fellow, and one who could appreciate fine writing. It must have made a great impression on him; for, he said, "it affected him so strongly that he almost wept. Now, he tells my wife that it was the greatest wrangle he ever read in his life!"

For various reasons, I could not go on shore that time, and, as we staid only three days after the eventful evening of the ball, I think that we did very well, for I wrote, and received replies to, twenty-three *billets*.

Dora said "that nothing in this world of transitory *things* should induce her to alter her determination to wed me alone."

And I replied "that I would go through fire, water, earth, air, and paraffin, to become her own Algernon."

Crazy, wasn't it? But that is a fair sample of our love correspondence.

We went to St. Thomas, and I refused even to look at the flaxen-haired beauties, or the anky brunettes, for which that Dano-Yankee, Royal Mail, Convulsive-little-past-hole is celebrated. I landed once, 'tis true, to bury a shipmate, but

did not even glance at the l.dies, although all the men in our mess declared that the St. Thomas girls were far ahead of any others in the West Indies. They always said that. What cared I? I lived only for Dora Seguin.

From St. Thomas we went south, to the Brazils, and from thence to Lisbon, returning to Barbadoes after the expiration of three years. I think that I am under the mark when I state that, during my absence from my idol, I wrote her at least a thousand letters. One every week-day, and two on Sundays. It may have been idiotic, but it was not half so bad as being engaged to twenty girls at one time, and resorting to manifold writers.

There was a good deal of sameness in my epistles, but I always made it a point to put in, "I will marry thee, my Dora, or I will die a miserable, abandoned wreck." I don't know why I used this figure of speech, but suppose that it was on account of it being a nautical one.

We anchored in Georgetown Harbor on New Year's Day, 18—, and I received information from home that I was promoted to the rank of captain. I felt doubly proud, on Dora's account, and borrowed the proper uniform from Captain Van Haagen, who commanded the ship.

The anchor had scarcely touched the bottom, before a boat came off, bringing her papa and four brothers.

"You're in luck, La Tour," said Van Haagen, surveying the party through his glass. "Why, old Seguin is immensely rich! I didn't know that it was to his daughter you have been engaged. My boy, lots of money covers a multitude of things, like charity!"

"I am not going to marry Miss Seguin for her wealth, Van Haagen," I rejoined.

"No!" he teased.

"What do you mean, sir?" I warmly demanded.

At that moment Mr. Seguin came up the side, and we dropped the subject.



FRED WINTER QUARTERS—THE LITTLE BIRDS AT THE WINDOW.



A YOUNG LADY OF CARTHAGENA WITH A DIADEM OF COCUYOS.—SEE PAGE 410.

My future father-in-law was a hale, jolly old fellow, and I liked him right off. He saluted me with:

"Dora sends her love to you, my boy, and a lot of flowers."

I invited my future relations into the cabin, and we punished more than one or two bottles of *Yeuve Cliquot*. I found Dora's brothers splendid fellows, and they promised me any amount of shooting.

I took an early opportunity to inform my guests of my promotion, and was most heartily congratulated.

We left the ship amid the cheers of all hands. I believe every sailor in her knew of my long engagement, and wished me well.

Upon landing, we drove to Holetown. I would have preferred flying, had any machine for that exercise been invented, but had to content myself

with the spirited Jamaican ponies, which galloped all the way.

"Faster!" I cried, "faster!" and old Seguin beamed upon me in such a kindly manner, that I felt quite free to show the real state of my feelings.

Past Roger's estate and Diver's Pen, through straggling negro villages, and by single huts, inhabited by some gangster, who would reverently doff his broad-brimmed hat as we flew across his lazy vision. But not half fast enough for me. I felt like a ship when the wind is fair, and the anchor won't weigh.

"Steady, my dear boy!" said my future father-in-law: "the next turning, and we shall see the house."

In another moment we were in sight of an immense cotton-wood tree, and I beheld a group of horsemen, who had drawn rein under its shade.

There was Dora, looking perfectly lovely, but,

oh! so changed, so much improved! I was about to spring from the carriage, when she glanced toward me, and, uttering a little cry of pain, touched her horse, and cantered off, without saying a word.

"Dora has gone on to tell Dora," said old Seguin, while I was completely bewildered.

We were soon bowling along a private road, and upon reaching the mansion, I alighted, and followed my future relations into the drawing-room.

In a side apartment, I noticed a pale, thin lady, handsomely dressed.

Mr. Seguin motioned me to enter the small room, and then withdrew, saying:

"You will find Dora there."

That drawing-room was more extensive than any of the *salons* in the Palace of Versailles. 'Twas a mile in length—at least, so it seemed to me. I walked to the open portal of the small apartment, and there stood Dora, but not my affianced.

The poor lady looked blankly at me, and gasped out:

"There is some mistake! You are not the gentleman I met at the Governor's ball!"

At that instant I heard a voice, in the drawing-room, saying:

"It is not his fault, dear uncle! I know you will see it, when your anger has passed."

I caught the fainting spinster in my arms. She was not beautiful, and she was at least forty years old. Then in came her father, and a tremendous scene ensued, he upbraiding me with inconstancy, and I endeavoring to explain the true state of affairs.

When we had expended our wrath and astonishment, the beautiful woman whom I had seen under the cotton-wood tree entered the room.

"That is my—Dora!" I cried, and then I thought of the letters, and my promising to become a *wreck*.

Things "were a little mixed" just then, but after a mutual explanation and handshaking, it all came right.

My Dora, whose name was Miss Effingham, had unknowingly given me one of her cousin Seguin's cards, and all my letters were answered by that romantic lady. Miss Effingham was informed of our engagement, and, thinking that I was tempted by her cousin's wealth, had left her to "the sole possession of her prize." Now everything was cleared up, and we resumed our old relations.

My wife often amuses herself, when writing to her cousin Dora, by quoting passages from our love correspondence. Both ladies are married, and the name of my better-half is Dora Effingham La Tour, the real belle of Hometown.

A Day in Carthagena, South America.

CARTHAGENA, that once famous port of Spanish America, Queen of the Indies, as she was called, known in the story of the Buccaneers, and later in Vernon's ill-starred expedition, has sadly declined from its former greatness. The mighty fortifications tell you of the riches it once sought to protect—recall those of Babylon, on which six chariots could drive abreast. Bastions stud the immense wall, and a wide ditch yawns beneath. The whole is grand and harmonious.

But the port, now almost deserted, has been filled up by the deposits of the treacherous sea. Wretched canoes have replaced the immense Spanish ships of olden time—floating arks and palaces. Mosses and lichens cover the abandoned walls: stone-loving plants spring out from the

gaping joints, and droop gracefully over the fearful ditch where alligators and serpents swarm. With no treasures to guard, and too weak to rouse envy or man the walls, Carthagena sold its cannon to the United States.

Most of the old houses are built of shell lime-stone, like that at St. Augustine, or of madrepora rock. Modern ones are of brick. On the plaza and principal streets they are two stories high, with a covered balcony. The windows of the lower story opening on the street are protected by a wooden lattice-work. This is the *mirador*, behind which the women can, unseen, watch the passers-by. These windows are unglazed, but closed by an inside shutter. Two cocoanut-leaves, artistically woven, are generally placed in this lattice-leaves blessed in the church, and kept there as a protection.

The houses are almost all built alike. A corridor leads to an open court, paved with cobblestones and shells, with a fountain in the centre, surrounded by shrubs and flowers. Around this court runs an open gallery, opening into the rooms. The corridor leads directly to the *salon* or reception-room, where shortly the master of the place puts his House at your disposal, or, if your letters are such as to warrant his receiving you into his family circle, he adds "his wife and daughter." Then you are presented.

You are led into a room covered with matting. Carpet-stools serve as divans, on which the ladies sit, in Turkish fashion, or our own. Stylish ladies now eschew the former mode. The young ladies bring cigars; the mother invites you to smoke.

They are diffident, and not brilliant, as conversationalists. As you grow better acquainted, the young ladies will chat with you through the *mirador*, or ask you in and sing to you some simple ballad, accompanying herself on the guitar.

Soon after sunset, as you pass along, you hear from every house the murmur of voices. The family are gathered to evening prayer, and the responses of the Litany of the Loretto fall on your ear.

The young lady, with her flashing diadem, gives an idea of the fair ones of Carthagena.

One day, as I went along the street, she and a little negro called out, "Cocuyos! ladies, cocuyos!" I went up, and saw that his stock in trade was four or five bits of sugar-cane.

"Where are your cocuyos?" I asked.

The boy looked at me, somewhat taken aback, but, seeing that I was an Englishman (all foreigners are English here), he picked up a piece of cane, showed me that it had been hollowed out, and, taking out a plug, let out cautiously a couple of curious insects, which I bought to reward him. The cocuyo (*Lampyris cocuyo*) is a small beetle, the large, prominent eyes of which give a phosphorescent light. The ladies of Carthagena use these fireflies, as other varieties are elsewhere, as headdresses, in little gauze cages. As they walk along in the *patios* at night, they seem like fairies with a diadem of stars. The story that a few of these give light enough to read by can scarcely be put down among the realities. It is a pretty story, but should not be too often repeated.

A Conjuror at Home—The Magician Hermann—Some Queer Tricks.

A WRITER in *Belgravia* describes a visit to the "magician" Hermann, at his private residence near London, and the tricks there played for the entertainment of the guests:

The dinner passed off handsomely; the *vismas* were the best in the season; the wine was of the choicest; conversation was brisk, if not brilliant; and good humor threw a radiance over

the whole party. It was, in fact, a merry meeting; and there was just the number seated around the table to concentrate the talk and prevent the party from breaking up into knots. Herr Hermann, who was seated at the head of the table, had Skeptic placed at his right hand. This collocation, which was supposed to be accidental at the time, was designed by the conjurer. He had seen and noticed the incredulity of his guest, and was determined to make a convert of him, or at all events to show off his powers at his expense.

The conversation turned upon prestidigitations and their various feats of legerdemain. Herr Hermann—who, having passed many years in America, and being no stranger to England, spoke English with much fluency—said:

"I am well aware that all you *stomachs* have an idea how the best of our tricks are accomplished."

"I should think so," from Skeptic.

"But I fancy I could puzzle even you."

"Oh, indeed!" again from Skeptic.

"Ah, sir, and even you," turning to Skeptic.

"By all means try it."

"I shall; and after dinner I will show you a few tricks, and will defy any one of you to have the remotest notion how they are done."

"Bravo!" from all the company, excepting Skeptic, who laughed and helped himself to wine, and congratulated himself on being so much cleverer than the conjurer.

The tricks played by Hermann are thus described:

Presently Herr Hermann rings the bell, and tells the man-servant, who answers it, to fetch some cards. The man retired, and came back with two packs of cards, in secured cases, and placed them on the table.

"Take one of these packs," said our host, addressing himself to Skeptic; "open the cover, and see that all the cards are right."

"No preparation?" demanded Skeptic.

"No, I assure you. What I am about to show you now, I could do with any cards."

"Of course," ejaculated Skeptic, sneeringly, and began to tear the cover from the pack.

Skeptic looked at the cards, and we all looked at the conjurer. When Skeptic pronounced the cards "all correct," Herr Hermann took them in his hands, and, flinging them down on the table with their faces uppermost, said:

"There are eight of you. When I leave the room, and the door is shut on me, let each person draw a card from the pack, return it, and shuffle the cards."

He left the room, bidding us recall him when we were ready. Each man took a card and put it back. Then we all had a shuffle with the pack, excepting Skeptic, who thought he knew all about the trick, and the conjurer was brought back in due time. He took the cards in his hand.

"There are eight of you," he said. "Each one has drawn a card and replaced it; and the eight cards, if you have well shuffled them, should be dispersed through the pack. No eye could see into this room when the door was shut; even knowing the cards—were that possible—would leave the seeming impossibility of bringing the eight cards together; you will acknowledge that. Behold what art can do!"

He gave the cards a sort of flourish, and, placing the pack on his left palm, threw from the top the eight cards which we had drawn. He then turned to Skeptic, and, with a good-humored smile, inquired whether he had any idea how the trick was done. Our *admirable* friend laughed and said nothing; but shortly afterward he was heard to observe, "Curious, isn't it?" This trick

gave rise to a good deal of talk, and some disputation; but there were no two opinions about it. It was allowed by all to be the most complete and inexplicable feat of legerdemain ever witnessed.

Trick No. 2 was even more astonishing and comprehensible.

"You know," said Herr Hermann, addressing the whole party, after some discussion had gone on about the sleight-of-hand performances, "I work by wit, and not witchcraft."

"For wit, read trick," interposed Skeptic.

"But what," continued the conjurer, not heeding the interruption, "supposing that I were to interpret your thoughts—to know what was passing through your mind?"

"That, indeed, would be a trick above natural magic," I exclaimed.

Skeptic filled his glass and winked to his neighbor, as one who should say, "I know all about it."

"We shall see," said Herr Hermann. "Now, each of you two gentlemen," he went on, speaking to his right-hand guests, "think of a card: I do not ask you to touch one;" and taking up the pack, he threw the cards, front upward, on the table.

The choice was quickly made. Mr. Hermann re-covered the cards, shuffled them, and spread them out as before.

"The card," he said; "one of you thought of is there; the card the other thought of is absent."

The gentlemen searched. One of the cards selected was not to be seen—the other was found.

"So far so good!" exclaimed Herr Hermann; "but the trick is only half done."

The conjurer took the cards again, shuffled them as before, and exposed them on the table.

"Now!" he cried, "the illusion is reversed. The missing card reappears, and the card thought of that was present is not to be found. Search!"

And such was the case. The cards had come and gone at the bidding of the wonderful magician, who seemed to exercise a mental rather than a physical influence over them. Wonder was expressed in every countenance, and Skeptic, annoyed because he was foiled, drank of an additional bumper to qualify him for elucidation.

A moment's consideration of the trick must satisfy anybody of its extreme cleverness and incomprehensibility. The only possible solution that offers itself is in the supposition that the conjurer, by some process of his own, was enabled to follow the eyes of the gentlemen in their direction to the cards spread on the table, and to mark those they made use of. Knowing the cards, of course an expert practitioner would find no difficulty in manipulating them as he pleased; and getting rid of a card and returning it to the pack, contrived with whatever rapidity, is no extraordinary feat of legerdemain. Ascertaining to a certainty the two cards upon which two persons have thrown a glance for the shortest possible space of time, is, it must be allowed, one of the most remarkable and puzzling achievements of the conjurer's art, and may be termed its crowning feat. I do not assert that it was by this process Herr Hermann ascertained the cards his two guests thought of; but if not thus, I can conceive no other method by which he made them known to him, unless, indeed, it were veritable witchcraft.

Some ten or fifteen minutes had passed, and the conversation was about to lapse into generalities, when our host rose from his seat, and, taking from the table the cards, went to the other end of the room.

"I want to ask your opinion of a trick which, no doubt, you have often seen—your opinion as to how I do it. Will you oblige me by taking a card?"

"May I be allowed to suggest the unopened



TIN—MELTING TIN ON A CARD.

pack of cards?" inquired friend Skeptic, looking around him with an air of wisdom.

"Oh, certainly," answered Herr Hermann. "Open the untouched pack yourself, and then give it to me."

Skeptic removed the envelope from the new pack, and scrutinized the cards carefully. The eyes of the company were now fixed on the pair, and no one spoke. Skeptic having satisfied himself that the cards had undergone no previous "preparation," handed them to the conjurer.

"Take a card," said the latter.

It was done.

"Now take the pack in your own hands, put the card back, and shuffle."

Skeptic did as he was told, and smiled as he shuffled the cards in a variety of ways.

"It would be difficult, would it not," asked Herr Hermann, "to tell you the card you drew?"

"Rather!" ejaculated Skeptic.

"What if I were to do more, and make you draw again the same card?"

"I should like to lay ten pounds to a half-crown on that."

"Keep your money, my friend; I don't want to rob you; give me the cards."

He took the cards from Skeptic, and, shuffling them, said:

"This time, when you draw the card, do not let anybody see it, nor say what it is until I ask you. I must do my tricks after my own fashion. Draw!"

He drew.

"Now place the card upon the table back upward, and cover it with your hand, holding it tightly."

Skeptic did as he was desired.

"Now, sir, is not that card the one which you drew first?"

"Certainly not," exclaimed Skeptic, loudly and triumphantly.

"Indeed!" cried Hermann; "there must be some mistake."

"Of course, there is," rejoined the guest, "but it was your mistake," and he laughed with much glee.

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"Name the cards."

"I drew the queen of spades first, and this under my hand is the nine of diamonds."

"Let me look at it."

Skeptic took away his hand, turned the card, and beheld—the queen of spades. An explosion of laughter at Skeptic's expense was followed by a volley of cheers for this wonderfully clever feat of sleight-of-hand, if indeed it was so, for I was utterly at a loss at the time—and am now, when I think of it—to account for the manner in which it was accomplished.

Many other tricks were exhibited in the course of the evening, but those related above were decidedly the newest and best, although some of the others would have made a common conjurer's fortune. Several times Herr Hermann held out a pack of cards, and named beforehand the card any one of us would draw, in spite of every effort on our parts to foil him; and this without failing in any one instance. Of course "passing a card" is one of the commonest tricks in card-jugglery; but to "pass a card" and name it beforehand, and "pass" it on a company so "cunning of fence" and so wary as ours, was a very different matter.

Better than "passing the card" with such magical dexterity, which we know is achieved with rapidity and neatness of fingering, was the trick with the pear, which, indeed, was as inconceivable as anything shown that evening. One of the party was asked by the conjurer to take a pear from the table and mark it, then cut a slice from it, to eat the slice, and hand the pear to Herr Hermann. This was done, and the pear given to the conjurer, who, taking it in his hand, threw it up toward the ceiling, caught it as it fell, and returned it sound and whole to the gentleman, who declared it was the same pear he had marked, and from which he had cut the slice.

Tin.

ALTHOUGH a certain quantity of tin is brought from Asia, and especially from the island of Banca, in the Indian Archipelago, belonging to the Dutch Government, the greater proportion is obtained from Cornwall, which has always been celebrated for that metal from the earliest historic periods. The Romans obtained tin from Britain, in order to form their bronze helmets, weapons, shields, etc.; and in certain parts of Cornwall there still remain the moldering remains and *debris* of old furnaces, and slag or dross. The old furnaces are curiously termed "Jews' works," and the heaps of slag or melted earthy matter derived from the smelting of the tin ore, "Jews' atle." There is one remarkable heap called "Attle Saracen," as if tin had been melted at one time for people who traded with the Saracens, or that the metal had been made for those who warred with these brave descendants of Ishmael. The metal tin is mentioned by Moses, and it was from Cornwall that the Phœnicians obtained it, which, with copper, formed the Assyrian and Egyptian bronzes.

Tin is grayish white, very malleable, and quite useful in the shape of tinfoil, as a covering for mirrors, and in trade. As a covering for thin plates of iron, it enables us to employ the latter metal for many purposes where its liability to rust would otherwise make it useless.

Nitric acid poured on tinfoil produces an insoluble white powder—stannic acid.

Tin melts at 442°. If the edges of a card are turned up, and a little tinfoil laid on it, the tin can be melted over a spirit-lamp without burning the card. (See illustration, page 260.) Water, too, can be boiled in this way.

Tin crystallizes very readily. Take a solution of protochloride of tin, made by dissolving tin in hydrochloric acid. Pour it into a glass, and insert a bar of tin into it. Then gently drop water on the bar, so slowly as to prevent its mingling with the solution. It is then left, and in a short time brilliant crystals are seen darting out from the bar on all sides of the part which is in the water. This operation is due to an electric action which we have no time to explain. As the alchemists give tin the name of Jupiter, this crystallization is called "Jupiter's Tree."

The Shepherd Check.

AN EPISODE OF WOOLEN MANUFACTURE.

FASHION'S favorites are for the time, and are short-lived. Fashions in dress are the shortest-lived of all. But we have a notable exception to this rule in the case of the shepherd-check, or plaid pattern; and at a time when our woollen trade is making such giant strides, it may be useful to consider it for a moment, as in its rise and progress there is bound up a good business moral, and the history of a great and growing trade.

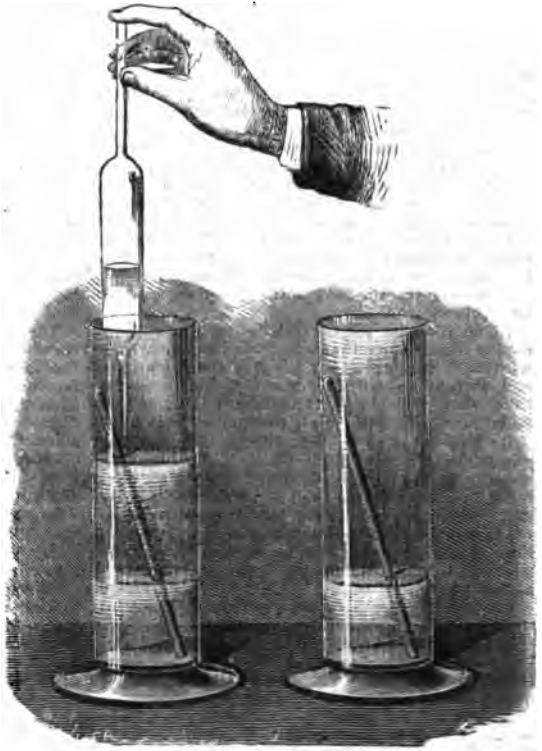
In order to consider it aright, we must transport the reader to the land of its birth, which is the purple-colored, heath-clad hills of old Scotland, and more especially those lowland straths, which were the joy of that great magician Sir Walter Scott.

The very earliest origin of the shepherd-check is unknown—something like it was known to the nations of antiquity; but we may take for granted that when civilized man first invented weaving, a desire to vary the pattern would lead him to cross his threads in the loom with opposing colors. In all probability this would be effected first with the natural white wool of goats or sheep, alternated with the natural black or brown, in which case a rough sort of shepherd-check would be formed. Many savage nations have discovered good check patterns for themselves, as, for instance, may be seen in the grass cloths of the Africans, on the Calabar coast.

When the Gauls, in Britain, were driven up into the fastnesses of Wales and the Highlands of Scotland, those last named gave rise to the clan patterns, which, in their own line, are unsurpassed and unsurpassable. But the true and original owner of the check, as we know it, is undoubtedly the Scotch Lowland shepherd, the man of sheep, who has to tend his flocks through snow, drift, hail, and rain, at all times, and in all weathers. From time immemorial it has been the custom of the Scotch shepherd to wear, in addition to his other dress (generally also of check), a plaid, or maul, which is almost invariably formed of shepherd-check. This differs only from the ordinary article in being unfurled at one end, and instead is sewn or woven up, and forms the "pock neuk," which serves as a

provision-store, etc. Thus provided, the shepherd has a defense against the Summer sun, as also the blasts of Winter, as he can so adjust it about his person that its loose folds bring him in dry, the rain standing in globules on its outer surface, and altogether finding in his plaid a covering, in that variable climate, which no other single garment could supply.

For a long time the shepherd had a monopoly of his check. In the beginning of the present century the cloths used were of a good and honest kind, but very firm and unyielding. This led to a few of the inhabitants of the Scotch towns occasionally adopting the shepherd-check, especially such of them as had spent their youth in the country. Among these were some eminent members of the bar. Foremost among them all stood out the late Lord Brougham, who, after making London his home, brought this fashion to the southern capital of Great Britain. Other eminent men followed *auit*, and were delighted with the comfort of the new fabric, until what had been exceptional became the height of fashion, and what was fashionable became the rage. The makers of the check ere this had been small handloom weavers, whose highest aims had been to supply the modest wants of friends and neighbors, or, at most, to do a district trade. These men now suddenly found themselves objects of interest to leading London firms, who competed with one another in their offers for the hitherto despised homespun. At that time an almost fabulous carriage was paid for pieces of the material sent up by mail-coach, to save the delay of sending by sea. But the thing did not stop here. Those who bought for fashion experienced the comfort and other advantages of the *make*. Other patterns



TIN.—THE "TREE OF JUPITER."

were wrought, and found to answer well, and hence was laid the foundations of a manufacture so gigantic as the tweed trade, and which is finding in America its full development. Thus do great effects from little causes spring.

In Scotland now there are scores of tweed mills, large, prosperous, and increasing. Fifty years ago they were not, or were represented by a few small weaving-shops, rude in construction, and producing an article quite as rude. In our own country tweed mills may be counted by the hundred, and every year adds to their number. Thus has the old-fashioned, tough, and wet-resisting handloom check become the patriarch of the modern tweeds—more suited to the soft requirements of town life.

Of the shepherd-check pattern, as a pattern, there is little need to say much. It has survived all others. Its simplicity has been its life, and its quiet beauty a recommendation to all. The poor may wear it without ostentation, and the rich man without pride, while in it there is a relief to the eye, which the most cunning workman of China or Cashmere has been unable to surpass. To the sportsman it is of great value, for, however it may catch the sight when viewed close at hand, it is the most invisible of all coverings at a certain distance and on the sky-line. A deer-hunter clad in this material, if he lie quiet and the wind serves, will be mistaken by his game for a stone. Let those who doubt this make trial of it. How great a difference in the fortunes of the shepherd-check from the days when in Scotland they made homespun from their "own wool," and our present times of exhibitions of woollen manufactures!

Sweep! Sweep!

It is fifteen years ago to-day since the occurrence I write of took place in the city of Philadelphia.

My reader must accompany me to what novelists are in the habit of calling "the abode of squalor." Now, the abode of squalor is the reverse of pleasant. It is haunted by vermin, and a well-bred dog, or even cat, would scorn to pick up a bone there. Fancy sickens at it; and you do not meet Fashion there, but only gaunt and repulsive famine. Death overhangs it, ready to lower his scythe. Poverty, eager-toothed and emaciated, shows its ghastly face, lurking in its corners. Sin is there, because Ignorance and Want are there, and among its shadows lurks the dark furtive brow of Crime.

In no room in the horrible tenement-house—a sort of excrescence that seemed to have grown up without hands, much as an ugly fungus might, and surrounded by other fungi as hideous—was there more utter despair and misery than in that where dwelt Michael West, wooden toy maker.

He had come to be that, though the son of a gentleman. Mrs. West, his lady mother, left wealthy by the father of Michael, in the lad's boyhood, had married a second time, and died. Her will had made her second husband guardian of the then sunny-faced and handsome boy, who, at the age of twenty-one, was to receive, so read the will, two-thirds of the property, till then in charge of Septimus Greyson.

But with the death of his young and beautiful mother had commenced the sorrows of the sensitive and talented boy, for Septimus Greyson, who had succeeded in deceiving Michael's mother as to his true character, was that meanest and most despicable of all earth's creatures—a miser.

It was not long before he removed the boy from school, and on his return began the sorry comedy, which he continued from that time forth to per-

form during the remainder of his rascally existence.

"It's all gone, my lad," began Septimus Greyson, in lachrymose tones, when the boy arrived. "When the lawyers came to examine into matters, they found that every shilling was gone. I shall have enough of what was mine before to keep soul and body together, and you must be apprenticed to learn a trade."

Learn a trade! A lad reared in luxury and delicate in frame, with a mind that already aspired beyond the stars, for Michael had genius.

But Greyson carried out his intention, and the boy became the apprentice of an old Swiss, a toymaker, who had come from Geneva, and was making a good living in carving the pretty cottages, goats, chamois, and baskets, that those of his country are so skillful in making.

What instruction Michael West was able to acquire was gained in his solitary evenings. Greyson kept him in the miserable lodgings where he dwelt still, under pretense of extreme poverty, and made it a great merit that he did not require him to pay board. His real motive was to keep Michael under his eye, for he always feared that on reaching manhood the wronged and wretched son of the woman he had so shamefully deceived would make inquiries concerning the property left by her, and a day of reckoning be brought about.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly." Yet a day came when the voice that all men fear called to Septimus Greyson—the voice of Death.

In the meantime, his mania for gold had led him deeper and deeper into degradation, and it was in the wretched tenement-house whither I have led you that, haunted by every ghastly visitant that stands beside the unworthy who have made bad use of God's gracious gift of life, Septimus Greyson, the miser, gasped out his last breath in male-diction.

One withered hand—and yet, the man's years were but sixty!—stretched itself, as he endeavored to speak, toward the chimney, and with mad and eager gesticulation, he summoned Michael to his side.

But the effort made by him whom he had wronged to catch the last words of his agony was useless. The frantic gesture that pointed at the chimney was all that he could comprehend, and that he supposed to be some whim of illness, or the feeble flicker of an exhausted intellect.

Struggling thus, livid, hideous, and with nothing of the loveliness of Christian death about him, Septimus Greyson died, and no tear fell for him—no, not one!

The body was removed in the miserable coffin that was all Michael West could afford, even when the sale of a pine table, some crockery and a portion of the old man's wearing apparel had been effected. And now, poorer than ever, because the food he ate must be paid for, besides firewood and clothing, Michael West sat on the morning when the reader first discovers him, his head resting on his clinched hands, death in his soul, and despair in his eyes.

Suddenly, as if to make the hideous abode still more like the *bolgia* of Dante's "Inferno," a loud angry voice at the door of his room broke out into cursing.

It was the voice of old Madge Holmes, the woman who rented out the miserable lodgings, that were so poor a defense against the cold blast that many an immortal soul had flown through the wide cracks in the gaping boards, and gone to ask of God the meaning of the enigma of an existence so wretched.

Now, Madge had reduced cursing to a science. She could curse till she cardled your very blood—if one's blood ever does curdle, which I doubt,

for, if so, when does it uncurdle again?—and to-day she excelled herself.

"You filthy brute!" exclaimed her horrible voice, filled with the melody of beer: "up-stairs with you, and out of my sight—!" Here an oath, which I spare the reader; then another and another.

And as she still cursed on, a low, distressed, helpless cry broke in upon the room, for the door opened, and, still pursued by the threats as well as the blasphemous language of Madge, a boy ran into the apartment.

Again and again had Michael West protected poor Jap (supposed to be the abbreviative of Jasper) from his drunken hostess, who, though demanding of the poor orphan the greater part of his so hardly earned money, made it an excuse for her abuse that he was a sweep, and—*heaven save the mark!*—dirty.

Now, Jap had an idea in his head, and it was to communicate this, in gratitude for many acts of kindness on the part of the toy-maker, that he had set out to seek Michael when intercepted and menaced by the vociferous and festive Madge.

Running in, he pushed to with a kick the rickety door at which, during the conversation that followed, the maudlin hostess, from time to time, showed her frightful face, shaking her fist as an accompaniment to the pleasing remarks which she saw fit to proffer, the theme being the presence of Jap in the room of Michael, which she declared he would make "as black as himself, and that was as black as Satan."

"Did yer see the ole man shake his hand at the chimbley?" demanded Jap, in his own peculiar phraseology; "I've thought and thought about it, Mister Michael, ay, an' dreamed about it, an' I'm sure it means something."

"Means what, Jap?" asked Michael, wearily; "what could it mean but that he wanted what I could not give him—fire?"

"Shut the door, Mister Michael, and I'll tell yer."

Here Michael rose and requested Madge to descend and leave him in peace, which, however, it did not suit her to do.

But Jap, eagerly approaching his whilom protector, took advantage of her temporary absence from the door, and whispered:

"Money!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Michael.

"Money!" repeated Jap.

"But where?"

"Here!" exclaimed Jap, pointing to the chimney. "I have found things hidden away in many a chimbley before now, oncet a coffee-pot, oncet a purse, and oncet a pictur."

Michael stared at the boy for a moment, and then grasping his arm, he cried:

"Keep this quiet, Jap, and let us to work. Fasten the door."

This was soon done, and Madge, who had just been about to put in an appearance, vanished in confusion, while Michael and Jasper went to work with a will, the sweep mounting into the worn and tottering old chimney, while Michael reached up to him the only available tool for discovery, a broom with a broken handle.

And there, strange to say, but not more strange than true—my story relates a fact—in a deep crevice in the chimney was found, pried out by the searching, if humble, means that Fate had provided, a box of tin bound round by a couple of leather straps, the whole embellished with more soot than was altogether pleasant, though much less than would have been found in a chimney where flame more often ascended from a comfortable fire.

To grasp the box; to set it upon the window-sill; to open it, tearing away the sooty straps—

all this did not occupy as many moments as are required to tell it.

Within lay the will, his mother's will, leaving to Michael West all the property left by his father's widow, Septimus Greyson's wife, and beneath that, under several layers of bank-notes and gold, the deeds showing possession of ninety thousand dollars' worth of real estate!

This, during fourteen years of abject poverty and self-privation, had the miserable miser hidden till death tore away his secret!

It is well to be able to say that riches so little hardened Michael West's heart, that his first thought was of his companion in misery.

"You've made me rich, Jap, by your wisdom, and I'll never see you in want again."

But that night the couple left Madge Holmes and her horrible lodging for ever.

Michael West is married now, and has a beautiful home not many miles from Philadelphia. His wife is the daughter of a wealthy merchant, whose greatest pride is in the name her husband has made, after years of hard study, as a man of science.

But in that lovely home, amid the smiles of his children, there has been no time when Michael has forgotten the lad to whom he owes his wealth. Jasper White—Jap insisted upon being called White because he had once been so black!—has received as good an education as his somewhat limited intelligence would admit of, and is gradually losing the memory of his life in "chimbleys," the blows of his keeper, the abuse of Madge, and the tears and sorrows of a bygone time.

And, because he has lived in the midst of them, and knows the ghastly truths *no pen can overdraw*, Michael West, in his gayest hour, remembers charity, open-handed and well-judging charity, to the miserable occupants of those dwellings such as the avarice of Septimus Greyson condemned his boyhood to pass away in without one ray of hope or light. This he can never forget. Such things are not forgotten, as the recitals of the wretched will tell us; but remembering them, he remembers the poor, and makes them to realize that God has not forgotten.

Value of Rest.

MAN of business, believe me, there is now and then a profitable venture in doing nothing at all. In the power to put business aside, and abiding now and then in perfect quiet, things sometimes solve themselves, when we give them that advantage, which refuse to come clear for all our trying. We all know how, by simply taking some perplexity into the deepest silence this side death—a good night's sleep—we can do better than if we sat up and wrought at a task all night. When Matthew Murray, of Leeds, wanted to see his way through some sore perplexity in his inventions, all other effort was of no use; he rested day and night from all noise, and all effort except the effort an active man has to keep himself quiet, and then the idea he wanted would steal in and look at him and light on him, and stay, as birds used to light on the old hermits, no more afraid of them than of the trees under which they sat. And, mothers, you may care and toil incessantly for your little ones, never resting a moment in your devotion, and then, because you never do be quiet, but enter into your very closet with a little cloak to mend, you shall never be quite able to take the whole sunlight and sum of your motherhood into your heart. You will be so full of care about the bread that perishes as to miss the bread that cometh down from heaven. No person in the world needs so much now and then to be still, and

open her soul only to the silence, as an earnest, energetic, whole-hearted mother. This eternal activity is almost sure to run at last to shallows.

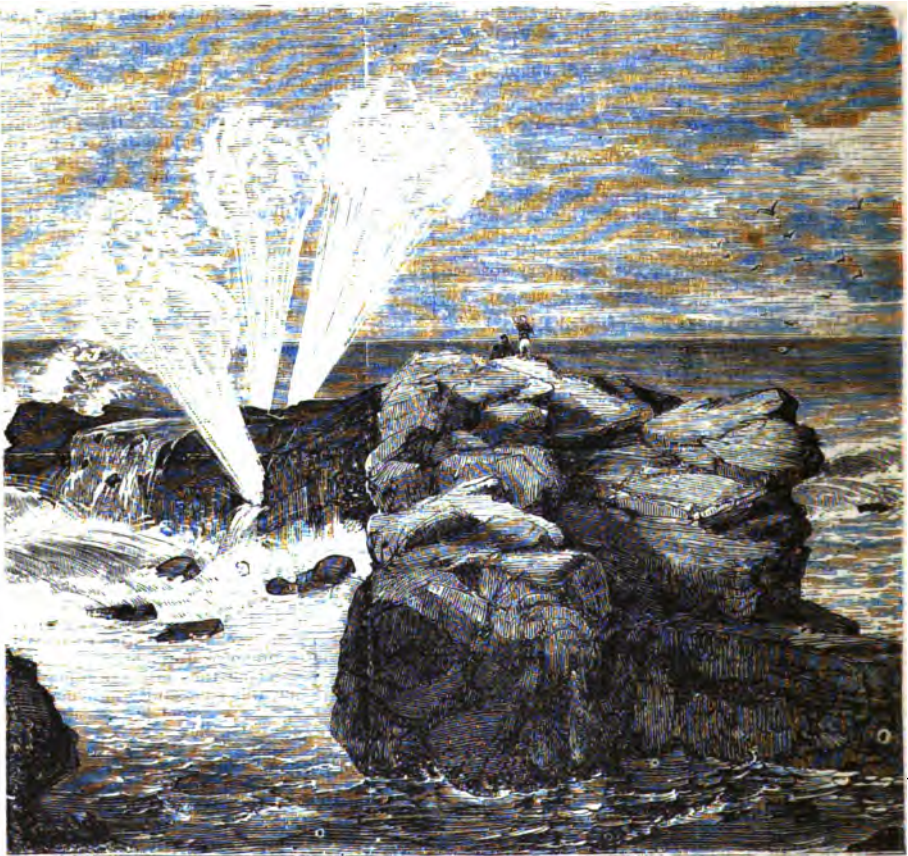
The Souffleur at Mauritius.

A curious phenomenon is exhibited on the south side of the Mauritius, at a point called "The Souffleur," or "The Blower." "A large mass of rock," says Lieutenant Taylor, "runs out into the sea from the mainland, to which it is joined by a neck of rock not two feet broad. The constant beating of the tremendous swell which rolls in, has undermined it in every direction, till it has exactly the appearance of a Gothic building with a number of arches. In the centre of the rock, which is about thirty-five or forty feet above the sea, the water has forced two passages vertically upward, which are worn as smooth and cylindrical as if cut by a chisel. When a heavy sea rolls in, it of course fills, in an instant, the hollow caverns underneath, and finding no other egress, and being borne in with tremendous violence, it rushes up these chimneys and flies, roaring furiously, to a height of full sixty feet. The moment the wave recedes, the vacuum beneath causes the wind to rush into the two apertures with a loud humming noise, which is heard at a considerable distance. My companion and I arrived there before high water,

and, having climbed across the neck of rock, we seated ourselves close to the chimneys, where I proposed making a sketch, and had just begun, when in came a thundering sea, which broke right over the rock itself, and drove us back much alarmed.

"Our negro guide now informed us that we must make haste to recross our narrow bridge, as the sea would get up as the tide rose. We lost no time, and got back dry enough; and I was obliged to make my sketches from the mainland. In about three-quarters of an hour the sight was truly magnificent. I do not exaggerate in the least when I say that the waves rolled in, long and unbroken, full twenty-five feet high, till, meeting the headland, they broke clear over it, sending the spray flying over to the mainland; while from the centre of this mass of foam, the Souffleur shot up with a noise, which we afterward heard distinctly between two and three miles. Standing on the main cliff, more than a hundred feet above the sea, we were quite wet. All we wanted to complete the picture was a large ship going ashore."

Our illustration shows the sea beating against some hollow rocks on the coast of the Mauritius, and producing the remarkable phenomenon called "The Souffleur," or "The Blower," water-spouts issuing from the wave-worn cavities of the cliff to a considerable height, and with a noise distinctly audible at a distance of three miles.



THE SOUFFLEUR AT MAURITIUS.



MY FRIEND THE MAJOR.—“HE DASHED, DESPITE THE AIRINESS OF HIS COSTUME, OUT INTO THE HALL, AND DOWN-STAIRS TO THE OFFICE BELOW.”

My Friend the Major.

The major is a man about town, and lives an easy, luxurious life. Without being a *gourmand*, he is partial to a good dinner, and takes his share of the wine without being urged. He is, indeed, a *connoisseur* in wines, and it is worth something simply to see him drink a glass of good old Madeira. After carefully filling his glass to the brim, he slowly, without spilling a drop, lifts it to his lips, pausing a moment ere he tastes of it, to get the full measure of the aroma, then he takes a dainty sip of it, holding it carelessly on his tongue a few moments before swallowing it, that he may obtain its complete flavor. Closing his left eye,

he next proceeds to hold it up toward the sunlight, looking at it with his right, in a critical manner, while he nods his head approvingly. Then lowering the glass, he takes another sip, this time softly smacking his lips; when, being fully satisfied with the color, quality and age of the wine, he lets it glide placidly down his throat, elevating his eyebrows knowingly the while, and, as the last drop disappears, pausing a moment, as if pronouncing a benediction upon the vine that grew such wine. Finally, a smile, expressive of infinite satisfaction, spreads like sunshine over his face, and, placing his right-hand forefinger on the side of his nose, in a confidential and oracular tone, he says:

"An old, old wine, sir—worth its weight in gold. It would take a mint of money to buy a cellarful of it."

Although the major is an acknowledged "diner-out," and is much sought after by persons giving dinners, on account of his social qualifications as a wit and a story-teller, he, nevertheless, lacks the very first requisite in a diner-out—and that is, punctuality. He never keeps an engagement at the appointed moment, but is usually an hour behind time, and there is every prospect that, as the years go by, this failing will increase, and instead of just missing the soup, he will scarcely arrive in time for the dessert.

But at whatever hour he comes, he is always welcomed, and makes up for his shortcomings by his geniality and good-fellowship over the nuts and wine.

Of course, the major is a bachelor—all "men about town" are, or, at least, ought to be—not but that he has from time to time been wounded by the shafts from Cupid's bow; but they were mere flesh-wounds, and never reached his heart. He himself declares he was always, with one exception, a little behindhand in offering himself, and it was no uncommon thing for him to encounter his rival, crowned with success, and his face radiant with happiness, coming out of the house of his lady-love, just as he (the major) was going in to offer her his heart, hand, and earthly possessions.

The major was such a confirmed old bachelor—forty-five years old, if a day—that not one among his hosts of friends ever thought of his getting married. The announcement, therefore, that he not only contemplated matrimony, but that the day was actually appointed for the wedding, came upon them like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. At first they could not realize it, and it was only after they received cards to the church where the ceremony was to take place that they believed it.

"Sly, very sly," they said, among themselves, "had the major been; or else he had been angled for during his summering in the country, and caught."

And this was the true state of the case. He had passed July and August at the various watering-places, and at every one of them he encountered—by the merest accident in the world—the same charming little widow, and what with boating excursions on the lakes, picnics in the woods, drives over solitary roads, bathtings in the surf, and moonlight promenades on wide piazzas, the major, before the season was over, was firmly hooked and safely landed by the widow.

It was arranged that the major and his bride were, immediately after the marriage ceremony, to sail in the steamer for Europe, where they were to make an extended tour.

As the fatal time approached, the major seemed to grow a little despondent. He would be he would be well out of the scrape, or that the infernal thing was over. He wished the comet which was to have come and destroyed the world had made its appearance, as foretold. As the time drew near, however, his spirits rose, and on the evening preceding the appointed day, at a farewell dinner given to him by his bachelor friends, he was in the jolliest of humors, and in a neat speech called upon them to follow his example.

As the wedding was to take place at twelve o'clock, and the steamer on which he was to sail was to leave at three, one of his friends, knowing his dilatory habits, determined to see to it that the major was not behind time on so important an occasion, and, therefore, when the day came, he presented himself at the major's hotel, to assist him in getting ready. Although it was already ten o'clock, the major had not yet risen. His

friend, however, hastened to his room, and called him up.

"God bless my soul!" cries the major. "Ten o'clock! Is it possible? and I wouldn't miss this engagement—for it's with a lady, you know—for a case of the best Madeira ever imported."

And then he proceeded leisurely to prepare himself for the conflict; his friend all the time urging him to hasten his toilet. But the major was not the man to be hurried, and so, after deliberately partaking of his breakfast, which he had served in his room, he lighted an ante-Benedict cigar, and, arrayed only in his night-dress, set to work packing his trunk, stopping ever and anon to discuss political affairs with his friend, to light a fresh cigar, and to drink a parting bottle of champagne.

It was the major's purpose to send his trunk to the steamer before leaving himself for the church, and it was just a quarter of twelve when the trunk was closed, the key turned in the lock, the last strap buckled, and the express-man started with it for the steamer.

"Only a quarter of an hour now remains," said his friend, "in which to finish your toilet, so hurry up, old boy."

"Oh, I've plenty of time," replied the major, "and, besides, the wedding can't come off without me, anyhow." And the major chuckled.

And then, still only in his night-dress and slippers, he turned to resume his dressing.

"But where the deuce," he exclaimed, looking wonderingly about the apartment, "have my clothes gone to?"

"The old Harry only knows," replied his friend, "for they were on the bed only a minute ago—of that I'm certain."

They searched on the bed and under it, in the wardrobe and among the bureau-drawers, behind the mirror and beneath the table, but all to no purpose; the clothes—the wedding-garments of the major—were not to be found. Only the under-clothing he had on, a white neck-tie, and a pair of slippers, were left for him to wear to his wedding. The situation was appalling.

"By Jove!" the major exclaimed, "I'll bet a bottle of champagne that I packed my clothes in my trunk. Good heavens! stop that express-man."

And the major rushed to the bell-cord, which, owing to his violent attack, came off at the first pull; then, dragging it with him, he dashed, despite the airiness of his costume, out into the hall, and down-stairs to the office below.

Those persons who caught a glimpse of the major as he flew down the stairs, thought certainly either that the house was on fire, or else the major was laboring under an attack of insanity.

"Stop him! Call him back! Stop him!" shouted the major.

"Stop who?" cried the clerk in the office, almost as excited for the moment as the major himself.

"Why, that infernal express-man," screamed the major. "He's gone off with my wedding-clothes, and I've only a neck-tie left to wear."

The clerk comprehended the situation in a moment, and the next instant there was a ringing of bells, a giving of orders, a rush of porters, bell-boys, and waiters into the avenue, in the hope of overtaking and bringing back the express-man and trunk; but it was too late. He had gotten too much the start, and one by one the hunters returned to the hotel.

The major was in despair, and what to do he knew not; but, as the next best thing, he retired, under cover of a waterproof cloak, to his room, and ordered a bottle of the oldest Madeira to be had in the house.

After drinking a glass, a happy thought struck

his friend, and again the bell-boys and waiters were rushing to and fro, but this time they returned to the hotel, accompanied by spruce tailors and their clerks, bearing coats, pantaloons, and waistcoats, of various sizes and styles, from which, after much trouble, the major was finally arrayed in a suit of clothes that would have fitted better some other man.

But time had not stood still during this episode, and when, at last, the major and his friend started for the church, it was after two o'clock. As they reached its portals, a carriage drove rapidly away. In it was seated the major's bride-elect; but she was not alone—another than the major sat beside her, clasping her hand, and whispering tender words into her ear. As the major caught sight of them, he exclaimed:

"By Jove! my usual luck!"

And, ordering the driver to turn the horses' heads, he returned in a melancholy mood to his hotel.

Yes, weary of waiting for the unfortunate major, the widow, rendered desperate at the situation in which she found herself, and believing she was jilted, had, at the suggestion of an old lover of her own, whom she had once or twice rejected, consented to become the wife of her former suitor, and was by him triumphantly led to the altar, becoming Mrs. Somebody-else instead of Mrs. Major So-and-so, as she had anticipated.

The only stipulation she made before promising to marry her new-found lover, was, that he should take her to Europe in the steamer in which she had already engaged to go.

It is needless to say that they reached the steamer in time to sail therein, and occupied the very stateroom that the major had already engaged. The major, however, did not accompany them, and after the edge of his disappointment was a little blunted, declared the affair to be a good joke, and, on the strength of it, added to his *repertoire* another dinner-table story, which he is fond of narrating.

Love on the Prairie.

CHAPTER I.—A WRESTLING MATCH.

A MERE clump of trees, none of them large, perched on a gentle rise of ground, away by itself among the endless rolls and levels of Grand Prairie. The fancy of some forgotten borderer had labeled it "Lost Grove," and men who wanted to be funny said the name meant that no one could tell whether it was in Illinois or Indiana, it was so near the line.

As if to tangle matters still further, the scanty growth of timber was supplemented by luxuriant, dense, all-concealing thickets of hazel and sumach bushes, traversed in all directions by the paths which the buffaloes had made in former days, and which the deer and the cattle still kept open.

On the open prairie, but at the very edge of the copse, on that fine October morning, there stood two fine, tall, athletic-looking men, in the prime of early manhood, eying each other with such flashing glances, and with such deep and angry color in their bronzed and bearded faces, that it needed no prophet to have said:

"There must have been hot words between them."

Hot indeed; as hot as pride, wrath, and bitter jealousy could make them, and more were likely to come.

They were apparently a very nearly equal match in outward proportions, but, if they had been standing in the "ring," among good judges, the unarmed man would have been at once pronounced "in better training."

His adversary, with the double-barreled gun and the half-filled game-bag, had that in his face which told of other and less healthful amusements, nor did even his hands indicate so frequent a use of his muscles in any kind of strengthening toil.

"But a gun is apt to be a very great advantage in a fight?"

"Yes; but, then, that depends, you know."

For a long half-minute they had stood facing one another in silence, when the man with the gun, and whose otherwise handsome face had in it a good deal that most men, if not women, would have disliked, broke out with:

"Once for all, Jack Merwin, I warn you not to dare cross my path. Stick to your farm, and keep out of the way of your betters."

"My betters! Who are they? Not such as you, Burt Russell. Serve you right if some friend of his told Judge Carley just what you are, and how you spend your time. I don't want any more loud-mouthed insolence from you."

"My insolence, you dog!" almost roared Burt Russell. "Do you compare yourself to me, you pauper? If you dare breathe a word against me to Judge Carley, or—anybody else, I'll blow your head off! I've a good notion to do it now."

"Don't threaten me," replied Jack Merwin, who was evidently doing his best to keep his temper. "I am no tale-bearer, but others may be. I may be poorer than you, and I may not, but what I've got is my own. I'm a man, Burt Russell, and you ain't fit to live on the same prairie with a girl like Jennie Carley."

Whatever had previously taken place to work his passions up to such a pitch, or whether even strong drink had not given a needless stimulus to his hot blood, the last taunt, and the name it was coupled with, seemed to drive Burt Russell to a sudden frenzy, for his gun sprang to a level as if of itself.

Both men were utterly absorbed in the fierce excitement of the moment, or their ears would surely have caught a quick, sharp sound, that just then came from the sumach thicket near them.

As it was, Jack Merwin had been as quick as his opponent; the threatening barrel was dashed aside, and Burt Russell suddenly found his arms pinned helplessly down by sinews that were stronger than his own.

In vain he tugged and strained and struggled, while his lips poured forth a perfect torrent of profane and stormy imprecations.

All his pride and anger failed to supply the place of the manly energies he had wasted in days of idleness and nights of dissipation, and, in less than a minute more, he was hurled to the ground with a force that almost drove the breath out of him.

The gun had dropped in the grapple, but Burt's fingers were busy in his bosom, and in a moment more he sprang to his feet, with a long and glittering bowie in his hand.

Again a suppressed sound, this time like a long-drawn breath, arose in the bushes; but this time also it was unheard or unheeded.

Jack Merwin had not for an instant taken his eyes from his antagonist, and Burt's forward rush was now met by the frowning muzzle of his own gun, both barrels cocked, and by the stern, pitiless-sounding mandate:

"Drop that knife! One! two!—!"

But before the fatal "three" could be uttered, the knife lay on the grass, for even Burt Russell was not insane enough to misunderstand the deadly meaning in the dark eyes of his antagonist.

But the gun was not lowered even yet.

"Burt Russell!" exclaimed Jack, "this isn't the first time you've tried to do me an injury, let alone the harm your slanderous tongue has done.

Now I warn you that all trifling is over. It's for me to say, mark you, whether or not you spend your Winter between stone walls. Now, about face, march! If you follow me, I'll riddle you. I'll take care of your knife and gun, and see that you get them again. You won't catch me unarmed another time. March!"

Something in his double defeat, and a good deal in the looks of that gun-muzzle, had a powerful effect on Burt Russell, for he even obeyed orders with more promptness than his white face and grinding teeth promised, nor did he, when once started, so much as pause to look behind him, but strode away rapidly across prairie.

One word only he growled to himself as he went:

"No witnesses! Glad of that!"

For a few moments Jack Merwin stood motionlessly looking after his foe, with the gun still raised in his hand, and then, as he stooped to pick up the fallen knife, he said, aloud:

"I wonder if that scoundrel followed me out here to pick this quarrel, or whether we just met by accident? He means mischief, anyhow, and I must look out for him. I half wish there had been witnesses of some kind, for I don't see how I could well have acted any other way. I had him at my mercy, after he'd tried twice to murder me, and I didn't hurt a hair of his head. That's an awful ugly weapon, that knife. It's a shame to any man to carry such a thing, but I'm half afraid I've got it to do. Now, I must hurry back home and get through with that fencing. The grass is getting terribly dry, and there's no telling when a wad from some gun like this will set it on fire."

As he ended this soliloquy, Jack Merwin wheeled and walked swiftly southward, in a bee-line, for there were miles of unbroken sod between him and the nearest fence. The oddest thing of it all, perhaps, was that he happened to be so far out on foot, in a region where the very poorest was an owner of horses.

However that might be, hardly was the young athlete hidden from sight by the prairie-rolls, before yet another sound came from the bushes. Only a rustle and a light footfall now, as of some one breaking through, and this was followed by the louder tread of a horse's hoofs, as a young and beautiful girl stepped forth, leading after her a small but well-built and fast-looking pony.

Hither and thither she looked, in all directions, and then down at the trampled grass that had been the scene of the struggle for life between Burt Russell and Jack Merwin.

"Oh! it was terrible!" she exclaimed. "I did so want to interfere and part them, but it was all so sudden, and I couldn't bear to let them know I was here. And then they spoke so about me. I almost wish I hadn't tried to hide when I saw them coming. I never would, if they hadn't both come. And now I daren't say anything about it—it's so mean to listen—but I couldn't help it. Anyhow, I know something I never dreamed of. Wasn't it splendid of Jack Merwin!"

Lightly and gracefully the young beauty sprang into her saddle, though her form still trembled, and her blue eyes yet flashed with unwonted excitement. Off darted the pony, and the prairie-wind swept back the floating masses of brown curls from a cheek that had, just then, even more than its fair share of glowing color.

It was said that Lost Grove had witnessed wild scenes in its day, even back to the old times of Indian fights and massacres, but it had assuredly added one more romantic episode to its legendary wealth that morning.

The pony swiftly left it miles behind, and as he galloped on, his mistress muttered to herself:

"Not fit for Jennie Carley? What can Burt

Russell have done, that Jack Merwin told him that? I never heard him swear before: but I wonder what he can have done?"

CHAPTER II.—FENCING AGAINST FIRE.

Hot and dry had been the latter part of the Summer and the first month of Autumn. Good for the ripening corn, the farmers said, but bad for all pasture lands. And so it was; for, while the tall and waving corn matured its bounteous ears in splendid plenty, the grass, the flowers, and the nodding "rosin-weeds" of the prairies withered, and shriveled, and turned rapidly into tinder, until that Autumn threatened to be "the worst season for prairie-fires you ever seen, an' no mistake about it."

Already there had been more than one red glare, at night, upon the distant horizon, but these prairie-visitors were known to be very eccentric in their courses, and frequently vast regions would escape the slightest singe for years together.

No doubt that is the way the scattered groves get their first good start. The belts of timber along the water-courses are always more or less protected by the green freshness of the grass and undergrowth in such vicinities.

Still, most prudent men, wherever their farms might lie, were taking warning, and beginning, or intending, at least, to prepare, as best they might, for their defense.

That very morning, a white-headed but vigorous-looking old gentleman had reined in his horse in front of a farmhouse of more than usual size and pretensions to style, in an open grove of noble oaks, a good mile from the line of forest that marked the windings of the Vermilion River.

Barns of good size, with huge racks of unthreshed grain, corn-cribs of monstrous length, cattle-pens, out-houses, wide-spreading fields, good fences—everything bespoke an extraordinary degree of agricultural opulence. The rider himself wore an expression on his haughty old face that betokened a pride of purse not often found among the free-hearted farmers of the West.

"Two thousand acres in corn," he said, aloud, "and it never looked better. A thousand of wheat, and I reckon it ran twenty-five bushel to the acre. Will have the machines here next week, and thrash it out. Never knowed such a crop nowhar. And then that's the hogs in the range, and the hosses an' cattle; and that's the raw prairie—I reckon I'll pretty nigh double it arter I git the cash for my wheat. But that's ten sections of it now—sixty-four hundred acres—and it all lies together, if it wasn't for Jack Merwin's patch over yon. I'll buy the other half of the section he's on first, and then I'll try and find some way o' gittin' shut of him. I don't keer to quarrel with him yit a while; but I can't have him loafin' round yer, too often, this comin' Winter. I ain't feared of Jennie, and I think I kin trust Burt Russell's good looks for something; but I don't keer to hev any half-section feller lettin' his eyes go arter my darter—no, I don't."

And, as if the thought itself drove him, old Judge Carley put spurs to his horse, and galloped away in the direction of Jack Merwin's well-tilled farm.

It would have been a big one in most parts of the country, but it was only a "patch" of three hundred and twenty acres—half a section—in the eyes of the judge. Land was only too plenty then and there, but Jack had managed to put every inch of his to good use.

By the time Judge Carley arrived Jack had returned from his adventure at Lost Grove, put his unpleasant trophies away in his comfortable,

well-built log homestead, and was out again, busily overseeing two men and a boy, who were completing for him the very important job of "fire-fencing" his farm.

And what was that?

Why, first thing, several broad furrows had been turned over in the prairie-sod with a "breaking plow," a good hundred feet from the "cattle fence," which protected the corn and wheat-fields, and all the strip of ground so inclosed, between the furrows and the fence, was carefully burned over. The broad surface thus left bare contained no remaining fuel to carry a fire over, if one should come on across the prairie.

It was no small job, and the fire business had to be prudently done when there was little wind, and carefully watched and tended, lest mischief should result instead of protection.

The wind that day was light and fair, and the work went rapidly on.

"Hullo, Merwin," shouted the judge, half patronizingly, as he rode up. "Careful as ever, I see."

"Yes, judge," replied Jack. "I've made a good season, but I can't afford to burn up."

"I must look out for my own firing in a few days," said the judge; "but most of my hands are out with the hogs and critters, or in the corn, and some of 'em's gone arter the thrashin' machines. By-the-way, what'll you take for your wheat-crop, in the stack, just as it stands?"

"Too late, judge. Thrashed out, and sold, and delivered, the last of it more'n a fortnight ago."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the judge, with a somewhat nettled expression, as if he should have been consulted. "How did it run? What did you get?"

"Got a dollar a bushel, and it went thirty to the acre on over a hundred acres. What do you think of that?"

"Tip top," replied the judge, but with a more serious face. "This 'ere's good land of yours—'most as good as mine. What do you reckon you'd take for it?"

"Not for sale," stoutly replied Jack. "I bought the other half-section last week and paid for it. Got a mile square now, and it just about suits me."

The judge gave a long whistle, for his morning's cattle in the air was rapidly melting away. Still, Jack Merwin was as rapidly rising in the scale of dollars and cents, and his land-proud visitor was half prepared for the next question.

"Judge Carley, what'll you take for those two sections that lie beyond mine? You'd better manage to have all your patch in one piece."

"Patch!" indignantly exclaimed the judge; but he added, "Wall, I dunno. That's a matter I hadn't thought on. Mebbe I'll let ye know some day. Come over to my house some evenin', and be neighborly. We'll take a chance to talk it over, and mebbe we can strike a trade of some kind. Good-mornin', Mr. Merwin."

And so saying, the judge wheeled his horse and rode away, muttering something more about the "smoke of that 'ar fire."

Jack Merwin laughed quietly to himself, but he was watching the fierce heat and swiftness with which the fire swept on, even in the comparatively short grass where it was now kindled.

"There never was a more dangerous time," he said. "I'm not one day too soon. Reckon I'd better pitch right in and help the boys, or it may get away from them."

He did "pitch in," but more than once that day it required all the activity and energy of him and his hands to keep the destroying element within the prescribed bounds.

When once the fire was done, and the smoke-grimed workers could go out on the prairie for a

breath of fresh air, Jack looked over at the tall weeds in his stubble, and the long ranks of his yellow-leaved corn, and his comfortable home and barns beyond, and felt as if a great weight had been lifted from his mind by his day's exciting and somewhat unpleasant work.

"Not safe, perhaps, but pretty near it," he said to himself. "I don't believe any ordinary fire will jump over that; and the cattle have fed on the grass outside till it's pretty short all along."

How should he have guessed that there were other dangers besides prairie-fires threatening to disturb his peace and prosperity?

There were such, nevertheless, and one of them had taken form in the malignant heart and plotting brain of Burt Russell, even as he beat his ignominious retreat from his ill-starred wrestling-match on the edge of Lost Grove.

Under other circumstances, it may be that Burt would have hesitated about taking such measures as he did; but, in the blindness of his bitter rage, he made his way to the county town as fast as his best horse could carry him, and before night there had been ominous papers sworn out against Jack Merwin, and placed in the hands of the proper law officers.

"He hates me bad enough," Burt had said, in his account of the affair; "but I suppose he daresn't kill me, even in a lonely place like that. He could have done it, for he took me by surprise like, and had me at his mercy. I'll bet, if you're quick about it, and don't give 'em a chance to hide 'em, you'll find my knife and gun in his own house. Reckon that'll be proof enough, won't it?"

"I should rather think it would," dryly replied the magistrate. "You've sworn to the facts, and, if any more should turn up, I reckon the judge'll know enough to see the jury gits 'em. Sometimes, though, I've knowed of thar hein' two sides of a story, when thar'd been the worst kind of 'pearances."

The warrant was granted, however, as a matter of course, under the sworn circumstances, and Burt Russell felt sure of "blackening Jack Merwin, even if he didn't make out to burn him."

CHAPTER III.—THE WORK OF A SPARK.

THAT night, Burt Russell found plenty of company, suited to his peculiar tastes, to keep him in town, and it was late in the forenoon of the next day before he rode out homeward. His own broad lands, or, rather, his father's, lay several miles beyond those of Judge Carley, down the river, and Burt had made an appointment with the sheriff's officers to meet him there on the following morning.

Before he had ridden more than a mile, he was a trifle surprised to be met by the well-known "top wagon" of Judge Carley, and in it that gentleman himself and his fat and cheery old wife.

Short time was given for conversation, as the judge averred his purpose of getting home again by nightfall.

"The house is a'most alone," he said, "for Jennie's out a-ridin' somewhar; but that hardy counts, I reckon. The main thing with me is that I've got an awful heap of fire-fencing to do, an' I must have all hands at it, bright an' arly in the mornin'."

"All right, judge," replied Burt. "Have a cigar? It's a raw day, and it looks like a storm comin'. No time to lose—you haven't."

The judge did not take the cigar, but Burt's words left an unpleasant and ominous sound in his ear.

"Wife," he said, as he drove on, "Burt's right. We ain't got no time to lose. It does look as if a storm was comin', and that thar strin' ort to be 'tended to, short order."

Burt Russell, on his part, seemed in no manner of haste, but rode leisurely along, communing with his own thoughts, such as they were, and puffing away vigorously at his cigar. He was out on the prairie now, a good distance beyond the fenced and cultivated district that surrounded the little "county seat."

The sky was gray and lowering, and gusts of strong wind were beginning to come from the northwest, where they had been cooled by the pine woods and mountains and the great, cold lakes.

When he had finished that cigar, he threw away the stump of it, after lighting another, and rode on, without the slightest thought of what he might have done.

He and others had dropped thousands of little tobacco-leaf "stubs," with hot coals in one end—why should he have looked back after that one?

Why? Because that one had an especial errand of its own.

A little bunch of soft, dry, yellow grass, at the foot of an ant-hill, just where the hot cigar-end fell; but the careless smoker had ridden half a mile before there were any perceptible consequences.

Slowly, very slowly, at first, the dull spark spread among the withered and brittle leaves. Then came a puff of wind, eddying around the ant-hill, and a curl of blue smoke began to rise. Then another and stronger puff, and a slight crackling sound began to make itself heard, for the spark was a flame now; and Burt Russell was a mile away, galloping briskly onward, as if some memory had suddenly spurred him.

In bright daylight no ordinary flame can be seen at any great distance, and the fire had things all its own way, with the rising northwest gale to help it and to frolic with.

Faster now and widespreading, as it gathered heat and volume and kindling power, and the large white resinous drops that exuded from the stalks and leaves of the dry "rosin-weeds" lent their fierce fuel to the growing blaze. The gale took up the business, as if it found some wild, destructive fun therein, and before many minutes the full-fledged prairie-fire had spread its wings, and swept onward toward the Vermilion timber, with a free power that no human agency could now resist or stay.

Higher and higher rose the wind and the dancing flame, and as it dashed through the long blue grass and coarse weeds of the sloughs and bottoms, the tongues and sheets of fire would shoot upward, like blasts from a furnace, twenty and even thirty feet into the air, or into the fast-kindling prairie beyond.

Burt Russell's cigar had fully performed its part of that day's work. But the fire itself had only just begun its own.

Jack Merwin had attended to his various duties that morning in a listless and abstracted sort of way. A prosperous man was he, and all things seemed to be going well with him; but one great, swelling, longing wish there was in his heart, which the whole prairie could not have satisfied, if he had owned it all.

Toward noon he called to one of the "boys" that worked for and with him, and told him to saddle and bring up to the house the one special favorite horse, he had raised and trained himself, almost the only luxury he indulged in. He hardly knew why it was that he wanted to ride.

When the pawing, restive, spirited animal stood before the door, and Jack was about to mount, he suddenly exclaimed:

"Hullo! you've buckled on the big blanket. What's that for?"

"Wall, you didn't say nothin'," was the reply;

"but I reckoned as how you mought need it afore you got back. That's a storm a-comin'."

"All right, then. 'Twon't do any harm," said Jack, as he sprang into the saddle. "But I don't intend to be gone long. Drive all the loose cattle down into the timber."

Jack Merwin's temper that day was opposed to slow motion, but he jerked out detached sentences of soliloquy as he galloped onward.

"Money, land—that's all the old judge looks at. I don't believe Jennie is of that sort. No, indeed. But what can she see to fancy in Burt Russell? I almost wish she did know just what sort a fellow he is. Can't tell her myself, though, and I reckon no one else will. Even if I couldn't get her, I'd hate to see her throw herself away, just to please her father. My fault if she does? No, it shan't be that. I never have said it to her, but I will. Never mind the old man's pride. I'll take my 'No' from her lips, not from his."

Jack was thinking hard, and his good steed had borne him further and faster than he thought; but now he was suddenly brought back to his everyday senses.

The wind was beginning to blow pretty hard, but it was not that so much as a strange and pungent, but as yet faint, odor that it brought along with it.

"What?" exclaimed Jack, "can it be that already?"

Just then a deer came bounding past him, at a short distance, seeming to not so much as notice his presence.

"That settles it," said Jack. "Hullo! there comes a herd of cattle. Trust the four-footed people to scent danger coming. Well, I reckon they'll reach the timber in time, unless the fire travels faster than I ever knew it. Hah! what's that? Jennie Carley's pony! Saddled and bridled? Oh, heavens!"

And Jack Merwin groaned aloud as he struck his spurs deep, and dashed away in the direction from which the pony had come. There was no time to be lost, he well knew, in an attempt to catch the frightened runaway.

Unused to such sharp urging, the good steed, himself half frightened, went as if for his life, while his master anxiously scanned the prairie in front of him. Nor was it many minutes before his eyes were gladdened by the sight of light robes fluttering in the wind, and then a sweet young face looked up to him from a mass of floating curls; and it wore such a look of relief—of joyful confidence—that Jack Merwin's heart almost leaped into his mouth.

"Oh, Jack, I'm so glad. I've run till I was out of breath. Pony was restive, and I got off to see what was the matter, and he broke away. He wouldn't, but the cattle came along, and scared him. They almost ran over us. Is it a fire, Jack?"

"Yes, Jennie. Quick! give me your hand. Put your foot on mine. There!—up you come."

And Jennie Carley, almost before she knew it, found herself sitting on Jack Merwin's horse, with her arms necessarily around the waist of its rider.

Off bounded the gallant steed, with his double burden.

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed Jennie; "don't ride so fast. I can hardly hold on. The fire's a good way off yet. You're not going toward our house, neither."

"The fire? Your house?" almost shouted Jack Merwin. "Why, Jennie, my house is a mile nearer, and that fire will sweep right over yours before we could get half way."

"Right over our house!" dolefully exclaimed Jennie.

"Yes, indeed," said Jack. "I've no hope

even of reaching my own house before the fire catches us."

"Oh, Jack! what shall we do?"

"If I had anything to kindle a fire with, I'd start one, and ride on behind it. As it is, our only hope is to get into the short grass, on the high prairie between here and my place, where the fire won't burn so hot."

"But what shall we do then? We shall surely be burned to death. Oh, Jack! tell me, did you come out here after me? Have I brought you into this awful danger?"

"Don't speak of that, Jennie, please," said Jack, huskily. "Hold on tight for three minutes more, and we'll do the best we can."

They could see the fire now, with the huge volumes of black smoke above it, coming down on the wings of the wind, and Jennie knew at once that Jack was right. They could not escape it.

Tightly, indeed, she unconsciously wound her arms around the man who seemed to her to have cast away his life in a vain effort to save her own.

But now they were on higher ground, where the grasses common to the prairie always make a closer and finer sod, growing shorter, too, and with fewer of the coarse, rank weeds, that supply a fire with such terrible fuel.

Here, too, less than a mile and a half from his own house, Jack Merwin's cattle had been herded, that Summer, and their hungry cropping had reduced the "pasture" a good deal, in a way that half explained to Jennie why her friend had sought that particular locality.

"Oh, Jack!" she said, "is there any hope?"

"We shall soon know," replied Jack, as he reined in his horse.

CHAPTER IV.—CURING BURNS.

At that very hour, Judge Carley, who had been nervous and rapid in the transaction of the business which had taken him to the county seat, was whipping his horses frantically along the homeward road, across the still hot and smoking prairie, his white head full of visions of sorrow and disaster, while his wife sat weeping by his side; and Burt Russell was drawing near his father's house, all unconscious of the terrible things his recklessness had set on foot.

Jack Merwin's horse was almost wild with fear; but even while galloping on, Jack had unbuckled the blanket, cast loose the stirrups, and now, as with all his might he reined him in, Jennie Carley sprang lightly to the ground, followed instantly by her brave friend. The next moment the riderless steed was bounding wildly away toward the distant timber, doing all the better for himself that now he had no weight to carry.

Jack Merwin's trousers were tucked inside his heavy riding-boots; his coat was buttoned closely, and the collar turned up; his cap was pulled well down over his eyes; the coarse thick horse-blanket was then wrapped tightly around the form of Jennie Carley, so that not an inch of loose drapery or a single wandering curl was exposed. Jennie could hardly breathe, but she silently permitted Jack to do what he deemed best.

The eddying clouds of smoke were already drifting down upon them, and it was only when flat upon the ground, with their faces down, that they could find a breath of anything like fresh air.

"Here it comes!" shouted Jack. "Now for it. Draw a long breath, Jennie."

Jennie Carley felt herself suddenly lifted up, as if in the arms of a giant, but the folds of the blanket were drawn closely over her head, and she could see nothing.

She was almost suffocated, and she was conscious of scorching heat all over her, while her ears were filled for a moment with a strange, rushing, roaring, crackling chorus of awful sound.

Then it was over, but she was still uplifted, and the blanket was taken away from over her head.

In that moment of fearful peril, when Jack Merwin felt that his last hope had come—or, it might be, his last agony of suffering and death—he had caught up his precious burden as if it had been a feather, and had dashed forward desperately right into the fierce and flickering sheets of the swiftly advancing flame.

He could not breathe or speak, but a voice at his heart seemed shouting:

"Through! through! It's the only hope for her. Through!"

Blinded, scorched, blistered, burning, staggering, still, with a mighty effort, he sprang resolutely forward, straining to the utmost his toil-toughened sinews. It seemed an age, but it was less than one minute by the clock when the now cold, refreshing breath of the gale from the lakes told him the barrier of flame was past, and he might open his eyes.

Well for him, indeed, that he had sought the short grass on the upland. If that flying furnace had caught him in the bottoms, among the "rosin woods," it would have shriveled him to a crisp, and left him burning.

Even then he would not let Jennie Carley put her feet to the hot earth among the glowing ashes; but, while he loosened the blanket to give her air, he still strode rapidly onward till he came to a bare and wind-swept spot, where he might even dare to let his strength fail him, and sink fainting to the earth.

Jennie sprang to her feet, and stood erect beside him. From head to foot she was utterly unharmed, free from the slightest scratch or scorch, and the remains of the blanket, on which she was standing, even now protected her from the heated earth; but she would never have recognized Jack Merwin as the same man. Something crisp and stumpy was still left of his luxuriant beard and mustache; but his hair, except what his cap covered, was burned close up, while his clothes, his face, his hands, every part of his clothing, bore witness to the intensity of the heat to which he had been exposed.

"Oh, Jack Merwin!—oh, Jack!" was all that Jennie could say, for a great big sob of grief and pity was in her throat, while her very heart was aching as it had never ached before.

Only for a moment, however, did Jack's vigorous frame succumb to the powerful reaction, and then he was on his feet again, ignorant or thoughtless of the change in his personal appearance, and too overflowing with joy at Jennie's safety to feel or care for the pain he was suffering.

"Oh, Jennie!" he exclaimed! "you are saved! But see what the fire is doing."

Jennie looked, and understood.

Jack had saved himself and her by charging through the advancing line of fire, all the more surely because of the swiftness with which the wind was bearing it, and it was now already more than half-way to the borders of his own farm.

"It will quickly be there," he said, firmly, "and we shall soon know whether it passes the barrier."

But for the fact that the cattle had been herded there so long, there was no telling the result; but, as it was, the two watchers had the satisfaction of seeing the line of flame, as it came to the freshly-plowed furrows, disappear quickly down without sending over a single cinder with lire enough to ignite the stubble of the fields beyond.

"Oh, Jack!" cried Jennie Carley, "your farm is safe! But what will become of ours, and our house?"

"Come with me to mine now, Jennie," said Jack Merwin, very gravely. "We shall see how it is with your farm before we get there."

"Is it not too far for that?" she asked.

Her friend made no reply, nor was it long before she understood that his every movement, fast as he nevertheless walked on, was costing him intolerable pain.

They were not long in crossing the burnt prairie, and more than once Jack would have again taken up his precious burden, the ground was so covered with hot ashes, but Jennie now knew too much of his condition to let him carry her. Just as they reached the doorway of the house, Jack suddenly exclaimed:

"Look—look now! It seems almost too bad. That must be the wheat-stacks and the barns. You may stay and watch it, Jennie. I must go in and change my clothes."

Jennie longed to go in with him, and try to do something for those dreadful burns, and, oh, how he did wish that her mother was there; but she was compelled to stay, and in a moment more she had yielded to what was really the strong fascination of the great black columns of smoke that rose above her burning home, and were swept away to the southward.

Almost Jack's first act had been to send one of his men to watch for the return of Judge Carley and his wife, tell them of Jennie's safety, and bring them over at once.

Then it was that, for the first time, he began to realize how very much he himself stood in need of prompt attention.

There was, indeed, nothing deadly or dangerous about his hurts; but he quickly understood that

it would be many long days before he would be able to walk or work again, and a glance at his looking-glass, after he had properly plastered his face, drew a laugh from him in spite of his pain.

"Oh, Jack—dear Jack!" was all Jennie could say this time either, when at last he called her in. She wanted so much to do something for him, and did not know that she was really doing her very best when she sat down and looked at him, and cried so pitifully, and so very much, as if he belonged to her.

There was a strange scene in Jack Merwin's little home later that afternoon, when the old judge came, and his wife, and when Jennie told them her story.

"I kin raise another crop' as good as that," half blubbered the judge, "and I kin build up everything, and I reckon all the critters is safe; but what would I have done if Jennie had got burned up! Jack Merwin, you're a—you're a——"

"Wonderful queer-looking fellow," broke in the smarting sufferer. "I ain't fit to talk, judge. I've done my duty, and all the house and everything 'bout it is at your service. Mrs. Carley, won't you just take charge of things, and act as if you owned it?"

The fat old lady was crying still at intervals; but she was a woman of strong good sense, and she did exactly as Jack had asked her, insisting, moreover, on his going immediately to bed, and sending for the doctor.

All the rest of the day, and far into the night, the house was full of excitement and confusion;



THE INFANT PRODIGY.—FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY WORMS.—SEE PAGE 426.



BRIGANDS SHOOTING AT A MARK.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN GUIGNAT—SEE PAGE 420.

neighbors and messengers coming and going; reports of other disasters far and near; but the doctor gave a good report of Jack, and managed him so well, that he was sound asleep the next forenoon, when a squad of men, with Burt Russell at their head, rode somewhat formally up, and dismounted at the gate.

"I reckon you'd better go in and make the search first," said Burt to the deputy sheriff. "I'll stay out here till you've got everything safe."

Just then the face of Judge Carley appeared at the door, followed by that of his wife.

"Hullo, Burt!" he said. "Glad to see you. Did the fire reach your place?"

"Not within two miles of us," replied Burt.

"But I'm right down sorry for you. You've lost a heap, but you'll soon make it up."

"I will that," sturdily replied the old gentleman. "now we're all safe and sound. 'Twas right kindly of you to come straight over to see us. All yer friends with ye, too. Reckon you won't be able to see Jack Merwin, though. The doctor says he mustn't be stirred: He's burned pretty bad, and he'd best sleep it out for as long as he kin."

"I'm afraid we'll have to disturb him, though," here interrupted the officer. "Read that, judge."

And he held out the warrant as he spoke, while Burt Russell wished himself a thousand miles away, for Jennie Carley had now added her blooming face to the little group at the door.

The judge read, and as he did so, the deputy poured forth a condensed account of the facts of the case, as he had learned them from Burt Russell. The old man's face was changing color, even faster than Burt's own, and a hard expression was gathering around his mouth.

"Look a-here, my friend," he at last began. "Jack Merwin can't be stirred to-day, the doctor says so; and I reckon my bail is good, even if I wasn't a judge myself. He can't be stirred, I say!"

"But, Judge!" exclaimed the officer, in a tone of expostulation.

"Father, father! let me speak. I know all about it," said Jennie Carley, in a tremulous and hurried voice, as she now pressed forward. "Neither Burt Russell nor Jack Merwin knew I was there; but I stood behind the bushes, in Lost Grove, all the while, and I saw every bit of it. Burt tried to murder him, twice, and Jack had to throw him down, and take his knife and gun away from him. You mustn't let them hurt Jack."

Even before Jennie Carley had done speaking, Burt Russell was making for his horse again, and by the time the astonished officer had fairly got the new evidence in his head, the rash "complainant" was galloping madly off across the charred prairie, he neither knew nor cared in what direction.

The old judge was "taken all aback"—no doubt of that; but he kept cool, and it was now much less difficult to explain to the deputy sheriff the insubstantiality of pressing the matter further just then. He, too, was quickly ready to mount and ride away, but when he did so, Judge Carley found himself alone with his wife.

"Look a-here, mother," he said, to her; "this has been a mighty curious sort of fire. It's burnin' both ways."

There was a singularly kind and pleasant light on the old lady's face, as she came very close up to him, and said:

"Father Carley, it's a long time now, but don't you remember—you and I were young once?"

"Wall," slowly replied the judge, "I dunno but what it's all right. Jack's land lies right in amongst mine—sort o' as if it belonged there. But let's wait an' see."

An hour later, Jack Merwin, as he lay in his half-darkened room, began to return to a kind of dim, half-wakeful state, for something was falling on his face, and then he heard a soft, whispering, sobbing voice say:

"Oh, Jack, Jack! They shall not have him! Oh! I am so sorry!"

"Jennie, is it you?" asked Jack; and then he added, as if he knew who it must be: "Jennie, dear, will you stay here after I get well, or will you go away? Jennie!" and she whispered: "Stay? Oh, yes, Jack. How could I ever bear to leave you again?"

Jack's face and hands were in a very poor condition for courting, but when, a little while afterward, Jennie slipped back into the sitting-room, and tried to say, in her usual manner, "Mother, Mr. Merwin is awake," the old lady's face kindled into a genial, warm, motherly sort of smile, and she answered:

"Is he, Jennie? Well, dear, it's all right. I know, dear. Come right here to me, and let your old mother kiss you."

The Infant Prodigy.

THE painter gives in this perfectly natural canvas a scene of everyday life: The child, whose precocious musical taste has made him a village wonder, gratifying his own vanity, and rendering him a thorn in the side to every lad whom nature

has less liberally endowed with gifts or over-tocked with a love of outdoor freedom in schooltime. One sulkily leaning against the wall is undergoing maternal reproaches because he has not attained similar proficiency, while another little youngster, instrument in hand, who can talk *avec connaissance de cause* in musical matters, is laying down, no doubt most profoundly, his critical judgment of the young guitarist's performance.

The infant prodigy of a family is often over-taxed, dies of an early exhausted brain, and excites in his brief career the jealousy and dislike of his brothers and sisters.

The artist has given this Spanish scene a wonderful degree of attraction. The appreciation of parents and friends, and even of the *cure* of the village himself (purish priest, not curate, as too often translated), is given with no less truth than the accessories of the painting.

Brigands Shooting at a Mark.

FROM A PAINTING BY ARMAN GUIGNET.

GUIGNET, who died in 1854, just as his merit was fully recognized, was one of the Romantic School. His long and careful study of nature, in its wildest forms, his lively imagination, his love of solitude and reverie, all combined to give his paintings a character peculiarly his own. His first exhibited works, in the Salon of 1840, were remarked for originality in their composition, a warmth and energy of color, a bold touch, and a remarkable evidence of talent. Ancient Egyptian and Biblical scenes, the barbarians amid their forests or rugged homes, were his subjects of predilection.

He died just after completing three fine paintings for the Duke de Luynes, whose order, with his habitual indifference, he hesitated to take from the letter-carrier, because, as he said, it was probably from a dun, and the three cents would buy a pipefull of tobacco.

The specimen we give is one of the best examples of the style of this modern Salvator Rosa—brigands of the period that followed the fall of the Lower Empire, half Gaul, half Roman, rude as their rocky fastnesses, trying their skill as bowmen, with the skin of a fox hung on a spear for a target. Every line of the rocks is nature, as photographed on his mind, and the figures such as—in his long reveries amid the rocks, where he sat for hours, but never sketched—peopled the landscapes before him—figures of the far distant past.

A Fatal Telegram.

FOR the first time since my mother's death we all met together to keep Christmas at my father's place, Ottersbourn, last year, and I don't believe that a jollier, merrier party than we were sat down to breakfast on the great feast-day in all the land.

I had arrived only the night before from Portsmouth, having just come home from three years in the Mediterranean, where I had been serving on board H. M. S. Kimoon, as chaplain and naval instructor. I found my two married sisters, their husbands and babies, already installed. They had married men who were strangers to me, during my absence, therefore I had a good deal to hear and to learn about them, and there was no chance of time hanging heavily on my hands. Moreover, my eldest brother Sydney—a major in the army, and one of the most splendid fellows the service could boast of—was at home also, and the girl he was going to marry in a month was staying with us.

Sydney was a fellow with a magnificent phy-

alique, and a glorious nature. He had seen any amount of sharp service in India and New Zealand, and no one grudged him his early promotion or the great luck which had let him win the heart and promise of the handsomest heiress out. As for me, if I had heard that Sydney was about to marry the Queen's favorite daughter, I should have thought the honor and glory none too great for him. From the day when my handsome, golden-headed soldier brother had *tipped* me at school, he had been my dearest friend and favorite hero. And now that he was going to marry and settle down as a retired swell, I could almost have thanked Helen Jervoise for being apparently so thoroughly worthy of him.

I have spoken of Helen as the handsomest heiress out. But the epithet "handsome" hardly describes her. She was a sweet-eyed girl, with soft chestnut hair, rather small, and very yielding. Her face was as sensitive, gentle, and pretty as one as I have ever seen, and even our sisters, who were rather inclined to be critical where Syd was concerned, were satisfied with the love she displayed, and the way she displayed it.

We had polished off the big game, and were going in for the small, this morning in the shape of marmalade and honey, when a servant brought in a telegram for Major Sydney Lisle, and I, who was sitting opposite to him, saw his face quiver and flush as he read it. I saw, too, that Helen sat round a little, and surveyed him with that startled, fawn-like look that seemed to betoken her such a shy, trusting creature. And somehow I felt relieved when my father broke the silence that had fallen like a mantle over us all when the telegram was brought in.

"Nothing from the Foreign Office to call you away, I hope, Syd?"

Syd had been a "Queen's Messenger" for about twelve months, and it was in one of his diplomatic flights abroad that he had met Helen, traveling like a princess with her father.

I thought his voice sounded unlike Syd's usual rich, rolling tones, as he answered:

"I'm sorry to say it is, sir. Helen, darling," as he turned to her, and put his hand gently on her shoulder, "I must present myself in town to-night. I must start at once."

"For the Foreign Office?" she asked, quietly; and he only replied, "I must start at once," and rose up, asking me to go to his room with him.

I don't know what gave rise to the suspicion that had entered my heart from the moment of my father asking the question, but I felt sure, whoever that telegram was from, it was not from the Foreign Office.

As soon as we were inside the door of his room my suspicion was confirmed. He walked to the window, and, without looking round at me, said:

"Jack, old boy, I want you to do something for me!"

"Anything I can."

"Come up to town with me. This" (he pulled the telegram out of his pocket, and, with an oath, flung it away from him,) "isn't from the Foreign Office, but it pulls me up rather sharper than any Foreign Office orders could have done."

"A dun, or a—"

I didn't say "a woman," but I felt sure that if I had said so, my last shot would have hit the mark.

"Don't ask, old boy," he said, impatiently. "I can't tell you what it is; but this I'll tell you: if you don't stand by me, it will be all up between me and Helen—and I love her like my life."

It wasn't a pleasant way of passing Christmas Day, but I'd have followed Syd through a worse fire than the volley of questions that my sisters let in to me. As for Helen, she was easy to deal with. I thought her very sweet and reasonable when she said to me:

"Poor Syd! don't let him think that I trouble too much about his going away like this. You won't, will you, Jack?"

We had a cold, dull journey to town. The vision of the row of blank, disappointed faces which had been turned to us as we drove away was before me at least for the first half of the journey. Then I began to wonder why I was going? What could Syd want of me?

It was eight o'clock when we reached town that night. The terminus was comparatively clear, for it was too late for people to be going anywhere, and too early for them to be returning from their various festive gatherings. The aspect of a big empty station is depressing enough at all times. This night it was extraordinarily so.

"What are we to do now?" I said to my brother, and he almost gave a groan as he answered:

"Come and have some champagne; that may give me the pluck to do it."

As we passed into the refreshment-room, a woman, poorly clad, passed us shrimkingly, and Sydney looked round pityingly.

"I am sorry to see any woman out alone on this night of all others in the year," he muttered.

"We ought all to be with our families and friends. Come on, Jack. New for a cab," he added, as we finished the champagne. "You stop here. I'll call you when I've secured one."

He came back presently to call me, and I followed him to the curbstone, where a four-wheeler was waiting.

"I've given the fellow the address; jump in," he said, hurriedly, and I got in and asked no questions. Additionally, I did not look out of the windows, or endeavor, by any means, to discover where we were going.

The streets were slippery; the horse was tired. We drove on for more than an hour, and then, as we stopped at the door of a house in a substantial, handsome-looking terrace, my brother clapped his hands on my shoulders, and said:

"You're a parson, but not a prig, Jack; you won't understand what you see presently, but don't condemn me, or her either."

So it was a woman, after all.

I didn't hear what name he asked for when a servant opened the door, but we were at once ushered up into a handsome drawing-room, of the regular upper lodging-house order, where a tall, fair girl was lying on a sofa. She roused herself as we entered, and came toward Sydney with an appealing face and outstretched hands.

"Oh! Syd! I thought you were false, too. I thought you would not come to me in my misery."

He stood very cool as she clasped the hand he had held out to her, but there was nothing stern or harsh in his tone as he said:

"Let me introduce my brother Jack to you, Mrs. Moreton—"

"Oh! call me Laura," she interrupted, passionately; but he went on, without taking any notice of it:

"My brother Jack, the naval chaplain I've often talked to you about. We both started instantly at your bidding, leaving our family rather distraught at our disappearance."

I saw her face grow paler and paler as he spoke, and her deep-blue eyes seemed to shoot fire. Some strong passion was consuming the graceful, eager-looking creature, that was evident.

"Who else was there besides your own family?" she asked, her voice rising high as she spoke. "Oh! Syd! who else was distraught at your disappearance?"

"Helen Jervoise is there," he said, quietly, drawing his hand away from hers while speaking.

"She will be my wife in a month, as I told you before I left town."

I was feeling my position of spectator keenly—feeling it with such regret for Sydney's share in this business, such humiliation and embarrassment as I had never suffered from before, when she suddenly addressed me.

"Will you forgive me for asking you to let me have five minutes' conversation with your brother alone? Will you go into that ante-room?"

"Jack must hear every word we say to one another, Laura," my brother cried, in an eager, excited way, that was quite foreign to Syd. "We have been foolishly rash—unguarded enough to forget that we are in the midst of an evil-thinking world; but there is another to be thought of now."

Whatever the extent of her folly, whatever the extent of her fault, I knew not, but I had a hearty human pity then for the woman through whose heart those words pierced like a poisoned dagger.

"Oh! Syd!"—the words burst out with such agonized intensity—"when you loved me, you never thought of any other person. Helen Jervaise has won you indeed."

She grew calmer presently, and then, as they neither of them hesitated to speak before me, I learnt the facts of the case, which were these:

Two years before, Mrs. Moreton, then a beautiful and fascinating woman, who had been married in her extreme youth to a man for whom she had neither affection nor respect—had been introduced to my brother. He had been charmed by her grace, her intelligence, her perfectly sympathetic demeanor, her beauty, and, above all, by her un concealed liking for himself. She longed for his friendship, and he awarded it to her so fully, freely, and flatteringly, that they woke with a shock one day to find they were too dear to one another for honor to admit of their meeting again.

The woman, with a woman's bravery and self-devotion, sounded the knell of their separation, and Sydney left her, reverencing her as deeply as he loved her. The hopelessness of the case cured him, and when he offered himself to Helen Jervaise, he only thought of Mrs. Moreton as of a woman whose friendship would be very precious to his wife in years to come.

But all the time Syd's case was being perfected, Laura Moreton's was getting more and more hopeless. Her husband took to exercising petty authority over her in a way that nearly broke her heart, and, though he failed in quite doing that, he broke her judgment, which is, after all, the more serious fracture of the two, for a woman.

From the uncontrolled exercise of petty authority, he advanced to such bitter harshness, that Laura Moreton's endurance broke down, and on the Christmas Eve previous to Syd receiving that telegram, she had left the husband who had failed to protect, love or cherish her.

She had left him in a tumult of mingled despair, defiance, fear, and desire of self-preservation. For, Mr. Moreton had descended to the dismal depths of personally ill-treating his wife. When she reached town—her husband lived about twenty-five miles down in the country—she had, in her desolation, gone into the first lodgings that offered, without questioning their respectability. And as soon as she could collect her faculties sufficiently to pen it, she had dispatched that fatal telegram.

The whole nature of the woman—her impetuosity, her recklessness, her desperation, and her love, which was more a madness than a crime—was made manifest in that telegram which she sent to my brother, and which (since the dark

tragedy which ensued) I have read. It ran as follows:

"From Mrs. Moreton, 14 Russell-gate Terrace, S.W., to Major Sydney Lisle, Ottersboarn, Blankshire—I have been compelled to leave my home. You are the only friend in the world to whom I can talk. Come to me at once."

Poor fellow! Dear Syd, knowing what I do of your story now, I scarcely know which to pity the most—the woman who wronged you so by that desperate hope she held in your power and will to go to ruin with her—by that awful assumption of an entire belief in an interest and an intimacy which did not exist—or you, whom she so wronged. At any rate, intolerable as the memory of the end of it is to me, I can't do any other than pity poor Laura Moreton.

Syd had always seemed a chevalier *sans peur, sans reproche*, to me, but this night I knew him to be one. Poor Mrs. Moreton, sitting there with her face buried in her hands listening to him, paid him unconscious tribute in the first coherent speech she made.

"You make me feel, indeed, Syd, that the only thing left for me is to go back to the home where I never can be happy."

"Ah! but you can do your duty there, and you can't anywhere else," he said, quickly. "Go back, Laura. Don't put it out of my power to be your friend, and serve you, so far as a friend can, any more."

"You're the only man living who would dare to say that to me!" she said, with her lips nearly tight together with the pain she would hold in.

And I felt very sorry for her when he said:

"Don't make me pay for the privilege, Laura."

Well, at last we got away, she giving him her solemn promise that she would go home the next morning, and strive to make matters up with her husband.

She was a sensible creature whenever she could be calm. And so at once when he put the plain truth before her, that *Home* was her proper place, even if Happiness would not dwell there with her, she accepted the fact, and spoke of going back quite naturally. And she was dangerously frank, too, for when she was bidding my brother good-night, she said:

"Syd, I'd rather go on enduring my home miseries than lose you for a friend; and I know that you would have had to cut a woman like me, who happened to be separated from her husband."

"When Helen's my wife," he answered, more hopefully than he had spoken before, "she'll be a better friend for you, Laura, than I've ever been, or ever can be."

He was standing up at the door when he said these words, "When Helen's my wife," and the look of love for the girl he mentioned, and pride in her, lives before me now.

"How could any woman help being struck with the splendid fellow?" I felt, as poor Mrs. Moreton turned away, clasping her hands together, and nodding her head, in weary, wistful acquiescence.

"A better friend than you, Syd! Never in this world!" she muttered; and then we passed out of her presence, and went down-stairs.

"God help her, for man can't!" he said, as he opened the door; and then I saw a figure move forward, with outstretched hands, and heard a woman's voice say, in desperate, dreadful tones: "You have lied to me, but not deceived me; I have seen—"

She ceased suddenly, for the man she addressed, staggered by the sight of her, and thrown off his balance by the impetus with which she had flung her fierce, accusing hands against his breast, faltered, and fell on the pavement, which was like a sheet of ice. A rough pebble, cast up by accident

from the street, and frozen on to the paving-stone, caught his temple, and when I went to raise him up—when Helen Jervoise, whose jealous fury had caused her to track him down, knelt to assist me—he was dead.

Dead at the door of the woman who loved him! Dead by the hand of the woman he loved!

I can't paint the girl's despair when she realized the truth. It is no more to be reproduced than is Mrs. Moreton's misery and remorse, for they were her words which had brought him to town, and wrought the wretchedness. Nor can I describe the strong sorrow of our poor old father when the dead body of the son he loved, even as he had loved our mother, was carried into the hall, amidst the gasping, gulping sobs of every servant, laborer, friend on the place.

Twelve months have passed over our heads since we laid my brother in the grave. For six of these months my father has rested beside Sydney, and to-day those of us who are left assemble once

again in the home that has become mine at such a frightful price. All day my sister has seemed on the brink of a communication. All day she has checked herself. But when we are about to part at night, she says:

"How earnestly you read those words to-day, Jack, dear: 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' You meant them thoroughly?"

"As I hope to be forgiven, Ella."

"There is *one* we never mention, Jack, dear." Her voice got lower and lower. "Pray for Helen Jervoise to-night, for—she is in a madhouse!"

A Real Bear Story.

EVERYBODY has been telling "Bear Stories," good, bad, and indifferent; but as I can vouch for the authenticity of one in which a king and a



A REAL BEAR STORY.—"TO HIS UTTER DISMAY HE DISCOVERED A HUGE BLACK BEAR, ALMOST AS BIG AS AN OX, WALKING LEISURELY OFF, WITH THE PIG IN HIS ARMS."

queen, in connection with Brain himself, were the principal actors, and that, too, in the backwoods of Canada, I think the mere announcement of my *dramatis personæ* ought to whet the teeth of the reader, as well as his appetite, so that he may be prepared to devour my narrative with gusto and avidity, as it ought to be devoured.

In speaking of my king and queen, however, it may not be known, generally, that those distinguished titles were invariably bestowed upon the man and wife who happened to be the first settlers in any township, so that the number of these potentates was not by any means few in the unreclaimed wilderness, where a degree of respect was paid them from the fact of their being the pioneers of those specified localities, and consequently better versed than their neighbors in stirring stories of the bears, wolves and Indians that infested them at an early date.

Humphrey Finlay and his wife Margaret were the acknowledged sovereigns of the township of Emily. They had left their native country, Ireland, and settled on a Government grant here about the year 1825. The township was then but a few miles distant from "The Plains," now Peterboro, a flourishing town, thirty miles inland from Lake Ontario. "The Plains," at the period, was a congregation of two log houses, one story high, a saw-mill, and four shanties that sold Port Hope whisky for circular pieces of copper, without any inscription, mixed with brass buttons, with the shanks battered flat, to enable them to lie comfortably in one's pocket. This currency was taken for small amounts of everything, and as a glass of whisky in those days was not worth as much as its Bourbon or Old Valley successor of the present period, nobody ever thought of giving more for it than two or three buttons.

Neither the whisky, the currency, nor the saw-mill troubled the king so much as the grist-mill that was thirty miles away from him, to which he had to carry the wheat on his back through a trackless forest, and on the second day bring the proceeds home again in the same way, to make bread for his two young children and her majesty. Those were the times that tried a man every way, although, strange to say, there was often a weird charm about them that steeped them to the lips in a sort of strange and dusky romance.

If the king and the queen were the rulers of a small patch of clearing in those early days, the bears and the wolves were the terrible lords of the forest, and this these two settlers and their little ones soon began to comprehend to the fullest. The fox was a thief, and only stole an occasional goose or hen, but the other two classes of enemies were destructive beyond measure to their majesties' infant resources in live stock and grain. The bears laid waste their little patch of Indian corn, and the wolves destroyed their two or three sheep at one sweep, until the second year of their settlement they found that their whole Winter provisions consisted of a few bushels of potatoes, a single bag of flour, and a hog between two and three hundred weight, yet to be killed, and which was regarded as the mainstay of the family, with what further sustenance could be drawn from the milk of a small cow.

The Fall had arrived, and every one in "the bush" then made his own shoes. The king, like another Crispin, set to work to cover the feet of his wife and his little ones, tying before him a huge buckskin that he had himself tanned for an apron, and which he fastened round his waist with stout thongs cut from the hide. This covered his breast and nether limbs completely, and served to preserve his clothes from the stains and

the wear and tear incident to the "gentle craft." He had pegged away bravely all day until verging toward the afternoon, when it was voted that the hog should be killed, as the weather was sufficiently cool, and a desire for even a taste of any kind of fresh meat almost overpowering.

No sooner thought of than the door was taken off its hinges, and laid across two empty barrels, while a roaring fire was lighted under the sap-kettle, filled with water.

In due course everything was ready, and poor piggie was soon lying quiet enough, and displaying such monstrous proportions, that the king, who was an exceedingly active and powerful man, could scarcely get him into the kettle, with the help of the queen and the two youngsters. Before dusk, however, he was scraped as white as your shirt-collar, and hung up to a stout iron-wood pole, laid across two beech saplings firmly planted in the ground, the pole lying in a fork of each, from which it and the pig might be readily removed by a couple of men. Here he received the finishing touches to the complete removal of all his internal economy, and the dashing of pails of cold water upon the immense coating of lard until it became as firm as possible.

After all this was accomplished, and the depth of the fat exposed through a short, straight slit of a great, sharp butcher-knife in the back of his neck, twilight had come, and the whole family entered their log dwelling to prepare their evening meal, to which were to be added a few little tidbits, including some liver that was now ice-cold from the water in which it had lain.

It was the determination of the king to let the carcass hang in the open air until it became hard; and as it was full in view, and but a few paces from the open door, they all regaled themselves with an occasional glimpse of it, as they proceeded with their delicious repast.

The king had not removed his apron, as he intended to resume his indoor work by the light of some fat pine knots for an hour or so, and as, strange to say, it was neither wet nor soiled. He was advertising to this latter, when his attention was arrested by a slight noise outside.

Not knowing what to make of it, he stepped to the door, when, to his utter dismay, he discovered a huge, black bear, almost as big as an ox, walking leisurely off, with the pig in his arms, and with as much apparent ease as if the dead animal were as light as a feather.

One cry of alarm and surprise, and the king grasped an ax, and was out of the house, followed by his wife, who now comprehended the calamity that threatened them.

In a few paces the terrible robber was overtaken, when a severe stroke of the ax caused him to drop his prey, and turn upon his pursuer. Once again the ax was raised, but before it had time to descend upon the now infuriated monster, it was dashed away through the gathering gloom, and the next instant the king was rolling on the earth in the clutch of the antagonist that sought to disembowel him with the force and powerful nails or claws of his hind feet.

Now it was that the tough and stout buckskin apron came into play; for, had it not been for the resistance it offered to the immense claws of the bear, the township would have been without a king in a very few seconds.

All this time the queen was beating the brute with a club that she had picked up; but she might as well have been tickling him with a straw.

Bewildered with the cries of her husband and those of her children, she forgot to go in search of the ax; but now, as his voice began to grow weaker, as he was being strangled to death in the gigantic gripe of the beast, the thought of the

butcher-knife flashed across her mind, and, with the speed of the wind, she darted off for it, returning in a few seconds to hear what seemed to be the dying groans of her only prop on earth.

At this juncture, the queen, with a coolness and bravery, and a desire for sure and swift vengeance on the destroyer of her husband, as she supposed, stole up quietly to the animal, and deliberately feeling for a space between two of his ribs over the region of his heart, with one fierce plunge buried the knife to the handle in him. There was a brief shudder, a low gurgling sound, and he rolled off the body of the prostrate man, as dead as a door-nail.

An hour afterward, Humphrey Finlay was conscious, although severely "mauled and knuckled." Owing to some distant neighbors, who had fortunately called, the pig was reinstated in its former position; but this time in company with another dead animal that put up to fine advantage a day or two afterward, and whose skin and grease, as well as meat, were found to be most valuable although rather expensive godsend, as the king carried the marks of that fearful encounter to his grave.

It was to the queen, however, and her affectionate courage and daring, that the whole success of the dreadful slay was attributed; for, from the hour of its occurrence, her right to rule over Emily became established on a basis so broad and firm, that the monarchs of all the adjoining townships paid her special deference at all bees and merrymakings.

Dramatic Curiosity.

We have the six old plays on which Shakespeare founded his *Measure for Measure*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Taming the Shrew*, *King John*, *Henry V.*, and *King Lear*, which are as follows:

1. The history of *Pompey* and *Cassandra*, printed in 1591.
2. The *Troublesome Reign of King John*, printed in 1594.
3. The *Famous Victories of Henry V.*, dated prior to 1588, published in 1594.
4. *The Taming of the Shrew*, printed in 1590.
5. The *Chronicle History of Lear*, King of England, published in 1594.
6. *Mensœchmi*, taken out of *Plautus*, printed in 1595.

The first of these was written by a poet of considerable celebrity in his day, George Whetstone, and was taken from *La Seconda Parte de gli Beccatommithi di M. Giovan Batista Geraldini Contheo*. Deca 8. Nov. 5, p. 415, Edit. 1565. This production has been attributed to Marlowe. It was republished in 1611, and 1622, with the letters W. Sh. prefixed to it, that it might be mistaken for the work of Shakespeare.

In our edition we find the following:

"Withered flower
Who in his life shined like the morning's bluish,
Came out of door."

Shakespeare has these lines:

"An empty casket, where the jewel of life,
By some damned hand, was robbed and taken away."

The characters in the old play are dull, heavy and stupid; they seem as so many pictures badly painted, while those of Shakespeare seem animated with life. He breathes into them a new spirit of existence, and they live again in his lines. Shakespeare may be criticised for a century, and at the end of centuries be as great as ever! He is, and ever will be, the poet of actual existence.

The third play, *Henry V.*, was published anonymously. There are no less than four plays upon this subject, viz., the one alluded to here, printed 1588, one printed 1600, author unknown, the title

of which is "*The Chronicle History of Henry V.*, with the battle fought at Agincourt, in France, together with *Antient Pistol*;" the third, printed in 1672, was written by the Earl of Obery; in 1732, Aaron Hill printed his version, which he called *Henry V.*; or, *The Conquest of France by England*.

The Taming of the Shrew was printed in London, by Peter Short, 1494; no real author's name given. There are several *King Lear*s, but the one in question is supposed to have given Shakespeare the idea of making his great tragedy by that name, for we cannot recognize anything else but the cognomen and a few characters; the names alone are to be found to remind us of the old chronicle. *Mensœchmi* is taken from the poet *Plautus*, and made into English, 1595.

Wonderful Rats.

THERE are two kinds of rats in England, the original black rat, and the brown or Norway rat. The former has almost entirely disappeared. Rats are not very lovable creatures, yet, like every portion of God's creation, some good lesson may be learned by studying their habits.

The sagacity of the rat in the pursuit of food is marvelous. Indeed, he is so cunning, and works with such almost human ingenuity, that the account of his efforts, which are perfectly correct, are sometimes looked upon as mere fables. It is known that rats will carry eggs from the bottom to the top of a house, lifting them from stair to stair, the first rat pushing them up on its hind, and the second lifting them with its forelegs. They will extract the cork from a flask of Florence oil, dip in their long tails, and repeat the manœuvre until they have drawn off every drop. Not long ago a rat was seen to mount a table on which a drum of figs was placed, and straightway to tip it over, scattering its contents on the floor beneath, where a score of his expectant brethren were waiting the result of his daring and ingenuity.

Doctor Francis T. Burkland was acquainted with a Mrs. Oke, an old lady residing at Axminster. She was very skillful in converting the fruits of her garden into sweet and refreshing beverages, a barrel of which could always be found in her cellar. On one occasion a barrel of carefully prepared elderberry juice was duly placed on a shelf in the cellar. On the succeeding night she was greatly alarmed by strange noises issuing from the same cellar. She summoned her servants; the cellar, and indeed all the house, underwent a thorough search, but nothing was seen to account for the extraordinary sounds. Next night came, and as soon as the household retired to rest the noises again commenced, more dreadful and alarming than before: there was a screaming and a screeching, a clattering and a pattering, all through the night. Mistress and servants lay awake, but could not stir through terror. Day broke, and the noises ceased. On the following night she called in the assistance of the servants of the neighboring farm, who, armed with spades and pitchforks, sat up all night: the watch-dog was brought in from its kennel, and Mrs. Oke nodded and drowsed in her armchair at the fireside.

But not a sound broke the stillness of the night, except the snoring of the wearied rural guard. Days and weeks passed away without any return of the terror-striking sounds. Mrs. Oke complimented herself on her defeat of the unseen disturber or disturbers of her repose.

Two months after her victory, she invited some friends to tea. The conversation led to the proper method of preparing elderberry syrup. Mrs. Oke sent the servant to the cellar to bring up a sample

of hers from the barrel. The servant speedily returned, almost breathless, exclaiming, "Please, ma'am, it's all gone!" And gone it was, with the exception of the cask, one side of which was half eaten away.

Mrs. Oke's own family rats had discovered the syrup on the night succeeding that on which it

was lodged in the cellar, and had issued an invitation to all the rats in the neighborhood for the next evening, who had duly attended. They had first gnawed out the cork, and taken what they could. They then ate the wood down to the level of the liquid, continuing their gnawing and drinking till not one drop remained.



RATS CARRYING EGGS UP-STAIRS.



THE LOVE THAT WAS NEVER TOLD.—“SHE WAS ON HER KNEES BESIDE HIS CHAIR, HER BLUSHING, BRIGHT FEATURES HIDDEN ON HIS SHOULDER.”

The Love that was Never Told.

A GUARDIANSHIP! Well, it's no new thing for me,” added John Steele.

He placed the letter on the table. A packet lay there also. After a moment he took this up, and broke the sealing-wax. A package of yellow letters fell into his hand; closely united was also a velvet miniature case, and an old-fashioned English locket.

He turned the open face of the locket to the light.

It revealed a curious face—an aquiline nose,

an artist's eye, the mouth of a ravening animal, half concealed by a beard of silk. John Steele looked at it long and earnestly. “Poor Bert! He'll do better, now that he is out of the body,” he said.

He had always been the friend of his old school-mate, discerning the delicate soul enthralled by the law of a depraved physical nature inherited from a line of debauched men.

“Fortunately, the child is a girl,” murmured Steele, thoughtfully, taking up the case of purple velvet.

It opened softly. The face of an angel smiled upon him.

It was the portrait of Bert Vane's daughter,

taken in her seventh year. Her father's brow and eyes in fairy tracery, the dead mother's sweet mouth, the curls of beauty, and the smile of innocence.

"We called our child Violet, John," said the letter. "You see she is a delicate thing to be left unsheltered. God forgive me my life!—for if I did not tell you, you would know that folly has shortened my days. But I was never fit to be a father.

"Will you take my little girl into your keeping? She is a good child, for the blood that flows in her veins seems to be that of her mother's family, with a little of the best of mine—enough to endear her to you, for you always loved me, believed in me, John, when I did not believe in myself. When we meet again—

"My daughter has a fortune. I trust you with her and it, as I would trust no other man on earth. John—noble John Steele! my weak hand trembles—my dying, dying sight fails me—"

That letter was Bert Vane's final act, written in the last hour of his life.

The child was at school in New England, and, after mature thought, John Steele decided that she had better stay there for the present. He was about to embark for a trip to Europe, and had no person with whom to leave her if he had her brought to Lakehome. But he wrote to the matron of the school, inclosing a kind note for the child, settled the business transactions of the matter, and then took passage on board the *Europa*, in charge of his young brother Herbert, destined for a musical education.

* * * * *

He was absent two years.

Leaving his stepbrother in Germany, he returned to Lakehome. For months he was much engrossed by business, then he found a spare opportunity to visit the Western Academy.

The matron received him with dignity. But he had not much time to spend on ceremony.

"I should like to see the little girl," he said, "and I should like to talk with her alone"—looking at his watch.

Madame stared, and withdrew.

A few moments, and the door swung open again. A girl of seventeen, with clustering curls, and the trailing robes of womanhood, swept softly toward him.

He looked into the oval face, chaste as a flower, and saw the lineaments of the child's portrait.

"But—" he stammered.

"You thought I was a little girl, Mr. Steele? No; papa thought me only a child when he died, but I was fifteen."

She had a strange, sweet dignity. She was utterly lovely. And John Steele was strangely confused.

The train he had meant to take went by without him, the conversation with Violet so deepened and broadened—she showed such frank happiness in his company.

"I have wanted to see you so much, Mr. Steele," she said. "That note, so kindly worded to the comprehension of a little child, made me love you."

John's swelling heart came into his throat, but the artless eyes, sweet as heaven's truth, met his calmly.

"I am so old and ugly, she does not think that I have a heart," he thought, the blood receding again, and leaving an aching void. "I am her guardian—that is all. I must not forget."

It was decided that she was to go to Lakehome. The inmates of the academy parted from her as if they loved her. But it did not need the beaming looks of teachers, or the clinging embraces of the pupils, to show John what a treasure she was. He was lost in a kind of maze for days.

She stole quietly as a sunbeam into her place at Lakehome. She brought flowers into the house, she opened the grand piano, she sung to its music the sweetest words. Finding that she had been taught to ride, John gave her the little brown pony, Barley, who had hitherto consumed his useless days in idleness; and every night as he drove out from the city, Barley and his mistress came to meet the buggy.

So fair the sweet face under the plumed cap, its frank eyes nearly drove wild her guardian. If he but told the truth, he knew that he should acknowledge himself her slave.

The Summer went by. Winter came.

"Will you stay here, Violet, or shall we go into the city for the season?"

"Which would you like?"

"I have no choice but to satisfy you."

"Then, we will stay here—it is home. And we will have company, and keep the holidays—make time fly, in short. How I love this old mansion!—do you know it, guardy?"

He did not look at her, though she twined her little hands over his arm.

"Don't you?" she asked.

He did not say that of late it had been a paradise. He responded indifferently—turned away with a white lip, and a choking in his throat.

The weeks flew by—Christmas came. The house was full of company—smiling matrons, gay girls, indulgent papas, favorite sons and brothers. It was a happy time. Alas! alas! that earthly happiness is so short.

It was Christmas Eve, and in the midst of the merriest game, John Steele had just kissed Violet under the mistletoe, when the door swung open, admitting a new arrival—a young man of one-and-twenty, handsome, healthy, debonaire.

"Brother John!"

"Herbert!"

It was the young musician, from Germany. Fresh and ardent, he was one with them immediately. In the confusion, John did not see that, from the first, he admired Violet.

He had come and seen, and he conquered. John observed, with a sharp surprise, the change in Violet. She was another being to his young brother from what she had been to him. He was incredulous. It could not—must not be. Then he forced himself to reason calmly.

What right had he to rebel? They were both young and happy—it was fitting.

"Only she is all the world to me, and another fair face will please Herbert as well!" his tortured spirit cried. "But 'tis a dangerous thing to play with souls."

He dreaded to interfere—he dared not confess.

"Fool! I should only frighten and wound her, my little dove! What am I in her eyes! A dull, plodding graybeard! Why should I scare her in her happy dream?"

Then a gleam of hope would force its way into the darkness:

"But she has been happy with me until that boy came. *Might* she not be willing, if she knew—ah! if she knew but *half* my love? Oh! I cannot, cannot lose her!"

And yet, to all observant eyes, he was the grave, reserved, quiet John Steele—courteous with his equals, kind to his inferiors. He was, as ever, the thoughtful host, the indulgent, the steady friend.

The hidden war with himself went on for weeks.

At last he made his decision.

"When Herbert asks her hand of me, I shall know whether or not she truly loves him. If all her heart is not his, I will hope—I will offer my love to her. If she confesses to loving him, I will be silent for ever."

The holidays went by, the house grew quiet—

Herbert sought an interview with his elder brother.

John listened quietly.

"I have expected this, Herbert. I will talk with Violet."

"But you can give me your consent."

"I can say nothing now."

With a look of surprise, Herbert withdrew—went down the wide oak stair, crossed the terrace, whistling.

John rang the study-bell.

"Pompey, ask Miss Vape to come to me."

He turned faint at the sound of her light step on the velvet of the hall, yet, fought off the weakness successfully before she came in. The pain remained, but she saw no sign of it.

She wore a dress of blue, her bronze curls clung about her shy face, her pet grayhound Caliph followed close at her side. He motioned her gently to a seat.

For a moment he did not speak—he felt tired with suffering.

Her dog, which he had given her, crossed the room, and laying his slender head upon his knee, looked up wistfully into his face.

"What is all this that Herbert tells me, Violet?" with a forced smile, a steady voice.

"He has told you?" with a swift blush.

"Told me what, Violet? Come closer, little one, and let me look into your face. What could he tell me?"

"That we love each other."

She was on her knees beside his chair, her blushing, bright features hidden on his shoulder. She could not see his face. His face?—no, ah! no!

"My child, have you quite given your heart to this young brother of mine so soon? It is but a little while that you have known him."

"Utterly! A little while?—but it seems a long while that we have been together. I have been—I am so happy with him, guardy!"

"But you have been happy with me—have you not?"

"Ah! that is different."

A little silence. He quietly and for ever put away all hope.

"Yes, very different, my Violet. Kiss me, little one—only once. There; thank you, dear. Go now and say to Herbert that I give you to him, and to the life you have chosen, as his wife."

She slipped away, like a beam of light. But Caliph, for the first time in his life, when permitted, did not follow her. He pressed closer to John's knee, and uttered a pitiful whine. Gaining no attention, he joined the silence of the stately room, easing his troubled heart by the employment of lapping up, with his slender tongue, the tears that fell on the folded hands of the master of Lakehome.

A Calculation of Chances.

"Oh, Jennie!"

"Oh, Fan!"

Not another word for three minutes. Then from Frances Edgeworth:

"Do let me look at you;" and she held her companion's face between her hands, and gazed at her lovingly.

Jennie Cole winced a little, for she was conscious of being thin and pale, of having lost the brilliant color which was one of her greatest charms, and knew her friend would be disappointed. The disappointment would be slight, and would pass away in time. The perplexity she must meet and baffle as she best could.

"Let me wash my face first, please. The only halo which surrounds my features comes from a

forty-eight hours' accumulation of cinders. You can judge of me better when I shine in natural, and not reflected, glory."

Another little squeeze, two or three kisses, and—

"I am so glad you have come at last!"

"And I am so glad to get here, Fan!"

Yet, the tired sigh and listless droop of the head seemed at variance with any gladness. But, then, she was weary with her three days' journey; so, at least, Frances tried to account for it, as, having left her guest for a nap, she sat with her mother in the sitting-room, and pondered:

"No; something is the matter."

"Mrs. Edgeworth, attempting to thread a needle with a vicious piece of silk, which refused to enter its proper sphere, turned her head.

"Did you speak, dear?"

"Yes—that is, it was thinking out loud, to tell the truth. Mother, did you notice how very pale Jennie is? She has lost every particle of that beautiful color we girls all used to rave about."

"You forget that I never saw her before. But, now I think of it, I remember you have described her as having a beautiful complexion, and she did look quite white and wan. But she is worn out, traveling."

"Yes, I know it; but that isn't all. I knew Jennie Cole too intimately for four years, to be deceived in her now. Why, mother, she is no more like what she was when I visited her in New York last Winter than—"

No simile forcible enough presenting itself, the sentence was never finished.

"But you have seen her for only a few minutes."

"That was long enough for any one who knows her as I do. I said, 'I am afraid it will be dull enough for you here, our life is such a quiet one,' and she spoke up, with a perfect flash, 'I hate life, any way,' and then with a little laugh, 'I mean my kind. I'm tired of it, and want a change.' But she meant a good deal more than she said, and she isn't herself at all. Something is the matter."

"You have walked around in a circle, and reached your starting-point," Frances's mother commented, as she stitched on placidly. "Do you know anything that could trouble her?"

"Nothing in the world. Why, mother, Jennie Cole is one of the most fortunate girls in New York city. Her parents worship her outright. You know they live in great magnificence—have moved, since I was there, into a larger and handsomer house than they occupied then, though that was finer than any we have in the whole town; and she has everything on earth that she wants."

Frances Edgeworth grew quite enthusiastic. She believed she was telling the exact truth, which she was, with one slight exception—her last sentence. Perhaps that was her own inference from preceding facts.

Three days had gone. The friends were inseparable as in the dear old schooldays, not yet many years left behind; but rest from her long journeying had not brought the bloom nor the natural expression to the face of one, nor reconciled the other to finding herself for the first time shut out from the entire confidence of her dearest friend.

Intuition alone told her that it was so, as the same mysterious faculty convinced her that the pathetic eyes, once so full of laughing light, had some sad secret of their own to hold.

They had talked of many things, but Frances, fearing to touch some sore spot, had refrained from every topic which might possibly give some clue to what had grown into a tantalizing mystery. Curiosity at last asserted itself.

"Jennie, I have not made any inquiries concerning those divers and various gentlemen who were prone to call frequently at University Place.

and whom we were given to discussing at twelve o'clock at night, curled up in big arm-chairs, with wrappers on, and our hair down. What jolly times those were, and *wouldn't* some of them have given a good deal if they could have had the benefit of their mental, moral, and physical dissection?"

"Benefit! Is that 'writ sarcastical'? as Artemus Ward says. I'm afraid, in most cases, it would not have been a cheerful diagnosis to listen to."

"But all the better for that. Truth isn't sugar-coated—of course not; but, then, it is a very beneficial dose. What has become of Mr. Leonard?"

Jennie made a wry face.

"Oh, he got to be so disagreeable, I actually had to snub him. Think of that! Used to assume such an air of proprietorship over me, that an engagement between us was asserted as a positive fact. One night at a party he saw me by the window, which was open, talking to a gentleman whom he particularly disliked. What did he do but go after my shawl, walk up to me, and say, 'Miss Jennie, put this on, and the first word could hardly be heard at all, though the rest were distinct enough. Mr. Du Bois looked at us both in perfect astonishment, and I snapped out, 'Have you forgotten my name, Mr. Leonard?' It was so provoking, but funny, too;" and the first real laugh Frances heard came from Jennie, as she thought of it.

"So it was Mr. Du Bois whom he looked upon as his rival. I remember him slightly. How did you dispose of him?"

"Easily enough, considering that he was at that time engaged, and is now married."

"Well, I fancied you had found your fate in Colonel Hale, and I've waited and waited for a chance to congratulate you; but—"

"Poor Fan! Why, if you wait until congratulations on that event are in order, you will be such a dreadfully old woman—"

"But he was a very fine man, and, then, so immensely rich."

Jennie shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes, he had plenty of money. I couldn't discover anything else about him particularly attractive."

"Then, you have given up your old theory?"

"My theory?"

"Yes, don't you remember? When Mary Skillings married that horrid old man from the East Indies, and we felt so shocked about it, you said, 'Never mind, girls; the clink of his money will drown his cough; and money is the only thing to render "the holy state of padlock" bearable, anyhow.'"

Jennie actually laughed again.

"Are you sure I said that?"

"Yes, indeed; I remember just where you sat, in No. 44, with an 'unabridged' in your lap, and your hands folded on top of your head—a favorite attitude of yours at that time."

"Yes; how awfully lazy I used to be in those days! Dear me! they seem a thousand years ago!" and the sad look crept into the eyes again.

"You have changed your views as well as your habits, then. Perhaps you would not try that form of consolation again. Of course you would not, if you do not believe in marrying for money."

"Marrying for money!" There was actually a sneer in the voice; then, very quietly, "No; I herewith renounce all former heresies, remembered and forgotten. We have not been out of doors to-day."

"Could there be a design in thus changing the course of conversation?" Fan reflected.

"In half an hour it will be cooler, and I shall have finished my catechism by that time. You forget that possibly I may have some slight in-

terest in these individuals whom you treat so indifferently. You may not value money now as you did when you were not oppressed by the amount of your possessions; but think of me! What have you done with Colonel Hale?"

"He has gone South, I believe. I did try to like him, Fan, truly, but there was no use. Father was a little disappointed."

"Well, if 'poor but respectable' would suit you better, there was Edgar Flanders. I admired him more than all the rest, though he was so proud and reserved. What of him?"

She watched her face closely, for she was beginning to fear defeat in her attempts at discovery; but Jennie's face, bent low over the book she was buttoning, was beyond her scrutiny.

"Edgar Flanders? If you liked him so well, I am sorry I cannot give you more definite information. In fact, I can't give you any, for I don't know anything about him."

"But he used to come to the house a great deal."

"Yes, the old house. He has never been to see us since we moved. You see I am all ready for outdoors. Have you any more questions before you can start? At any rate, don't wait for them. I can answer them on the way."

But no answers were required. Frances abandoned the quest as useless, satisfied that whatever trouble or heartache had come to her friend, none of the persons of whom they had spoken were in any way concerned in it.

"I shall go home next week, Fan," Jennie Cole, straining her eyes in the twilight over a letter from her father, spoke abruptly.

"Why, Jennie, what are you talking about? You promised to stay two months, and it is not two weeks since you came!"

"Not promised, exactly; I said 'perhaps.'"

"Have you any bad news from home? Your father has sent for you?"

"No, no—only, Fan, forgive me, but I'm homesick," and in an instant more she was sobbing in Frances Edgeworth's arms. The tears shocked and distressed her beyond measure. It was the first time she had ever seen such a manifestation of grief in all her friend's gay, sunny life. What could it all mean?

"Jennie, dear," she whispered, soothingly, "tell me all about it."

"About what?"

"There is some trouble you have never mentioned to me. I have a right to know—"

"Nonsense! I said I was homesick, didn't I? Not very complimentary to you, to acknowledge it; but that fact, of itself, ought to prove my sincerity. I told you the truth."

"No use," was Frances's mental comment; "I shall never know. Poor child, if she would only tell me. Homesick! I suppose I must pretend to believe her, and let her go."

The express train had hammered over the rails for many hundred miles, and not a passenger on board but felt the irksomeness and monotony of the long journey.

"Oh, dear me!"

Jennie Cole was not conscious that the thought had framed itself into vocal expression, till her nearest neighbor turned his arm-chair slightly, and looked at her with an intensely amused expression. Evidently she had interpreted his feelings as well as her own, and they smiled sympathetically.

"These long trips are trying to one's patience," he remarked, with a courteous bow.

"Very, especially if one has only a small stock of patience to begin with."

She was so glad he had spoken. For twelve hours they had sat within three feet of each other, and she had watched him closely enough to feel

sure that he would be an unusually agreeable traveling companion. She was tired of her own thoughts, and longed to be talked to.

The conversation, once commenced, was easily carried on for hours, both feeling a sense of respect, confidence, and liking, which rendered them familiar in the interchange of thought, and their talk a very delightful one.

One topic after another was touched upon, till at last came that universal and absorbing one, woman's place and work in the world.

"I do not believe in suffrage," she said, in a very decided manner, and with a shake of the head which proved her very firm in her conviction.

The gentleman smiled.

"There is so much to be said on both sides of the question, that I think no one can be fully persuaded in his own mind until many other social points are settled, all of which have a bearing upon this one."

"What, for instance?"

"First of all, marriage. I am a most fortunate man in my domestic relations. There is not a day of my life but what is a 'thanksgiving' for the great blessing of my noble wife. We talk together on these questions, and strengthen each other in our beliefs. But, do you know, had she been a rich woman, I should never have had her for my own."

"And why?"

"I will tell you, and, at the same time, mention what seems to me one of the greatest difficulties with which social reformers have to contend. I am not wealthy. The income from my business comfortably supports my family, but makes it necessary to practice many small economies. I could never have justified myself in taking my wife from a social position above my own, and depriving her of any luxuries to which she had been accustomed. Nor am I alone in this feeling. Our country is filled with young men—with great, brave, loving hearts, who are working hard to make their way along, and who feel that, with the social necessity which exists among women for fashionable and extravagant living, wives and homes are to them impossible. Pardon me; I did not intend to be so emphatic, or say so much, but it is one of my hobbies, and just now I am feeling keenly on this very matter."

"I am glad to hear all you will say about it," she replied; "but you will pardon me, in your turn, if I say it sounds very much like all the tirades against women, which just now meet us everywhere. Men misjudge us, and we suffer for it."

"Not more than we do. But I must differ with you. Is it possible you can disagree with my statement of the case? I think it is a true one."

"It may be, in some instances. Yes, very likely there are some women who prefer the ease and luxury of their father's house to the toil and possible deprivation which may be offered in exchange. I never thought much of that side of the question. It does not concern *true* women, and let us hope they are in the majority. A true woman would count nothing a burden or a sacrifice for one she loved."

She spoke earnestly, and her eyes shone—a revelation, if she had only known it.

He waited a moment before he spoke again.

"But a true man cannot accept sacrifices. He would rather carry his burdens alone, than place them on shoulders unable to bear them. He—"

She interrupted him impatiently.

"That is a mistaken kindness for any man to show a woman who loves him."

"You think so?"

"I know it."

There was a long silence, broken at last by his saying:

"I told you that I was just now feeling keenly on this matter, and I will also tell you why. When my little story is finished—for it is a very little and a very simple one—I want your judgment on the case."

She assented with a polite bow.

"I have an only brother, one of the noblest, truest men living, who is working on an eighteen-hundred dollar salary in New York. Not long ago he met a woman, whom he has described to me as his ideal of all that was good and lovely in person and character. He loves her as only such a man as he can love, but hopelessly, for her place is among the most aristocratic circles, where he does not belong, and even if she cared for him—which he knows is not the case—what has he to offer her in exchange for the elegance and luxury to which she has always been accustomed? You, who believe so firmly that true love is self-abnegation, can you blame him for his feeling in the matter?"

"You say she does not care for him?"

"He believes so, or has forced himself to."

"Suppose that she loved him, as he does her? Ah," with a merry laugh, as she felt that she was gaining the better side of the argument, "I leave your common sense to decide what would be her happiness. I believe you are already more than half converted," she added, noting the eager, intent look with which he regarded her.

"I wish I could be entirely, and for his sake. With his strong, deep nature, such a love is life or death to him, and I tremble for his future. He will bear it manfully, bravely, as is like him; but if I dared, I believe I would urge him to take the chances and— No, no. Only see how your eloquence has shaken my theories. She does not care for him, and it is best as it is."

Jennie Cole reached forward, her pale cheeks flushed, and her eyes glittering.

"Is your brother a brave man?" she asked, abruptly; and then, without waiting for a reply, she went on rapidly: "Tell him to be sure that he does not run the risk of wrecking two lives as well as one; that if he loves her, it will be no shame to tell her so, even if she gives nothing in return; and that if she has for him the true affection which a woman should feel for the man she marries, life with him in poverty would be heaven, compared to all else in this world without him."

She leaned back wearily, with a face white and drawn, as if exhausted with the strong feeling which had swept over her. They had talked a long time, and were content to say nothing more till the train approached New York. She was expected at home, and the gentleman escorted her to her father's carriage, which waited for her, saying, as he bid her a courteous adieu:

"I shall carry your message to my brother."

"Thank you. I hope it may be productive of good results."

"And from whom shall I tell him that it comes?"

"From a stranger, but a woman who knows of what she speaks, and understands women better than men do. I am glad to have had an opportunity of speaking for them. My advice can do no harm—that it may do good I sincerely hope."

"Amen."

It was a fervid response, and, with a friendly hand-grasp, the two chance travelers separated.

Jennie Cole was once more at home, and filling her niche in the social life which a few weeks before she had been so glad to leave. Whatever had been the trouble which she had tried to escape, she had learned that true courage consisted in

facing and not dodging it, and she took up her life resolutely, determined to make the best of it.

There were dark days, and many of them; but they gradually grew into weeks and months, till the long Winter wore slowly away, Spring came and went, and a whole year had passed.

"It's just the strangest thing in the world, that Jennie Cole seems to have no idea of marrying," one of her friends commented—"with such opportunities as she has, too," but the "strangest thing in the world" remained a fact, for people to explain as they pleased.

The papers announced that Joshua Cole, his wife and daughter, would sail for Europe early in the Fall. It had been an extended pleasure-trip long planned and talked of when Jennie's failing health first began to excite her parents' anxiety, but postponed until a convenient opportunity came for making it, and by that time she was well and strong again, looking forward with considerable pleasure to the journey.

In less than a week they would sail, and as the time drew near, a feverish impatience to be gone took possession of her. The unquiet spirit returned to haunt and dog her, and all effort to banish it was useless.

She sat in her own room arranging letters and papers, which nearly filled her writing-desk, and from among them dropped a card, which she seized eagerly. Nothing but a name upon it, but a name which stood to her for all that was noble in manhood and desirable in life—a former friend only, whom she had not seen for nearly two years, but whose very memory she loved better than all else this side of heaven. Perhaps it was not, after all, the strangest thing in the world that Jennie Cole had never married.

But it was one of the strange coincidences of this curious life that within an hour another card was brought to her, bearing the same name, "Edgar Flanders," and the gentleman awaited her in the parlor. Not long, however.

Self-control was not a new or a difficult thing now to Jennie Cole, and no outward sign gave token of the fierce, inward riot caused by the unexpected presence of one whom she had thought never to see again.

They met cordially, and as old friends, apparently ignoring the fact that a separation of nineteen months lay between, though they spoke of much that had chanced in the meanwhile.

"Miss Cole," he said at last, leaning forward with the gravest look she had ever seen on his earnest face, "Jennie—for I have called you so in my heart a long, long time—I have only one object in seeking you again, after all these months. You are going away, but not until I tell you that I love you—the only woman I ever loved. I thought that before this you would marry, and the fact that you did not is the only reason I can give for coming to you now with the truth. I have waited a long time—have had little to hope for; but I have come to ask you for your love, if you can give it to me."

Her answer?

"It is yours already."

Society had another "nine days' wonder." Jennie Cole had given up going to Europe, and was to be married in a month. Someway Mrs. Grundy failed to comprehend or be satisfied.

"So queer, too. Why, Mr. Flanders has not been paying her the least attention for more than a year, and he is poor, too—just admitted to the firm, but that is struggling to keep on its feet. They are going to keep house away up-town, for he is so proud he won't accept a thing from her father. It's the strangest thing; and a girl who had such splendid chances!"

There was a very quiet wedding; the grand house was shut up directly afterward, to remain so while Mr. and Mrs. Cole were abroad, and their happy daughter went to her new home with a poor man, who had little but his love to give her, but that in abundant measure.

"John will be here in two days, Jennie."

"Then you have heard from him?"

"To-day. He will never cease regretting the attack of sickness which prevented him from being present when we were married."

Two days after, and the brothers came home together.

"My wife, John."

Only a few words, but in what an exultant tone!

Dead silence—not a word, not even a movement. Edgar Flanders looked from one to the other in utter bewilderment.

John broke the spell. He took both her hands, bent over, and kissed her forehead reverently.

"I gave him your message," he said, quietly.

What a curious explanation followed, and what happy people made it! If Mrs. Grundy could have known all the particulars of that little romance, she would have pronounced the rail-car element the strangest of all.

And Jennie Flanders added a postscript to the letter she had that day written to her old friend, Frances Edgeworth, ending thus: "Could you have ciphered it out by any Calculation of Chances?"

Rubies.

Our finest rubies come from Pegu, the capital of Ava, and also from Siam. The monarchs of these kingdoms, as a consequence, confiscate all the finest gems to their own use. The finest ruby in the whole world is said to be in the possession of the greedy King of Pegu. Its excessive purity is the legend of the country; and its approximate value has never been an audacity ventured upon even by the boldest spirits of the kingdom. In short, it is absolutely invaluable.

Rubies have never been so plentiful as either sapphires or emeralds, and never found of so large a size as either of these gems. They are usually valued next to opals, and immediately before sapphires. Their absolute value is, however, determined by their water and size, very fine specimens being even equal to the diamond in value; and if in any sense they are absolute nonpareils, then they are considered fully the equal in value of a diamond of the same weight. Owing to the monopoly in Ava, the world has, in all probability, never even heard of the finest ruby specimens extant. In China, the ladies decorate their slippers with rubies, an expensive taste, one would fancy, to gratify, and one likely to pass unobserved, except by the wives of the first mandarins of the Celestial Empire.

Tavernier quotes two magnificent rubies owned by the King of Visapur, one of which was of the extraordinary weight of fifty-three and three quarters carats, and the other seventeen and half carats. The first was worth fifteen thousand dollars, the latter ten thousand. The vast difference in their size was nearly compensated by the superior purity and brilliancy of the smaller stone.

There are no rubies found in North America, although many pale-red specimens of fine garnet, found in New Hampshire, Connecticut, and other parts of the United States, are cut in the brilliant form, and extensively sold for genuine rubies. Of course, none but the ignorant are thus imposed upon, either by these or the very excellent and

deceptive pastes which are still oftener used to deceive the unwary; and equally, of course, the eye of a connoisseur at once detects the imposture. Hardness is said to be an unfailling test of all imitations of this stone. At an intense heat, the ruby turns green, but again resumes its color on cooling. The emerald, on the contrary, undergoes no change except when actually calcined, when, if thrown immediately into water, it crumbles into innumerable fragments, and each of a different color.

A ruby-asteria is one playing in a perfect star-radiance. One of the finest in the world, of this variety of gem, is worn by a gentleman of New York.

A fine collection of rubies, and perhaps the largest ever seen in Europe, was in possession of the Queen's jewelers, and by them placed in the great exhibition.

The celebrated Duke of Brunswick had among his gems two or more exquisitely engraved rubies, one of which weighed fifty-three carats. The Czarina Catharine was presented by Gustave III. of Sweden, in 1777, with an exquisite ruby, the size of a pigeon's egg. It is still among the crown jewels, as well as some other superb specimens of this stone.

Next to that owned by the King of Pegu, the East India Company have probably the finest single ruby on record, besides an invaluable collection of paragon stones about fifty in number, ranging in weight from fifteen to fifty-three carats, many of them of rare brilliancy.

Of late years, the fashionable style of setting all perfect stones has been *à jour* (or clear)—that is, simply girdled about the outside edge of the stone with gold; but in old times, all stones, including the finest diamonds, were set with foils at the back of either black, brown, silver, gold, or copper; and even in some cases a bit of bright-colored silk or shred of peacock's feather, placed at the back, was thought by its color to lend improvement to the lustre of some gems. In the East, the hot-bed of rubies, they never use foils of any kind, but sometimes make a cavity in the lower part at the back of a stone, and fill it up with highly polished gold-dust. This heightens the brilliancy of rubies amazingly.

Tavernier quotes again an exquisitely engraved ruby in Paris of half the size of a hen's egg. Two others are authentically reported—and surely need to be—in the same city, for the one is reported as weighing two hundred and forty carats, and the other as four hundred and thirty-six. It is but just to say, in conclusion, that, however extraordinary these figures may seem, their authenticity is undoubted.

The Angler, or Fishing Frog.

ONE of the most fascinating things about fishing in salt water is the variety of the "catch," and the strangeness of some of the living and struggling creatures brought to light. If most of the best elements of sport to be found in fly-fishing for trout, or minnow-fishing for lake-fish, be wanting, there is, at least to one accustomed only to fresh-water angling, a peculiar interest attached to the uncertainty of what novel form of life will next make its appearance from the unknown depths beneath.

Perhaps it may be a weak-fish, perhaps a porgee, a rook-fish, or a king-fish, or a sheep's-head, or a drum, or a tautog.

A party, consisting of a friend from Kentucky, an old fisherman, and myself, off the coast of Long Island, trying our luck, the first and last mentioned for the first time in salt water, had had a pretty good run of success, our strings collec-

tively numbering no less than seventy-five little porgees, and three weak-fish. Just when it began to become rather monotonous sport pulling in porgees and weak-fish, my friend caught a little yellowish fish, to which he called my attention, touching it at the same time with his foot. To our utter astonishment, the creature, on being touched, began to swell with indignation, and on being still further meddled with, became as round as a ball, and as tight as a drumhead. The old fisherman who accompanied us began to laugh heartily at our bewilderment, telling us that the fish was nothing but the common puffer—as common as dirt. Scarcely, however, were the words out of his mouth, when his own tackle demanded his undivided attention, and with an exclamation that betokened astonishment at least equal to ours, he drew a double-fish on deck. One of these was a porgee, but the other, the fisherman himself at first scarcely knew what to make of. This latter consisted, as nearly as we could see, of an enormous mouth—a very cavern of a mouth—set all around with rows of terrible fangs, and finished off with a disproportionately small amount of fish, that tapered abruptly to the tail. Indeed, the fish, minus his mouth, was scarcely worth considering, though what there was of him was grotesquely hideous, slimy and mud-colored, and set over with hard-pointed knobs or spines, in various degrees of development, with eyes elongated up and down, and looking out of the top of his head, or, rather, his upper jaw, and a pair of fan-like fins on projections that appeared like stumpy arms. He had caught the porgee (regardless of the fact that his victim, already hooked, belonged to one of the lords of creation) in his great dead fall of a mouth, and had got into difficulty with the additional hooks, of which our fisherman had two fastened to his line, and so delivered himself to our inspection, rolling his wicked-looking eyes, and grinning diabolically.

Our fisherman, who was an Englishman, blessed himself and cursed himself, and said "the datted thing was a 'wide-gab,' and that he had known of their being taken in England with three-quarters of a hundred of herrings in their stomachs."

It was not long before I myself recognized it, from descriptions I had read, as the *Lophius*, or Angler. There is a most wonderful story related of this fish in almost all ichthyological treatises, and I eagerly examined it, to see what confirmation I could find of what I had read.

Dangling along its sides, I found a fringe of fleshy processes, the object of which, unless to make the deformed creature look still more hideous, I am at a loss to conjecture. Sprouting out of the head, however, were three long filaments like miniature flagstaves, the foremost of which bore a thin streamer of flesh.

The ugly monster is a slow swimmer, and would never be able to get a mouthful to eat, even if it possessed an ordinarily sized mouth, if it had to outswim its prey before catching it. It does better, however. Burying itself in the mud or sand at the bottom of the water, it gently agitates the long filament which serves it as a fishing-rod, and, with the tempting-looking streamer, which answers as a bait, quietly *angles* for its dinner. An unwary fish, attracted by the delicate-looking morsel moving about in front of a cool, dark cavern, is enticed within reach, when, with a slide forward, effected not by agitating the water with the tail, and so startling its game, but by a noiseless movement of its side-arms and fins (hence their peculiar formation), the *Lophius* engulfs its prey within its capacious maw, as a human fisher would use a landing-net.

This is the story that naturalists tell of the fish, and certainly every indication of its external form and internal anatomy seems to confirm it,

One peculiarity, especially, of the first spine beautifully fits it for its asserted use. It bears, as has before been noticed, upon its upper extremity a loose, shining slip of membrane, and upon its lower, underneath the flesh, into which it is inserted, a ring, through which passes a staple of bone proceeding from the head. This apparatus is moved by twenty-two muscles, and can be turned in every direction.

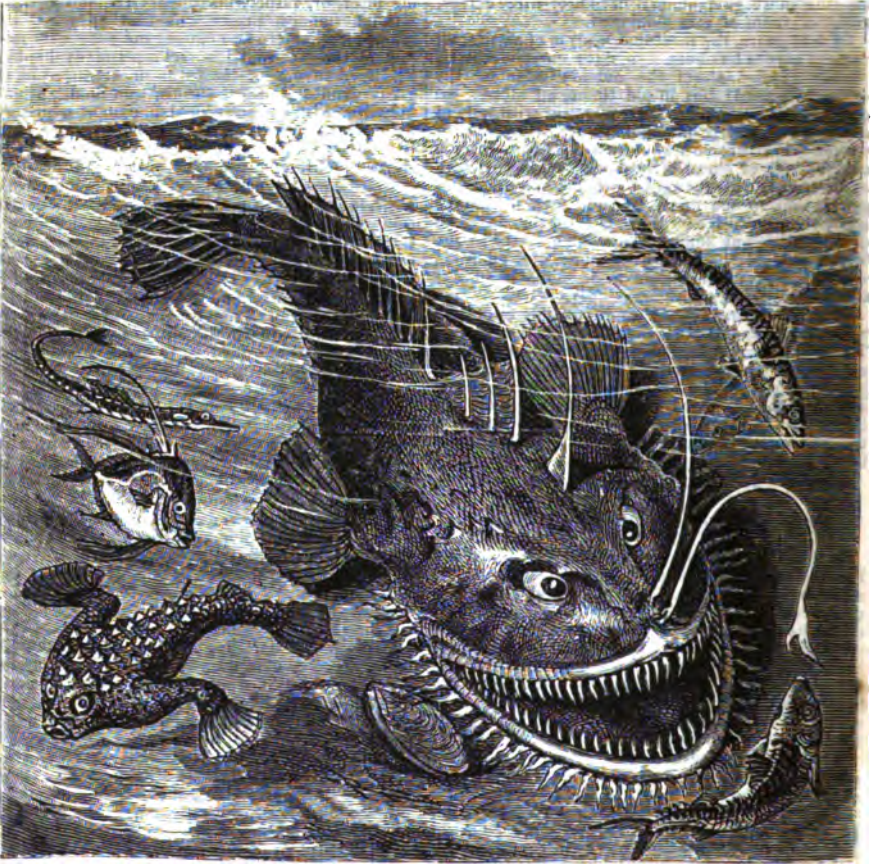
The skeletons of all the family to which the *Lophius* belong are fibrous, though but little indurated, and, in some genera, are in great part cartilaginous. In fact, the whole fish is a mass of gristle and muscles, and is all organized with reference to, and for the sake of, the mouth, so that if it is possible to conceive of the very incarnation of greediness and rapacity, this fish would furnish the best type in the whole book of Nature. The upper jaw is capable of some degree of protrusion, and in opening the mouth the lower jaw is thrust forward, instead of being lowered, and at the base of the upper jaw a sidelong motion is put in operation, by which it appears possible that the angler might be able to swallow a prey equal, or nearly so, to its whole bulk; to which, also, the wide gullet can afford a passage, and the stomach a welcome, while the skin of the body is so loose as to allow any degree of distension without inconvenience, and there are no ribs in the sides that might offer a mechanical resistance.

The specimen which we took was three feet long, and its breadth across the widest expansion of the pectoral fins twenty-two inches. I am assured he is a large specimen of our American variety, though they have been taken in European waters between five and six feet long.

His fishship now reposes, in *otium cum dignitate*, upon the cabinet over my head, stuffed and varnished. Together with his portrait, in the illustration on this page, I have given a few other forms of odd fish peculiar to American waters, which may, perhaps, excite sufficient interest in some reader to inquire into their names and habits, which he will find in James De Kay's Report, Part One, together with other interesting matters respecting the zoology of our native country, but little known and attended to by Americans in general.

Write your name with kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

Turpentine.—The turpentine forests of North Carolina are not dark and gloomy, but on the other hand so thinly wooded as to afford scarcely any shade. The tree from which the turpentine is obtained is known as the long-leaved pine.



THE ANGLER, OR FISHING FROG.



THE DODOLO, OR RAIN GIRL—A CURIOUS HUNGARIAN CUSTOM FOR OBTAINING RAIN.

The Dodolo, or Rain Girl.

THE curious custom still prevailing in Hungary, which our illustration presents, calls to mind the English Jack-on-the-Green, and similar May ceremonies in Germany. What they were in their origin we do not know certainly, but the full purport of the Dodolo, in Hungary, is still known, and it is a strange and curious superstition. As our readers will perceive, however, it is one that must have originated in warmer latitudes, and would be abandoned by these which moved northward.

It is really a sort of religious rite to invoke rain. When a drought prevails in Hungary, they take a poor peasant child, and dress her up in green branches, in the way that the reader sees in the engraving. She is then led by one or more companions around the neighborhood, and, on entering the courtyard, or coming be-

fore the house, begins to sing to a peculiar air the word "Dodolo;" her companions and others, coming up, form a ring around, all dancing and singing the same word. After a time, the farmer comes with a bucket of water, which he pours, in three parts, over the head of the green-clad girl, or Dodolo. She receives her ducking in good part, with lively, laughing leaps, and the dance goes on. Then one of her companions goes up to make the collection for her. Small coins, eggs, corn, meal, suet, or butter, are contributed by the good w'ies, and the peasants think they have done all in their power to secure the needed rain for their crops, and that heaven will understand their wishes, and drench mother earth as they drench the Dodolo. So she goes from house to house, and at last gets home, well washed, but bearing a collection of money and food-offerings, that fills her humble cabin with comfort for a time.

Jack-on-the-Green, and similar rites, in all probability, had a like origin in the pagan ideas of our ancestors.

Remarkable Preservation of a Lost Child.

THE circumstances which we are about to relate occurred about thirty years ago in the parish of Sydney, in New Brunswick. A young man, who had been out several days on a shooting excursion, found himself toward evening on the banks of Bear Creek, which he was desirous of crossing, in order to reach his home before nightfall. To his disappointment, he found that the log bridge which he had crossed the day before had been carried away by the current, which, owing to recent rains, was running with more than its usual strength and velocity. He remembered, however, that he had observed a fallen tree lying across the creek lower down, and proceeded along the bank in that direction.

Just as he had reached the spot, and was preparing to step upon the rude bridge presented by the fallen trunk, his ear caught the sound of feet upon the dry sticks and sere leaves, and a rustling noise, as if some animal were moving cautiously in the thicket of wild raspberries that covered the opposite slope. With the alertness of a sportsman, anticipating a shot at a deer or a bear, his finger moved rapidly to the lock of his rifle, and his keen eye was fixed warily upon the bushes. He was just about to pull the trigger at a venture, when a child's hand was raised to pull down a branch that was heavily laden with the ripe fruit. With a cry of terror at the narrow escape he had of being the innocent cause of the child's death, succeeded on the instant by an ejaculation of pious gratitude, the young man slung his rifle, and stepped quickly across the fallen tree.

As he pushed into the thicket, he discovered a little girl, apparently not more than eight years of age, whose haggard features, disheveled hair, soiled hands, and torn garments indicated that she had strayed from the vicinage of her home, and been lost in the pathless woods. She seemed overcome with joy at the sight of the young sportsman, but recovered in a few moments, and told the story of her wanderings with a clearness and simplicity that drew tears from the eyes of her preserver, who felt that he had been the instrument of Providence in the rescue of the forlorn little being before him from a melancholy and painful death. If the loss of the bridge had not led him to seek another spot whereat to cross the creek, the child would, in all probability, have perished in that lonely spot.

It appeared, from the child's story, that she had been sent by her mother to carry a basket of food to her father, who was chopping wood in the forest; and that, by some mischance, she had strayed from the track, and, misled by the echo of her father's ax, wandered away in the opposite direction. Every attempt which she made to retrace her steps only led her deeper and deeper into the wood; but still she rambled wearily on. At first she cried a great deal, but her lamentations were all in vain; and, beginning to be hungry, she ate some of the food she had brought out for her father. Then she made another effort to find the track, but night came on, and found her still in the wood, weary and footsore, with her limbs scarified, and her garments torn by the bushes through which she had pushed her way in her unavailing efforts.

Overcome with fatigue, she laid down upon a bed of soft moss, in the shade of a pine, and cried herself to sleep. When she awoke, the sunbeams were glancing redly through the trees, and the birds were twittering amongst the branches. She

ate the remainder of the provisions in the basket, and then resumed her efforts to get out of the wood. From this time until she was found by the young sportsman, which seems to have been four days, she had had nothing to eat but raspberries and other wild fruits.

For three nights she had slept in the open air, on the soft green moss and the heaps of leaves which the winds of the preceding Winter had stripped from the birch and the beech, and swept into heaps.

On the third night, while lying down to rest, she heard the feet of some large beasts treading upon the sere leaves, and cracking the twigs; and she saw, by the dim light, dark creatures moving about, at a little distance, which she thought must be her father's oxen. She called to them, but they did not come any nearer; and she wondered that she did not hear the bells which the oxen wore about their necks.

On the following night, she saw two large shaggy beasts, which she thought must be neighbor Hewer's dogs; but when she called to them by the names of those animals, they stood up on their hind legs, and, after looking at her for a little while, shuffled off into another part of the wood. She knew they were dogs, she said, for during the same night she heard them howling.

Probably the animals which she saw were bears, which were frequently seen in the woods at that period, and had given the name of the stream which the young sportsman had crossed. The howling, probably, arose from the wolves; but the child's innocent heart knew no fear.

Next day she came, in her wanderings, upon a deserted shanty, standing in a small clearing, overgrown with raspberry-bushes and strawberry-plants. Here she remained, picking the berries for food, and sleeping at night beneath the sheltering roof of the old shanty.

In this solitary hut the young sportsman proposed to leave her, whilst he sought some means of conveying her to her home; but the poor child clung to him, imploring him so pathetically not to leave her in the dark, lonely forest, that his heart was not proof against her entreaties.

He took the little foundling on his shoulder, and proceeded on his journey, sitting down occasionally upon a felled tree to ease himself of his burden.

The shades of night were fast closing in around them, and the weary wanderers were making up their minds to pass another night in the woods, when the welcome sound of falling water and the whirr of mill wheels broke upon their ears; and, as the last glimmer of daylight streamed through the trees, the child announced, with a cry of joy, that they must be near a clearing, for she saw light between the trunks of the trees.

Gladly did the wayworn travelers hail the welcome sight of the mill and log-house beside it; and gladly did the kind-hearted inmates of the place receive and cherish the poor lost child, who had been sought for till hope had departed from the hearts of her sorrowing friends.

She had wandered several miles from her home, and her parents, who had been indefatigable in searching and inquiring for her, had come to the conclusion that she must have perished by starvation, or been devoured by ravenous beasts.

Ruth Gurney's Set Out.

"ZUBY ANN, I'll never do it while I live—never!"

And the stormy little maid brought her two brown, plump hands together with decided emphasis.

The person thus addressed tossed her yellow

side-curis in righteous indignation, and regarding the girl with her keen, sharp eyes, said, in a tone as keen and sharp:

"Ruth Gurney, when I was your age, if I had spoken to my elders and betters in such a style, I should have been ordered to my room, and very properly, too."

Ruth's red lips parted as if to say something, then came together again, pressing each other vigorously, as if to keep this something better unsaid than said close-housed.

If it had found expression, it would have been but that one word, *better*, repeated with intonation infinite in sarcasm.

Zuby Ann saw the firm-set lips, and as usual failed to read their clearly spoken language.

"Don't pout, Ruth; you had an amazing sight better pray than pout. You ought to go plump down on your knees every day of your life, and with your face in the dust of repentance beg Divine Providence to change your wicked temper!"

The black eyes flashed forth what the tongue withheld, and said, as plainly as it could have done, that she wished such a great wind would rise as to blow enough of that same dust of repentance in Zuby Ann's eyes to blind her to other people's sins, and, besides, make these same eyes *smart* just a little.

The next remark, however, made in the same tone of pious aggravation, broke away all the girl's self-control.

"If you ever do marry, your husband will soon be purified as by fire."

"I'm never going to marry, Zuby Ann, so——"

The words were not much, but the tone was the very concentration of fury.

Zuby Ann could not brook such open rebellion. She exclaimed, in the shrill voice that had been the girl's terror from childhood:

"Ruth Gurney, when the proper young man asks you, you will marry; and in the meantime, whether or no, you shall begin your set out!"

The girl's light, graceful frame fairly quivered with the smothered "*I won't*." She turned and ran quickly from the room.

Miss Azuba Ann Thorn put her hands to her ears to save her nerves the shock of the slamming door; then she soliloquized, with a groan:

"I ought to have whipped that girl regular while she was young enough. If I only had some one to go to for consolation—some friendly hand to smooth my ruffled feelings!" with most touching pathos; then adding, with a sigh of satisfaction, "Well, it is almost time for Doctor Lloyd to return. Professional men always have tender emotions. I believe I will tell him how that girl troubles me. I often catch him sympathizing with me. He looks at me a great deal. I suppose I seem fresh and flowery to him, after the artificial city women. Sometimes I believe he is in——"

She did not finish the sentence, but stepped up to the looking-glass, which hung over the sitting-room table, and shook out her yellow side-curis with a sudden burst of girlishness that contrasted oddly with her thin, withered face.

Ruth Gurney, as soon as she had quit the dreaded presence, passed out through the shaded portico, ran fleetly down the narrow front ramp-path, opened the gate softly, and crossed the road.

Then she stood still, and looked to see if Zuby Ann was peeping through any of the blinds; but the picturesque little farmhouse, to all outward appearance, was as quiet as if no perturbed spirit dwelt within.

Having convinced herself of this, the young girl committed an act which we shrink from recording; but the justice and honor of the historian require that favoritism should be cast aside.

Thus we present her faults, as well as Miss Azuba Ann's.

Ruth Gurney did not let down the bars, as propriety would require, but laid her brown little hands on the top round, and, with one light bound, cleared the fence. She crossed the pasture, and, entering a piece of woods on its hither side, sought its inmost penetralia, where a fallen tree formed a settee half grotesque, half unique in design, and wholly moss-covered. Here the girl threw herself down, and spent her pent-up grief and anger in a flood of tears.

When she had leapt the fence, she had thought herself quite unobserved; but an instant after, a little fat, jolly-looking urchin emerged from the barn, and started in pursuit, going at as rapid a rate as his short, fat little legs would permit.

On reaching the fence, he displayed some of his sister's characteristics; he never stopped for the bars, only, instead of leaping the top one, he threw himself on the ground, and rolled under the bottom one.

He reached her sanctum almost as soon as herself, and throwing his chubby arms around her neck, demanded, with a burst of indignation:

"Whatever has that old Zuby Ann been up to now?"

Oh, blessed sympathy! In a moment the girl was pouring her troubles into loving little ears.

"I'll go poke her with a stick!" he suggested, bravely.

But Ruthie did not hear him; she was exclaiming, amid her tears:

"Oh, Archie, it is dreadful to make a whole dozen of those ugly red-and-yellow quilts, and to stuff hot feather-beds, and oh, oh, oh! the worst of it is to be a horrid, old, cross, yellow maid like Zuby Ann!" in her excitement mixing her quail-fiers.

Archie's black eyes were full of tears.

"But, Ruthie, I thought you made them to get married?" he said, not quite comprehending the situation.

"Well, they never do, Archie, never! Just as sure as a body makes them, they don't. Zuby Ann never did, and she has had hers full fifteen years. They were old nine years ago, when you and I came. I remember, when she was showing them to me, how you clapped your wee hands, and crowded at the great ugly leaves in the counterpanes. She told me then I'd have to make some, some day. I was only ten then, and I dreamt about it every night for a week. Oh, I wish mother hadn't died!"

Archie cried out, too, for the mother he had never known.

"Dear, dear, this is a dreadful world! I'm nineteen now, and if I begin those horrid things, I shall have to keep putting fresh lavender in them until I'm forty, like Zuby Ann."

Just then a bright thought struck Archie; he took his arms from around her neck, and stood before her in all his brave, gallant little manliness.

"You shan't neither, Ruthie, you bet! I'll just marry you myself, so——"

The girl blushed crimson.

"Oh, Archie, dear, I don't want to get married! I wouldn't for anything in the world; I only don't want to be an old maid."

Which remark proved her as reasonable as girls usually are, and made Archie look fairly puzzled.

A little later, Ruth Gurney and Archie started for home.

This time, when they reached the gate, she let down the bars, and they very properly walked through, Archie loosening the earth with his brass-tipped shoes, like a restless young colt, while she replaced them.

When they reached the house, they found Azuba Ann flying around, like a grain of corn on a popping-pan, in a flutter of maidenish excitement, because Doctor Lloyd was a whole half-hour behind time.

If it had been any other than this same Doctor Lloyd, her whole concern would have been that dinner was getting cold, and anxiety would have given place to indignation at such presumption.

So excited was she, that she even forgot to scold Ruth and Archie for their lack of punctuality, and greeted them with:

"Have you seen anything of Doctor Lloyd? He went a-fishing, and, I am afraid, he has roamed too far down the river and has been sunstruck, or—Oh! what if he should never come back?"

"Pooh, Zuby Ann, Doctor Lloyd couldn't get lost. If he had been around in Moses's time, he'd be shown that old chap and the children of Israel the way out of them woods in that—"

And the little urchin snapped his fingers.

Azuba Ann's mouth was already pruned into a reproof, but he did not give her time.

"And the idea of his being sunstruck! Golly! why, his head is as cool as Squire Brown's ice-house!" then adding, as if with malicious afterthought, "Sides, he ain't any nephew or son of yours!"

Azuba Ann's side-curls stood out as if each one had an individual vitality of its own at this terrible insinuation as to her age. Words were inadequate to the situation.

She started for the closet where she kept the birchen rod used for "regular whippings."

When she returned, Archie had disappeared, so had Ruth.

She stepped into the kitchen just in time to see the little fellow make his exit with half a loaf of hot gingerbread, that Martha, the kind-hearted Irish girl, had given him.

There was but one living person of whom Azuba Ann Thorn stood in any awe, and this was Martha. The girl, with her native shrewdness, held the threat of "larin" over the girlish spinster's head like a veritable sword of Damocles.

So, biting her lips, Azuba Ann went back into the sitting-room, and smoothed her yellow curls before the looking-glass.

Zuby Ann's yellow curls were, in a measure, the symbol of her temper; for, if one became ruffled, so did the other; consequently the smoothing of one answered for both.

A few minutes later the dinner-bell rang. She went out meekly to the dining-room, and took her place at the table.

Martha had waited a whole half-hour, and she knew, from the quick, energetic strokes of the bell, that she would not dare suggest any greater delay. Her father, or Uncle Daniel, as every one called him, was already seated.

It was a silent meal; no one spoke, save Uncle Daniel, who wanted to know where Archie was? and who asked Ruth why her face was flushed? and had she been crying? and where was her appetite? each of which four questions was an embarrassment in itself.

Ruthie was the old gentleman's pet.

A few hours later, Azuba Ann, from an upper window, saw Ruth Gurney pass out the garden-gate, and cross the pasture-land toward the woods, her gipsy set quite back on her head, and a book under her arm.

"Oh, my soul, there is that girl reading again! I wish her father had left her more money and fewer books. If my feelings had not been so frustrated about Doctor Lloyd, she would have had a roll of patchwork instead."

In the meantime the object of all this perturbation of spirits sat quietly upon the banks of the Hudson, rod in hand, and gazing into its bright

waters with as lazy contentment as if, in all this wide world, there was not such a thing as either side-curls or dinner.

One glance at this man made you involuntarily exclaim with Isaac Walton, "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

His face even now, with its dreamy, peaceful expression, was indicative of a strong character and cool head, and the light blue eyes fixed upon the water had a certain searchableness about them that made it very easy to comprehend how Miss Azuba Ann had thought he was fond of looking at her. They were eyes apt to look at whatever came within their range.

It becomes as to explain why this traveled, cultivated gentleman had come to a lonely Hudson River farmhouse to spend his Summer. The man was thirty-five. Until within the last ten years he had spent a free, roaming life, having inherited large possessions; then, satiated with the follies of life, he had settled down to his profession, and spent the ensuing years in conscientious, indefatigable labor, until at length, physically exhausted, he had sought the quiet and rest of a Summer in the country. Azuba Ann had seen his advertisement, hence the solution.

When Archie had made his hasty retreat through the kitchen-door with the gingerbread, he had started out with an object; one might see that by the long strides he took, which made the short legs look shorter still, and gave the plump little urchin a decidedly roly-poly appearance; besides, this same object was rendered palpable by an act small in itself, but infinite in its self-denial. He was ravenously hungry, as boys usually are a half-hour after dinner-time when the dinner has not been forthcoming, yet he put half the loaf in his pocket. He went down the river full two miles, and then came quite upon this same angler.

They were good friends, Archie and Doctor Lloyd, and once or twice the lad had gone a-fishing with him. Now, with a large manish air funny to see, he asked, in fisherman phraseology:

"Well, do they bite finely?"

There was a slight curve of amusement under the doctor's fine mustache; but he made report of his efforts with imperturbable gravity; then Archie went on:

"I came to hunt you up, 'cause Zuby Ann was afraid you got lost. Golly! she is flying round like an old hen when a cat is after her chickens."

The doctor looked amused. Archie began to empty his pocket of its contents—the huge hunk of gingerbread, together with marbles, a top, and bits of string. He handed the cake to the doctor, saying, apologetically:

"I'd have wrapped it in a napkin, but I only had time to snatch it and run, 'cause that birch-stick was after me."

The doctor, with true refinement, accepted the cake with a courtly grace, as if it had been served on a silver waiter, and ate it with almost boyish relish, then asked, quizzically, "What had set the birch-stick in motion?"

He knew considerable about that same birch-stick, Archie having on several occasions given him his confidence. There was a comical grimace on the urchin's face as he replied:

"'Cause I told her you wasn't any son of hers that she need bother about you. I reckon she didn't like that way of puttin' it, 'cause Martha says she's settin' her cap for you. She allers does for doctors and ministers."

The doctor forgot one of the chief of the angler's laws, *silence*, for he threw back his head, and laughed so long and so merrily that he frightened away all the fish. Archie waited until he had finished, then said:

"It's so, anyway, Doctor Lloyd. She's had her quilts made since ever so long before I began to live."

That made the doctor laugh louder than ever. Archie continued:

"The other day she told Ruthie she must set her cap for Squire Brown's son. He's a big lump of a fellow. Ruthie told her right to her face that if she had the stupid lad in her cap she'd throw it in the river. Zuby Ann said that was just as bad as being a murderer."

The doctor listened. He liked to hear the little fellow talk, he was so droll and so honest.

"Ruthie was awful mad at her this morning, 'cause she was determined to make her begin her set out against the time she shall get married. Ruthie cried like everything. She says she won't make those ugly red-and-yellow quilts if she dies for it, 'cause she'd have to be putting lavender in them until she's forty, like Zuby Ann, and she hates lavender, and she hates old maids, and she hates married folks, and I do believe she hates most everybody but me."

The urchin's voice was full of a certain pride at this last fact. He was thoughtful a moment, then said, in a puzzled way:

"I really do think she doesn't even like you, for when I talk about you she looks bored."

The doctor actually started. This was finding himself presented in a new light. For the last fifteen years he had been courted and sought, yet here was a little country urchin frankly telling him that the bare mention of his name bored his sister.

He was interested. He had never met the girl excepting at her meals. She seemed by nature exclusive. He had noticed her only casually. He had been under the same roof with her about six weeks, yet all he knew of her was, that she was a pretty brunette, a trifle too dark, probably tanned; that she had a graceful figure, and was neatness itself; that her black eyes could flash fire, and her red lips were full of proud curves; that she didn't eat much, was Uncle Nathan's pet, Archie's idol, and Miss Azuba Ann's trial. That she had an individual life of her own he took for granted, and left her in possession of it, reveling in the freedom of not being entertained or entertaining. This afternoon's conversation had presented the situation in an unlooked-for manner. Miss Azuba Ann was setting her cap for him—it fairly made him laugh—and Ruthie Gurney considered him a bore.

Doctor Lloyd, the most eligible gentleman of "our set," was rapidly marking himself down below par.

For a moment he was thoughtful, then, with an odd smile under his fine mustache that was in itself suspicious, proposed going home.

Archie said he knew of a shady way, and acted as guide, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, that showed that he too was laying plans as well as Doctor Lloyd.

He made a direct line for the woods in whose inmost recesses was Ruthie's sanctum.

The girl sat gazing straight before her. Her face was unhappy, dissatisfied, and full of infinite longings, perhaps suggested by the volume, which, all unheeded, had fallen from her listless hands, and lay on the ground at her feet.

Presently she started; any other sound than the light leap of a squirrel, or the twitter of a bird, was utterly foreign to the quiet stretch of woodland; now she distinctly heard voices, and the breaking away of the underbrush, and then, through an opening in the foliage, caught a glimpse of Doctor Lloyd's Panama.

She rose abruptly, and started for home. Archie saw the quick flutter of her muslin dress, as she disappeared.

"There! She's heard us, and gone. I thought we'd catch her, sure."

Doctor Lloyd looked amused. Boy-like, the little fellow had revealed his plot as soon as it had failed.

The next moment they came quite up to this moss-covered log. The spot was picturesque. Doctor Lloyd examined it admiringly. An artistic hand had trained vines around many of the surrounding trees, and a narrow stream of water ran clear, and cool and rippling, a few feet from this unique setting.

"Ruthie most lives here," said Archie.

The doctor suddenly made up his mind that if there was any time in which her ladyship did not occupy, *that time* should be his. Perhaps the resolve arose from the fact that we always like best what another has appropriated.

"It's too bad we didn't whisper, and come on our toes!" said the little fellow, his voice full of disappointment.

"Why?" asked the doctor, his mustache moving a trifle suspiciously at the odd picture here presented.

Archie never detected the half-smile, so explained, in good faith:

"'Cause then we might have come on her sudden as thunder, and she couldn't have got away. If we'd caught her fair and square, she'd had to have staid; and then she'd been sure to have liked you."

Not even the frank compliment at the latter part of the remark did away with the feeling of pique which the doctor experienced from the first part; and yet, he sneered at himself with a sort of derision to think that he, a man full thirty-five, should give so trifling a matter as the avoidance of a young girl a single thought.

"There, she was in such a hurry, she's even dropped her book. I'll serve her right and hide it," said Archie, picking it up; but Doctor Lloyd suddenly took it from his hands.

It was a volume of Emerson's "Essays." He glanced it over with sudden interest and surprise. It was odd reading for a country girl. She had marked many passages with a quick, characteristic pencil-dash, and the volume showed evidence of much reading. He said aloud, in Goethe's words:

"When we know how to appreciate a merit, we have a germ of it within ourselves."

"Me and Ruthie has got lots of books; they were our father's," said Archie, solemnly.

Doctor Lloyd was decidedly interested.

"Where do you keep them?" he asked.

"In the little room off the parlor. Zuby Ann says book-cases look like coffins, so shut ours up in there."

Doctor Lloyd proposed instantly going home. He put the book quietly in his pocket. Archie nodded in a significant manner to himself, as much as to say: "He's got a mighty cool head—that's the way he means to do it."

When they reached home, Zuby Ann was on the portico, watching for them. There was an odd play to Doctor Lloyd's lips, and Archie said to himself, with a little chuckle:

"I reckon he's like the rest of the ministers and doctors. Zuby Ann's cap ain't big enough to catch him, by a sight. Golly! if Doctor Lloyd would just out with the truth, I bet he'd say she was pesky;" adding, to himself, as he looked at the courtly gentlemen beside him, "only I don't reckon he'd exactly put it that way."

Zuby Ann's side-curly fluttered most bewitchingly as Doctor Lloyd went up the steps. She burst out, quite girlishly:

"Why, doctor, I was just about to start out and hunt you myself!"

That evening Doctor Lloyd did what he had

never done before—he went into the parlor, and took a chair. Zubu Ann followed, with a perfect thrill of delight, saying to herself:

"It's coming around—I feel it in my bones!"

There was a light in the little room adjoining, and the door stood ajar.

Doctor Lloyd had no notion of spending the evening in a *lâ-â-tte* with the susceptible spinster, and, besides, he had made up his mind to take this young girl, in her own quarters, quite unawares, or, as Archie had put it, "come down on her sudden as thunder," so he condescended to a bit of strategy, and asked Miss Azuba Ann if they had any books. She delightedly informed him they had, and invited him into the little library. So the victory was achieved, for the young girl was there.

In that evening, the doctor was interested, entertained, and utterly surprised.

* * * * *

Doctor Lloyd had been in the habit of going off every morning, before breakfast, for a ride. The next morning he got up earlier than usual, but did not go near the barn; instead, he took his way across the pasture, and sought the rustic settee in the heart of the woods, saying to himself, with a slight sneer and shrug of the shoulders, that he was impelled by some latent spirit of his boyhood. Having reached the spot, he threw himself down, with a thrill of exultation that the place, for the present, at least, was his.

It was but five o'clock, and they never breakfasted until seven; "of course her ladyship would not disturb him before breakfast." Yet, while he sat there in undisputed possession, an odd thought came, followed close by a sneer at its foolishness, that he would like to see that girl in the freedom of this her sanctum.

She had interested him intensely the night before. Even this morning, in his cool, unbiased mood, he was forced to admit it.

He drew the volume from his pocket, as if to learn more of her from it, saying to himself, as if the simple act needed justification, that "he had been studying people all his life—why not study her?"

He had read, perhaps, an hour, when a slight sound caused him to look up, and he saw Ruth Gurney's retreating figure. He called after her: "Ruth!"

Simply her name, with no prefix. It was so naturally done, that she came back instantly, and met him quite on his own ground, saying frankly, with neither surprise nor embarrassment at his unexpected presence:

"I dropped a book here last night, and came to hunt it," adding, "I see you have found it."

He invited her to a seat upon her own settee. She took it, with a sudden little laugh at his presumption; and when he asked her why she laughed, told him as honestly as Archie would have done.

She was a new phase of womankind to him—a sort of perpetual surprise.

It was wonderful how rapidly that hour passed. They would never have known that it was gone had not Archie come through the woods calling, "Ruthie! Ruthie!" at the top of his vigorous lungs.

The girl arose immediately, and led the way home. Doctor Lloyd followed. They had gone but a few paces when they met Archie. It was both pretty and funny to see the young girl and little boy bid each other good-morning. In their hearty hug and kiss, they quite ignored Doctor Lloyd's elegant presence; then the urchin, looking at him with a comical grimace, asked:

"How did you know Ruthie came here every morning?"

The doctor looked amused, and thanked him

for the information, saying he had not known it before.

Archie shrugged his shoulders, and went on—he seemed inclined to volunteer the news that morning:

"Zuby Ann's got on a spandy new gown, and pink ribbons in her hair."

The doctor laughed. Ruthie walked very fast, and looked very grave. They had much ado to keep up with her.

"Martha says she's coming to a climax."

Ruthie turned around and shook her head at the little fellow.

"We've got pancakes for breakfast," he said, suddenly changing the subject.

Doctor Lloyd had been watching the young girl's face.

"So if you had Squire Brown's son in your cap, you'd throw cap and all in the river," he said, coolly.

It was pretty to see her as she flashed a quick, suspicious look at Archie, her dark cheeks growing suddenly bright. That urchin was whistling in an indolent manner, with well-assumed unconsciousness of them both. The doctor laughed. Ruthie increased her rapid pace.

They soon quit the woods, and crossed the pasture. When they reached the fence, Ruthie stood with an expression half of amusement, half of impatience about her red lips whilst the doctor let down the bars, wondering what he would think if he knew that she usually cleared the fence at a bound.

Archie, too, was waiting, with as dignified an air as if he had never even seen such a thing done as rolling under. As the bars were being replaced, the urchin said, coolly:

"Ruthie, I had an awful queer dream last night. I dreamt I saw you and Doctor Lloyd coming through this very fence. Doctor Lloyd had a red-and-yellow quilt around him, just like one of Zuby Ann's, and you had a bunch of lavender in your hand."

The girl started in desperation for the house, but Doctor Lloyd, with unbroken gravity, laid his hand upon her shoulder, and bade her wait. It was odd to see her obey; it set Archie to whistling again.

A few minutes later, when they sat down to break fast, Ruthie discovered on a chair by the window a roll of patchwork. Her dark eyes flashed angrily.

The doctor had seen it at the same moment, with an odd smile about his lips, speculating upon the probabilities as to which would conquer in this woman's warfare.

* * * * *

In the month that followed, it was odd to see how this man, who until now had proved utterly invincible to the darts of Cupid, found himself undeniably and desperately in love with this girl. She interested, fascinated, and satisfied every demand of his nature.

At first he had sneered at himself, and refused to believe that he was conquered; but it was of no avail, and so he determined, since he had been won, to win in his turn. After that he filled every moment of this girl's life.

If she went to walk, he was sure to find her; and if she staid in the house, he staid too. Zuby Ann, with curious, blind egotism, appropriated all this attention. If he spent his morning on the portico, it was to be near her; and if she discovered him coming home from a walk with Ruthie and Archie—for the little fellow was always along—she flattered herself that "he was trying to win her affections by taking the care of them two off her mind."

Every day since the roll of patchwork had made its appearance the two women had had quick

words over it. Zuby Ann had said very aggravating things in the sweetest tones imaginable; and Rutlie, with her frank nature, scorning deceit, had not sought to hide her anger, even in Doctor Lloyd's presence.

So the month had passed.

It was an afternoon, and Rutlie, longing to be alone, had sought her sanctum. In this month this girl had been bewildered and puzzled. Now she sat, her head resting on her hands, utterly startled with the knowledge that burst suddenly upon her—*she loved*. It only brought pain, for in few weeks she would never see him again.

So absorbed was she, she did not hear Doctor Lloyd's footstep, nor was conscious of his presence, until he sat down beside her. She started as he drew the contested roll of patchwork from his pocket.

"What did you bring those here for?" she demanded.

He was spreading out the bits of calico on his knee, and there were teasing lights in his blue eyes. He answered her with a question:

"Do you remember Archie's dream?"

She looked quickly away.

"Do you believe in dreams?"

She neither looked at him nor answered. Suddenly he grew grave.

"Rutlie, let me interpret the dream: I love you. You had lavender in your hand, and Shakespeare has said, 'Owning her love, she sent him lavender.'"

An hour later, when Archie found them, the doctor was talking very earnestly, and Rutlie was listening, with a glad, bright blush on her cheeks. The roll of calico, quite unheeded, had fallen into the brook. The urchin waded in after it, and presented it drolly. The doctor laughed.

"Never mind, Archie, Rutlie can dispense with a set-out. Why, do you know, I am going to take you both home with me in October!"

Words fail in the portrayal of Zuby Ann's disappointment. Suffice it to say, she survived; for, the next Summer, when Doctor Lloyd brought his wife and Archie home for a visit, they found her side-curls still in a flutter, and Martha informed Mrs. Lloyd privately that "bedad, she'd been setting her cap afresh for the new minister down in the village," adding, "shure the crathur always lived in blissid hopes."

Romantic Life of the Late Lady Ellenborough.

Mrs. ELIZABETH BURTON relates in an interesting letter what she knew of the remarkable life led by the late Lady Ellenborough, who appears to have dictated her biography to Mrs. Burton:

I was pledged not to publish this until after her death and that of certain near relatives; but I am in a position to state that there is a grain of truth to a ton of falsehood in the paragraph from Beyrout, and, inasmuch as Beyrout is only seventy-two miles from Damascus, the writer must know that as well as I do. It must have come from a very common source when such English as this is used, "Between Beyrout and Damascus she got pleased with the camel-driver." It suggests a discharged lady's-maid.

I left Damascus just a year and a half ago, in the middle of the night, and she was the last friend to see me out of the city. As she wrung my hand, these were her last words:

"Do not forget your promise if I die, and we never meet again."

"I replied, 'Inshallah, I shall soon return.'"

She rode a black thoroughbred Arab mare, and as far as I could see anything in the moonlight,

her large, sorrowful blue eyes, glistening with tears, haunted me.

I cannot meddle with the past without infringing on the biography confided to me, but I can say a few words concerning her life, dating from her arrival in the East about sixteen years ago, as told me by herself and by those now living there, and I can add my testimony as to what I saw, which I believe will interest every one in England, from the highest downward, and be a gratification to those more nearly concerned.

About sixteen years ago, tired of Europe, Lady Ellenborough conceived the idea of visiting the East, and of imitating Lady Hester Stanhope and Lady Mary Wortley Montague. (There is also a French lady, Madame de la Tour d'Auvergne, who has built herself a temple on the top of Mount Olivet, and lives there still.) Lady Ellenborough arrived at Beyrout, and went to Damascus, where she arranged to go to Bagdad across the desert. A Bedouin escort for this journey was necessary, and as the Mezrab tribe occupied the ground, the duty of commanding the escort devolved upon Shaykh Mijwal, a younger brother of Shaykh Mohammad, chief of this tribe, which is a branch of the great Anazeh tribe.

On the journey the young Shaykh fell in love with this beautiful woman, who possessed all the qualities that could fire the Arab imagination. Even two years ago she was more attractive than half the young girls of our time. It ended by his proposing to divorce his Moslem wives, and to marry her; to pass half the year in Damascus (which to him was like what London or Paris would be to us) for her pleasure, and half in the desert, to lead his natural life.

The romantic picture of becoming a queen of the desert, and of the wild Bedouin tribes, exactly suited her wild fancies, and was at once accepted, and she was married in spite of all opposition made by her friends and the British Consulate. She was married according to Mohammedan law, changed her name to that of the Honorable Mrs. Digby El Mezrab, and was horrified when she found that she had lost her nationality by her marriage, and had become a Turkish subject. For fifteen years she lived, as she died, the faithful and affectionate wife of the Shaykh, to whom she was devotedly attached.

Half the year was passed in a very pretty house she built at Damascus, just without the gates of the city, and the other six months were passed, according to his nature, in the desert, in the Bedouin tents of the tribe.

In spite of this hard life necessitated by accommodating herself to his habits—for they were never apart—she never lost anything of the English lady nor the softness of a woman. She was "*grande dame au bout des doigts*" in sentiment, voice, manner, and speech. She never said or did anything you could wish otherwise. She kept all his respect, and was the queen of his tribe.

In Damascus we were only nineteen Europeans, but we all flocked around her with affection and friendship. The natives the same. As to strangers, she only received those who brought a letter of introduction from a friend or relative; but this did not hinder every ill-conditioned passer-by from boasting of his intimacy with the house of Mezrab, and recounting the untruths which he invented, *pour se faire valoir*, or to sell his book or newspaper at a better profit.

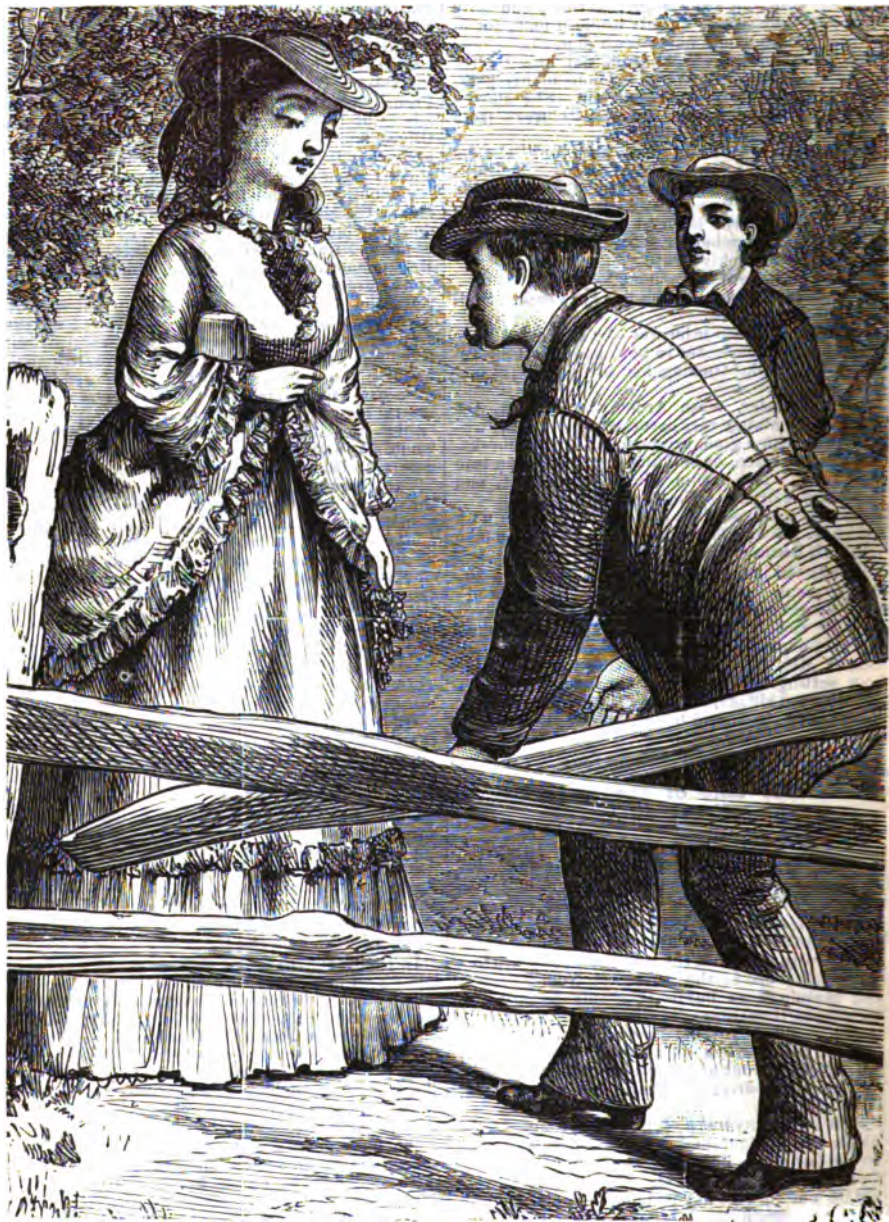
She understood friendship in its best and fullest sense, and for those who enjoyed her confidence it was a treat to pass the hours with her. She spoke French, Italian, German, Slav, Spanish, Arabic, Turkish, and Greek as she spoke her native tongue. She had all the tastes of a country life, and occupied herself alternately with painting, sculpture, music, or with her garden flowers, or

poultry, or with her thoroughbred Arab mares, or carrying out some improvements. She was thoroughly a connoisseur in each of her amusements or occupations.

To the last she was fresh and young; beautiful, brave, refined and delicate. "*Bon sang ne peut mentir.*" Her heart *au fond* was noble; she was charitable to the poor. She regularly attended the Protestant church, and often twice on Sun-

days. She fulfilled all the duties of a good Christian lady and an Englishwoman.

She is dead. All those who knew her in her latter days will weep for her. She had but one fault (and who knows it it was hers), washed out by fifteen years of goodness and repentance. Let us hide it, and shame those who seek to drag up the adventures of her wild youth to tarnish as good a memory. *Requiescat in pace.*



RUTH GURNEY'S SET OUT.—"WHEN THEY REACHED THE FENCE, RUTH STOOD WITH AN EXPRESSION HALF OF AMUSEMENT, HALF OF IMPATIENCE ABOUT HER RED LIPS, WHILST THE DOCTOR LET DOWN THE BARS."—SEE PAGE 442.



THE BLUE JAY.

The Blue Jay.

THE inhabitants of Cedar Grove were thrown into a great state of excitement when it became known that Mr. and Mrs. Jay were building themselves a house in the top of one of the cedar trees. Master Catbird was in his element. He had something to gossip about, and a large and attentive audience were eagerly drinking in all that he had to say.

"I tell you what it is," screamed he, in a very harsh voice. "I know all about these people. It was only this morning that I heard Farmer Gray say that the whole Jay family ought to be exterminated. They were the greatest thieves and mischief-makers in the country except—" Here the young gentleman paused abruptly, and looked rather sheepish. Every one laughed and winked, but all cried, "Go on! go on!" "Well," proceeded Master Catbird, "he said that this morning Mrs. Jay, who is to be our next-door neighbor, was the cause of his losing a very fine deer. She was sneaking along after him to see what he was about, and when she saw him raise his gun, shrieked out at the top of her voice, and frightened the deer away."

"Oh, if you young birds won't have to catch it! They tell me that these terrible Jays live altogether by plundering and murdering small birds."

At this the little birds set up a doleful cry, and some of the lady-birds fainted dead away. Mrs. Thrush, and some others of a gentle, retiring disposition, wept bitterly, and withdrew to the privacy of their own homes.

"Oh, my dear Thrushy," said Mrs. Thrush, in a mournful voice, "is it possible that, after the trouble and care of raising them, our little ones are doomed to fall victims to these terrible Jays? We must move immediately."

"Very well, my dear," said Mr. Thrush. "I am quite willing to do as you wish; but I am afraid that we shall not be able to complete another dwelling before it is time for your second brood. I think, perhaps, we had better remain where we are. It is a dark place, and very secluded. I doubt if we could find a better one; and the children are growing large enough to protect themselves."

Mrs. Thrush shook her head, and continued to weep over the possible fate of the little Thrushes. Meanwhile the crowd about Master Catbird were growing more and more excited, and when he had finished a long and thrilling account of the fate of some of the Jays' victims, the frantic populace gave vent to their indignation in loud cries of, "Put them out!" "Break their house to pieces, and kill the wretched creatures!"

"Gracious!" growled old Father Owl from the tree above them, where he was taking a nap,

"what noisy pests these birds are! One is never allowed to sleep in peace. I say, you, Master Catbird, what is the matter?"

At the same time, Father Owl performed the wonderful gymnastic feat of turning his head entirely round on his shoulders, without any inconvenience apparently.

A dozen voices answered him at once, and as soon as he heard the name Jay, Father Owl himself was struck with consternation.

"No more peace for me," he muttered. "Those Jays are the torment of my life."

Now, all this would tend to give one a very bad impression as to the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Jay; but still it might be all a mistake. Young Catbird was always saying spiteful things of his neighbors. He had caught the habit from lounging about the village, and listening to the people's conversation; and as for old Father Owl, he was always looking at the dark side of everything.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay paid no attention to what was going on around them. They seemed too much engaged with their work to understand what the excitement was about. For the first few days they kept themselves very quiet, and no one found anything to complain of. The other birds began to think that they had been misinformed, and when the Jays furiously attacked and drove away a hawk that was about to pounce upon one of the little Catbirds, they all said that Master Catbird owed the Jays an apology for slandering their character; but this apology he stoutly refused to make, and told them to wait, and they would see that he was right.

Now, every morning a small crowd of birds were accustomed to assemble near the dwelling of the Jays to witness the amusing and ridiculous sight of Mr. Jay strutting back and forth in the sun, admiring himself. He would practice every morning the most entrancing love-song, turning his head and gazing upon himself in the most silly, love-sick way imaginable.

One morning the laughing crowd about him were startled by the scream of a hawk and the cry of a little bird in distress. All flew to the rescue of their little ones, but no hawk was to be found. The excitement had somewhat subsided when the cry was repeated, with the same result, and this was kept up most of the day.

Master Catbird shook his head, and looked very knowingly in the direction of the Jays, and by-and-by, it was whispered about that Mr. Jay could explain the mysterious cries; if he saw fit.

It seemed that this morning was the commencement of hostilities on the part of the Jays. Little birds began to disappear, eggs were broken, and the contents eaten, the old birds being driven away from the nests. The cries of the different birds were mimicked to such perfection, that husbands were sent on useless errands after distressed wives, and parents were called away by the cry of some little one in the forest, to return after a fruitless search and find their progeny killed and their home destroyed by the enemy.

Master Catbird was triumphant, and, accompanied by some other inquisitive youngsters, followed Mrs. Jay, and discovered in some of her hiding places money, jewels, etc., that proved, without a doubt, that she was a thief.

The other birds decided that "something must be done," and appointed a meeting to take place, in which all responsible heads of families were to speak their minds freely, and were to decide upon what was the best course to pursue.

But this meeting was destined never to take place, for, the morning before the time appointed, a young man from the neighboring village, being out walking in Cedar Grove, espied Mr. and Mrs. Jay destroying the little ones of poor Mrs. Thrush, and, in his indignation, raised his gun

and fired, killing Mrs. Jay and injuring her husband so badly that he was soon dispatched.

Great was the joy among the other birds at Cedar Grove, and, instead of the grave meeting, a grand ball was given in honor of Master Catbird, who had so kindly warned them, and it became whispered about that he was in some way connected with their happy delivery from their enemy, the Jays, who, though a very beautiful and interesting bird, is a great pest not only to bird and beast, but to man also—not only considered a very objectionable neighbor by the feathered tribes, but hunted and driven away by every one.

By the negroes of the South they are supposed to be possessed of a sort of supernatural power, and hated and feared accordingly.

The Jay, or the blue jay, as it is called in America, can be very easily taught to talk, and can be made very tame, never, however, losing its propensity for thieving and mischievous tricks of all kinds. Its diet consists mostly of animal food, rather than vegetable. It will sometimes, indeed, do a great deal of damage among fruits and vegetables, but, as a general thing, prefers the eggs and young of other birds, sometimes even attacking old birds. It is also very fond of nuts and seeds. When pressed by hunger, they become very bold, and have been known to assemble together in large flocks, make a raid on some encampment, and carry off everything eatable that can be found.

The nest of the blue jay is large and clumsily made, and generally placed on the tops of cedar trees. The eggs, four or five in number, are of a dull olive color, spotted with brown.

The blue jay is a very beautiful bird, and quite vain and proud; the male especially entertaining a great admiration for himself, and showing it in a most amusing manner. The upper portions of the body are a light bluish purple color, the head being adorned with a movable crest of bright blue or purple feathers. On each side of the head is a narrow black line rising higher than the eyes; and round the neck, and extending to the breast, is a band also of black. The chin, cheeks and throat are bluish white; the abdomen pure white. The tail feathers are light blue, barred with black, and tipped with white, except the two middle ones, which are tipped with purple. The eyes are hazel.

Mrs. Myrton's Murderer.

One of the prettiest women in the town of Sing Sing was Mrs. Alice Myrton, a wealthy widow, about twenty-two years old. She was a small, slightly formed blonde, with dark blue eyes that lit up with a roguish smile on the slightest provocation, a delicately outlined face framing a smiling mouth and aquiline nose, and a protusion of shining hair, which she wore circled around her head in such a manner as to reveal what is amongst the distinguishing beauties of her sex—the sloping curve at the nape of the neck.

At the time of my story, she had commenced to weary of her state of single-blessedness, and had come to the conclusion that, if it be not good for man to live alone, it is worse for a woman, besides being often inconvenient.

Of course, there was no lack of aspirants for her hand; but, having sagely determined that she needed the protection and experience of one much older than herself, a certain Mr. Higgins was the gratified recipient of the greater part of such favors as she chose to bestow upon embodied masculinity.

This gentleman was the local magistrate, commonly called "Square," and being of the pos-

derous build and order of intellect, passed as a wise man, for pretty much the same reason that a big book is supposed to be very learned.

Naturally, he was, after his custom, placidly pleased at the marked preference shown him by Mrs. Myrton, and on one balmy Summer day mustered up sufficient palpitating courage to formally declare himself her lover, begging permission to encircle her forehead with the usual diamond-ring.

This permission was neither given nor withheld, the pretty widow saying that she was opposed to all rings, but adding, with a bewitching smile, that "he might hope."

Matters were in this condition, when one morning, in the soft, delicious weather of October, Mr. Eben Huggins received a faintly perfumed note, inviting him to luncheon on the morrow with "yours, very sincerely, Alice Myrton."

For one moment he so far forgot his dignity as to chuckle volubly, and then dispatched an instant, eager acceptance, determined that, come what might, the momentous morning should so change his present position as to either raise him to the heights of unutterable bliss, or hurl him downward to the realms of bottomless despair.

The luncheon was to take place in a small two-story building some short distance from the house, which had formerly been used as a gardener's residence, but had recently been transformed into a pleasant little summer-house, with the advantage of doors and windows.

About twelve o'clock in the day a prolonged, deep-drawn, steady yawn resounded through the upper story of the edifice, popularly supposed to be deserted.

Spirits, however, had nothing to do with the yawn, for it emanated from the lungs of a young man lying stretched at full length upon a lounge. He was fairly good-looking, with keen black eyes, and dark hair cut short, rather well-dressed, though with that indefinable air about him which proclaims as plainly as spoken words "hard up."

Scarcely awake, he sprang to his feet, aroused by a knock at the door, and a voice saying:

"It's me—Mary."

He immediately unlocked it, and admitted her.

"I hope you slept well, Mr. Phillips?"

"Yes," he replied, carelessly; "about as well as usual. It's three weeks now since I have slept in a bed."

"You can sleep in one to-night, for I am obliged to turn you out of this."

"Turn me out? Why?"

"Because Mrs. Myrton is going to have luncheon here to-day, and there would be a fine time for me if she knew that I had been letting you stay here. There is a very good hotel in the village."

"Do you suppose that I would go to a hotel, where everybody can see me?"

"Why not?"

"Oh—well—ah—no particular reason. But, then, I should not see her any more?"

"Who?"

"Mrs. Myrton, of course," said Mr. Phillips, impatiently. "Only last night I watched her for more than an hour, while she was walking in the garden, going from flower to flower, pensively inhaling their fragrance, she herself sweeter than the rarest. Is she not lovely?"

"They all say so," answered Mary, with a side glance toward a mirror.

"I had almost," continued Mr. Phillips, pursuing his own thoughts, "forgotten civility; prudence even, and should have fallen at her feet—"

"Through the window?"

"Pshaw! Give me the newspaper. Hallo! here it is!" and he read aloud from the previous evening's *Post*:

"Nothing has yet been discovered which would lead to a clearing-up of the mystery surrounding the atrocious murder that a short time ago so agitated the public. Mr. Julian Henry, the finest figure-painter in the city, has been missing for over three weeks, and the most energetic searching has hitherto failed to discover his body—(Glad of it!) He had just completed one of the best pictures which even his fertile genius had ever undertaken, and left the studio building at precisely half-past twelve on Thursday, the 4th inst. Since then no trace of him has been found, except a bit of linen stained with blood—(Vermillion). By a fatal coincidence, one of our most desperate criminals, known as Double Brain Johnny, had the day before escaped from Sing Sing. As Mr. Henry was going in that direction, for the purpose of sketching, it is, unfortunately, only too probable that the ruffian has added a new offense to his long list of crimes. The detectives are working up the case—(Of course!) Meanwhile the friends of the talented young artist have collected all the paintings left in his studio, even to the slightest sketch, and have put them up at auction. This interesting collection will be sold to-night, and all desirous of securing real works of art will not fail to attend. We understand that the owners of our most prominent private galleries have signified their intention of being present in order to secure, if possible, a relic of the lamented artist so unfortunately cut off in the prime of his genius."

"Three cheers for Double Brain Johnny!" concluded Mr. Phillips.

During the reading, Mary had been setting the table. As he finished, she stopped short, horrified.

"What, sir! do you know him?"

"Not a bit; but the victim was one of my best friends," and he began to sing "Champagne Charlie."

"You are a bad man, to be glad because your friend is dead."

"A great artist never dies, Mary. Now that he has been murdered, people will rush to buy his pictures at big prices, and will recognize the talent for which they would never give him credit before."

"Mrs. Myrton did, I know, for I saw her crying over this paper. She is very fond of pictures; the house is full of them."

"Is that so?" he exclaimed, eagerly; and, tearing a leaf from a memorandum-book, he wrote rapidly:

"MADAME—Since I have caused you grief, I feel sorry for what I have done. I killed Julian Henry, but can bring him to life again if you really wish it. I love you. Give me five minutes, and if I should read hope in your eyes—"

He waited a moment for further inspiration, when the luncheon-table caught his sight.

"Two plates!" he exclaimed. "I am not to lunch with her?"

"No," said Mary; "you are not, but Mr. Huggins is."

"Who's Mr. Huggins?"

"Only the man she's engaged to marry."

"The deuce she is! Huggins—beastly name! No woman of true taste would think of such a man! Good-by!"

Tearing the note in two, he threw a portion of it upon the floor, and rushed indignantly from the room.

The discriminating reader has doubtless perceived that this young gentleman was very impetuous.

It was time that he went, for, in a short while after his departure, Mr. Huggins entered the summer-house, followed by the village constable.

"Till Mrs. Myrton, Mary that business detain

me here for a few moments," said Mr. Huggins; resuming, when he and his companion were alone: "Now, Jenkins, this is a fine opportunity for you to distinguish yourself. Are you sure that you have seen Double Brain Johnny in this neighborhood?"

"Yes, your honor," replied Mr. Jenkins—a short, corpulent man, swollen with the dignity of his office.

"You have his description?"

"Two of them, your honor."

"How, two?"

"Yes, sir. Here they are. No. 1—height, five feet eleven inches and a half; age, forty-nine; light hair, low forehead, large mouth, turn-up nose, and projecting chin. No. 2—average height, dark hair, ordinary forehead, ordinary mouth, ordinary nose, ordinary chin, and with no particular marks."

"You ought to find him without trouble. Are the men placed throughout the grounds as I directed?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Tell them to stop every man they see, and if he disobeys, to fire at him."

"Yes, your honor."

Further talk between the justice and the constable was cut short by the appearance of Mrs. Myrton, and Mr. Jenkins betook himself to search for the escaped criminal.

After the usual preliminary conversation, the widow and her guest sat down to lunch, though Mr. Huggins was so occupied with his hope of catching the celebrated Double Brain Johnny, that he was but a dull companion.

Quite positive of making the capture, he had already determined what he should state to the shoal of "interviewers" he expected to call upon him the next day. Suddenly, much to Mrs. Myrton's surprise, he leaped up from the table, upsetting his chair in so doing, and pounced upon a scrap of paper.

"I have it! I have it!" he cried, exultingly.

"You have what?" exclaimed Mrs. Myrton, seriously alarmed for his sanity.

"The confession of the murderer!" And he read aloud: "'I feel sorry for what I have done, but love you—' Ah! there never yet was a crime committed without a woman's being at the bottom of it. If I could only find the other part of this letter!" With that, he hurried down-stairs, to give fresh advice to his subordinates.

"He is crazy!" said Mrs. Myrton.

"More jealous than crazy," corrected Mary, with the privileged freedom of a trusted servant.

"Absurd; he has not feeling enough, and, besides, of whom could he be jealous?"

"Of that young gentleman who always looks at you so when he passes you on the road—Mr. Phillips is his name, I believe."

"Ridiculous."

"At all events, I thought he would kill himself when I told him that you are to marry Mr. Huggins."

"Poor fellow."

"Well, he wrote that letter which Mr. Huggins was reading."

"Did he dare to write to me?"

"But since he did not send it, what harm is done?"

"True."

"A little more and he would have thrown himself in the river."

"Poor fellow!" she repeated, musingly. "You may leave now, Mary; I wish to be alone."

Her head rested on her hand as she sat quite still, thinking of this young fellow. She had seen him but a few times, and yet had become strangely interested in his manner and appearance. Then her thoughts turned to Huggins, and she resolved

that he should change his name, if she had anything to say about it.

All at once she was aroused by the report of a pistol outside, and the abrupt entrance into the room of a man through the window, who fell at her feet, and in whom she recognized the romantic stranger. "What folly!" she exclaimed, starting up. "Are you wounded?"

"No; I had to come in that way because it's the only one not watched; there are men all around the house."

"Were you not afraid?"

"No; quite the contrary. Yesterday, when I was here alone, admiring you; when you, also alone, were walking in the garden, when there was no one near to prevent me from saying, 'I love you!' then a foolish timidity kept me silent. But now that all endeavor to separate us, their efforts only serve to inspire me with courage. Let them come now, though; let the whole world be witness of our love."

"Really, sir," said Mrs. Myrton, sarcastically, "I admire your assurance. You are not even acquainted with me. I do not know your name; yet you fall at my feet like a rocket-stick, and talk of mutual love as if we had sworn fidelity to each other from childhood."

"You say that I do not know you—I do. You are a wonderful combination of all nature's perfections, dignity joined to grace, and glorified by beauty. You are—"

"Enough," she interrupted, with some of the dignity of which he had spoken so glibly. "Were I to say that I disliked you, I should hardly be speaking the truth; but if you imagine that your private theatricals—excellently acted, I admit—can turn my head, I should be the first to laugh at your folly—even were I free."

"You are not married?"

"No, but engaged to be. Hark! Some one is coming. Go while you can."

Mr. Phillips ran to the window to escape as he had entered, but Mrs. Myrton held him back, and motioned to the door which led into a small anteroom.

She had but just closed the door behind him, and withdrawn the key, when Mr. Huggins came up the stairs, hot, excited, and out of breath. He had been unsuccessfully chasing the escaped murderer.

"I am convinced," he said, without other preface, "that Double Brain Johnny is hidden in this building."

"Here?" asked Mrs. Myrton, astonished.

"Yes," and he tried the door she had the moment before locked. "Give me the key!"

"You forget, Mr. Huggins, that you are not yet my husband."

"This has nothing to do with marriage. As a justice, I ask you for the key."

"All the more reason why I should refuse it. I might submit to jealousy in a lover, no matter how absurd the cause, but will never bow to other dictation."

"Be careful, Mrs. Myrton," said Huggins, becoming irritated, "that you do not offend the law."

"And do you be careful," she retorted, "that you do not offend me."

"There is a man concealed in that room."

"Well?" she said, coolly, as if that were the most natural thing possible.

"If you are so fed away by compassion as to harbor a criminal, I shall be obliged to break open the door."

"A criminal?"

"Yes, one of the worst sort."

"You mean one of the worst sort for you. What do you want of him?"

"I want to have him hanged."

"Nothing more than that! But, seriously," she continued, "you should be calmer. Remember your position."

"That's just what you are trying to make me forget!" cried Huggins, provoked at what he considered her malicious "chaffing."

"Besides," she resumed, "the poor fellow is not so guilty as you think."

"Poor fellow—bah!" he snorted, angrily.

"I should say that his error—"

"His crime!" ejaculated the justice.

"His crime, then—is one that anybody might commit!"

"I'll commit him," growled Huggins, perpe-
trating his first and only joke.

"You yourself are not without faults."

"By Jove, this is too much," and springing to the bell, he rang a tinkling peal.

Mary arrived, running at the top of her speed.

"Tell the constable to come here with two men," said Huggins.

"I forbid you to stir, Mary."

"I order you in the name of the law."

"I'll dismiss you if you obey him."

"I'll put you in prison if you don't," shouted the justice.

Mary waited for no more contradictory commands; but, elapping her hands over her ears, fled rapidly.

"That is sufficient," said Mrs. Myrton. "Here is the key; but if you open that door, all is over between us."

"When you know better who this man is, you will thank me for having saved you."

Saying this, he melodramatically unlocked and flung open the door, half expecting that the ruffian would at once attack him; but, greatly to his surprise, the room was empty. He turned around, crestfallen.

Mrs. Myrton divined that her eccentric admirer had again risked life and limb by escaping through the window rather than subject her to any annoyance on his account, and commenced to think that such an unreasoning devotion was, perhaps, better than the chuckle-headed jealousy of a Huggins; for she had no other idea of what he meant by his talk about some mysterious criminal.

She had ample time in which to pursue this train of thought, for Huggins immediately hurried off, and did not reappear for fully twenty minutes. At their expiration he came in, followed by the constable, and an assistant—all having in their hands revolvers, which were subsequently discovered to be unloaded—dragging between them the gentleman called Mr. Phillips.

"Here he is!" cried Huggins, in exultation, as Mrs. Myrton started up from her seat.

"What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Phillips, indignantly, shaking himself free, while the two guards took their places near the door.

"I will ask all needful questions," said Mr. Huggins, assuming his sternest aspect of judicial gravity. "What is your name?"

"Never mind."

"Where do you live?"

"Where I please."

"Where were you on the 4th of this month?"

"Absurd," said Mrs. Myrton. "Can't you see that he has some particular reason for not answering you? I am no judge, but still I am certain that he is innocent of whatever he is charged with."

"I thank you for your confidence," said Phillips, bowing, "and can assure you that it is not misplaced."

"Then, I will tell you who you are," said Huggins, severely. "You are John Sart, *alias* the Crib Cracker, but more commonly known as Double Brain Johnny. One year ago you were sent to Sing Sing—"

"My dear, sir," said Phillips, "I must beg you to be somewhat clearer. You seem to think that I have been guilty of doing something wrong."

"You have."

"I should very much like to know what I have done."

"On the 4th of October, 1871, you murdered the celebrated painter, Julian Henry."

"Ha! ha! ha!" came from Mr. Phillips, in a roar of laughter. "Oh, this is rich! This is capital. And you are a justice of the peace! Ha! ha! ha!"

"This shameless effrontery only aggravates your crime. Here is part of a letter—did you write it?"

"Yes," said Phillips, carelessly glancing at the paper held toward him.

"And in this letter," pursued Huggins, "you say, 'I killed Julian Henry.' You shall be committed for trial without delay. Notice, Mrs. Myrton, how villainously always overstates itself. This ruffian murdered a poor artist for the sake of a few paltry dollars, while, had he waited until after the auction of his victim's pictures, which netted over seventeen thousand dollars—"

"Seventeen thousand dollars!" cried Phillips.

"Is it a fact!"

"Yes."

"Hurrah, then! 'Off, ye lendings.' I live again—I am Julian Henry. Yes, the celebrated painter himself."

Huggins was staggered at this unexpected revelation, and, of course, demanded proof. This was soon furnished by the other half of the compromising letter, which the artist had fortunately stuffed in his pocket.

Not many sentences were needed to inform Mrs. Myrton that the murder was a little dodge to enable the painter to realize a good round sum by taking advantage of a factitious public excitement. She readily forgave what small amount of deception had been practiced upon her.

"However," said the artist to me, when finishing the story, "it was a murder, after all; for, before Christmas, Mrs. Myrton no longer lived, though somebody very much like her survives in the person of Mrs. Henry."

I never heard whether the real Double Brain Johnny were really captured.

The Diamond Tiara.

It would be hard to discover, in the length or breadth of the United States, a sleeper, duller little village than Edge Hill, although it lies within two hours' ride by rail of the city of New York.

It is true there is a walk or drive of five miles from the railway station to the village, and it seems as if those five miles had thrown the village and its people fifty years behind the age. There was the usual number of country stores, and a certain amount of traffic on the main street, while within a wide circuit were some of the richest farms in the State.

There was the necessary great man, and great house, the latter being Edge Hill proper, and situated a mile from the village. Here for many generations had dwelt the family of Garwins; father, son, grandson and great-grandson, all inheriting the old place in direct line, until the Daniel Garwin holding it upon the evening in March I am about to describe failed to give a son to the line of Garwins, and so falling, started a chain of events which led to the incidents of my story.

Upon a blustering March afternoon, when Winter seemed struggling to retain the power Spring was wresting from him, a traveler walked up the

main street of the little village, and entered the bar of the only public-house—the Golden Horn.

It was not an unheard-of event for a tourist to come for fishing or shooting, or an artist for sketching, at Edge Hill; but in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, a stranger had never asked for a room at the Golden Horn in March. Not a chamber was in readiness, and the new-comer was invited to wait in the bar while one was being prepared.

Throwing aside a wide-brimmed hat and a large cloak, he appeared to the curious eyes studying him a tall, rather fine-looking man of about thirty, with a pair of English side-whiskers, curling brown hair, and deeply set eyes, black as those of an Italian brigand.

"Can you tell me," he asked, after a half-hour of chat about the weather and the news in York—"can you tell me if Daniel Garwin still lives at Edge Hill?"

"Certainly he does."

"The father, I mean, of the celebrated actress, Laura L—?"

"You'd better not talk about that, if you want a welcome," said one of his listeners.

"But my business here is to talk about that. I want to try to buy her stage wardrobe, unless her daughter thinks of using it. Does she inherit anything of her mother's talent, or, I might say, her parents' talent, for her father was as promising an actor as ever trod the boards. He would have made his name famous if he had not died so young."

"I guess you don't know much about old Daniel Garwin, Mr.—"

"Carrington," said the stranger.

"Mr. Carrington! He would set the dogs on you, or shoot you outright, if you went up there to talk about his daughter's talent, or his daughter's stage wardrobe, and as for suggesting that his grandchild inherited a talent for play-acting! Well—with an expressive shrug—"I had rather you did it than me!"

"But I want to buy the dresses and ornaments of the late Mrs. L—. I am willing to give a good price for them. It will be a favor to me, if you can tell me anything about the family."

"There is little enough to tell. Old Daniel Garwin, the most violent-tempered, cross-grained old man you ever met, had a little addition of sourness introduced into his composition by the death of his wife, soon after his only child was born, and having a girl upon his hands, instead of a boy. She was as handsome as a picture, was Laura Garwin, and when she was only about seventeen, an actor chap from New York came here to spend the Summer, and ran away with her. Nobody knew any more about her for fifteen years, and then the old gentleman took a journey to New York, and came home with a little girl, who has lived with her grandfather ever since. They do say that she will have a heap of money her mother made play acting; but the old man is furious if it is even hinted at. He won't allow her to be called by her father's name, even, but adopted her, and gave her his own. She is Agnes Garwin, in her grandfather's house and in the village, and nobody dares whisper her father's name to her."

"How old is she now?"

"About eighteen. She must have turned ten when her mother died."

"But why is her grandfather so opposed to her mother's profession?"

"Bless my soul, stranger, she was a play-actress. You don't suppose any pious man like Daniel Garwin, member of a church, and one of its shining lights, wants a play-actress for a daughter, do you? Daniel Garwin may be a cantankerous, ill-tempered man in his family, but there ain't a better churchman in Edge Hill."

"H'm! Yes; but if he is so opposed to all that belongs to the stage, I should think he would be glad to sell what I want to buy."

"It might be. Did you say she was a good one—a good player, Mr. Carrington?"

"She was a leading star in her profession, both in this country and in Europe. She had some dresses made in Paris that I am anxious to obtain, if possible."

"Your room is ready, sir," said a servant, appearing at that moment, and Carrington, with a courteous good-night, left the bar, and went to his own room.

"Eighteen!" he muttered, after sitting musing for a long time. "An impressive age! I wonder now if she could be persuaded to aid me in case the old man will not sell the traps. I'll have what I want," he added, in a fierce whisper, "if I go through robbery and murder to get it. To think of its lying hidden away all these years! It is five years now since I knew of its existence, and I have never been so near grasping it as this. If I fail now! But I will not fail! It is mine, as surely as if I held it here in my hand, for nothing shall stop me now."

Yet, in spite of his fierce resolutions, Carrington returned to his room, late in the evening, baffled and disappointed in his first venture. He had seen Daniel Garwin, who treated his proposal to buy his daughter's stage-wardrobe as a direct insult, and working himself into a fury, ended by ordering his visitor out of the house in language more forcible than elegant.

For more than a month Carrington vainly endeavored to gain an interview with Agnes Garwin.

All his hope of accomplishing the object of five years' search lay now in the success of his plan to lead her young feet into the pathway her mother had trodden; but it seemed as if the guardian angel of the girl was watching to baffle his scheme.

Fearing, perhaps, the fate that had deprived him of his only child, Daniel Garwin was strict almost to cruelty with his grandchild, and one of the most imperative rules he observed was to allow her no liberty.

If she went to the village, it must be when he was able to accompany her, and she was never permitted to leave the grounds of his large estate alone. She was free to roam there, but never to wander very far from the house.

Strangers the old man dreaded as if they were devouring wolves. It was a stranger who had carried away his child, and he was determined no such fate should deprive him of Agnes.

It would be too much to say that the master of Edge Hill loved his daughter's child. A stern sense of duty led him to obey Laura's dying summons, and to adopt her orphan daughter. The same sense of duty kept him vigilant in the welfare of the child, who had proper teachers, a governess, and such advantages as he had given her mother.

But a still more imperative sense of his obligation to her made her grandfather guard against any danger of her following her mother's example. He conscientiously believed that the door of a theatre was a gate to perdition, and that an actor or actress gave up their soul's salvation for their profession.

The month following Carrington's visit was a hard one for Agnes. Knowing that the young man still lingered in the village, Daniel Garwin scarcely allowed the young girl to cross the threshold of the house, till she grew pale and languid for want of her accustomed exercise.

Matters were in this unpromising state for Carrington when, one lovely day in April, he resolved to return to New York until the vigilance of Daniel

Garwin relaxed, and return secretly to the village when Summer might tempt others there, and he escape unnoticed.

He was strolling leisurely through a thickly-wooded portion of Daniel Garwin's grounds, when he made the resolve, and looking with thoughts that were certainly not blessings toward the house.

Suddenly behind him, and not far away, he heard a clear, sweet voice, reading aloud the impassioned words of Juliet.

Following the sounds with a soft, cat-like tread, he came upon a clearing in the wood, a circle of grass like a fairy ring, shaded by the great trees around it, yet offering a broad stage for the little feet resting upon it.

Standing in the centre of this ring was a girl, young and beautiful, reciting, with wonderful feeling and expression, the glowing lines of the love-lorn Juliet, and again, with quick transition of voice, attitude, and manner, answering in the impassioned words of Romeo.

It was an odd, fascinating scene, and the listener smiled, well pleased, as he noted the entire *abandon* of the reader. She was Juliet, she was Romeo! The rich color mantled in her fair face as she poured forth the words of the poet with all the force of feeling and inborn dramatic talent.

Suddenly, without a break, she tossed back the long curls falling over her face, and with a sprightly air, recited the first dialogue between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, again reading both parts with a marvelous adaptation of the characteristics of each.

A clear, girlish laugh finished the scene, and she threw herself down at the foot of a great tree, as if weary with her own performance.

The listener was wondering how he could present himself, smiling to think how much was already in his favor, when the girl again stood erect, and he fairly started to see her face.

It had been the face of a laughing, light-hearted girl, the long soft curls falling around a delicate oval, with regular features and large brown eyes, full of vivacity and mischief. A rich color had stained the round cheek, and the figure, tall and slender, had seemed buoyant with life and animation.

In the place of this laughing Lady Teazle, there stood now a pale muse of tragedy. The long curls were deftly wound in a natural coronet round the small, shapely head; the large eyes were dark and solemn, and the voice was deep and stirring, though ever musical.

Upon the calm Spring air this marvelously modulated voice now broke:

"The raven himself is hoarse
That creaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements."

Slowly, with the intonation of deepest feeling upon every word, the girl finished the passage, starting back to girlish confusion as a round of applause greeted the final words.

"Pardon me," Carringtonford said, stepping forward. "I have not enjoyed such an hour since I heard your mother."

"My mother! You knew my mother?" the girl cried, breathlessly.

"All lovers of the drama knew her," said Carringtonford, urging his advantage, "as they will all know her daughter a few years from now."

"No," she said, sadly, "they will never know me. But tell me do I read as she did? Grandfather will never allow me to see one of the books she studied—not even a Shakespeare. I remember some of the scenes, but only a very few. Oh, if I could be like her! I have seen a whole theatre full of people rise to their feet to applaud her. That was in Russia."

"You were in Russia with her?"

"I was always with her, until she died. From the time I was a little child, I went every evening with her, and she would have me a seat where I could see her, and hear every word she spoke. I was so happy!"

"Are you not happy now?"

"Happy!" she cried, and her mother had never given one word more scornful emphasis. "I am miserable! Grandfather hates me because my parents were on the stage. I am cramped in every word, in every action! Happy! The only happy hours I have are those when I can steal out here, and try to imagine I am a great actress like mamma."

"But why," asked Carringtonford, fairly trembling in his eagerness, "do you not dress for your parts? You have your mother's wardrobe."

"I do not dare to ask for it. When we came, my grandfather had all the beautiful dresses and jewels packed in a great chest, and he carries the key himself."

"But the chest! Where is the chest?"

"Oh, that stands in his dressing-room, next the bedroom. You see, I could never get even a peep at the inside."

"Poor child! Such genius as yours should never be cramped in this way. You have your mother's talent—you should have her success."

"Do you think I could be a great actress?" she cried, with burning cheeks and flashing eyes.

"I think so. But I could tell you more if I could hear you read again. Will you let me bring you some books to-morrow?"

"Here?"

"Yes. I feel quite sure that, with a little practice, you will be able to make the public cease to mourn your mother's early death."

This was the first of many hours in the clearing of the woods—hours during which the young girl's cup of happiness seemed full to overflowing.

Books were supplied that fed the dramatic flame she had inherited, and she studied and practiced, till Carringtonford himself was amazed at the marvelous power of expression in one so young. She seemed in those hours to have no personality, no identity.

From the deep tragedies to the light comedies, she flitted with an ease that was wonderful, even considering her early observations, and her instructor persuaded himself that it was a praiseworthy and meritorious act to give the world a new star, and put the young actress upon the road to gratify her ambition and happiness.

But there was ever one obstacle. The long Summer days passed away, and Carringtonford was no nearer the real object of his pursuit than before. It was quite useless to hope that Daniel Garwin would so far assist his granddaughter in her heart's desire as to surrender to her the gaudy contents of the chest in his dressing-room, and without it Carringtonford assured his pupil it was useless to leave Edge Hill. Her mother's fortune would not pass into her hands until she was twenty one, and there was no other money at her command to buy the necessary dresses for her profession.

At every one of the frequent meetings Carringtonford urged upon Agnes the necessity of obtaining possession of the chest; hearing ever for answer the same story of difficulty, almost impossibility, of gaining access to it.

"You must pass through grandfather's room to get into the dressing-room," she said; "and, excepting meal-times, he is always there."

In the meantime Carringtonford knew that if he could not soon obtain the coveted treasure, he must abandon its pursuit for a time, and leave Edge Hill. The money he had brought there—all



MRS. MYRTON'S MURDERER.—"SHE WAS A SMALL, SLIGHTLY FORMED BLONDE, WITH DARK-BLUE EYES.—SEE PAGE 450.

he possessed—was very low, and he must obtain more to pay his expenses. The man was becoming desperate.

The little sum yet in his hands would last but a few days, and Agnes hesitated about taking the important step of leaving her home. Every chance of success, her teacher insisted, depended upon a suitable wardrobe, and she saw no way to command that.

The girl's whole heart was bound up in the hope of becoming a great actress. There was no romance beyond that of mystery in her daily meetings with Carrington, and she was yet young enough to be content to wait a little for the hour of her first step in her mother's profession.

So, when Carrington bade her farewell for a time, she felt no pang at the separation, but promised herself a Winter of hard study from the precious books he had provided, and built air-castles innumerable for the future.

It was dull at first to find no one at the old trysting-place to applaud and encourage her, no one to help her where difficulties of gesture or intonation occurred, no one to paint bright pictures of the future for her; but she persevered bravely till Winter set in, and her grandfather had a visitor.

Allen Duncan was a distant connection of the Garwin family, and, passing near Edge Hill, came to pay his respects to its owner. This, curiously told, was the history of the Winter.

What it was to Agnes would need a pen of gold dipped in sunlight to describe. Love's young dream has given theme for stories old and new; but the dreamers can never realize that others have experienced quite such a paradise as the one they live in; that other hearts have felt quite such thrills of deep, pure delight as their experience at the touch of one hand or the sound of one voice.

For once the course of true love seemed destined to run smooth. Daniel Garwin asked no

better fate for the child he had adopted than to see her the wife of a man who inherited a name known through long generations for honor, probity and manliness; and Agnes forgot her ambitious dreams, forgot Carrington, forgot her books, in her happiness.

She had craved, since her mother pressed her lips to hers for the last time, to be the object of love, and for the first time this delight was offered to her. What was a profession, the applause of the world, compared to this new-born ecstasy of loving, where love was returned!

She had confided all her dreams to her lover, and at his request wrote a few lines to Carrington, abandoning her intention of following what she had believed her chosen life. Hot tears fell after the note was sent, but in her heart the young girl still cherished a hope that Allen would retract to her desires, when they were away from Edge Hill, and her grandfather's influence.

It was the night before the wedding that Daniel Garwin sent for Agnes to come to his room. Harshly as he had ever spoken to her, he told her that he had sent the contents of the chest in his dressing-room to her apartment.

"It may be that there is finery there that you can wear," he said. "I do not know. I never looked at the trash. But it is yours. Had it not been, I should have given it to the flames long years ago."

It was an ill-advised movement for the old man to make, had he known all. Long after the household were asleep, a beautiful woman, locked in her own room, was carried back in imagination to her childhood—forward to a glorious triumph in the future, by the sight of the finery heaped beside her.

One after another of the dresses were donned, until, as the clock struck two, a Lady Macbeth in robes of crimson velvet and ermine, stood before the long mirror. Upon the youthful brow sparkled a tiara whose large, brilliant stones seemed jets of living flame. Even the girl herself paused in one of her happiest quotations to wonder at the brilliancy of the jeweled band above her rich brown hair.

"I look as mamma did the last night she played," she said. "I remember when she came to the dressing-room with this tiara in her hand, to show me the present thrown at her feet in the first act. We left Russia the next day, and mamma never played again. I heard the story, then, of a nobleman who loved her, and whose friends obtained her banishment. I wonder if he gave her the tiara. Oh! if I had only been a little older when poor mamma returned to New York, only to die. Hark! What was that!"

Cries for help—pistol-shots—the bells all over the house ringing loudly.

Forgetting her dress, her dreams, Agnes sped along the hall, following the cries and confused

noises, till at last she arrived in her grandfather's room.

Upon the floor of the dressing-room, grasping the empty chest, a man lay weivering in blood; while, at a little distance, Daniel Garwin was stretched upon a low couch, dead. Allen Duncan, white as asnes, but cool and collected, knelt by the writhing, dying man, loosening the black mask upon his face, while the servants were grouped in horrified silence.

White and awe-stricken, Agnes drew slowly near her lover. Something in the figure on the floor looked sufficiently familiar, to prevent any great amazement on her part when the mask was lifted, and Carrington's face was disclosed, fast growing clammy with the dews of death.

He looked at her with glazing eyes.

"It was my last venture," he gasped; "and it has failed like all the rest, Agnes!"

She knelt beside him, striving to keep back the faintness at her heart.

"You have clasped it on your head," he said; "the diamond tiara! It was your mother's last triumph when it was thrown at her feet. Do you know what it cost? It is no stage bauble. Every stone in it is a diamond worth a prince's ransom. I was steward to the duke who gave it. Years after, I found the bill amongst his private papers. I came to America to find it—to find you. I have failed again—failed again!"

Only a few words more, and the gasping utterance failed. The would-be robber lay cold and still beside the old man he had murdered in his last vain attempt to grasp the diamond tiara.

Four years after the events I have just recorded, a new star burst upon the dramatic world. Mrs. Duncan's feigned name still is a household word in many theatre-loving homes; and her beauty and genius still win their meed of applause. Her husband is one of her warmest admirers, and triumphs in every success. But never, since the night she clasped it upon her brow for the first time, has Agnes Duncan worn the gift that caused her mother's banishment from Russia, her grandfather's death—the diamond tiara.

A Glimpse of Madrid.

MADRID, the capital of Spain, is situated on the waterless river Manzanares, in New Castile, in the very centre of the kingdom, and in the middle of a plain surrounded by mountains. It is alleged to be more ancient than Rome itself, and to have been a place of note long before the days of the Twin Brothers of the Tiber. It has a population of about four hundred thousand, of which eleven or twelve thousand are French. It contains seventy-seven churches, sixty-six convents, numerous fine buildings, squares and

palaces, twelve theatres, a splendid bull-ring, and one of the most magnificent picture-galleries in the world.

Contrary to what might be expected by the casual reader, its climate is abominable. The heat and dust and glare of Summer are at times intolerable; while the bitter winds that sweep down from the snow-capped mountains, and strike upon the city that is built on a plateau formed of several hills 2,460 feet above the level of the sea, cut to the very marrow, and are proverbially destructive to invalids and young children.

Although the approaches to the city are not very attractive, the city itself, when viewed from a distance, particularly at sunrise or sunset, presents an appearance the most picturesque and imposing. At either period the pinnacles of its hundred towers flash and scintillate in mid-air with such wondrous effect, that one might be inclined to fancy them various points at which some mighty conflagration was bursting forth. At least I thought this latter idea in perfect keeping with the blaze of splendor that caught my eye as the city burst upon my view, one fine morning in June, as the train from Bayonne swept me on toward the station near the Field of the Moor.

The houses in Madrid are very lofty, and contain different flats or floors, tenanted by different families, and approached by a common stairway. Each apartment is protected by a heavy door, in which there is a small wicket, devoted by the inmates to the inspection of visitors before they are admitted. The interior of such habitations do not present any very decided appearance of comfort, as they are generally too bare of furniture, although the kitchens and offices are mostly well fitted up and supplied with necessaries.

As I intended to remain a fortnight in the city, I acted on the suggestion of my handbook, and



THE DIAMOND TIARA.—"STANDING IN THE CENTRE OF THIS RING WAS A GIRL, YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL, RECHING WITH WONDERFUL FEELING AND EXPRESSION THE GLOWING LINES OF THE LOVE-LORN JULIET."—SEE PAGE 453.

took lodgings in one of the *Casas de Huéspedes*, near the Calle de Sevilla, where I was soon comfortably housed at thirty reals a day, which secured me a private bedroom and an excellent breakfast at eleven o'clock, and an equally good dinner at six. Being fatigued, I did not move much abroad on the first day of my arrival; but on that succeeding it, I was up bright and early, and, after a biscuit and a glass of *aguardiente*, I set forth on my voyage of discovery, determined to do the city as thoroughly as possible within the period already mentioned.

The hotels and restaurants of Madrid are, as a general thing, most excellent, as are the *cafés* also. The two latter, however, are the great public resorts, where the Madrileños spend much of their time. One of the restaurants—*El Establecimiento de Portilla*, No. 37 Calle del Príncipe—is a great centre in the bull-fighting season for picadores, banderilleros and capadas, who, after the performance of many a dangerous feat in the bull-ring, assemble here in their picturesque costumes for the purpose of comparing notes, and drinking *cachís con limón*, or bottled beer mixed with lemon-juice—a very popular Summer beverage.

There are three principal clubs in Madrid—*El Casino*, Carrera San Geronimo, frequented by the *élite* of the city; *El Ateneo*, Calle de la Montera, which is literary; and a commercial club called *Círculo del Comercio*.

The theatres, which are generally comfortable and well appointed, open invariably at half-past eight o'clock, and close at half-past eleven. The Royal Italian Opera House, in the Plaza Isabella II., is a fine establishment. Here the boxes range from seven to twelve dollars, and the stalls from one and a half to two. Between two and three dollars will secure, on an average, a box at any of the other theatres, save the Opera Comique, where you have to pay four dollars. The price of stalls also varies with the establishment, from thirty cents to eighty. Very long intervals occur between the acts, during which a large portion of the audience seek the corridors, to smoke and converse.

There is an English circus at Madrid, capable of seating three thousand five hundred people. It is very popular, and is open from the middle of April to the middle of October.

The *Plaza de Toros*, or Bull Ring, was built in 1749, by Philip V., and seats between twelve and thirteen thousand spectators. This is the great national institution, and the centre to which all classes gravitate in the bull-fighting season. The building is far from handsome, and has no architectural merits whatever. It is situated outside the Puerta de Alcalá.

The regular fights begin in April, and end in October. They take place on Sundays, commencing at three P.M., and generally terminating before seven. Here the boxes in the shade, containing ten persons, cost about eight dollars, and those in the sun something like seven.

Some of the scenes enacted here are at once terrible and revolting. The horns of the enraged bull at times work the most ghastly destruction, literally ripping into ribbons the horses brought to bear against him. When blood begins to flow, the fierce light that leaps into the eyes of man and maiden, whatever their rank, is wondrous to behold; and one who witnesses the circumstance cannot help supposing that the people who drink with such avidity at a national fountain of a character so sanguinary, can scarcely be otherwise than restless, fierce and revolutionary.

The shops of Madrid are invariably stocked with French, English, or German goods, and these are sold at a high rate, although not of the best quality. There is no such thing as a "one-price"

establishment in the whole city, and I might add, from one end of Spain to the other. No purchaser ever thinks of giving more than about one-half or two-thirds of the price asked, so that there is always cross-bidding, plot and counterplot in all transactions appertaining to the sale of goods by retail among the Madrileños.

Among the noted squares of this city, that of the Puerta del Sol and the Plaza Mayor are the most celebrated. The Plaza del Oriente is also in high repute, with its colossal statues of kings and queens. In the centre of this square stands an equestrian statue of Philip IV., supposed to be without an equal in the world.

Many of the promenades and public gardens are also most attractive. *El Prado* forms the grand boulevard of Madrid. It extends from the Puerta de Atocha to the Puerta de Recoletos, a distance of about two miles and a half. This was once a meadow, but it was turned into a promenade by Charles III.

The Spaniards, and especially the Madrileños, although grave, are polite and condescending. Their sense of private dignity is so keen, however, that they resent the slightest infringement of the usages or traditions with which they have been so long walled about. They are never in a hurry, and unless excited, seem to possess that imperturbable coolness that would step leisurely into a crowded drawing-room, in any case of sudden fire, and exclaim, in measured tones, "Ladies and gentlemen, the house is in flames about your ears." They are, however, when they will be so, haughty and revengeful. They are indolent, luxurious, and beset with that mental apathy which is said to be owing in part to the voluptuous blood of the Moor, that still lingers in their veins. Climate, however, has much to do with this, as all southern people are remarkable for a want of that energy and activity, mental and otherwise, which characterize the north.

The season at Madrid begins toward the end of October, and closes with the carnival. The carnival, like that at Rome, must be actually witnessed to be comprehended, even remotely. No description can give any adequate idea of it. It is the season of romance, of strange license, and of every possible impossibility—both sexes availing themselves of the mask to indulge in extravagances so absurd, that civilization shrinks from analyzing them, although they are associated with infinitely less immorality than might be anticipated.

At this peculiar period, Madrid is alive with all the sights and scenes peculiar to it. As you pass along the crowded streets, every sound known to the Spanish tongue greets your ear, and almost every scene of out-door city life meets your eye. Conspicuous among the vendors of fruits and wareside goods at this period is the hazel-nut man from Aragon, which we introduce on page 461, in a sketch by Doré. As in the case of all Spaniards, no matter what their rank, he is clothed with a picturesque the most striking. His loose, flowing mantle, coarse though it be, the brigand style in which his nether limbs are adorned, the easy grace with which he leans upon his staff, and his swarthy feature and dark hair and eyes, render him a most attractive picture. His sweet and aromatic wares lie at his feet in bags, and it would be difficult to imagine the grace with which he transfers them from his square measure to the apron or snow-white kerchief of some customer of the fair sex, or into the pocket of a passing rustic. But to refer to any one vendor of wares in the public streets at this period is really absurd; for, during the carnival, all Madrid lives out of doors, and the streets are absolutely turned into fruit and other stalls. Sometimes, however, accidents of a very serious nature occur in the

thronged thoroughfares, and at times, but not often, occurrences the most fatal take place.

The royal palace at Madrid is one of the most magnificent structures in the world. It is a square of four hundred and seventy feet each way, and is one hundred feet high. Its halls and staircases are absolutely gorgeous, and are adorned profusely with the most precious marbles. When the royal family is absent from the city, visitors can procure access to this magnificent structure. The chapel is open to the public, but the library is not shown. The throne-room is a wilderness of splendor, as are many of the saloons and cabinets. It is said that this famous edifice occupies the site of the original outpost, Alcazar of the Moors, which Enrique IV. occupied as a residence.

Although there is no cathedral in Madrid, some of the churches are most imposing edifices, and possessed of great wealth. The central glory of the city, however, is *El Museo*—the royal picture-gallery on the Prado. This is acknowledged to be without a rival in the world. Here all the great masters are represented by gems that may be regarded as absolutely priceless.

It would require weeks to become thoroughly acquainted with the treasures of this vast structure, so numerous and attractive are they, whether identified with the brush or the chisel; for the Museo is rich in sculpture also, and in everything pertaining to the fine arts.

The famous Escorial, that so recently suffered from fire, is situated about twenty miles northwest of the city. According to tradition, it owes its existence to a vow made by Philip II., during the battle of St. Quentin, that he would build a monastery to St. Lorenzo, who suffered martyrdom, as it is alleged, by being broiled to death on a gridiron—an implement which the Escorial is built in the shape of.

It is composed of a rectangular parallelogram seven hundred and forty-four feet from north to south, and five hundred and eighty feet from east to west. Originally it was intended to serve the purposes of a monastery, a palace, and a royal mausoleum. It contains a magnificent chapel with a triple nave three hundred and twenty feet in length, and three hundred feet in height to the top of the cupola. The royal tomb is a splendid chamber thirty-six feet in diameter, and thirty-eight feet in height. It is richly decorated, and contains black marble sarcophagi in its eight sides.

None but actual kings and their mothers are buried here. The building is said to have fourteen thousand doors, and eleven thousand windows, and to have cost six millions Spanish ducats, or between thirteen and fourteen millions of dollars. Previous to its being despoiled by the French, in 1808, it was said to have contained a library of thirty thousand printed books, and between four and five thousand manuscripts, chiefly treasures of Arabic literature. When the war was over, however, and the books that had been sent for safe-keeping to Madrid were returned, it was found that ten thousand volumes had been lost or destroyed.

Every traveler who has written on Spain mentions the Escorial as a great centre of attraction; and it is pleasant to understand that the damage lately done to it is not of so serious a character as to injure it vitally.

Although Madrid is situated on the bed of a river that is at times quite dry, the city is well watered through artificial means. There is a handsome bridge built over the Manzanares, which is serviceable, of course, when freshets from the mountains find their way into the thirsty channel, and sweep through it on their brawling way. It

is, however, positively asserted that so holy a horror have the Madrileños, like the Spaniards generally, of anything like water, that they are not much inconvenienced by the periodical failures of the Manzanares.

In the Nick of Time.

CHRIS NEWBURN was as handsome, as industrious, and as honest a young hackman as was to be found at the Falls of Niagara, or as ever drove "all round," as the phrase goes in that locality. The use of the term "honest" in connection with any driver in the vicinity of the Great Cataract, will, I am aware, excite feelings of the deepest indignation on the part of any person who has ever been driven a mile from Table Rock; but Chris, in any transaction between man and man, was honest, nevertheless, although his ideas with regard to smuggling were somewhat lax, as the sequel will show.

His whole stock in trade was a pair of splendid black four-year-olds, and a handsome new carriage, through the instrumentality of which he did an excellent business, on the Canadian side of the river, between the Olifon, the Burning Springs, the Whirlpool, and Lundy's Lane; but when Mr. Hoebing threw the first wire suspension bridge across the terrific gulf that rawns between the American and the Canadian shore, about a mile and a half below the Grand Horseshoe, he began to enlarge the sphere of his operations, and to lay both sides of the headlong flood under contribution.

Chris, who, strange to say, had been capitally educated, was as open and generous as the day, and if at any period he declined to join Dick Talbot or the rest of them in any bout of pleasure that might prove expensive, it was because of the strong love he bore Mary Thornton, whom he hoped to make his wife when he had realized a sufficient sum to open a small hotel in Drummondville, where her parents, who were quite respectable people, resided.

Talbot, who professed to be the unfaltering friend of the unsuspecting Chris, was as false-hearted a scoundrel as ever broke bread, and having himself become secretly attached to the beautiful Mary, who was utterly unconscious of his passion, he determined to work her lover such mischief as should ruin him in every possible relation, and, if unable to estrange her affections from him, prevent her parents, at least, from consenting to their union.

To this end, as he himself was possessed of some ill-gotten gains, he sought to lead his successful rival into all sorts of evil and dissipation, hoping thereby to destroy his excellent character, and embarrass the very horses and carriage that he drove.

Finding, however, that all his efforts in this direction were in vain, as Chris could not be induced to join his expensive spree, or swerve from the path of duty, he began to alter his tactics, and to pour into the ears of Mr. and Mrs. Thornton such insidious insinuations and falsehoods as led them to evince gradually the most unmistakable opposition to the contemplated match, until, at last, the lovers could indulge in stolen interviews only, although they at the same time were in total darkness as to the perfidy of the prompter of the misfortune that had beset them, as he professed outwardly to be the bosom friend of both of them, and to have their dearest interests at heart.

Chris had been getting along swimmingly with his splendid "turn-out," and, on more than one occasion, had given his traitorous companion a

drive in it. Mary, also, had often reclined among its soft cushions, and praised the vehicle and animals that her kind and generous lover assured her she should soon be able to call her own.

She had, through her industrious fingers, and a knowledge of bead-work, so constantly in demand by tourists, secretly amassed a little fortune of three hundred dollars, with which she hoped to surprise her intended husband one day, and which she now guarded jealously, knowing that he was struggling to realize a sufficient sum to enable them both to commence the world with some prospect of success; for, notwithstanding the opposition of her parents, and the deep love she bore them, she felt that her heart had gone forth to Newburn never to return to her own breast again, and that she should be untrue to herself, and the highest and holiest instincts of her nature, if her hand did not follow it. Of this latter Chris was well assured, and time and again had he whispered into the treacherous ear of Talbot the ineffable happiness the conviction afforded him.

In this way matters stood when, one fine Summer evening, Chris accidentally encountered Mary in the vicinity of "the Bridge," as it was called, where she had been purchasing a stock of porcupine quills and various colored beads.

As may be presumed, he soon leaped from his carriage-box, and was by her side; but scarcely had he pressed her hand warmly, and poured into her eyes the tender, meaning light of his own, when they were joined by Talbot, who appeared delighted to meet them, and the more so, as he had some news to impart to them that might be to their advantage, he said.

"Let us take a drive to the Whirlpool, then," observed Chris, "and you can tell us all about it on the way. We shan't be long, and on our return I can drop Mary at the foot of the hill near the village."

"All right," returned Dick, handing Mary into the conveyance, while Chris mounted the box once more, and drove off in the direction of the toll-gate, taking care to give the horses their heads, while he stooped down to converse with the party within through the open window.

"And now, Dick, what is it?" said the driver,

as they trotted leisurely along the plank road, "for I am anxious to hear all about it?"

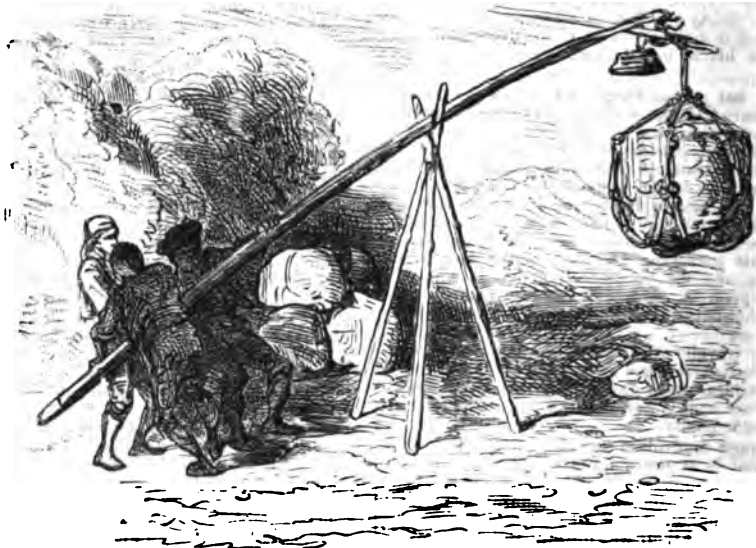
"It is easily told," observed Talbot. "The widow has given up the neat little inn you have admired so long, and you can have it at a low rent if you wish, for I was mentioning your name to old Jones, the landlord, this morning."

A deep blush suffused the beautiful face of Mary, as she well knew what the taking of the inn was intended to involve; but shading her features with her fan, she sought to conceal the sweet confusion from the wretch who sat beside her. In this she failed, however, for a rapid glance of his small cruel eye assured him of the state of her feelings at that moment, and impelled him to vow inwardly and more fiercely than ever that Chris Newburn should never lead her to the altar.

In the meantime, Chris, who was anxious to assure himself of the truth of what he had just heard, proposed that they should forego their drive to the Whirlpool, and proceed at once to the site of the cozy little tavern, which was but a short distance from the residence of the Thorntons. It was even as Talbot had said, for, on drawing up before the building, they found the place untenanted, and the landlord standing beneath an ornamental tree, in front of one of the windows. They soon alighted, when old Jones, observing Chris, shook him warmly by the hand, and said he was glad to infer from his friend Dick Talbot that he had some idea of taking the premises.

"But," he continued, as he observed Dick and Mary enter the dwelling, "I don't see why I should call Talbot your friend, or any one's friend, for, although he said something in your favor when speaking to me this morning, I am sure he had some sinister object in view. Whenever he moves, there is always trouble. He is a bad young man, and I advise you to beware of him."

Chris was surprised beyond measure at this, for he regarded Talbot to be as true as steel; but supposing that Jones had been misinformed, or that his ear had been poisoned by some enemy of his companion, he assured the proprietor of the vacant establishment that he was totally mistaken in relation to Dick, as he knew him to be one of



WEIGHING COAL, MADRID.—SEE PAGE 457.



HAZEL-NUT VENDER, MADRID.—SEE PAGE 457.

the noblest and most generous fellows about the Falls.

At this juncture, Mary and her companion rejoined them, when Chris, who was thoroughly acquainted with the house and all its resources, on learning that his betrothed was greatly pleased with it, at once struck a bargain with the landlord, and took the premises at quite a low figure, on the understanding that he was not to be under rent, or to occupy them until the first of the ensuing month. This arranged, a look of fiendish triumph lit up the sinister face of Dick; but, taking care that it should not be observed, he turned once more toward the carriage, which he entered this time alone, and threw himself back on its cushions with a low laugh.

Mary, who had now but a short distance to walk before she reached her residence, declined to enter the vehicle again, so, parting with her lover at its door, she bid Dick good-by, and was soon lost to view among the shade-trees, that lined the way leading to her house.

When Chris and Talbot had reached the bridge once more, the former put up his horses for a short period in a shed hard by, and entered into conversation with his presumed friend and bosom-companion on the subject of the lease he had just taken, and the speediest mode of turning it to good account.

"You have enough of money to start with at once," observed Dick. "Just do as the widow did—keep a small stock of groceries in connection

with the bar, and you will soon bring old Mr. and Mrs. Thornton to terms, and be able to make Mary your own."

"I know, Dick," replied the other; "but the duties are so heavy that they would come to nearly as much as the first cost of all it would be necessary for me to buy in Buffalo."

"The duties be hanged!" reiterated Talbot. "Why don't you do as the best of them do nowadays? Smuggle in all you purchase, under the nose of the collector. He is never out after nine o'clock, and trusts almost everything to the gate-keeper, who is sure to lend you a helping hand. Go to Buffalo and spend your last dollar. Bring your goods down by the night train, and hide them on the other side until you can run them across safely. You have a span of your own, and can stow away the most valuable things in your carriage; while a one-horse wagon will do the rest. You are in the habit of passing and repassing at all hours. No one will notice or question you; and you will pocket, at least, two or three hundred dollars by the move."

"Yes, Dick," said Chris; "but is there not some risk? What if I should lose my horses and carriage, as well as everything else I had, besides? On that one venture my whole should be staked, and were it to fail, I was lost! You know how strict the law is with regard to smuggling; and should I, through any mishap, fall into the hands of the collector, I might never again be able to claim Mary as my own; and this conviction I should not be able to survive a single hour. The waters of the Niagara are famous medicine, as you well know."

To all this Dick replied with a seemingly hearty laugh, and referred to the certain success of his scheme in such a matter-of-fact way, that poor Chris fell before the temptation; determined to keep his intended project a secret from Mary until all his purchases were safely stored on Canadian soil.

This decided upon, the tempter and the tempted parted—the former to gloat over the prospects of a fiendish plot, the latter to count his little stock of ready cash, and to prepare for a journey to Buffalo, secretly and without delay.

Mary, who had done a great deal of bead-work for the wife of the collector at the Bridge, had been long a great favorite with that lady. In fact, such good friends were they, that she had begged the officer's kind spouse not only to retain in her hands the sums she had earned from her at different times, but take charge, in addition, of what she had realized in other directions. It was in the hands, then, of this most excellent woman that all the riches of Mary was deposited to the amount already referred to—a sum close on three hundred dollars—and to her also did the fair girl confide much of her hopes and fears in relation to her parents' objections to Chris, and the probable success of her "handsome back-man," as she often playfully called him, as the keeper of some little inn.

When, therefore, on the evening succeeding that of the return of Chris from Buffalo, with the whole amount of his purchases, which he secreted near the Cave of the Waters, Mary had been sent for by her kind patroness, she was surprised to observe Talbot, in the gray twilight, issuing cautiously, as it were, from the collector's office, and suddenly disappearing in the woods that skirted the brink of the river. The collector had accompanied him to the door, as if in anger and agitation, when she heard the traitor, just as he stepped from the platform, state that he should return by ten o'clock.

The collector, like his wife, was a warm friend to Mary; but now there was a stern duty to perform, the nature of which he was bound to keep

a solemn secret until he had performed it to the best of his ability.

Talbot had informed on poor Newburn, who was even now across the river, with his splendid team and carriage and the horse and wagon of his daring friend, awaiting the hour when he should be able to pass the Custom House unobserved, and run his goods into a place of safety until he could make them available. During the day, however, Chris, repenting his reticence, had informed Mary of the purchases he had made, and given her the invoices of them, desiring her to keep them in her bosom, and inform no person living of the circumstance, as he had weighty reasons for keeping it a secret for the present. Without suspecting his motives, or that there was anything wrong, the poor girl took the papers, and at the moment of presenting herself before the collector's wife, she had them on her person.

There was a small study between the collector's office and his sitting-room, and in this the wife of that officer had been reading when, without the slightest attempt at eavesdropping, she heard the whole of the conversation between her husband and the villain Talbot. Without waiting to hear more than was necessary to assure her that Newburn was in some immediate danger, she sent off post-haste for Mary, in the hope of averting it; although not fully aware of its precise nature.

During the absence of her messenger, nevertheless, she became apprised of all the particulars of the case; so that on the arrival of the sweet girl, she was able to put her in possession of all the facts. Knowing, in a simple matter of duty, how inexorable the character of her husband, she avoided making the slightest allusion to the secret she had discovered, and determined to save Newburn, if possible, without compromising, in any way, his official integrity. To this end she at once disclosed the whole affair to Mary; but so terribly agitated and shocked had she become through the information, that, for the time being, she had completely lost control of her reasoning faculties. What was to be done? The landing-waiter, who was to make the seizure, was already at his post, and Chris and the goods, now that it was sufficiently dark, might be expected at the gate at any moment among the many teams that were returning toward Stamford and Thorold.

It was a period of the most frightful suspense, when suddenly the remembrance of the invoice in her bosom flashed across the brain of Mary. In an instant, she produced them, and a few minutes subsequently, she was standing in the collector's office, and, to the utter surprise and relief of that kind gentleman, presented them for entry, having drawn from his wife the money she had committed to her care.

In an incredibly short space the permit was signed, and placed in her hands, when, retiring once more to the apartment of her generous and noble friend, she fell on her willing bosom, and wept like a child.

All now was tranquil until about ten o'clock, when, immediately after the occurrence of some commotion a short distance from the bridge-gate, Talbot bounded into the office, exclaiming, in fiendish glee:

"He is caught—horses, carriage, goods, wagon and all! A pretty haul for you and me, Mr. Collector! Worth two or three thousand dollars at least! He was nabbed driving up the bank!"

Mary heard all from within, and wondered at the infamy of the wretch she could perceive through the partially open door, and who now, regardless of the slightest decency, threw himself into a chair to await the *dénouement*, not supposing, for a moment, that his part in the transaction was known to any one but the collector, and determined to cloak his villainy by assuming to sym-

pathize with his intended victim on his presenting himself before the official.

Nor was he kept long in suspense; for, in the course of ten or fifteen minutes, poor Chris, pale and silent, entered the office with his head drooped on his breast, and the last hope quenched in his heart.

The landing-waiter who had preceded him a few moments, was already engaged in making out a report of the seizure, the collector secretly enjoying the drama, and not caring, as it were, to take cognizance of anything that had not laid before him officially and in due form.

When, however, Talbot sprang to his feet to grasp the hand of Newburn, before he was able to clutch it as though in profound sorrow, the door of the library was thrown open, and Mary, who had been trained in the part she was to play by the collector's wife, suddenly sprang into the office, and ere both hands met, dashed that of the ruffian aside, while she presented the permit to the astonished landing-waiter, exclaiming, at the same moment, as she pointed in the direction in which the villain Dick had fallen back in surprise, "Talbot the informer!"

No sooner had the scoundrel comprehended that he was exposed, and foiled most signally by some means, than he sprang to the door, and sought to break through the crowd that sympathizing with poor Chris, thronged the veranda. Here, however, he met with rougher usage than he had bargained for, and which induced him to make his escape that night from the Falls never to return.

As for Newburn, when he came to comprehend that he was free to depart, with his horses and carriage, etc., whither he would, his fortitude was greatly shaken; but when he became gradually aware that his miraculous deliverance was owing mainly to the presence of mind and deep affection of his beloved, he could no longer control his feelings, but clasped her to his bosom while he wept like a babe.

The next morning the whole affair was bruited about the Falls and through the village, reaching the ears of the elder Thorntons of course.

Mary was interrogated, and confessed all she knew on the subject, and as the sudden disappearance of Talbot went to substantiate the statement, a revulsion of feeling in favor of Chris took place on their part.

The result was, that the same evening they consented that their daughter should, within a day or two, exchange her name for one quite as dear to her, and become the wife of the generous and handsome young fellow of her choice.

Soon after their marriage, the young couple took possession of the little inn, where they at once entered upon a flourishing business, and where the collector and his wife invariably made a short call whenever they went "up to the village," and where also a single glass of rum or ounce of groceries had never been subsequently sold by Chris that had not paid its just share of tribute to the Crown.

Penguins on the South Polar Ice.

In the penguins of the Southern Hemisphere, the shortness of wing, and aptitude for swimming and diving, are more conspicuous than in the auku of the Northern regions. In the water, the penguin makes use of its small featherless wing-stumps as paddles; on land, as fore-feet, with whose help it scales so rapidly the grass-grown cliffs, as to be easily mistaken for a quadruped. When at sea, and fishing, it comes to the surface for the purpose of breathing, with such a spring, and dives again so instantaneously, that at first

sight no one can be sure that it is not a fish leaping for sport. Other sea-birds generally keep part of their body out of the water while swimming; but this is not the case with the penguin, whose head alone appears upon the surface; and thus it swims with such rapidity and perseverance, as almost to defy many of the fishes to equal it. How much it feels itself at home on the waters, may be inferred from the fact that Sir James Ross once saw two penguins paddling away a thousand miles from the nearest land.

On many uninhabited islands in the Southern Hemisphere, this strange bird is met with in incredible numbers. On Possession Island, for instance, a desolate rock discovered by Sir James Ross in latitude seventy-one degrees fifty-six minutes, not the smallest appearance of vegetation could be found; but inconceivable numbers of penguins completely and densely covered the whole surface of the island, along the ledges of the precipices, and even to the summits of the hills, attacking vigorously the sailors as they waded through their ranks, and pecking at them with their sharp beaks, disputing possession, which, together with their loud coarse notes, and the insupportable stench from the deep bed of guano which had been forming for ages, made them glad to get away again. Sir James took possession of the island in the name of Queen Victoria; but, unfortunately, its treasures of manure are hidden beyond a far too formidable barrier of ice ever to be available to man.

Duperrey ("Voyage de la Coquille") found the Falklands swarming with penguins. In Summer and Autumn these strange birds leave their burrows early in the morning, and launch into the sea for fishing. After having filled their capacious stomachs, they waddle on shore, and remain for a time congregated on the strand, raising a dreadful clamor; after which they retire to enjoy a noon-tide sleep among the high tussock grass or in their burrows. In the afternoon the fishing recommences. Lesson says that about sunset on fine Summer evenings, which, unfortunately, are but of rare occurrence on those foggy, storm-visited islands, all the penguins together raise their discordant voices, so that at a distance the noise might be mistaken for the hoarse murmur of a great popular assembly. As soon as the young are sufficiently strong, the whole band leaves the island, departing no one knows whither, though the mariners frequenting those seas believe that they spend the Winter on the ocean. This opinion seems to be corroborated by the observations of Sir James Ross, who, on the 4th of December, in forty-nine degrees S. latitude, met on the high seas a troop of penguins that were doubtless on the way to their breeding-place. He admired the astonishing instinct of these creatures, half fish, half bird, which leads them hundreds of miles through the pathless ocean to their accustomed Summer abodes.

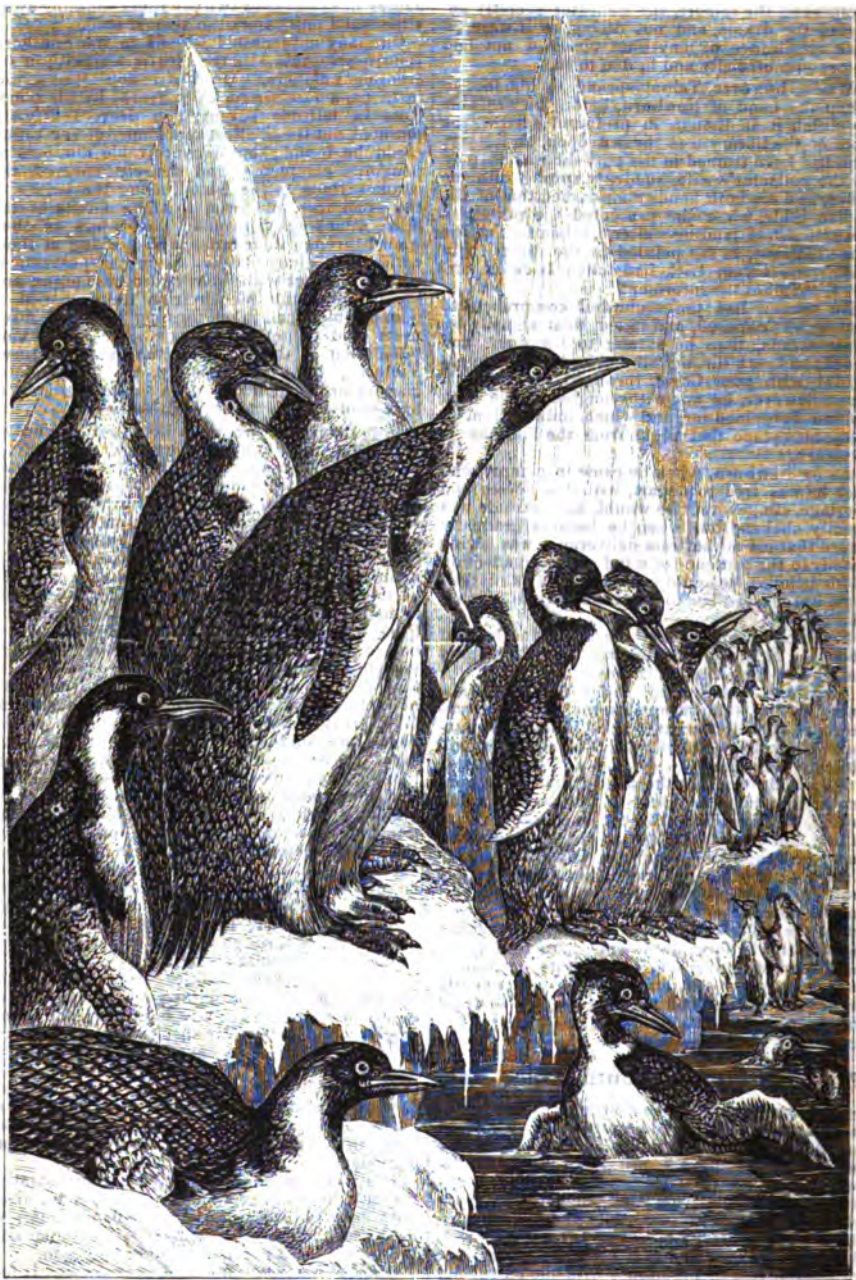
There are several species of penguins. The largest (*Aptenodytes antarctica*) weighs about eighty pounds. It is a rare bird, generally found singly, while the smaller species always associate in vast numbers. In seventy-seven degrees S. latitude, Sir James Ross caught three of these giant penguins, the smallest of which weighed fifty-seven pounds. In the stomach of one of them he found ten pounds of quartz, granite, and trap fragments, swallowed most likely to promote digestion.

The penguin, like his Northern representative the auk, lays but one single egg. His not unsavory flesh is black. Besides his dense plumage, he is protected against the cold of the higher latitudes by a thick cover of fat under his skin.

Humboldt's penguin (*Spheniscus Humb.*) is frequently found in the Bay of Callao. This bird is

a little smaller than the common gray penguin, with a somewhat differently colored back and breast. The Peruvians call it *pagaro nño*, "little darling bird," and keep it in their houses; it is easily tamed, gets very familiar, and follows its master like a dog. The sight of the fat creature, awkwardly waddling about the streets on its short feet, and violently agitating its wing-stumps

to maintain its equilibrium, is inexpressibly grotesque. Tachudi kept one of these tame penguins, which punctually obeyed his call. At dinner it regularly stood like a stiff footman behind his chair, and at night slept under his bed. When "Pepe" wanted a bath, he went into the kitchen and kept striking with his beak against an earthen jar, until some one came to pour water over him.



PENGUINS ON THE SOUTH POLAR ICE.



THE SMALL HOURS AT SPRIGGINS'S.—"MATILDA'S SMALL DOG, HAVING ROLLED FROM TOP TO BOTTOM OF THE STAIRCASE, PLUNGES AMONG THE STARTLED, NAKED FEET."

The Small Hours at Spriggins's.

It was half-past eight o'clock in the evening, and Spriggins's piano was undergoing agonies at the hands of Miss Matilda. Four young men, boarders in the house of Spriggins; a deaf and dumb lady, also a boarder; Matilda's sister Annie, and her maternal and sole surviving progenitor—the successful foundress of Spriggins's boarding-house—patiently audited this painful process, and greeted the final spasmodic runs and capers with a round of applause.

Simultaneously, Matilda's small dog, which had been peacefully dozing in Mrs. Spriggins's lap, suddenly sat up, and expressed his appreciation of his mistress's musical powers by one of those prolonged and dismal howls with which small dogs of sensitive natures are wont to render homage at the shrine of Euterpe.

The young men laughed, the young ladies consoled, and Miss Silke, the deaf and dumb boarder, seemed to have been impressed through some sense unknown, and looked up.

Miss Silke wore black silk gloves, spectacles, and a cap, and her face was very much shaded by long white curls, three on a side, which she wore very low, with an evident intention to conceal, as much as possible, a brown scar on her cheek. Her dress, or rather gown, was straight, black, and decidedly antiquated in appearance.

"We have awoke an echo in yonder tomb," said Mr. Harry Hope to Miss Matilda, indicating Miss Silke by the turn of an eyelash.

Miss Matilda giggled, and the curls that surmounted her elaborate chignon threw a dancing shadow over Miss Silke's knitting-work.

There were people who said Miss Matilda was old, there were others who said she was designing, and I have heard of a third class who had so far fallen from grace as to say that she was both. However that may have been, she was certainly pretty and pre-eminently stylish, being one of the fairest of blondes, with mountains of flaxen hair. She was very gracious to Mr. Hope, and he was certainly young—not more than twenty-three—and handsome, and manly, but a little susceptible.

These two were, at the time of which I write: deep in the perilous mazes of a prolonged flirta-

tion, an occupation which, for the benefit of the innocent reader, I will state to consist in a system of social skirmishing between the sexes, having a more or less tender tendency, and offering unlimited opportunities for spiritual misery to one or both of the parties concerned.

As by common consent, they withdrew together into the deep window near which Miss Silke was seated, and looked out at the moonlight falling on the houses opposite.

"Heigho!" Miss Matilda sighed, wearily.

"Heigho!" Mr. Hope echoed her, sentimentally.

Miss Matilda blushed and looked pensive, and Mr. Hope accidentally let fall one of the curtains in such a manner that they were entirely screened.

Miss Matilda (*à la Juliette*)—"Ah! me!"

Mr. Hope (*à la Romeo*)—"Oh, speak again, bright angel!"

Miss M. (turning away her face)—"Don't, Mr. Hope!"

Mr. H. (seizing the hand of Miss M.)—"Do not say so, Matilda, my—"

Miss M. (in the lowest voice possible)—"I shall scream, Mr. Hope."

Mr. H.—"You would not be so cruel to one whose every thought—the very pulsations of whose heart—the—the—"

Miss M. (endeavoring to release her hand)—"Oh, let me go!—do let me go, Mr. Hope!"

Mr. H.—"Matilda, darling, you torture me." (Silence, and renewed struggles.)

Mr. H.—"Matilda, speak to me, my life!—say you love me—do not drive me to distraction—have pity—be mine!"

Miss M. (with a sudden change of manner, and falling into Mr. H.'s arms)—"I will!"

Mr. H.—"Eh?—the deuce!"

Mr. Hope was confounded. He had said something, he did not quite know what, and Matilda had answered that something in the affirmative; and now it occurred to him very forcibly, not to say overwhelmingly, that he had made a fool of himself. He had often, on previous occasions, exchanged tender nothings with Matilda, regarding them as incidental to flirtation, and—How the deuce, he should like to know, did he happen to commit himself to that confounded girl?

The awful recompense of his folly continued to recline with touching confidence upon his reluctant broadcloth and linen, till the voice of the maternal Spriggins broke the spell.

"Tiddy, dear, come and play 'Eel Backo' for Mr. Crane."

Pressing the hand of the desponding Harry, she complied, and our hero immediately thereafter took occasion to slip out of the room. As he emerged from the window, Miss Silke's ball of yarn rolled from her lap across his path. He gathered it up, with a polite bow, and returned it, meeting her eyes as he did so.

"By Jove!" he muttered to himself, as he walked up-stairs, "the old girl's eyes are as bright as her ears are dull. If she were not deaf as the dead, I should say she had heard. If I thought you *had* heard, old lady—"

He did not stop to devise punishments to be inflicted in the event of Miss Silke's turning out an eavesdropper, but entered his own room, and slammed the door. Once here, he began by fretting himself into a fever over his unfortunate predicament, and finally goaded himself to the point of having it out with Matilda's photograph, which he first tore in pieces and then burned, to his own great comfort and soothing. After that, he lay down in his clothes, to think of the best and most honorable way out of his trouble. Being somewhat fatigued, and the light being rather dim, in ten minutes he was asleep.

It might have been half an hour later when his

eyes opened, as it seemed to him, of their own accord. They opened, and they saw a ghost—at least, he did not think so then, but he did afterward.

The ghost was very fair to look upon, being of the female variety, and arrayed in a rose-colored cashmere dressing-gown. Long, waving chestnut hair fell below her waist, and the regular, clearly-cut features were an expression of absolute repose. The eyes were closed.

She moved to the bedside, and passed a soft white hand caressingly over his brow, parting the hair tenderly, and murmuring, "Harry, dear brother."

Now, Mr. Hope had lost a twin-sister, in infancy, and it was not strange that a shudder akin to fear passed over his frame as the quickly awakened memory of that sister linked itself to the words of his unknown midnight visitant. She seemed to feel his sudden shrinking, for a look of pain came into the beautiful face, and she turned and walked away.

A full minute must have elapsed before Mr. Hope could sufficiently recover himself to follow; then he sprang through the half-open door into the passage, and, having first fastened his nose against Miss Silke's door opposite, stood glaring into the darkness. There was a faint rustle and glimmer of light at the end of the long corridor. He makes for this guiding star, but as he nears it, he stumbles over somebody's boots, and in so doing, sprawls over and extinguishes a candle that is standing on the floor; in the total darkness that ensues, he is up again—he grabs!

"Oh, goodness!—oh, oh, oh!" shrieks a terrified treble.

"What the deuce!—let me go, I say! You're smothering me!" vociferates a feeble tenor.

"I won't let go! Bring a light! I've got you, and I'll keep you, if you turn into an anaconda!"

"Oh! mammy! I shall die! Dear Mr. Robber, I won't scream; I'll give you everything if you won't kill me! Jimmy, darling, don't kick so, or he'll kill us! Oh! I'm so frightened! Boo! boo! boo! ha! ha! he! he! oh! dear! oh!"

"Will you shut up? I say, Tom, will you show a light?"

And Mr. Hope kicks vigorously on the nearest door, which happens to be that of the room occupied by his friend Tom White.

"Halloa!" says that gentleman, opening his door, and stalking upon the scene *en dishabille*, candle in hand, "Why, Harry, what's the matter? Oh! thunder!"

And Mr. White, having caught sight of a much violently agitated petticoat, vanishes again.

"Oh, I am crushed! I am smothered! I am killed! and I know I shall die of it!" and the treble falls into yet more energetic hysterics.

"Tom, you simpleton, open your door, or I'll kick it in!"

"What's the matter? what can be the matter? Annie, my child, do I hear your voice?" and Mrs. Spriggins, in a red flannel petticoat and night-cap, appears upon the scene, bearing aloft a lighted candle. Simultaneously, doors begin opening on either side of the long passage, and pale-faced boarders, male and female, in every imaginable night-attire, come forth.

"Harry," says Mr. White, reappearing in a dressing-gown and slippers, surmounted by a "title"—"Harry—Miss Annie—Crane! why, one had thought the house was full of robbers!"

The sudden illumination, consequent upon the simultaneous entrance of several candles, reveals a most singular tableau.

Mr. Harry Hope holds two struggling forms in a violiclike embrace—Miss Annie Spriggins, who writhes and shrieks in the wildest hysterics, and Mr. Crane, one of those unfortunates whose sub-

stances seems to have run entirely to very long and very feeble legs and arms, who is agitating his extremities in an exhausted and imbecile manner.

Mr. Hope drops this precious pair with such suddenness that they fall in a convulsed heap at his feet.

Explanations ensue, from which it appears that Miss Annie and Mr. Crane are recently affianced; that they had on this present evening prolonged their *lits-a-lits* in the parlor till an unusually late hour; that they had then come up-stairs together; that they had lingered in the hall to exchange a parting kiss before separating for the night, and that from this point all explanation of this extraordinary disturbance derives upon Mr. Harry Hope.

Mr. Hope, thus called upon, and confronted by a spectral array of boarders in bed-gear, hesitates, stammers, and meanders into a self-evident fabrication about ghosts and robbers and night-mare.

Opportunist his explanation is out short. A singular-looking personage that he now sees, as he faithfully believes, for the first time, comes flying down the stairs, and deposits herself in Mr. Hope's arms. Her night-dress is rather short as to skirt and sleeves, revealing considerable wrist and ankle, of a scraggy and unprepossessing appearance. Her back hair is arranged in the minutest of pig-tails, and her front hair is skewed and twisted by divers pins and papers.

"Tiddy," cries Mrs. Spriggins, "what's the matter?"

"Matilda!" ejaculates Mr. Hope, unable to credit his senses.

"Oh! mamma! Oh! Harry, dearest!" sobs Matilda, "I heard such an awful noise, and there's somebody in my room, and—and—oh! what is the matter?" and Matilda commenced to hysterics where Annie had just left off.

Mr. Hope surveys his fair burden with an expression of droll incredulity, and his reflections seem to be of rather a pleasant and satisfactory character as he passes the singular-looking object into the embrace of the maternal Spriggins, remarking:

"Take it, madame."

Suddenly a murmur of wonder, almost of awe, runs through the company, and all eyes are turned toward the staircase. Mr. Hope's ghost is slowly descending. Her eyes are still closed, and the face wears an expression of such repose as would be appalling in a face less beautiful and gentle. The long, rose-colored robe trails behind her as she moves, outlining her form, and revealing at each step her slender bare feet. A spell seems to have fallen upon the beholders; even Matilda has passed in her hysterics, and the soft rustle of the stranger's robe alone breaks the silence. She reaches the landing, and there pauses; a faint flush steals into her cheek; her clasped hands drop languidly apart, and she opens her eyes on the amazed and amazing company; so doing, she meets the eyes of Mr. Hope, startled, awe-struck, adoring in their expression. Ere the look of wondering terror has left her face, he is at her side, demanding, "Who are you?" in that low monotone with some people expressive of intense excitement.

The Spriggins is herself again.

"Yes. Who are you, I should like to know?" vociferates that lady, "and how did you get in? The whole house rix out of their beds at this time o' night with your gallivantin' through the private apartments of my boarders and lodgers! Do you call this the retirement and refined exclusion of a private family? That's what my boarders bargains for, and what they has, too."

"Madame, I—indeed I did not mean to disturb

your house—pray forgive me. I came here—to your house, I mean—I only meant to stay a week. It was a bet—a bet with Harry."

"Stay a week indeed—stay a week! A nice time o' day! sneak into a respectable and moral establishment at midnight! Stay a week—oh, yes, stay a week! And don't expect me to give you into custody, do you?"

"Custard" is Spriggins for custody.

"Madame," Mr. Hope interposes, hardly knowing what he says, "I knew this lady—"

Here he turns and looks entreatingly at the beautiful stranger.

"Miss Silke—I am Miss Silke," she whispers.

"Pray don't look so astonished!"

"Mrs. Spriggins," Mr. Hope resumes, firmly, with the air of a man who feels himself master of the situation, "as I previously remarked, I am acquainted with this lady. She came to your house, as she has informed you, in fulfillment of a playful wager laid with her brother." (Here Mr. Hope receives an assuring though somewhat bewildered glance). "This lady, Mrs. Spriggins, is Miss Silke."

"Miss Silke!" gasps forth the household of Spriggins.

"Miss Silke!" angrily repeats the proprietress of that household. "Do you think I'm blind, Mr. Hope? It is quite true, Mr. Hope, that I am helpless, and unprotected, and a female; but I'm not to be taken in by any such nonsense—no, sir."

"Mrs. Spriggins, I desire that Miss Silke be sought in her room."

Mr. Hope's intimate friend, still unconsciously arrayed in the title, volunteers his services, and, ere many minutes have elapsed, emerges from Miss Silke's apartment, bearing a black lace cap, a white false front, a long black gown, a pair of glasses, and a pair of black silk gloves. These articles he passes into the custody of Mrs. Spriggins without remark.

"Well, ma'am—I hope you feel better, ma'am," commences the hostess.

"Madame," interposes our heroine in rose-color, "of course I leave your house to-morrow; but for the annoyance I have caused you, you shall be amply remunerated. Mr. Hope tells me I have been walking in my sleep. I never did so before to my knowledge, and had I suspected the infirmity, believe me, nothing should have induced me to consent to that foolish wager. Good night."

While she yet speaks a sound as of scratching and skurrying is heard from above, followed by a series of yaps, interspersed with thumps, thus: Yap, yap, bump—yap, yap, bump, thump—yap—bump, ap—thump, etc., till at length Matilda's small dog, having rolled from top to bottom of the staircase, plunges among the startled, naked feet. He has come accompanied by, and entangled in, a most extraordinary object—nothing less, in fact, than the masses of flaxen hair which are wont to crown the womanhood of Miss Matilda. That young lady in the course of her precipitate flight had swept this hirsute marvel from her dressing-table, and the dog, in attempting to follow his mistress, had entangled the bells and buckles of his ornamental collar in the scattered tendrils, being thus forced to drag the whole structure under the pitiless eyes of the boarders, as much to his own as to its owner's discomfort.

Cruel Mr. Hope! no sooner have the events of the night been climaxed by the trembling advent of the frightened mongrel, than he wickedly leads in an *adieu de rire* that sends the whole concourse of boarders to their beds in a state of violent excitement bordering on convulsions. For himself, he continued to explode at short intervals till morning.

It is needless to say that no further allusion was ever made to a possible engagement between Mr. Hope and Miss Matilda. Two boarders left Spriggins's the next morning, viz., Mr. Hope and Miss Loyde, *alias* Silke. The morning being rainy, Mr. Hope was of great assistance to Miss Loyde in her preparations for departure. She told him her real name, and he made the very gratifying discovery that she was the sister of his old chum, Harry Loyde.

Upon this basis the acquaintance thrived, and the last heard from these two young couple they were in the habit of occupying jointly a small fraction of one sofa, for an indefinite number of evenings in the week.

Miss Loyde has not yet learned how Mr. Hope knew and was able to assert his knowledge to Mrs. Spriggins that she had a brother before she had ever informed him of the fact. She had never forgiven him for that flirtation with Matilda, but promises to do so whenever he shall clear up his little mystery; meantime she coaxes him to tell, but he cannot yet bring himself to the point of foregoing the coaxing.

The Monkton Tragedy.

There had been much gossip and excitement in the village of Marshall when it was known that Marshallville was to be opened and renovated—put in order for the reception of Clement Monkton and his bride.

It was twenty years since any one had lived in the stately house but the housekeeper, gardener, and their respective corps of assistants. Yet, it would be scarcely fair to have called Marshallville deserted, for, twice a year Mr. Monkton's lawyer came from New York, to issue that gentleman's orders for keeping house and grounds in thorough repair and good order.

No house could boast of neater rooms, brighter appointments, or more thorough comfort, than Marshallville, and nowhere could be found hand-somer grounds, better kept gardens, or finer hot-houses. Indeed, it was whispered in Marshall, the village nestling down behind the hill, upon whose summit Marshallville reared its granite walls, that Bob Whitely, the gardener, made a "good thing" out of a thriving trade in fruits and slips from Nature's bounties, under his care.

The lawyer before mentioned had intimated to Mrs. Hurst, the housekeeper, in the Spring, that Mr. Monkton would probably return soon to the home of his father—for the antiquity of the house extended no further into the past—so that stately matron was not overwhelmed with surprise when Mr. Monkton himself appeared in her dominions, and gave orders for a grand entertainment for his bride-elect and a party of friends, who were coming for a picnic and ball to Marshallville.

An army of work-people came from New York to assist in the arrangement of house and grounds. Tents were erected, the ballroom draped and decorated, boxes of additional furniture, paintings, and ornaments arrived, wonders of confectionery and masterpieces of cooking were concocted by a French professor and a couple of assistants, and "everything was upset generally," the distracted Mrs. Hurst and Bob Whitely declared to each other in solemn confidence.

The late Maximilian Monkton, father of the present proprietor of Marshallville, had erected the pretentious mansion, from the proceeds of a successful mercantile life, and in the pride of *parvenu* plenty had fitted it up with most of the requirements of a modern hotel. The ballroom would accommodate fifty couples on the floor, and as many more wallflowers and idlers; the dining-room would seat a like number of guests,

and the entire structure was on a corresponding scale of grandeur and magnificence.

And having erected his house, laid out and planted his grounds, and made for himself a home, the late Mr. Monkton quietly departed this life, accommodated his portly form to a walnut case with silver mountings, and left Marshallville and ten thousand a year to his only son Clement, then ten years old.

The property, in the hands of honest trustees, had been carefully guarded and nursed. The boy—alas! for the orphan, be he rich or poor!—had passed from school to college, from college to the "European tour," to come of age in Paris, under the care of a tutor, who carefully kept in view the policy of "being on the right side" of his pupil, so soon to be the owner of wealth. So, when the boy came of age, he notified his guardians that he intended to remain abroad, and the property might still remain in their tender care, subject to his orders.

For nine more years the young heir traveled with his accommodating companion. Together they studied painting in Italy, smoked opium in Turkey, floated lazily on the broad bosom of the Nile, dabbled in cards at Baden, saw the bright and much of the dark side of life in great cities abroad, and exhausted youth and pleasure, as young possessors of money are fatally inclined to do.

They were in Florence, when a malarious fever deprived Clement Monkton of his companion. Yet, he lingered a year in the fair city before he suddenly resolved to return to his long-deserted home.

Life was speeding, he argued, and his best years were being wasted in aimless wandering. He would return to his native land, and his father's home.

Yet, after he arrived in New York, he seemed in no haste to establish himself at Marshallville. It was Winter weather, and his rooms at the Metropolitan were comfortable and spacious. Society opened its arms to him, and one of his late guardians ushered him within the most exclusive circles. Most potent spell of all, he met Blanche Everhard.

He was apt to make a jest of pure, true love, this *blasé* man of the world, when discussing the topic in his circle of male friends; but when he offered his hand to the noblest, purest, and most beautiful woman he had ever seen, his heart went with it. As far as he could love, he loved his fair *fiancée*.

Winter wore into Spring, a wedding and a European trip were contemplated for the Fall, and the future looked fair and smiling, when June sunshine and June roses suggested to Mrs. Everhard the delights of a day at Marshallville, and a peep at the future residence of her daughter.

In no way reluctant to display the beauties of the long-vacated mansion, Clement gave his mother-in-law *carte blanche* as to the selection and number of guests, and promised to have house and grounds in readiness upon the appointed day.

It broke clear and cloudless, this morning in June, that was to end in such deep tragedy for some of those who greeted it in smiling gladness. The sky was of the deep, intense blue that belongs especially to the month of roses, and little fleecy vails of clouds, here and there, but made more brilliant the azure vault above them. The air, soft and balmy, was laden with the perfume of choicest flowers, and all Nature seemed smiling, when, at an early hour, the master of Marshallville drove up to his own door.

He had craved permission of his guests to precede them by a few hours, to give personal scrutiny to the arrangements for their reception.

With meek modesty he had pleaded the fact that for twenty years the house had been left to servants' care, and even this festive day had been left much to the taste of hired hands.

So he was alone as he arrived. In and around the house, even the critical eyes of the master could find no fault.

Upon the walls hung the choice art-treasures he had collected abroad. Rarest exotics stood upon brackets in the halls and in niches on the wide staircases. Taste as well as wealth was visible on all sides, and Clement Monkton had reason to be proud and happy, if his position before the world could make him so.

Yet, as he paced the porch after his hour of investigation, there was a cloud upon his face and a frown upon his brow.

"It is a risk," he muttered—"a great risk! If the news of my marriage goes abroad? Pahaw! I am nervous! Abroad! Does the tiny village twenty miles back of Florence get the latest bulletins from New York, I wonder?"

He laughed as he spoke, and then spoke again, in his low, murmuring tone:

"She is worth any stake a man might play for her. My queenly Blanche! She is worth even the bore of settling down into a married man!—for it is a bore, after all."

Looking into Clement Monkton's face as he spoke, it was easy to see that his speech was made in all sincerity. It was plainly written there that this was a man to whom home—sweet home ties, home love, or home restraints—would have been but a burden—a curse rather than a blessing.

He was wonderfully handsome. His tall, well-knit figure, though rather slender in build, gave the impression of strength and perfect health. His features were of classic regularity, and his complexion was of a pure olive tint, colorless but very clear. His eyes, large and intensely black, were expressive and lustrous; and his hair was a deep brown, and massed in rich, waving profusion. A face to fascinate an artist; a face for women to adore; a face from which a physiognomist or a little child would shrink—for the masses of hair hid a narrow, retreating forehead, the silken mustache concealed a cruel mouth, and the eyes could be as hard and unrelenting as they could be tender and soft at will.

The world had been this man's foot ball for thirty long years. All that wealth, education, and position could give him was his; and now, when he resolved to return to his home, a lovely bride stood ready to share it with him.

A fortunate man, as he stood upon the porch at Marshallville, in a faultless dress, waiting for his aristocratic guests!

It was still early in the day when they arrived—some seventy ladies and gentlemen, with whom we have nothing to do—and one carriage, containing the bride-elect, her mother, and her cousin Martin Everhard, whose open, frank face, bright blonde hair, and tall, strong figure, were as handsome in their peculiar style as those of his rival in their darker beauty.

A silent adorer of his cousin Blanche since she was a schoolgirl, he had an instinctive distrust of Clement Monkton, that he kept in honorable secrecy because that gentleman was his successful rival.

More than one of that gay throng of guests bent admiring eyes, and whispered complimentary observations, upon the rare beauty of the betrothed couple, who sauntered arm-in-arm in their midst, already assuming the rôle of host and hostess for their entertainment.

In his heart Clement thought ever of the lady of his love as his "queenly Blanche," and the description arose involuntarily whenever the rare, regal beauty of the young girl was mentioned.

Upon this *fête* day she wore a rich, shimmering silk, and costly lace and jewels. The masses of her golden hair were rolled from her broad, white brow, in the Pompadour style, that seemed made to suit her noble, regular features, that were cast in a grand mold of beauty. Her large, blue eyes, her mouth, firm yet sweet, and white, round throat, suited well the tall, full form, and the erect, well-poised carriage of her head.

Yet, queenly as she looked, regal as was her step and bearing, it was far removed from arrogance or false pride, as it was from coquetry or vanity. She was gracious and gentle, sweet and even in temper, and noble in every impulse. The regal manner was courteous, if it seemed condescending, to those who could not see the humility of the pure, young heart it covered.

Her voice, full and clear, seemed fitted to command, yet, in its exquisite modulations, rang out the sweetness of disposition that made old people and little children Blanche Everhard's warmest admirers.

If she was a queen in her court of society, she was a gracious, tender queen where she loved; and when she acknowledged her king, it was with such maiden modesty, such rare, winning sweetness, as enhanced a thousand-fold the love she had won by her superb beauty and rare talents.

Men spoke of her as a wonderful musician, a woman of acquirements that put to shame many college-bred brains, and a gracious but stately beauty.

Clement Monkton knew her for a woman of pure, true heart, rare sweetness, and gentle, loving disposition, and he worshiped her.

To-day a bright happiness gave radiance to her beauty, for, beside the man she had promised to marry, life looked very bright to her, contemplated in the shadows of the lovely spot that was to be her home.

Sauntering idly through the grounds, speaking of the alterations that seemed desirable, chattering of past scenes and future plans, the morning passed quickly for these two, while the guests found croquet-grounds, indoor games, music, and recreation of every kind, under their willing hands.

The servants had put the final touches to a collation spread in the large dining-room, had opened the many windows, shaded the sun's glare, arranged the bouquets provided for each guest, and were about to give the signal to collect the scattered pleasure-seekers, when they were startled by a figure ascending the wide steps leading directly to the luncheon-room.

The head servant dismissed his assistants, and then spoke to the intruder.

"What is it, good woman?"

Scarcely a woman, judging from the childlike face; a girl of seventeen or eighteen, with the soft beauty of Italy in her long, jetty braids and large, dark eyes. Travel-stained, foot-sore, and weary, she spoke, in broken English, two words:

"Clement Monkton?"

"You cannot see him to-day. He has company."

But she repeated the words.

"Clement Monkton, Marshallville?"

"Yes, this is Marshallville, but you cannot see Mr. Monkton to-day. Come to-morrow."

She turned away in obedience to his gesture of dismissal, and he sounded the signal to collect the guests, and left the room.

For a moment only it was empty. In that moment the woman darted in, and concealed herself behind the folds of a long heavy curtain. Her movements were so rapid that the servant, returning with his corps of waiters, discovered nothing, and a moment later the guests entered, laughing and talking.

It was a merry party. More than one long flirtation had reached its climax in the sunny morning hours amongst the flowers. The matrons were gracious, the young people were happy, and the repast was of the choicest viands. What further was needed to speed the flying hours on joyous wings? Nobody noticed the great dark eyes peering from the folds of the rich velvet curtain, kindling with jealous fury, the childlike mouth settling in deadly resolve, the small dark fingers convulsively clutching the curtain.

In a moment of pause during the gay, jesting conversation, a gentleman rose to propose the health of Blanche Everhard, and Clement rose to return thanks.

It needed not the spoken words to give the full significance to the action. It was revealed fully in the soft blushes and shr, downcast eyes of the fair Blanche, in the proud look the dark eyes of her lover gave to her noble face.

Other toasts followed, and the guests sat long before the signal was given that scattered all again to seek further diversion.

Not all. As the gay party streamed out again into the open air, Clement Monkton touched the hand of his betrothed.

"I want your opinion about the expediency of building a conservatory next this room," he said.

"Opening into this?" she asked, following him to the end of the long room.

"From these windows," he answered. Then, in a tone sharp and sudden, reeling back as if from a blow, he cried, "Nita!"

She seemed to have started from the ground, the little slender girl with the blazing black eyes, and long jetty hair. She had thrown aside the heavy cloak that had been wrapped around her, and her dress of close-fitting black added to the fragility of her slender little form.

Blanche involuntarily withdrew her hand from that of her betrothed, and her face became very pale, as she looked at the passion-wrought woman confronting them.

"Nita!" the girl echoed, with scornful emphasis. Then, in her own musical tongue, she added, rapidly: "Traitor! was it your lie or that of others that told me you were dead? See," and she laughed a bitter, scornful laugh, "I wear widow's dress for you. I might have died, too, died of the love you wearied of, but for seeing a paper—a New York paper—that told me you had arrived here. You did not teach me your own tongue for that, did you?" she added, tauntingly.

"Miss Everhard, let me take you to your mother. This is no scene for you," said Clement, offering her his arm.

She shrank away, and the deadly glitter in his cruel eyes increased as he saw her recoil. She stood for a moment battling her heart for composure, then she spoke in her sweet, clear voice, and in Italian, to the quivering, trembling girl.

"You say you wear widow's weeds for this man's death. You are his wife, then?"

"Blanche, I implore you, leave this wretched girl to me. You do not understand—"

"I understand that she has been foully wronged," said the girl, with cold emphasis.

"I am his wife. See! here are the priest's words for it," cried Nita, taking a folded paper from her bosom.

With a bitter oath, Clement Monkton reached forth his hand to snatch the tale-telling document; but the young Italian guessed his intent, and foiled it by a rapid, dextrous movement, put the paper safely in Blanche Everhard's hands, at the same time springing between her and the infuriated man she had baffled.

Something in the baleful glare of the eyes now bent upon her chilled even her hot blood, and she

threw herself prone before him, grasping his feet as she pleaded for forgiveness and love.

Unheeding them, scarcely realizing her own movement, Blanche Everhard drew nearer the window, and, with trembling fingers, unfolded the paper. It was a marriage certificate, dated two years before, and duly signed by the priest who had united in holy matrimony Clement Monkton and Nita Serona. Slowly, with eyes that were fast losing sight, Blanche Everhard read the words that were a death-warrant to the hopes of one short hour ago.

It was a blow that threatened to crush out her young life where she stood. She felt her blood grow cold, her eyes grow dim, then the hard, rapid pulsations of her heart seemed to fairly stun her. Everything around her grew black and reeling, yet she did not faint. With an almost superhuman effort of will, she held fast to her consciousness, but it was a moment before she recovered sight or hearing.

When the mists cleared from her vision, and her heart-pulsations no longer seemed to deafen her, she looked toward her companions. Nita was kneeling still, but her grasp was loosened from her husband, and she crouched lower and lower under the storm of words he poured upon her bowed head. Insulting, bitter words of utter repudiation and denial of her story; taunting words of sneer at her credulity; angry words at her daring in thus seeking and annoying him. The man seemed to lash himself into new fury by his own vehement language, till, with an oath of bitterest, deadliest rage, he raised his foot, and spurned the kneeling woman as if she were a viper in his path. Then, unheeding Blanche, he strode from the room.

The young wife, after a convulsive shudder at the touch of loathing and contempt, crouched lower still, her face buried in her dress. All the rage of a few short moments before was lost in the agony of despairing grief.

The convulsive sobs that shook her slender figure, the moaning words of deep despair, roused all the womanly tenderness of Blanche's noble heart. Conquering her own misery, she bent over the crouching little figure, and placing her hand upon the bent head, spoke her rival's name in a low, tender tone.

In a second, Nita sprang to her feet, with flashing eyes.

"Do not touch me!" she cried. "It is you who have stolen him from me!" Then, with another of the sudden convulsions of feeling that so rapidly succeeded each other in her quick, impulsive nature, she said, humbly: "Forgive me. You are a great lady; I am but a peasant girl. But he loved me once," she moaned. "He swore he loved me once."

Seizing the softer mood, Blanche drew the girl close beside her, and sat down upon a sofa.

"Believe that I am your friend—your true friend," she said, gently, "and tell me your story."

"What is there to tell?" Nita sobbed. "I am only a poor girl; but he came to our village two years ago, and in two weeks he married me. He married me!" she said, fiercely. "I am his wife! He may deny me, spurn me, send me away—but I am his wife!"

"I believe that," Blanche said, gently. "Tell me how he came to leave you."

"I was ill, very ill, and delirious. When I recovered, they told me I was a widow—that my husband had taken the fever from me, and died. I never doubted the story, but I went to the Consulate, to see if I could hear something more of my husband. Then I knew I had been tricked. I saw the paper that told of his return to New York. I followed him there, and I followed him here. But it is all vain! He spurns me."

"He cannot deny you. You are his wife."

"Thank you kindly for your interest in my domestic arrangements," said the cold voice of Clement Monkton, behind the sofa. "But I think the young lady will find I both can and will deny her."

Blanche Everhard forgot her own wrongs as she rose then, in earnest, womanly supplication.

"Clement!" she said, and her voice trembled with the deep pathos in her heart, "by the love I once felt for you, I beseech you to spare your soul this sin! Whatever may have been in the past, let the future atone for it, by your tenderness for this lonely, loving woman. She is ready to forgive all. Oh! let me comfort my own sore heart by the knowledge that I have healed hers."

With a mocking laugh, Clement said:

"She will soon find a comforter!"

Then the demon in the young Italian's heart sprang into new life. With a cry of rage, she made one quick leap, and before Clement could anticipate or prevent the blow, she had buried a dagger deep in his throat.

Blanche gave a shriek, that brought guests and servants hurrying from all points.

"Seize her!" cried the master of the house, as he pointed to Nita. "She has murdered me!"

The blood choked him as he spoke, and he fell to the ground, dead.

Before the terrified servants could touch the Italian, she had once more raised the dagger, and buried it deep in her own heart.

In the confusion that followed, Mrs. Everhard, for once using her energies in a good cause, carried Blanche, half fainting, from the dreadful scene.

For hours she dared not try to move her from the low couch where she had fallen in complete prostration, but Martin Everhard proved a tower of strength.

Before nightfall the guardians of Clement Monkton were on the spot, summoned by Martin Everhard's telegram, and Blanche was in her own home, secure from intrusive eyes and ears.

It was no light blow to the pure, true heart, to find so base a return, so frightful a danger averted. For many days the young girl lay in a state of misery, that wrung her mother's heart; but she rallied at last, and overcame the bitter despair, that had hoped for death.

She was too sincere to feign a light heart, for many weary months, but with prayer and the lapse of time, the sharp pain gradually died away, and the love, long killed by contempt, was forgotten, and counted only as a past sting.

Into the heart made desolate, a new love was slowly coming, in answer to the worship of years, and when June roses bloomed, two years later, Martin Everhard claimed his fair cousin for his bride.

Under a tall marble shaft in Greenwood, where the swaying trees murmur softly in the evening breeze, Clement Monkton and Nita sleep the sleep that knows no waking.

The marriage certificate told the whole sad story, and the insanity that stained the young wife's hands in blood was forgiven in death. Beside her lies the husband, who, in the grasp of the grim destroyer, is forced to own the wife he would have spurned.

Wonderful Mesmerism.

A curious case (says the *Homeward Mail*, of India,) of mesmerism is recorded by the civil surgeon of Hoshungabad. A young woman named Nunez, aged twenty-four, was married some twelve years ago; she, however, did not go to her husband's house for two years afterward. After

staying with him for eight days she suddenly became insensible, and remained so for two or three days. She was taken back to her mother and soon got well. Then follows a remarkable history.

During the next four or five years she never entered her husband's house without falling insensible and remaining so. He was very kind and attentive to her, she liked him, but whenever he came into her presence she at once sank into this state. This went on till she became emaciated and exhausted, and at last her parents applied to the court for separate maintenance for her.

While she was in court the husband entered, and she instantly became insensible and was carried to the hospital, where the case was carefully attended to by Dr. Cullen.

While in this state her pulse was even, breathing soft, her body pliant, but she could eat nothing. Experiments were carefully made to see if there was no tick about it. While she was in bed her husband was muffled up, and made to walk through the ward. She said she felt he was near her, and she was by no means well, but had not seen him anywhere about. Next day this experiment was repeated, and she actually became insensible as before. When the husband left the place, she recovered.

The experiment as to the influence of the husband's presence was tried in all sorts of ways. He was made to pass behind her, and to be near her in a separate ward, but this had no effect; yet whenever he was brought to look on her face, though muffled up or disguised as a policeman, as a sepooy, and so forth, she was at once influenced. The experiments continued for about a month, and the conclusion was that the husband unconsciously mesmerized her.

The court came to the conclusion that it was impossible that she could live with him, and a separate allowance was ordered. The husband was asked to try if he could not remove the effect, seeing that he had the power to cause it, but he was quite frightened at the idea of having the power, and could not control it in any way.

The American Manatee.

PROBABLY no species of mammals on the face of the earth occupy so anomalous a position as the Manatide, to which the animal seen in our illustration on page 472 belongs. At first sight the creature looks very much like a seal, and it is generally ranked by naturalists in the grand order of Cetacea, or whales and porpoises; but, on closer examination, we find it not "very like a whale," nor like a seal, either. Indeed, its internal structure has led, in some cases, to its being placed among the Pachydermata, or thick-skinned animals, such as the elephants and hippopotamuses.

It differs from the seal in having a rounded tail, instead of hinder-flippers, in loving fresh as well as salt water, and lastly, in eating grasses and aquatic plants, instead of living upon other animals. It has more of the fish form than a seal, and not so much as a whale. It was a notion of naturalists in ancient times that every animal on the face of the earth had its representative in the waters. If this were really the case, the seals would answer correctly to the names that have been given them, such as sea-lion, sea-leopard, sea-bear, etc., and the manatees would possess an equal right to the popular name of sea-cow, that has been accorded them. These latter creatures used in former times to obtain a truly prodigious size—from eighty to one hundred feet long, as evinced by their remains in the limestone of Alabama and Arkansas. Our present American spe-

cies measures from ten to twenty feet, and is consequently a very bulky animal, though falling so far below its enormous predecessors. De Kay gives the following account of the *M. Americanus*:

"The Manatee is still hunted for its flesh among the keys and lagoons scattered along the southern part of the peninsula of Florida. They are struck with the harpoon. The largest of which I have heard any account weighed more than a ton. The flesh is highly prized as a savory and nutritive food. The female is described as having a teat under each swimming paw."

In the "Philosophical Transactions," vol. 17, page 118, there is the following remarkable story, quoted from Martyr, of a tame Manatee:

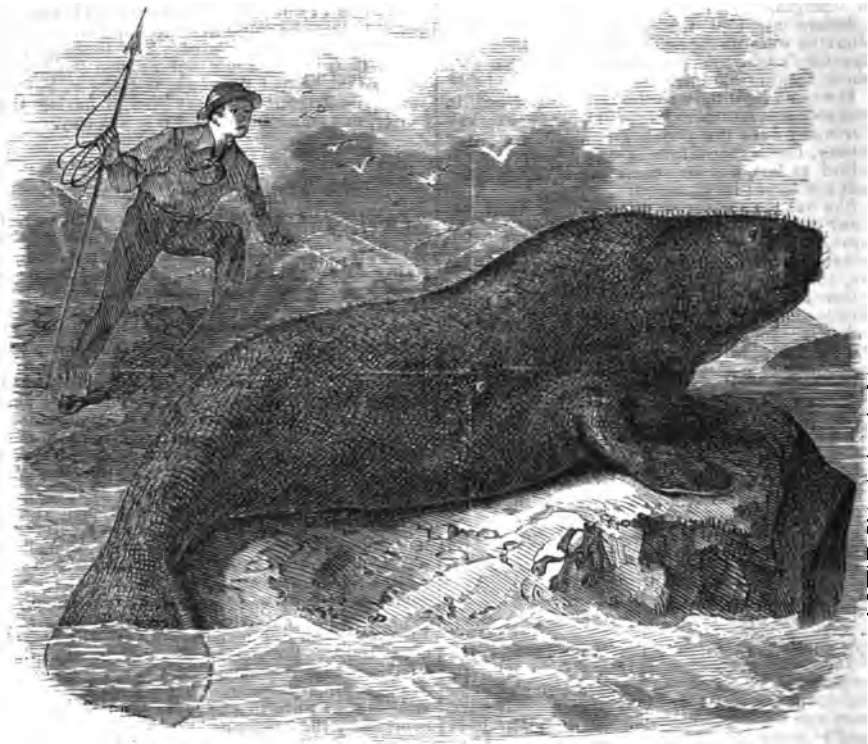
"A governor in the province of Nicaragua had a young Manatee, which was brought him to be put into the Lake Guainabo, which was near his house, wherein this Manatee was kept for twenty-six years, and was usually fed with bread and fragments of victuals, as people feed fish in a fish-pond. He became so familiar with being daily visited and fed by the family, that he was said to excel even the dolphins, so much celebrated by the ancients for their docility and tameness. The domestics of this governor named him Matto, and at whatever time of day they called him by that name, he came out of the lake, took victuals out of their hands, crawled up to the house to feed, and played with the servants and children; and sometimes ten persons would mount together on his back, and he would carry them with ease and safety across the lake."

There was, about a hundred years ago, a northern variety of the American Manatee existing, but it is now extinct. Discovered in 1741 on the shores of a desolate island in Behring's Strait, it soon entirely succumbed to the rapacity of our

greedy race. Before naturalists had a fair opportunity of studying its curious structure, it was swept from existence, and almost every trace of it obliterated.

Fortunately for science, Steller, whose name it bears—being called Steller's Rhytina—and who was among the number wrecked upon the dreary shores which were its exclusive habitation, wrote an authentic account of its discovery, which was afterward published at St. Petersburg and at Halle. At the time of its discovery, it does not seem to have been particularly numerous, and its race appears all to have fallen a prey to the Aleutian sea-otter hunters. Steller's Rhytina attained a length of upward of twenty-four feet, its greatest circumferential girth being about twenty feet.

These animals had no teeth, but two strong white bones, that ran the length of each jaw, and served the same purpose. These were not let into the jaws like teeth, but were united by a sort of papillæ, which ran from the bone into the lower jaw, and from the jaw into the bone. The upper bone was united to the palate in the same manner. The account from which we have gathered our description, and which was published while the animals in question still existed, goes on to say: "They seem to lie almost constantly feeding, and for that reason generally have their heads under water, except every four or five minutes, when they put out their snouts to fetch breath, and then snort like a horse. They move along gently and slowly, partly swimming and partly walking; but they keep their back and sides out of the water, on which a bird called a 'lar' commonly sits, and picks off the lice, with which this animal is infested." It was said to be excellent eating, and this cause, more than any other, probably led to its extinction.



THE AMERICAN MANATEE.



A DOMESTIC REVELATION.

BOB—"I am glad you are going to stop with us."

VIRGIL—"Why so, dear?"

BOB—"Cause we shall have nice dinners, now."

The Italian System.—A schoolboy, being asked by the teacher how he should flog him, replied, "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system—the heavy strokes upward, and the down ones light."

A Quarrelsome couple were discussing the subject of epitaphs and tombstones, and the husband said: "My dear, what kind of a stone do you think they will give me when I die?" "Brimstone, my love," was the affectionate reply.

A Boston Tailor having reminded a debtor that he hadn't paid anything on account for a long time, and that he (the tailor) must have some money, as he was very short, received this refreshingly cool reply: "Note received. If you are very short, why don't you sell one of your horses?"

When was beef-tea first mentioned in history?
When King Henry VIII. dissolved the Papal Bull.

A Wonderful Animal.—A Western paper publishes the following notes: "Lost or strayed from the scribe a shepe all over white—one leg was black and half his body—all persons shal receive five-dollars to bring him. He was a she-gote."

There was a crusader named Dio,
 Who went to the wars in Ohio;
 He preached and he prayed
 (Whene'er he was paid),
 This benevolent bran-eater—Dio.

Maternal Advice.—A daughter is almost always right when she endeavors to imitate her mother; but we do not think the mother is equally right when, at a certain period of life, she tries all she can to imitate her daughter.

To Expand the Chest.—The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

1.—CHARADE.

A LITTLE chip hat, with a black velvet band,
Just perked o'er the tip of my nose;
A waterproof cloak, with i't Colleen Bawn cape,
Buttoned down to my kid-covered toes.
Just a sitting costume. Who'll join me to-day?
I'm off for a second, with joy
Escaped from the warehouse, untrammelled by
work,

Not a care my enjoyment shall cloy.
Away, with a song thrilling forth from my lips;
Come along! let us cross the Parade,
Through the warm Summer sunshine and down to
the beach;

I've no taste for the gloom or the shade.
Oh! I love the bright-blue of the gay, dancing
wave,

The sails gleaming white o'er the sea;
And the notes of the band from the deck of the
whole

Are a heart-stirring music to me.
Will you go? Ah! you cannot refuse me I know,
For the whole has the speed of the wind;
Like a beautiful bird, with fully-plumed wings,
She will soon leave the shore far behind.
We are off! with her sails catching out to the
breeze,

We shall have a most glorious trip;
The pale-blue above, and the deep-blue below,
And the salt of the spray on my lip.
Ho! onward we glide fast out with the tide,
To the billows' most musical dash;
The sunbeams glint down with a sparkle and
gleam,

Till the foam reproduces each flash.
Not a gay little second nor merriest whole
Has a heart that is lighter than mine;
I could shout out with joy, for this sweet Summer's
day

'Neath the fair, open first is divine.
The stout, sturdy punt, the slim, swift canoe,
The graceful and elegant pier,
The brown little fishing-smacks out in the roads—
We are leaving them far in the rear.
Still further and faster, right onward we go;
I am closing my sun-dazzled eyes,
And building such castles—*châteaux en Espagne*—
With the azure and gold of the skies.
Oh! could I but write all the thoughts that I
feel,

What a brilliant and glowing romance!
Of wonderful heroes, adventurous deeds. Whew!
You are asking my hand for the dance.
Many thanks, if you please; I was dreaming, I
think.

Rather close to the tropical pole.
A spirited gallop will better wind up
A trip out to sea in my whole.

2.—WANTED A RHYME.

I'm a metallic substance called.....
B seeks me by a means called.....
C makes me a centre called.....
F brings me to the front, saying.....
O bathes me in blood, crying.....
L gathers up knowledge or.....
M like Oliver cries for.....
N takes me to an English place called the.....
P pervades all your skin as a.....
S an unpleasant wound or.....
T a naughty boy, his clothing.....
W h's clothes much longer.....
Y the good old days, oft heard of.....
Don't you wish that my puzzle was.....?
Your ruffled repose to rest.....
I'll just vex your patience no.....

3.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in eagle, but not in hawk;
My second is in parley, but not in talk;
My third is in gander, but not in goose;
My fourth is in armistice, but not in truce;
My fifth is in rail, but not in bar;
My sixth is in paint, but not in tar;
My seventh is in knot, but not in tie;
My eighth is in recline, not in lie;
My ninth is in under, not in above;
My tenth is in marry, not in love;
My eleventh is in sorrow, not in pine;
My whole is a hero of ancient time.

4.—ENIGMA.

My sole piece of furniture's always a bed,
Though I'm not known to sleep, and cannot
boast a head;
No pillow, no sheets, and no blankets to spread.
A mantle I wear, which is part of my skin;
I can boast of a beard, though I have not a
chin;
And I'm out of my bed while you're tucking
me in.

5.—SQUARE WORDS.

A hobgoblin; appellations; measures; French
for mercy; a girl's name.

6.—SQUARE WORDS.

A boy's name; get up; a Shakespearean char-
acter; an island; a common visitor to all.

7.—MAGIC SQUARE.

Arrange the numbers from 1 to 25 (both in-
clusive) in such a manner in a square, so that
each, horizontally and perpendicularly, amount
to 65.

8.—TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

Two nations great, I reparate;
Their love would change to direst hate.
Forbid, dread Fate! All war abate.
"Let us have peace," and arbitrate.

1. Lovely and beautiful;
2. Of dollars a store;
3. For honors all dutiful.
Competing for more.
4. Ranks the traitor beside;
5. Crown-Princess of Spain;
6. Of the Hub the chief pride;
7. She's plighted again.

9.—ANAGRAMS.

1. Girlish lot moved.
2. His clerk dances.
3. Paul is a wheel-maker.
4. James soon hurled
- N. 5. Deaf need oil.
6. Helm rails, Tom.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC., IN
JUNE NUMBER.

1. Legend 2. Richard Harvey. 3. Wigwag,
Derby, Bedford, Lane-end, Alresford, Wick,
Downpatrick. 4. Butter-cups. 5. Civil. 6. Corn-
sack. 7. Dan, den, din, don, dun; Mass, mess,
miss, moss, muss; Mate, mete, mite, mote, moute.
8. Lie-Eli. 9. Otter, River, thus—OleR, Tour-
nal, TamboV, EloPe, RoGeR. 10. Campbell.
11. Hat-red. 12. Chess Board, Queen, thus—
Queer DoingS, UndReaS, ErAsE, EpOcII, NibAc.
13. War-saw. 14. Amice, mice, ice. 15. Notes,
opera, tenor, erode, Sarea. 16. Hat, Het, hit,
hot, hut; Tan, ten, tin, ton, tun; Ban, Ben, bin,
bon, bun. 17. MiH. 18. Bedford, Pot-ton, Hun-
ger-ford, New-bury, Red-ruth, Stock-port, Salt-
ash, Ring-wood, Leek, Eya, Apple-by, Brent-
ford 19. Caper, taper, paper.

A Schoolboy's Wit.—The master of a free grammar-school was one day endeavoring to instill into the minds of his pupils that two negatives made a positive. On a remarkably fine day, shortly afterward, the boys were petitioning their master for an afternoon's holiday, to which he, the master, hastily replied: "No, no." They were accordingly repairing to their studies, when one of the boys (a very shrewd lad) reminded him of the fact that *two negatives made a positive*, and therefore claimed a holiday. The master, pleased with the boy's wit, immediately granted the request.

Shaking Hands.—Two duelists having exchanged shots without effect, one of the seconds interfered, and proposed that the parties should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary; "for," said he, "their hands have been shaking this half-hour."

Noblesse Oblige.—An amusing story of an English nobleman, recently deceased, is told by the "Man About Town," in the English *Sporting Gazette*. We give it in his own words. "The duke," he says, "was once in church, no matter where, when a collection was announced for some charitable object. The plate or bag, or whatever it might be, began to go round and the duke carefully put his hand into his pocket and took out a florin, which he laid on the pew before him ready for transfer to the plate. Beside him sat a little snob, who, noticing this action, imitated it by ostentatiously laying a sovereign alongside the ducal florin. This was too much for his grace, who dipped his hand into his pocket again and pulled out another florin, which he laid by the side of the first. The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign beside the first. His grace quietly added a third florin, which was capped by a third sovereign on the part of the little snob. Out came a fourth florin to swell the duke's donation, then the little snob triumphantly laid three sovereigns at once upon the board. The duke, not to be beaten, produced three florins. Just at this moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns and ostentatiously rattled them into the plate, then turned defiantly toward his rival, as who should say, 'I think that takes the shine out of you.' Fancy his chagrin when the duke with a grim smile put one florin into the plate and quietly swept the remaining six back into his pocket. His grace used to chuckle when he told that story, and I think on the whole he had the best of it."

A Germantowner who had tarried late at a wine-supper, found his wife waiting his return, in a high state of nervousness. Said she: "Here I've been waiting and rocking in the chair till my head spins round like a top!" "Jess so, wife, where I've been," responded he. "*It's in the atmosphere!*"

"Don't a Quaker ever take off his hat to any one, mamma?" "No, my dear?" "If he don't take off his hat to a barber, how does he have his hair cut?"

"Which, my dear young lady, do you think the merriest place in the world?" "That immediately above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, I should think, because I'm told that there all bodies lose their gravity."

A Pair of table-forks, supposed to have been used by Washington and Lafayette, have been found in Hartford. Sardanapalus was a wise man; he burnt up all his old clothes and things when he died.

The testimony of a St. Louis alderman should be preserved. Said he: "Horses is 'fraider of dummies than street-cars."

"And have you no other sons?" asked a curious lady of a bronzed old sea captain. "Oh, yes, madame. I had one that lived in the South Sea Islands for nearly a dozen years!" "Really! Was he bred there, and what was his taste—the sea or land?" "No, madame, he wasn't bred, he was meat—lens-taways, the niggers ate him; and, as for his taste, the chief said he tasted of terbacker." The lady walked to another part of the ship, and the captain smiled and took a fresh "quid."

A Policeman in Detroit heard that a citizen of Twelfth Street had been badly injured, and he called at the house to obtain particulars. He found the man lying on the lounge, his head bound up, and his face badly scratched. He asked: "What is the matter? Did he get run over, or fall down-stairs?" "No, not exactly," replied his wife; "but he wanted to run the house his way, and I wanted to run it my way—and there he is."

A Farmer, not accustomed to literary composition or letter-writing, having lost a new hat at a county meeting, addressed the following note to its supposed possessor: "Mr. A. presents his compliments to Mr. B. I have got a hat which is not his; if he has got a hat which is not yours, no doubt they are the missing one."

Citizen.—"Well, you see how it is yourself, Mr. Plumber. The girl left the laundry-room window open, thermometer touched zero, water-pipe froze, then burst; and as no one knew how to shut off the plaguy thing, the water ran half the night." **Plumber.**—"Yes, I see; very bad break; wants new plumbing throughout; wonder it didn't happen long ago." **Citizen.**—"How much is it going to cost to plumb up in good shape, including tenders?" **Plumber.**—"Well, I don't know, but I think I will take the house in part payment."

A High Compliment.—Doctor Paley met Lord Ellenborough on the Northern Circuit, at Durham. Paley congratulated him on his late appointment to the place of Lord Chief-Justice. "Your lordship," added he, "has risen higher and more rapidly than any man of whom I have lately heard except—Garnerin." He alluded to the aeronaut, who was at that time astonishing the inhabitants in London by his lofty flights in his balloon.

Twenty-five years ago a young man saw a team of runaway horses coming down over the stumps in one of Chicago's streets, and behind him was a wagon containing a fat old woman yelling for help. The swift going wagon struck a stump, the woman described a parabola in the air, the young man sprung forward and allowed her to fall upon him. She died last week, and left him her property. He is now in easy circumstances, and wears socks the year round.

A Suburban minister applied to a ticket agent, on one of the railroads, for a "clergyman's ticket," and on the official expressing a doubt as to his clerical character, exclaimed: "If you don't believe I'm a clergyman, I'll read you one of my sermons!" The agent passed over the ticket, but did not insist upon the proof.

First Discoverer.—A gentleman praising the charms of a very plain woman before a sarcastic flirt, the latter whispered to him: "Why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" said the gentleman. "Every right, by the law of nations, as the first discoverer!"

Nonsense.—A young woman can have no excuse for thinking her lover wiser than he is; for if there's any nonsense in him, he's sure to talk it to her.



A BALL-ROOM INCIDENT.

TEDDY.—"What shall I give you?"

MARY ANN.—"Oh, gloves, of course. You know my size!"

TEDDY (who had danced three quadrilles and two galops with her—aside—"I should rather think I did!")

Lady Holland was rather fond of crowding her dinner-table. Once, when the company was already tightly packed, an unexpected guest arrived, and she instantly gave her imperious order: "Luttrell, make room!" "It must certainly be *made*," he answered, "for it does not *exist*!"

A New Haven miss, who dislikes "missionary sermons" on account of their length, on being asked if she would like to go and hear the Rev. Sheshadrai, meekly replied that shesh'drai-ther not.

Do not run in debt to a shoemaker. It is unpleasant to be unable to say your sole is your own.

There was something pathetic in the position of the German florist who, in the bitterness of his heart, exclaimed: "I have so much drouble mit de ladies ven dey come to buy mine rose; dey vanta him hardy, dey vanta doubles, dey vanta him fragrant, dey vanta him nice color, dey vanta him aberyding in one rose. I hopes I am not vat you calls von uncalled man, but I have sometimes to say to dat ladies, 'Madame, I never often see de ladies dat vas beautiful, dat vas rich, dat vas good temper, dat vas youngs, dat vas clever, dat vas perfection, in one ladies. I see her much not.'

Paper containing many fine points—The paper of needles.

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

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Form 410



